



Devoted to the interests of the Missions, Circles and Bands of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

THE CRY OF THE NATIONS.

A RECITATION FOR FIVE YOUNG LADIES.

BY MRS. A. H. EATON.

1st. Young Lady, EUROPE.

I hear a cry from many a sunny land,
By soft seas washed and Southern breezes fann'd;
From cultured homes of philosophic pride,
Where Reason sits enthroned and deified.
Fair France unites with haughty Germany,
The echo comes from priest-bound Italy,
And where the crescent proudly gleams above
The precious symbol of a Saviour's love.
The world's great cry from out her bitter need,
"O send us light and truth—our gods indeed
Are blind and deaf—our souls cry out for Him
Whom all our rites and science make but dim."
O Christians! ye who hold the central light,
The Gospel's glad, good news—ye hear to-night,
A Macedonian cry from o'er the sea,
The old world lifts her hands imploringly.
Send forth the message of Eternal hope,
With error's strength and reason's pride to cope;
And Europe, ransomed from her two-fold thrall,
Shall crown our risen Saviour, Lord of all.

2nd. ASIA.

O listen! from a distant, darker land,
The cry rolls on, while weary millions stand
And offer up their vain appeals for aid
To gods who cannot succor—Infants laid
In sacrifice on Moloch altars—Fires
That blaze with human victims—dim desires
To appease the wrath of angry deities
While all the heart cries out for God in these.
And China, dark with superstition's night,
And fair Japan, with dawn of glimmering light,
And India, sparkling in old England's crown—
All Asia under darkest curse bows down
And sends her cry for God, and truth and light,
Here to your Christian church and hearts tonight.
Send forth your Gospel message pure and free,
O speed it, speed it over land and sea;
And Asia, ransomed from her cruel thrall,
Shall crown our risen Saviour, Lord of all.

3rd.

AFRICA.

Hark! from the latest called of nations—she
Called to the bitter cross of slavery;
From Egypt's sacred stream, from jungle wild
I hear the cry. The little heathen child
Untaught and savage, on the golden sands
Lifts to the unknown God his dusky hands.
The way is open—not for armed men
With Britain's flag to tramp through bog and fen—
But where the Christian traveller led the way,
Into the heart of blackness bringing day—
The Day-Star from on high—and Livingstone
Leaves to the church the work he left undone.
O Christians! in this land of Gospel light,
Will ye not claim your privilege to-night,
And send the truth to yonder heathen shore
With all its power to bless forevermore?
And Africa, redeemed from bitterest thrall,
Shall crown our risen Saviour, Lord of all.

4th.

AMERICA.

The cry rolls on. The Western wilds prolong
The sad refrain, the universal song.
The untaught Indian in his wigwam tent,
With suppliant knee to the great Spirit bent,
Breathes unto God the heart's unuttered prayer,
Light for the tribes who sit in darkness there!
O Church of God! a sacred trust and true
Our martyr missionary left to you
What time he laid his noble life work down
And rose thro' storm and death, to take his crown,
The Red Man, rightful owner of the soil,
Now dispossessed, thro' wrong and cruel spoil
Is ready for the Gospel's glorious light
To lift the shadows of his pagan night.
A noble host, a self-denying band,
MacDougal's followers in that Western land,
Ask for your prayers, your silver and your gold,
While they go forth the story to unfold
Of Him who died that man might never die.
Christians, arise, responsive to the cry,
And fair America, redeemed from thrall,
Shall crown our risen Saviour, Lord of all!

5th.

THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA.

From the far distant Islands of the Sea
They cry "We must not all forgotten be,
We want the world's great ransom." Evermore
I hear the cry around from shore to shore—
A sad appeal from misery extreme,

From degradation dire and sin supreme,
 The warm sun laves the sunny Southern Isles,
 Sweet breezes blow and laughing nature smiles;
 But the blue heavens look down on foulest crime
 Whose records blacken all the book of Time;
 And ever pain and wretchedness increase,
 While all unknown the gentle Prince of Peace.
 "The Isles shall wait for Him!" How long? How long.
 O Christians, ere the glad triumphal song,
 "The Heathen have been given unto Him;
 "The lustre of His name shall never dim;
 "His vast dominion is from sea to sea;
 "Our Christ is King, and shall forever be!"
 While the whole world redeemed from Satan's thrall
 Exults to crown our Saviour, Lord of all!

