



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

VOL. III.

JULY, 1896.

No 7

GOD AND MY RIGHT.

"Blessed are they that do His commandments that they may have right to the Tree of Life and may enter in through the gates into the city."

God and my Right!—Sovereign to Thee, I bow,
 I kneel before Thee now,
 I swear to Thee my fealty—hear my vow!
 Swear to obey Thee in each high behest,
 To aid thy quest,
 Set Thou thy sign and seal upon my breast!
 I rise, thy Red Cross Knight,
 To battle for the right.
 To lead or follow in thy holy war,
 To heed nor wound nor scar,
 To stand for Thee
 Come life, come death, as Thou hast stood for me!

God and my Right! my right to guard the opprest,
 To succor the distress;
 To lift the shadow and to right the wrong
 To cheer the world with song.
 Therefore my armor shall be always bright
 As fits a loyal knight,
 And faith's own weapons shall make good my right.
 Therefore, my life, without reproach or fear,
 Shall, year by year,
 Reflect the glory of a higher sphere:
 And always, everywhere, on land and sea,
 Through all crusade shall be
 Displayed the banner which Thou gavest me:
 Till He shall come again
 Whose right it is to reign.

S. E. SMITH.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

JUDGE ELDON'S handsome carriage and pair, rolled rapidly away with its two occupants, one a beautifully dressed woman, and the other a sweet, delicate looking child. On the door-step, gazing wistfully after them, was a little girl, but poorly clad, in some cotton garment, which hardly kept out

the wind of the bleak, December day. Her poor little unshod feet were blue with cold, and through the ragged shawl, she wore, could be seen her curly, unkempt hair.

"O, dear! what shall I do?" she cried, "I have been out ever since early morning, and no one has given me a penny. My! but them folks is terrible proud," she reflected, turning her eyes again in the direction of the retreating carriage, for something else had arrested her attention for a few moments, further down the street. "When I nodded and smiled to em and was about to go forwards and speak, that lady, she just drew her silk skirts round her, and hurried the little girl out into that carriage, just as quick as shot, and—"

"Be off with you, you little beggar," exclaimed the merchant, on the step of whose store she stood.

"Please, sir;" she faltered, "Mayn't I stay here a wee bit longer?" but before this, Mr. Miller had turned back into his store, leaving the poor child to face the bitter wind of that cold night, for it was now quite dark. After crossing two or three brightly lighted streets Mamie Walton turned into a little dark alley, and at the far end of it she paused on the threshold of her home, if such it could be called—a low, dark room, which had once served the purpose of a cellar, or underground kitchen, with one broken window through which the sun scarcely ever shone. It had hardly any furniture in it, in fact nothing that could come under that heading, except a large armchair and a small round table; even these were battered and dingy, and it was easy to see they had been through several generations. To-night a tiny, wax candle burned on the little table, affording a dim light to a woman, who sat sewing, with weary eyes, on a white shirt. A pile of them, already

finished, lay in a basket beside her, and still she stitched on, regardless of a small shadow on the opposite wall, until Mamie stole softly up behind her, and putting her arms around her mother's neck, burst into tears.

"O, mother," she sobbed, "the day after to-morrow will be Christmas, and I do so want to buy you a little tea, and a cake, that you might be stronger to go on with your work, the next day, for you won't sew on Christmas, will you Mammy?" Mrs. Walton did not answer for a few moments, she was thinking of Christmas days of her own childhood, which were so different from these she was obliged to give her child. For a short time she was quite overcome by these happy memories, but remembering that no time must be lost, she pressed her little daughter to her, and said, "My child it must be done, we cannot work just when it suits."

Little Blanche Eldon drove home in almost as much grief as Mamie herself. She had noticed the thin, pale face of the little girl at the shop door, and would have spoken a word of sympathy to the child, had her mother permitted it. Her last thought that night, and the first the following morning was of the poor, little stranger.