Baltimore.

BAND WORK.

At the first Annual meeting of the W. M. S. of the Methodist churches of St. John, N. B., held in Portland St. church in March (hereafter to be held in the Autumn) one very interesting part of the programme was the reading of three minute papers by leaders of Bands, on:

"Histories of Mission Bands and discussion of their modes of work."

As we are so often asked for help on this subject we purpose to cull from these papers any new ideas or whatever we think will aid in this good work.

EXTRACTS FROM PAPERS.

"Different means have been taken to make the meetings interesting; such as, having each member recite a verse of scripture on paying the membership fee; or tell the various ways in which the money had been earned; a programme of readings, recitations or solos; a lesson or talk on one of the Mission fields. Members write letters to Foreign and Home Missions, also to other Mission Bands, and the answers are read at the meetings. Since the first of the year the Field Study in PALM BRANCH has been taken up, which is both interesting and instructive.

JESSIE CHIPMAN M. B.

North End.

We subscribe for twenty copies of the PALM BRANCH and find it very helpful. The children take great interest in the puzzles, one member is appointed to put them on the blackboard, while the others guess the answers. Another interesting exercise is to divide the Band and appoint a captain for each side, give them a number of Bible questions and see which side will answer most. We also have a Birthday Box, which is presented at every meeting, and anyone who has had a birthday, during the week, is supposed to drop in as many cents as they are years old, while the Band sings: "Hear the pennies dropping."

Carmarthen St.

CHEERFUL TOILERS.

MISSION BAND WORK.

THE PRIVILEGES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF MISSION BAND WORKERS.

OUR privileges, as workers for God in the Mission Band, are inestimable. If used aright, these privileges will prove a blessing to us, an open door to the Master's service, a little niche wherein those who

"Cannot cross the ocean and the heathen lands explore," may be doing real missionary work for the Lord, in teaching the children how to work for Him in His vineyard. In the Mission Band work we are instilling the first principles of missionary education into the minds of the rising generation, laying the foundation on the Rock which cannot be moved. But the crowning privilege is that God allows us to be co-workers with Him; the privilege of helping carry out the plans of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, whose kingdom reigneth over all, whose banner over us is love. "For we are laborers together with God; ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building," 1 Cor. 3-9. If we are trying to do God's work in His strength, He can bring our mistakes and even our seeming failures to work for His glory.

On the other hand, these privileges if rejected and treated with indifference, bring upon us a great responsibility. If we neglect these golden opportunities, it were far better for us to have never had them. "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

Ont.

(To be continued.)

A. B. C.

ONE BY ONE.

"The Cheerful Toilers Mission Band of Carmarthen Street Church has met with a great loss through the death of one of its little "Toilers," Ella V. (Nellie) Seymour. She was always in her place at the meetings—always ready to do her part, whatever it might be, and was anxious for the prosperity of the Band. She was taken suddenly ill, Friday, July 3rd. Physicians were called in, and pronounced it Diphtheria, and gave no hope of her recovery. She expressed a desire to live until Sunday. God heard her little prayer, and permitted her to live until 9 o'clock Sunday morning, July 5th. She was only twelve years old, but was a member of the Church and Sunday School, and left a wonderful testimony behind. She said she was "going to a beautiful place, to be with Christ, and be seated on His throne;" wanted her loved ones to live good lives, so that they would meet her bye and bye; said "she would like to live for Papa and and Mama's sake," but that she was "satisfied." She also prayed for the girls engaged in temperance work. Our hearts are overwhelmed with grief by the great loss, but we know that our loss is her eternal gain."

So they leave us—our dear little Workers! "One by one they are gathering home." They go from the work *here* to the work *there*. Can we doubt it? "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

"GOOD MORNING ROUND THE WORLD."

- 10 With the African men, then, what is the word
That after the sunrise is frequently heard?
May you flourish away
Till your hair is all gray!
Is about what they say when they bid one good day.
- 12 "How find you yourself?" they in Germany go;
And "How do you fare?" the staid Dutch wish to know;
And "How do you stand?"
Comes from Italy's hand;
And "Be well!" they will tell you in Russia's fair land.
St. Nicholas.

FIELD STUDY FOR AUGUST.

AFRICA.

ENGLAND with all thy faults we love thee still." There is much solid character on which the love of her sons and daughters all round the globe is based. She is not at all perfect, but still wherever she has colonized the missionary has advantages he would not otherwise possess.

In Africa, Britain is the friend of the slave. The dhow, or slave-ship, has almost disappeared from the coast under the watchful eye of her cruisers. Throughout her territories route after route has been cleared of the bands that terrorized the country, trade has been established and the missionary given more scope for work.

Especially good success has attended the work of Commissioner Johnson round Lake Nyassa. Kawinga, one of fourteen chiefs captured within the last five years, has been a terror to the country since the days of Livingstone. Last fall over a thousand slaves were released by different raids, and not only given their freedom but means of getting their living in the future. It has needed great alertness to secure these successes, as the marauders fall back into the Portuguese territory close at hand.

In the last twenty-five years rapid and steady progress has been made in mission work. This is increasingly true. The last two years have been periods of marvelous growth. The number of native ministers is in the neighbourhood of 7,500. All missionary societies working in Africa recognize the economy of training their converts to enter the active work. And they have proved worthy of the trust. Indeed most of the work along the Niger is under the complete control of the natives. This is old mission ground and many districts deserve the name of Christian quite as much as any part of our Canada. Uganda, too, is called by some travellers a Christian state. Here are many large self-supporting churches.

Africa has been called "the missionaries' grave". This name may yet be applied to it. At most of the stations the death-rate is high, but not one-half what it was before 1870. Now there are few missions without medical men. A small proportion of these are regular missionaries, but most of them simply represent the civilization that the Gospel has brought in its train.

All over Central Africa it is the missionary that has followed the explorer, and by the power of the Gospel prepared these people for intercourse with the outside world. For instance, in the country of Bule, and this is only one among many, there was constant war between the villages, all the cruelty to prisoners common among cannibal tribes, death was the law for any strangers coming within their borders. Unarmed the missionaries went in. Many evils were given up. War almost ceased. Travellers could come and go at pleasure. Trade was established.

This, too, is an example of the work accomplished that is not shown by statistics. In this case the record is simply, "Inquirers II."

Much has been said of the evils of the liquor traffic in Africa. Though prohibited in some territories, at the request of the natives, there is more liquor sent to Africa every year. If not soon restricted, it bids fair to become as great a hindrance to the improvement of the people as the slave-trade has been.

B. E. D.

QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

- What has England done for her Colonies?
How has she shown that she is the friend of the slave and of Africa?
What can you tell of Commissioner Johnson's work?
Last fall what was done?
What danger threatened the work?
What can you say of the last twenty-five years?
How many native missionaries are there?
What is the wisest, most economical way in mission work?
What is said of Christian communities?
What has Africa been called and why?
How much and why has it improved in this respect?
Will you tell us what the missionary has done in Central Africa?
What in the country of Bule, for instance?
Is there any record of this work?
Is there any record anywhere?
Is there any liquor traffic in Africa?
In what respect do the natives in some territories show more sense than the people of civilized countries?
What does the traffic bid fair to do if not restricted?

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

✻ PALM BRANCH ✻

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MISS S. E. SMITH,
282 Princess Street,
St. John, N. B.

AUGUST 1896.

“AFRICA, latest called of nations.” The last country opened up to the Gospel influence. Livingstone, Stanley and others have done grand work in penetrating into that dark land and so rendering it possible for the Gospel missionary to gain a foothold. Bishop Taylor still lives for Africa, and Livingstone, Moffatt, Pinkerton, and hosts of grand, noble men have given their lives to redeem it; and not in vain have been their self-sacrificing efforts.

When Mr. H. M. Stanley was at Lake Victoria eighteen years ago, there was not one missionary there. To-day, he says, there are 200 churches and 40,000 native Christians, many of whom are enthusiastic converts, and would spend their last penny to acquire a Bible.

Much has been done, but much remains to be done. Only last month news came to us of the murder of a faithful missionary, his wife and little son, in North Africa. So we see that it is still a dark land—still needs our thought and our prayer.