She begged her mamma to take her into town again, that day, and Mrs. Eldon who granted her only child's request, whenever it was in her power, at once consented. They drove, much to Blanche's delight, to the same store as yesterday, but no little, shivering figure was to be seen to-day. The next place they entered was a toy shop, and here, Blanche, leaving her mother to make some purchases, stole quietly to the door. No one was to be seen, however, except some working men who were laying a new pavement. Blanche, after looking in every direction for her young friend, let her thoughts turn to to-morrow's festivities, but was soon startled by a hoarse cough, a little distance from her, and lifting her eyes in the direction whence it came, she espied the old plaid shawl, which she knew belonged to the little girl she had seen the day before. She uttered a little cry of joy, and opening the door, crossed the road to where Mamie stood.

"Little girl," she said, "are you very cold?" Mamie turned quickly to see who was addressing her in this manner, and recognizing the Judge's little daughter, she bowed, smiled, and answered: "Well, Miss, I is rather cold, but I'm getting so used to it, that I hardly mind."

"Poor little thing," said Blanche, her eyes filling with tears, then she added quickly, "You must take this," and she dropped into Mamie's hand a shining coin.

At this moment Mrs. Eldon opened the door opposite, but stood spellbound on the step. Could that be her child? Yes it was. What would people think? She immediately crossed to where they stood, with the intention of leading Blanche away, but as she neared them, these words caught her ear—"O, Miss! How

can I thank you? I will be able now to get Mamma some tea, and she will not have to work on Christmas." Then her little daughter replied, "You are quite welcome to it, I am sure, and I would give you some more, only if mother found out she would be so angry, for, although we have lots of money, she thinks it is waste to give it to the poor." Mrs. Eldon put her hands to her ears. Her only child saying that her mother would be angry if she gave more than a few pence to a starving little one!

She went to where the children stood and putting a hand on the shoulder of each, said, addressing her daughter, "Give her all you have Blanche, and I will add to it." She then took the delighted Mamie into a dry goods store, close at hand, and bought her a large, heavy shawl, which she wrapped closely around her, bidding her run home at once.

That night Mrs. Eldon told her husband what had happened, and through the influence of their little daughter, they both decided to let a tenth of their money, from that time forth, go to the poor in the great city.

Toronto.

G.

HE WOULD NOT BE A BUTTERFLY.

By MRS. C. B. STETSON.

The garden heds I wandered by
One bright and cheerful morn,
When I found a new-fledged butterfly
A-sitting on a thorn:
A black and crimson butterfly,
All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
To infant butterflies,
So I gazed on this unhappy thing
With wonder and surprise,
While sadly with his waving wing
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, 'What can the matter be?
Why weepst thou so sore?
With garden fair and sunlight free
And flowers in goodly store—'
But he only turned away from me
And burst into a roar.

Cried he, 'My legs are thin and few
Where once I had a swarm!
Soft fuzzy fur—a joy to view—
Once kept my body warm!—
Before these flapping-wing-things grew,
'To hamper and deform!'

At that outrageous bag I shot
The fury of mine eye:
Said I, in scorn, all burning hot,
In rage and anger high,
'You ignominious idiot!
'Those wings are made to fly!'

'I do not want to fly,' said he;
'I only want to squirm!'
And he dropped his wings dejectedly,
But still his voice was firm;
'I do not want to be a fly!
I want to be a worm!'

O yesterday of unknown lack!
To-day of unknown bliss!
I left my fool in red and black;
The last I saw was this:
The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis.

"GOOD MORNING ROUND THE WORLD."

- 5 With the Syrian greeter now how is it done?"
Why, his finger-tips meet as he greets anyone,
Then, with faucifal art
Touches brow, lips and heart,
And "may you be happy!" he says as they part.
- 6 While with hands held together and lifted on high
With a wish for the health of the one who goes by,
The brown Siamese
Will fall on his knees,
Or bow down benignly with gracefulest ease.
St. Nicholas.

FIELD STUDY FOR JULY.**COVETOUS HINDRANCES TO CHRISTIANITY.**

ON the great evils of the liquor and opium traffic we can see clearly enough how greed of gain closes the eyes and blunts the conscience. Still, it is probable that this does not directly concern many of us. What of ourselves? Has our Lord's warning, "Take heed and beware of covetousness," any lessons for us?

Many of our Mission Band members take pains to earn money so as to have something of their own to give. There are others again who handle a good deal of money but never seem to think that they have any responsibility for the way it is spent. You doubtless agree that the principles for giving, laid down in the Old Testament, were not on too liberal a scale. (Gen. 28, 22; Lev. 27, 30; Prov. 3, 9-10.) The trouble is, we do not realize that these directions apply to us. Of course when we are men and women and take our place among the world of earners, we expect to do our part in this work of supporting the Gospel, as in all the other activities of life. For these other things we are preparing our arm by work, our brain by thought, our patience and perseverance by constant effort; in this grace of giving may we also abound.

Little things are not despised by Christ. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." Principles that are worked on in the day of small things will be a foundation to build on later. It is motive, purpose, effort, that make character; not amount of display. The gift Christ pronounced greater than those of all the rich was a very small one.

"Build to-day then strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
Then ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place."

There is one point in the Jewish law that I would like you to especially consider. It is that the first fruits belonged to God. (Lev. 23, 9, 11, 14; Deut. 15, 19.) They were not to take the harvest until the first sheaf was waved before the altar in acknowledgment

of His goodness. Should we, in the full light of the Gospel, do less than the Jew? With His claims over the first there would be no question as to whether "we could spare anything now." And that extra purse would rarely be empty.

Last summer two friends of mine, a mother and her daughter, listened to a sermon from the text, "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings." They had always contributed towards the support of their own church, and other objects, when brought to their notice, but had never considered what proportion of their income was expended in this way. The thought came to them as to whether they were included in those who had robbed God. They determined henceforth they would keep two purses, in one would be placed the tenth of all the money they received. They lived on a farm and the first money the mother had was the proceeds of some poultry she had sent to market. There was no local call for help just then. The following week the daughter was going into the city, where some years before her brother spent a winter, and had been made to feel very much at home in a certain church. To the pastor of this church the money was taken to be used for Missions. To explain her coming the young lady told what led to the amount being given and the reason for bringing it to him. He listened so quietly that she concluded he was absorbed in a sermon, or something of that sort, and not much interested; accordingly made her stay as short as possible. In the evening she attended the prayer-meeting held in his church, and what was her surprise to find her story the theme of the pastor's address. So the sermon from that country pulpit echoed and re-echoed through its faithful hearers.

"Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." B. S. D.

QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

- What is our subject this month? Please explain.
In what great traffic do we see the evils of the "greed of gain"? What are the evil effects on eyes and conscience?
What two questions are next asked?
What do some of our Mission Band members take pains to do?
What do other members do?
Where do you find principles for giving in the Old Testament?
Do these apply to us?
What do we expect to do when we are men and women?
What preparations are we making for life?
What did Christ say about little things?
What are the best foundation stones for character?
What go to make character?
What gift to the Treasury did Jesus say was greatest of all?
What point in the Jewish law are you asked to consider?
Will you find and read the references given?
When were the Jews allowed to taste the harvest?
What solemn question is next asked?
What lessons do you gain from the interesting story that is told?

✻ **PALM BRANCH** ✻
PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

S. E. SMITH, EDITOR.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 15 CENTS A YEAR.
FOR CLUBS OF TEN OR MORE TO ONE ADDRESS, 10c EACH A YEAR.

All Band reports and notes must be sent through the Branch Band Corresponding Secretaries.

All other articles intended for publication, all subscription orders with the money, must now be sent to

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

JULY, 1896.

Our subject for prayer this month is "That covetous hindrances to Christianity may be removed." It is not surprising that people who live in countries where "the Light of the world" never penetrated till the last century, should object to being called "Heathen" by nations which pose as Christian, but whose governments allow such covetous hindrances to Christianity as the opium and liquor traffic. The contrast is not so great after all. Those people might have been much higher in the scale to-day, if nations which have the Gospel had sent them more of that which clears the brain and renews the heart, and less of that which intoxicates and kills. It is shortsighted policy to increase the revenue of a country by destroying the souls and bodies of its inhabitants.