Africa, only recently opened to the Gospel, has long been open to the slave trade. The young people of this generation must find it hard to realize the fact that on our own continent, within this intelligent, enlightened nineteenth century, men, women and children have been held in bondage and bought and sold like merchandise. Carried away from their African homes by inhuman traders, suffering untold misery in the holds of the slave ships, many of them were brought to America, to the Southern States, there to be held in a bondage, often worse than death. Thank God that while the first half of this century witnessed such a system of wrong-doing and cruelty, the latter half has seen the disgrace wiped out, even though it had then to be done in a deluge of tears and blood.

The announcement of the death of Mrs. Stowe, last week, must have thrilled many a heart. No one did more for the African race than Mrs. Stowe. Some one says “She was born to write ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin.’” Nobly she fulfilled her mission, for she aimed the blow that struck at the very root of slavery. One can imagine how men and women, eye and children too, living on the border line between

the free land and the slave, and seeing his frantic efforts to escape, would feel their hearts stirred within them. All honor to those who on our own Canadian shores held out a helping hand. Hundreds of slaves grown desperate, from time to time, made a bold strike for freedom and were helped by “Northern sympathizers” and Canadian friends. We know how Garrison and others labored, how Whittier and Mrs. Sigourney wrote burning words, and how Mrs. Stowe, in the quiet of her own home, toiled

“With strength beyond the strength of men” to arouse the American conscience.

“Uncle Tom’s Cabin” was given to the world in 1852, 10,000 copies sold in a few days, and it soon had a circulation of 300,000. It has been translated into twenty languages and is world-wide.

We cannot imagine anyone receiving a more royal welcome at the gates of the Celestial City than she who so eloquently pleaded the cause of the oppressed. We give one of her own poems, written long ago. It was sung at her funeral.

“THE OTHER WORLD.”

It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see,
Yet the swift closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
Amid our worldly cares,
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Dear hearts around us throb and beat,
Dear helping hands are stirred,
And palpitate the veil between
With beatings almost heard.

Sweet souls around us! Watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream,
Your joy be the reality
Our suffering life the dream.

Not much time or space this month to talk about the Jews, but we are glad to note that a good work is being done in Jewish Missions in New York, as well as elsewhere. Let us think of and pray for them. Christ is a Jew, and the cause of His kindred should always be dear to our hearts.

Thanks to the young lady in British Columbia, who so kindly contributes to our columns this month. Though not directly connected with Missions, her note shows that she is interested in the good work done. She must have grand opportunities to do personal work for the Master. We hope to hear from her soon again.

Our story this month, kindly sent us by one of our most valued contributors, is apropos to the season. We wish all our friends a very happy and profitable summer vacation.

We would call special attention to the notice to N. B. and P. E. I. Bands.

A TSYMPSEAN LEGEND.

PERHAPS there is no nation in the world more given to mythology than the Indians. Theirs is not a written language, therefore their legends have been handed down from father to son, just as many of our own traditions and legends have been preserved. The following is an old Tsympsean tale (as told by an old chief of the tribe). I heard it while paying a visit to the village of Metlakahtla last fall. I have seen the mark in the rock where the doctor is supposed to have fallen, but will leave you to find out how it came there:

"Many years ago," the Chief began, "Before the white man came, the little village to Metlakahtla was built. The village in those days was composed of tents or wigwams, built on little islands, where small patches of ground were cultivated. In this village there lived a doctor chief, as it were. One day he was missing. No one had seen him go away. Everything was mystery. There was much searching, but, nothing could be found of the missing man. However, we will leave his people and follow him in his wanderings.

One evening as he was sitting outside his tent his attention was attracted towards a peculiar looking object approaching him in the dusk. As it came nearer he saw it was a man, but such a man. His head was covered with eagles' feathers, a string of beaver's teeth hung around his neck and his body was clothed in marmot skins. Altogether he was a weird looking object. Beckoning to the doctor to follow him, he turned and entered the woods. The doctor followed. No sooner had he entered than he fell into a deep trance. He was borne away by the spirits to Spirit-land. When he awoke he found himself in a strange, but beautiful, country. The land was one where peace reigned supreme, and bloodshed was a thing unknown. Everyone was engaged in some work and our doctor found much to interest him. His first act was to explore the country. This done he began to study the inhabitants of this strange land. He took the greatest interest in the experiments of the spirit doctors. Much as he knew of the administering of medicines to mortals, he had much to learn. After awhile he began to wonder how he could return to earth and there impart to others what he himself had learned. Approaching the Chief of the Spirit-land he said: "I want to go to earth to tell others what I have seen during my stay here." Then the chief told him that his wish would soon be granted. Preparations were made for his departure, and one clear night in Spring the Chief told him that he was to depart in a few hours. The people were gathered together to bid good-bye to the strange mortal who had been with them so long. Suddenly there was a burst of thunder, the clouds were rent in twain, and he gently dropped to earth. Where he fell he left the imprint in the rock. He returned to his house and again took up his work where he had left it when he was spirited away that clear Fall evening. For awhile, people did not believe his strange story, but when he showed them where he had fallen they were forced to believe his story true. There the mark remains to this day, and all visitors