We are fortunate this month in having two contributions straight from Japan. The story of "The Doll Festival" is interesting, as showing the customs of that distant country, and the touch of patriotism is pathetic. There seems to be a clinging to old-time customs, and there is no mention of the "new Leaven" from which we are hoping such great things for Japan. The letter signed Kono Ito, was written to Mrs. Gee, of Nova Scotia, and is the experience of a Japanese girl who was graduated from our school in Azabu. Her language and composition, all her own, and her intelligent appreciation of the new religion, which she has embraced, speak well, not only for herself, but for the faithful teachers who have so long labored for this result. Indeed too much cannot be said for the work of the missionaries of the W. M. S. in Japan during the last fifteen years. It is worthy of all praise.

A missionary writes to the New York "Observer" that one of the most encouraging and suggestive signs of the times in Japan is the possession of the Bible by

Japanese in high places. "Evidently, with many of them," he says, "It is a treasured book." He met with a Japanese consul last year who had spent some time in the United States—he had attended church there and read and enjoyed a prayer book very much. He gladly received a copy of a Japanese Testament and asked for another for his servants. He died not long after. The missionary thinks he was a true Christian, though not a professed believer. The chief of police in Yokohama cheerfully granted his request to distribute Bibles among the policeman and in the hospitals. To the missionary's surprise he said, "Its teachings are good and if they were followed it would lessen my work very much." The Governor of Yokohama has a Bible and speaks well of missionary work. Count Inouye has both an English and Japanese copy. It is believed that there are many secret believers and perhaps followers of Christ in Japan, who for various reasons will not let it be known.

We hope you have not ceased to pray for the suffering people of Armenia. Pray that God may show the "Christian governments" of the world what to do, and then give them strength and courage to do it.

Our thanks are due to the young lady in Toronto who kindly sent us the interesting story on our first page.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.—It is only to clubs of ten or more, to one address, that the paper is ten cents a year. This is the very best we can do for you.

Please renew *at once*, we do not wish to lose your name from our list of subscribers.

FOR WEARY WORKERS.

"O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To workers with the troubled sea."

SELF-DENIAL.

There is a little story on the last page which will interest you all, and that is the story of the three little sisters who gave to the Mission Band the money they had saved for a bicycle. Now there is great fun in bicycles, no doubt, but there is a day coming when bicycles will not be worth one thought. In that day, when these sisters will see standing close beside the glorious Saviour the little Indian girl whom they have helped to lead to Him, do you think they will feel sorry for their loving little deed of self-denial? Even now they must be happy in the thought that they are growing like their Saviour.

"Even Christ pleased not Himself."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER TO MRS. GEE.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—We are strangers to each other but not to our Master, so I feel that I have a right to address you as my friend, for we are friends of the Master and must be to one another. Miss Cunningham told me to write a letter telling about the work in Shizuoka, and it will be a help to you, as you are working very hard for the Missionary Society, which is doing a great deal of good in Japan. Of course, I will do so gladly, but I must ask you to excuse my English as I cannot express my thoughts in a right way.

I will tell you a little about myself, how I came to be one of the workers. I was just a country girl who knew nothing about our Lord. When I was a little girl my uncle took me to a small town and I began to go to Sunday school, as there was a preaching house, and I was baptized. But I did not know much about the Bible. Then I went to Toyko and I became one of the pupils in Azabu school. As the days went on and the years passed away, I learned more and more, and at last I was brought to the true knowledge of God. I received an education in Azabu school for six years. While I was there I learned many lessons which greatly help me now. I graduated last Christmas and I was sent here to do something for our Master, who accepts our little deeds willingly when we do them, trying our very best.

Twice a month meetings for women are held at four towns outside of Shizuoka. Twice a month meetings for children are held at two towns outside of Shizuoka—They are under the charge of the girls in the school. Some of the meetings for women are led by the Bible women, and some are led by Miss Cunningham and a girl. Two meetings for women are held in the city—the women are all very nice. I am sorry to say that we find but little change from last year in the numbers attending our meetings or in the interest manifested. One of the children's meetings is very encouraging.

Every Sunday three Sunday schools, under the charge of the school, are opened and the attendants are quite many—we open them with singing and prayer. After the lesson for the Sunday is taught we take them back to the room where they were before the classes were divided. They all sing together and we tell them a story. Miss Cunningham and her girls teach in the church Sunday school, which has about fifty children. Eight girls in the school are Sunday school teachers. The children are apt to forget to come to Sunday school, as they are not taught at home, so we call them in from the streets. Sometimes it is very hard to get them in.

We have thirty-two members in our King's Daughters' meeting. Eighteen of them are in the school now and the rest are outside of the school. Each member has to work fifteen minutes every day in order to earn money to help some good cause. We do knitting, sewing, mending stockings, pressing flowers and other things. When the President and Secretary of the W. M. S. in Canada were here, we heard them say that those who are working for the Society earn money in doing little things. I think we King's Daughters ought to be careful in every little thing, in order to help others. We are giving one yen to an Orphanage in Kanazawa, where Miss Veazey is working, and fifty cents to an Orphanage in Toyko every month. We have about twenty-two yen on hand. Eighteen yen out of the twenty-two yen, is put in the bank. We bought several things for Miss Robertson to take home and sell for our King's Daughters meeting, so we are not rich now.

Once a month we have a meeting and talk with each other about the work. Sometimes those who have something to tell, speak out freely, while others are knitting. The King's Daughters meeting is not only for getting money but for our spiritual growth.

Twice a year a general meeting of King's Daughters is held in one of the schools in Tokyo or Yokohama. Reports of all the King's Daughters' societies in Japan are read. When I was in Tokyo I used to go there. It is very pleasant and profitable for people engaged in the same work to meet together and talk over their different plans of work; it broadens the mind and is a great help in many ways. The first general meeting is going to be held in one of the schools in Yokohama, on the 16th of May. I am going to make up a report of ours to send there. I am sorry I cannot attend the meeting.

How I would like to look in upon your work and others work in your country, but that cannot be, so I must be contented with letters which the ladies receive from you.

We find that many people are longing for Him to help them, and in order to let them know His love we must watch ourselves and try to live near to our Master's teaching.

May the dear Lord bless you in all your work and crown your work with success.

Yours sincerely,

Shizuoka, Japan.

Kono Ito.

On earth Thou hidest, not to scare
The children with Thy light,
Then showest us Thy face in Heaven,
When we can bear the sight.

FABER.



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

Dear Cousins, you will find a poem on 2nd page which is intended for a recitation for you. Cousin Joy thinks it fine as well as funny, and has found a lesson in it which she would like all her little cousins to find too. Will you try? Tell it to your leader in in the M. B. at your next meeting and Cousin Joy would be so pleased if you would tell her the lesson too, in some of your nice little letters.

The "Dolls' Festival" will please you. You will want to go right off to Japan as soon as you read it. Some of you will think you do not have half as good a time in your own country. But how about Christmas? They have no Christmas, you know—they never will until they have all heard "the story of Jesus and His love" for them. One thing is certain and that is that you do not play in this country with the dolls of your ancestors (mothers and grandmothers) You are more likely to go through two or three generations of dolls of your own! Cousin Joy hopes the little Japanese play with their dolls every day; that they are not kept for show only once a year! You know they go round all the time with little baby sister or brother fastened to their backs. How would you like that?

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—This is the first time I have written to you. I take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. I think I have the answers to the May puzzles. They are, "Willing Workers," "Jesus Wept," "Happy Workers," and "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." I send a puzzle. I don't know whether it is right or not. If it is, will you publish it? London. Your loving cousin, JENNIE RUSSELL.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I think I have found the answers to the May puzzles. First, "Willing Workers," second, "Jesus Wept," and third, "Happy Workers." The Pied Text is, "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." I have made a puzzle, and if you think it worth printing I will send it to you.

Your loving cousin,

New Annan, P. E. I. LOUISE WRIGHT.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the "Maggie Smith" Mission Band of La Have Island. I take the PALM BRANCH and think it a very nice paper. I have found the answers to May puzzles. The first is, I think, "Willing Workers," second, "Jesus Wept," and third "Happy Workers." I think I will close for this time, with love to you.