to the village pay a visit to the spot which is sacred in Indian mythology."

NOTE.—Now that the missionaries have come to the country, the Indians have given up their old superstitions and have embraced Christianity to a greater or less extent. One instance of their giving up their idolatry was the case of an old Indian Chieftess, a friend of mine. Before a party of her friends she took her family crest and burned it in the stove. Great indignation was expressed by her friends, for the crests are held as sacred. Turning to them the Chieftess said: "To keep that would be wrong. I would be a heathen if I kept it and if I am going to be a Christian I want to be one out and out!"

British Columbia.

"KUMTUX."

MANITOBA CONFERENCE BRANCH.

Miss Stella Grundy, Cor. Sec'y of Grace Church Mission Circle, Winnipeg, writes:

"In 1890 a Mission Band of thirty-four members was organized in connection with Grace Church W. M. S. by Mrs. Whitla and Mrs. Banfield, under whose kind and sympathetic manner the young girls became intensely interested in spreading the Gospel of Christ. They deeply mourned when Mrs. Banfield passed from her earthly home to her reward in heaven, but her memory remains ever dear and helpful to the members of the Band. Shortly after this bereavement the Band received another check, when Mrs. Whitla, owing to ill health, had to give up the work. Since that time very many of the original members have left the city, and now the membership is twenty-two. Still the decreased membership does not indicate a lack of interest in the Band or Circle.

Shortly after organizing the members decided to educate one of the girls in the Chinese Home at Victoria. This they did until Gertrude, the girl chosen, was given in marriage to a city missionary in Vancouver. She was a highly intellectual, industrious and sweet tempered girl, and will most ably fill her present position.

Until this year the Band did a great deal of city missionary work in the way of making and distributing clothing among the deserving poor.

Last year Miss Hargrave, returning from the foreign field, revived the missionary interest, which, owing to frequent changes in leadership, had decreased among the girls. Under her sympathetic and wise direction as president, the Band was reorganized upon a much firmer basis than formerly, and now the members have every confidence in their success as a Missionary Circle.

Since September we have raised \$56.80, \$30.00 of which is utilized in supporting and educating a girl in the Japanese orphanage at Kanawaza, named Nakamura Tamaki San. She is nine years old and is to remain under the direction of the Orphanage for ten years, or until she has reached the age of 20. We have been informed that she is a very intelligent, earnest child, and we pray God's blessing upon this endeavor. The monthly meetings of this Society, which are made both interesting and instructive, through the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Birch, our present president, are well attended and the members show an earnestness and oneness of purpose in the furtherance of God's message and saving power which augurs well for future success."



Address—COUSIN JOY, 282 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

DEAR COUSINS.—You were given something to think about last month. You were asked to study the poem on the second page, "He would not be a Butterfly," and give your own idea of it, as well as you could—but not one of you did; that is, you did not tell Cousin Joy about it. Perhaps you did tell, however, at the Mission Board, and if so, she will forgive you. You shall have one more month to think about it, and if Cousin Joy does not hear from you then, she will give her own idea of it; only she *would* like to have yours first, because there is a great deal, you know, in learning to think. Meanwhile you shall have this little story of an African girl:

HOW SHE KEPT HER PROMISE.