Your loving cousin,

LIZZIE WALFIELD.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—We take the PALM BRANCH in our Mission Band and I enjoy reading it very much. I think I have found the answers to the May puzzles. The first is "Willing Workers," 2nd, "Jesus Wept," 3rd, "Happy Workers," and the answer to the Pied Text is "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." I enclose a puzzle which I would like published if you think it good enough.

Your loving cousin,

Dereham Centre, Ont.

ADA DEACON.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—You have heard from me before, but I hope you will find a little space in your "corner" for this letter. The "Lone Star" Mission Band will soon lose its dear president, Mrs. (Rev.) Dohson. We will miss her so much, as we all love her dearly. The answers for the May puzzles are, 1st, "Willing Workers," 2nd, "Jesus Wept," 3rd, "Happy Workers." Pied Text, "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

Your loving cousin,

Bermuda.

RUBY A. SIGGINS.

Glad to hear from our far off cousin again.

Correct answers to May puzzles have also come from cousins Berry Foster, Petite Riviere, Lucy Dcull, Sackville, and Susie R. Barnes of Nappan. Susie's P. S. says: "There are 18 P. B's. taken in our Band, and we have a membership of 40." No answers with Jennie Russell's puzzle nor Louise Wright's.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the "Cheerful Givers" Mission Band. I take the PALM BRANCH and find it very interesting. I think I have found the answers to the first and last puzzles in the June number. The first is "Sufferers of Armenia," and the last "Miss Cunningham." Enclosed you will find a puzzle. I hope you will think it worth publishing.

Your loving cousin,

Guysboro, N. S.

HATTIE JOST.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the "Day Spring" Mission Band. We take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. I think I have found the answers to the June puzzles. The first is "Sufferers of Armenia," 2nd., "Little Gleaners," 3rd., "Miss Cunningham."

Your loving cousin,

Nappan, N. S.

LENA L. ROACH.

JULY PUZZLES.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 2, 7, 4, means colour.

My 1, 10, 12, 9, is a young horse.

My 8, 3, 13, 8, means to touch.

My 13, 11, 1, 4, is the chief food of the Chinese.

My 15, 3, 5, 6, means a slave or vassel.

My whole is the name of our Mission Band.

St. John.

Lois.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, is to stop.

My 12, 9, 10, 11, is a number.

My 1, 2, 15, 9, is noting entrance.

My 10, 13, 14, 4, is a slender thread.

My all is what the Apostles said unto the Lord.

Charlottetown.

Daisy.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 5, 16, 13, 20, is to glitter.

My 15, 19, 12, 7, 14, is to stick to.

My 9, 11, 6, 3, 14, is to rock to and fro.

My 2, 4, 10, is to employ.

My 17, 12, 18, 8, is a kind of food used by the Chine.

My whole is a place for girls to sew.

Nappan, N. S.

"HINA MATSURI," OR THE DOLL FESTIVAL.

THE Island that occupies the smallest portion of the eastern hemisphere, the country to which formerly very little attention was paid, is now introduced to the world as the victor over the Chinese Empire. No doubt the slightest matter or thing that is going on in Japan will be sufficient to awaken the interest of other nations, and especially the old customs and manners that are carried down from the far distant ages to the present day. Every people has its own customs different from those of the others, but ours are among the most interesting. Oh, how happy I would be had I a pen that could fully describe these interesting customs, as well as the picturesque scenery of this beautiful country! Indeed it is far beyond my powers of description; but let me tell you just a few things about my own native land.

I am sure most of you have heard of *Hina matsuri*, or the doll festival, and may have wondered what it is. It is more delightful and pleasant, as it comes in the charming season of early spring, in which the flowers begin to smile and the cheerful songsters sing sweetly on the boughs. Really, the third of March is a great yearly holiday for the little girls. When this occasion approaches they are busy decorating the houses with what are called *O Hina Sama*, tiny models of people and things, the whole Japanese court in miniature. Steps are made on the *Tokonoma* or alcove, covered with a nice cloth, the dolls occupying the highest seat; and on the lower steps are placed all kinds of furniture, from the cabinet to the wash-tub. *Ozen* or tables, spread with the best kinds of food, are laid on the lowest. These dolls and things are mostly handed down from their ancestors. Oh, they are just as cunning and pretty as they can be! The little folks who usually do not have anything to do in the kitchen, are allowed to prepare food by themselves in the small oven for dolls, without asking the help of their mother or sisters. The delicate plates and baskets are filled with an endless variety of fruits and sweets. Peach blossoms are put in handsome vases, adding much to the beauty of the decoration, and for this reason it is also called *Momo no Sekku*, (festival of peach blossoms).

On this day girls invite each other and they eat and play, sitting in front of the dolls. They also partake of a sweet drink called *Shiro-zake*. Oh, just imagine, the lasses dressed up in their best and gayest *kimono* or garments, walking along the streets to their friends' houses, wearing the shiny *geta* (clogs)! They are so sweet and lovely! Indeed this is the happiest day during the year for the little girls, who wait for and think of it so earnestly that they can hardly get to sleep in the nights preceding. I can easily recall to my mind with how much joy and delight I looked forward to this holiday.

Of the origin of this festival I am not quite certain; but it is probable that paper-dolls, which were the chief play-things of the girls of the nobility in ancient times, had been changed to those which are now in use, and that there was not a special day fixed for the purpose of playing with them. It is said that this festival is celebrated in order to give some idea to the little girls that they are to keep the houses when they grow older.

The boys' festival takes place on the fifth of May. It is very much like that of the girls, but the dolls are the figures of brave warriors, who lived many centuries ago, and there is not a single doll that represents a girl. Such warlike toys as swords, spears, bows and arrows are used in decorating, and also various kinds of beautiful flags, made with brocade or white crape, with the family crest embroidered or dyed. Out of doors the gigantic paper carps are caused to float in the air from poles, after the manner of flags. They are very beautiful, differing in colors. It is customary to send these carps as a present in the first May after the birth of a male child. With the exception of the New Year, this is of all Japanese festivals, the one whose outward signs are most conspicuous. The idea is, that as the carp swims up the river against the current, so will the boy, overcoming all obstacles, make his way in the world and rise to fame and fortune.

I could tell many more things about these festivals and other customs, but now will say adieu to you all as I do not wish to make you tired of reading.

Japan.

AI INAGAKI.

MISSION BAND WORK.

HOW TO BUILD UP THE MISSION BAND.

MISSION Bands are usually built up on the "Little by Little" system, and personal effort on the part of each member. True, it needs a good manager at the head of affairs, but if each member will do all he can, and if all work for the same cause, namely, the upbuilding of Christ's Kingdom, then that Mission Band, if consecrated to the Lord, can accomplish much. Let each one go to work in earnest, as though he meant to accomplish something. WORK AS IF FOR WAGES! Here is a problem for each of us to solve: If we were paid in money for our missionary work, how much a year do we earn?

But after all our efforts, PRAYER IS THE GREAT KEY-NOTE OF SUCCESS IN THIS WORK! Let each member pray for the Mission Band, pray in faith, believing that the promise is sure. "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," Mk. 11.24. "If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it," John 14.14. There is no better way of building up a Mission Band than fervent prayer, unwavering faith, and then following out the Lord's command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest," Ecc. 9.10. Mission work is the Lord's own work, and He will certainly bless it in answer to prayer. If your Mission Band is failing, or likely to fail altogether, tell the Lord about it; if there is sad lack of interest in missionary work (and there are few things more discouraging), tell the Lord the exact trouble, ask Him to make you more interested, so that you may interest others. Even one really enthusiastic member can do an immense amount of good in a Band. Try to get each one to do something. All at work and all working together is another secret of success.

A. B. C.

Ont.

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM REV. MR. KIRBY.

HERE we are again, dear children of the PALM BRANCH," as the mayflower said to the sunbeams on a bright May morning. May always follows April, but mayflowers often get ahead of May, as they have this year over on this "tight little Isle." I am glad the flowers are coming. I love the Spring, don't you? Winter is nice, and skating, sledding, tobogganing, are all good, but ugh! how Jack frost does bite! But spring! beautiful spring, with warm sunshine, springing grass, buttercups and daisies, birds singing, lambs skipping, and foals running by the side of the old mother, and all the rest of the good things of springtime. Why who can help loving spring! And springtime of life is youth! You are in the spring, and your lives should be sunny and bright, and happy. Don't be afraid to laugh if you want to, God made us capable of laughing, and singing, and playing, and expects us to be as happy as the birds, and as cheerful as the sunshine. Some old people don't like to see us boys and girls laugh and enjoy ourselves, and particularly if we are members of the church.