"Nyangandi lives in West Africa, near the Ogowe River. She was going away from the Missionary's house on Saturday afternoon, where she had been with bunches of plantain to sell, when his wife said, 'Now, you must not forget that you promised to come to-morrow to church.' 'Yes,' the girl replied, 'I will surely come, if I am alive.' But the next morning she found somebody had stolen her canoe, and no one would lend her one to go to church in. But she had promised to go, and so she felt she must. She swam all the way! The current was swift, the water deep, and the river nearly a third of a mile wide, but by swimming diagonally she succeeded in crossing." —*Over Sea and Land.*

You know swimming diagonally means in a slanting direction. Few of us would go to church if we had to swim to get there; but there may be other difficulties in the way of getting there. I heard of a little girl once who refused to go because she had not a new bonnet to wear; another because she had not a new dress! Oh, if we do not love to go to the House of God to hear His truth—if we do not hold a good promise as sacred, that little African girl will surely rise up to condemn us in the great Day that is coming.

LONDON, June 13, 1896.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I belong to the "Gospel Senders" Mission Band, London. I think I have got the June puzzles. Cousin Lucy's is "Little Gleaners," and Cousin Ella's is "Sufferers of Armenia." I have tried hard to get Cousin Anna's puzzle, but have failed. I take the PALM BRANCH, and like it very much. Your loving Cousin,
MAY GRAY.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—Our "Wayside Helpers" Mission Band has been organized about two years. We have twenty-one names on our roll, and an average attendance of fifteen at our monthly meetings. Since we organized our Band we have had two concerts. The last was held the 15th of May, from which we received \$4.50. Quite a number of our Band take the PALM BRANCH, and they all like it very much.

Delta. Yours, LIZZIE McCUE, Cor.-Sec.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I am sending you a puzzle for your cosy Corner in the dearest of little papers, the PALM BRANCH, in which we are all interested. Hoping you will find room for it, I am your loving Cousin,
Bermuda. JOE.

Next time, Cousin Joe, we surely will. Glad to hear from you.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I belong to the "Day Spring" Mission Band. We take the PALM BRANCH, and find it very interesting. I think I have found the answers to the July puzzles. The first is "Cheerful Toilers;" second, "Increase our Faith;" third, "Sunshine Sewing Circle." I remain your loving Cousin,

Nappan, N. S.

MINNIE E. BLENKHORN.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I belong to the "Joyous Workers" Mission Band. My sister takes the PALM BRANCH, and I like it very much. I think I have found the answers to the July puzzles. They are, "Cheerful Helpers," "Increase our Faith," and "Sunshine Sewing Circle." I send a puzzle, and if it is right will you publish it? Your loving Cousin,

Cape Negro, N. S.

EDNA SHOLDS.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I belong to the "Rill and River" Mission Band. I take the PALM BRANCH, and like it very much, especially the Cosy Corner. I think I have found the answers to the first and last puzzles in the July number. The first is "Cheerful Toilers," and the last "Sunshine Sewing Circle."

Your loving Cousin,

BESSIE GUARD.

Alberton, P. E. I.

AUGUST PUZZLES.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 17, 12, 5, 11, 13, 6, is to lend a helping hand.

My 14, 16, is not out.

My 10, 8, 18, 19, is a girl's name.

My 3, 4, 1, 2, is what most of us wish to be.

My 15, 9, is not off.

Bedeque.

CARRIE BOWNNESS.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 3, is the name of a parent.

My 3, 12, 10, is the name of a small animal.

My 4, 8, 14, is what we sleep in at night.

My 6, 2, 7, means not cooked.

My 11, 5, 9, is a verb.

My 13 is a consonant.

My whole is the name of a Mission Band in Nova Scotia.

Petite Riviere.

MAGGIE GEE.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 13, 9, 5, is to speak.

My 13, 7, 9, 5, is to kill.

My 1, 8, 9, 7, is to cure.

My 6, 2, 5, means bright.

My 3, 11, 10, is something to write with.

My 12, 9, 10, means went quickly.

My 4 is a consonant.

My whole is the name of our Band.

Percham Center.

ADA DEACON.

A BAND VACATION.

“WELL girls, we won't have any meeting next month, as so many will be out of the city; but I don't want you to take a vacation in missionary work.”

The speaker was the leader of the C. street Mission Band.

The group of girls gathered round her looked puzzled, but each eager to find out, “what Miss Lane meant now.”

“Why, how can we help it? There won't be two of us together except Eve and Amy!”

“Isn't it possible for you to do anything except as a band? I thought you each had a separate existence. Let me help you a little,” as they looked doubtful, “What is the first object of our Band?”