A boy named Daniel, and called by everybody who knew him Dan'el, joined the church and was very happy. He believed he was saved, and this thought made him very happy indeed. One day he was unusually hilarious, he was just jumping over everything. He put up a fence pole and jumped it, then another and got safely over that, then another, and it was too high, so poor Daniel struck his toe against the top pole and fell down. He hurt his leg and arm and was crying, when the old class leader came along and looking at the boy said: "Ah! that's the way God punishes naughty boys. You a member of the church Dan'el and acting so foolish, no wonder you fell" This did not comfort the boy very much, so he ran in doors to find his mother. He soon told her all about his trouble, and asked, "was it wrong mother?" "I was so happy I didn't know what to do." His mother was a good Christian woman, and she told him that she did not think it foolish or wrong—that God meant him to show his happiness so that other boys might want to love Him too.

Charlottetown.

W. J. KIRBY.

(To be continued).

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

BAY OF QUINTE BAND NOTES.

Miss L. B., of Orono, writes:—We are making an autograph quilt and expect to sell it soon. In our meetings we have taken up the "Watch Tower." One boy is taking up Japan for an essay; another China, another French work, and another Indian work. Wishing you success in behalf of our Band.

Lindsay, (Queen street), Miss I. Totten writes:—The members of "Wayside Gleaners" in December sent a box of warm clothing to the Aderville Indians, valued at \$18.00, have added one life-member and sent Mrs. Copeland \$5.85. Mite-boxes will be opened in Octo-

ber when we hope to send a good deal more. We are preparing for a picnic, from which we hope to make a nice amount. Great interest prevails.

Napance, Miss Pearl Perry, Cor-Sec, writes: Napance Mission Band on Saturday, May 16th., sent the Supply Committee a box of bedding and useful articles of clothing, which will be forwarded to one of the Homes in the North West if Mrs. Briggs thinks it advisable. M. G. H.

N. S. BAND NOTES.

The Secretary of Woodlawn Mission Band writes: The ladies of our church are planning for a sale the first of July, and on that occasion we are going to have a Doll Sale which will represent the "Old Woman in the Shoe," when the sale will take place with the dolls for children. Intend having our youngest member in the shoe.

The "Cheerful Givers," Guysboro, are busy making a quilt for the Supply Committee.

Though "Ieh dien" Mission Band, Port La Tour, is small, much interest is shown in the work. Two of the members are collecting in Mission boxes to be opened in July. Others have begun an outline quilt, which they hope to sell when finished. They have fourteen subscribers for PALM BRANCH.

M. E. B., Cor-Sec.

The members of the "Little Helpers" Mission Band, Barrington, were both surprised and delighted at their last meeting, on receiving a donation from three of their number, which was a great help in increasing the funds of the treasury. It was afterwards learned—not from them—that, for some time, these three little sisters had been saving for a bicycle, but becoming greatly interested in their little Indian girl, "Theresa", they voluntarily brought their savings to be given with the money towards her support. This act of self-denial was prompted purely by unselfishness and love. Does it not contain a lesson for many older ones?

"A little child shall lead them."

M. S. I.

HAMILTON BRANCH.

C. S., Cor-Sec. of Wilsonville Thanksgiving Band writes:—For the first time since we organized, our Thanksgiving Band mourns the death of one of its members. On Saturday, May 23rd, little Mary Riddle, aged 10 years and nine months, was called Home after a severe illness of eight days. She was a member of our Band for two years, and was nearly always with us at the meetings, an attentive and interested listener. Two weeks before her death, while yet in apparent health, she gave her last testimony for Jesus, "I know my sins are all forgiven, and I am ready to go whenever God calls me." On Monday, May 25th., with sad hearts and tearful eyes, we laid to rest all that was mortal of our little sister, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.