“The object of Mission Bands shall be primarily to develop a missionary spirit,” the girls answered in a chorus.

“I'm going to take my mite box with me,” said Etta Ray, a shy, timid girl, younger than the others.

“Yes, Etta, a mite box will speak for its owner. Its a help in introducing the subject of missions to people who are not interested. When you have explained the meaning of the little blue box you've given quite a missionary talk. I always take mine with me.”

“I could take some leaflets, but I'm afraid people wouldn't read them.”

“Don't be afraid, Mazie. Ask the Lord to bless them. Such seed-sowing is never in vain.”

“We are going to a large boarding house in the country. There is nothing to read on Sunday except what we take ourselves. I have my PALM BRANCHES sewn together. I'll take those with me.”

“I'm going to visit my cousin in L—. Their Mission Band is given up!”

“Then you have the best chance of any of us, Nell. Just put that band in running order again,” said Mazie.

“Oh, you have no idea how discouraged they are.”

By this time nearly every girl in the room had a suggestion.

“Help the Epworth League get up a missionary meeting,” “Teach a class in Sunday school.” I've often been asked to, but their Sunday school is so funny, I didn't want to.” “I could help with the singing,” are a few of the many offered.

“One at a time,” said Miss Lane, “It does me good to set you thinking. It takes more courage to work alone. Let it lead us to depend more on Christ. I will expect a report from every one.”

“Edith you didn't say a word,” said Nell to her friend, Edith Davis, as they walked home. “I wish I had a chance to do something. I think it's a lovely thought. I'm going up to grandma's, and there aren't any young people there. It's too far to go to Sunday school and church both.”

Edith enjoyed the days at the old farm house on the river, the free outdoor life, the wonderful sunsets, when every tint in the sky was reflected in the river, also the unlimited petting from grandma, uncle Ben and aunt Harriet, who appreciated the fact that this

dainty niece preferred to come to the old place, year after year, instead of going with young friends. One rainy day uncle Ben came from the mail with two letters for Edith, the home letter and a letter from Nell, telling how they turned a party, her cousin was giving for her, into a Mission Band reunion. Edith shared both letters with aunt Hattie, explaining about the girls' plans.

“What's the use of Mission Bands any way?” said her aunt. “What good do they do? Instead of sending off money to try and convert people on the other side of the world, you might better be looking after the ignorant, neglected folk in the city. I'm sure I see heathen enough to judge by their looks. Our minister's wife wanted to start one here. I told her when the people around here were the sort of Christians they ought to be, I'd think about it.”

“Oh, auntie, I think you are mistaken. I'm sure the Band has helped me. In fact I wouldn't be any 'sort of a Christian' without it.”

“Why, child, you came out last winter when the Evangelists were there. What did the Band have to do with them?”

“It prepared the way for them with most of the girls, but it was the Japanese girls that led me to decide. I used to pride myself on being better than some of the girls who were members of the church. I never missed Sunday school, nearly always went to League and Band, but meant to dance, though, as much as mother would let me, and go to the Opera by-and-bye, and some other things that I couldn't see any harm in, and yet knew if I were a Christian I must give up. I used to go to the meetings sometimes with my mind settled to wait a long time. We had studied Japan from different sides, just as we would a subject in school, and that month we took up the life of a Christian girl in Japan. Miss Lane tells things in such a vivid way you can fairly see what she is talking about. We followed them in their school life, going out and gathering dirty children into Sunday school, working in their spare time to earn money to clothe the little orphans. These girls, many of them with heathen fathers and mothers who would hardly agree to their being baptized, some of whom when they went home were not allowed to read their Bibles, still are faithful. All at once it flashed on me what a contrast I was in every way. They were working for love of Christ and I was doing everything to please myself. My father and mother had prayed for me and taught me ever since I was born. Two of these girls had taught their mothers how to pray. I had so much, they had so little. I felt so mean I hated myself. I began to pray though. I've never told anyone all about it before, aunt Hattie, but I date my conversion from that Band meeting.”

When the C— street Band met again the reports of holiday work were full of interest. Etta Kay's mite-box had come home much heavier. Mazie's leaflets had supplied reading aloud for a rainy Sunday. The L— Band had gained courage to try again.

“Edith, haven't you anything to tell?” asked Miss Lane.

“I hadn't much chance. I was with older people,

who were all Christians. I only tried to tell one person how much the Band had helped me."

* * * * *

The minister's wife to her husband.—"John I've finished the "Outlook" club. Harriet Davis called to-day, gave me the twenty-five cents and told me if I tried again to form a Missionary Society I could count on her to belong. She didn't tell me what changed her mind. She was almost scornful when I asked her to take the "Outlook". I asked her, but she only said, "Oh, I've had new light on the subject; perhaps if we try to do something for the heathen abroad it will end in doing something for ourselves and the heathen at home." You know her dry way.

"Well, dear, we can thank the Lord for answered prayer without puzzling about how. If Miss Davis takes hold of the Missionary work it will prosper."

E. A. D.

LETTER FROM REV. MR. KIRBY.

(Continued.)

Sometimes old men like to become boys; see this story I have taken from an old paper:

A BOY AGAIN.

"Sometimes an old man becomes a boy again, though too smart to drop into his second childhood. An illustration of this pleasant tendency was given, not many months since, by an old man with several million dollars.

He was in the habit of prowling around the office of the insurance company in which he was a director. One day as he was investigating, he happened to come across the dinner-pail of the office boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover. A slice of home-made bread, two doughnuts, and a piece of apple pie tempted the millionaire's appetite. He became a boy again, and the dinner-pail seemed the one he had carried sixty years ago.

Just then the office-boy came in and surprised the old man eating the pie.

"That's my dinner you're eating!" exclaimed the boy indignantly.

"Yes, sonny, I suspect it may be; but it's a first-rate one, for all that. I've not eaten so good a one for sixty years."

"There," he added, as he finished the pie, "take that and go out and buy yourself a dinner, but you won't eat as good a one," and he handed the boy a five dollar bill.

For days after the old man kept referring to the first-class dinner he had eaten from the boy's pail."

Now that rich man thought it was worth five dollars to be a boy again and eat a boy's dinner. If that boy only did the very least he ought and gave a tenth of that to the Mission Band, how much would he have left for himself? And how much would he have given to Missions? I cannot wait for an answer, but you can tell in the next meeting of your Band to your leaders.

Here let me close with a short recitation.

BE TRUE.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul would reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—Horatio Bonar.

Good bye, "that's enough for this time," as the cow said who ate the cow-boy's straw hat for her breakfast.

Charlottetown.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

N. B. AND P. E. ISLAND BAND NOTES.

The Report Cards received this quarter have in most instances brought encouraging news. The monthly meetings have been interesting, and the average attendance good. Some, however, have difficulties and discouragements. Will not those Bands that are strong pray for the weak ones that they may not grow faint and fall by the way? *United prayer* will prevail.

"Dawning Light," Murray Harbour, held an entertainment and social at Easter. Amount raised \$18.20.

Montague "Loyal Workers" have increased their funds this quarter by \$7.00.

J. T.

N. B. AND P. E. I. BANDS, ATTENTION!—All Bands competing for the Banner will kindly send in their reports not later than Sept. 1st. No reports will be received after that date.

IRENE TURNER.

NOVA SCOTIA BAND NOTES.

"Sunshine" Band, Digby, gave a concert in April, making \$38.90. They now have a membership of 44. "Bonair" Band, Upper Port La Tour, is increasing in members and interest.

Lively and interesting meetings are reported from Charles St. C. M. S. Church, Halifax.

The Secretary of "Coralline" Mission Circle, Halifax, writes: "From our Easter offerings we gained \$28.20. Our meetings have been both interesting and helpful.

We are glad to hear that the "Morning Star" Band, Musquodoboit, which was nearly broken up during the winter, by sickness, is rallying again.

The "Rope Holders," of Bear River, are very busy making an autograph quilt, from which the sum of \$8.00 has been realized. They have also held a tea, at which they raised \$2.75.

M. E. B., Cor.-Sec.

BAY OF QUINTE BRANCH.

The "Happy Workers" Mission Circle, Eden church, Salem circuit, made quite a lot for Missions through thank-offering and talent money. They also made a quilt and sent with the W. M. S. box. They always carried out the programme questions and enjoyed them much. We hope to hear of the continued prosperity of this Band.