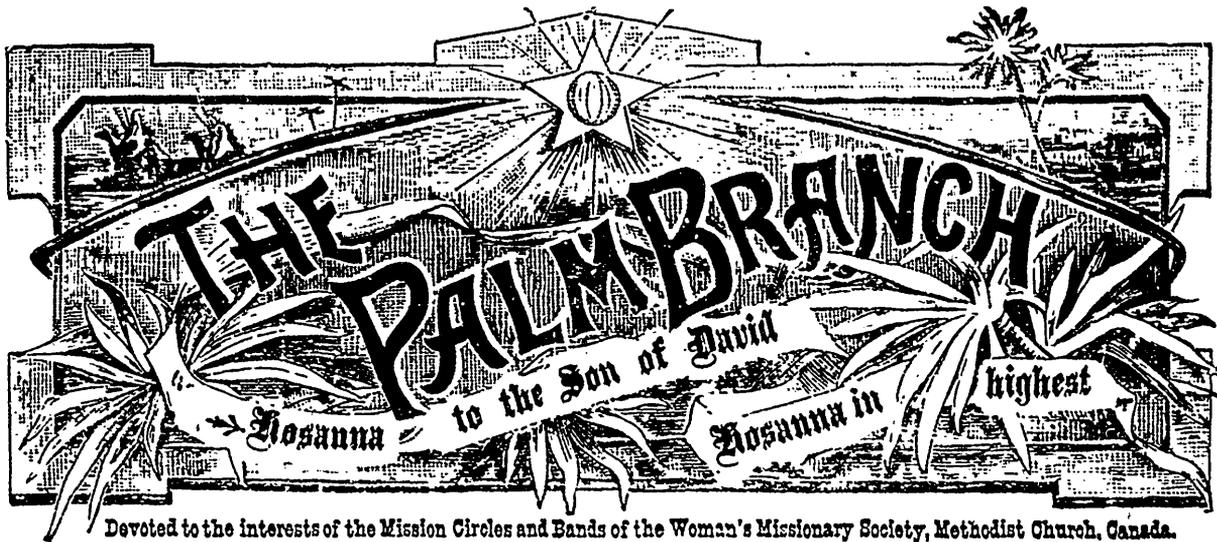


"THE LORD IS RISEN."



Dr. MAUD KILLAN wrote from Chentu in October, 1899—the last received from her.

"The number of treatments given during the past three months was three hundred"

The dispensary was closed from July 21st to October 8th, chiefly because of the illness of two little school girls and the necessity of having them out of the city. The little ones improved in general health and grew quite fat in their two months' stay on Mount Omei. Alas! this is not quite sufficient to restore their diseased lungs, and they still need much care.

Many women came from the scattered mountain houses to see the foreigner and to get medicine—the latter was dispensed one hundred and eighteen times, most of it from Sept. 1st to 19th, for Dr. Smith received the patients up till that time. These women were very friendly and quite willing to listen to the Gospel story. We distributed tracts, but probably they learned more from what we told them, for few on the mountains can read. No fee was charged for medicine, but the people brought willing offerings of such as they had—squash, cucumbers, corn, walnuts, eggs, and pancakes made of corn. The people were very hospitable.

Even here on the mountains where nature appears so beautiful and the people so pleasant, sin was also present. We met with a sad case of cruel treatment of a diseased wife and the bringing of a second one to the home.

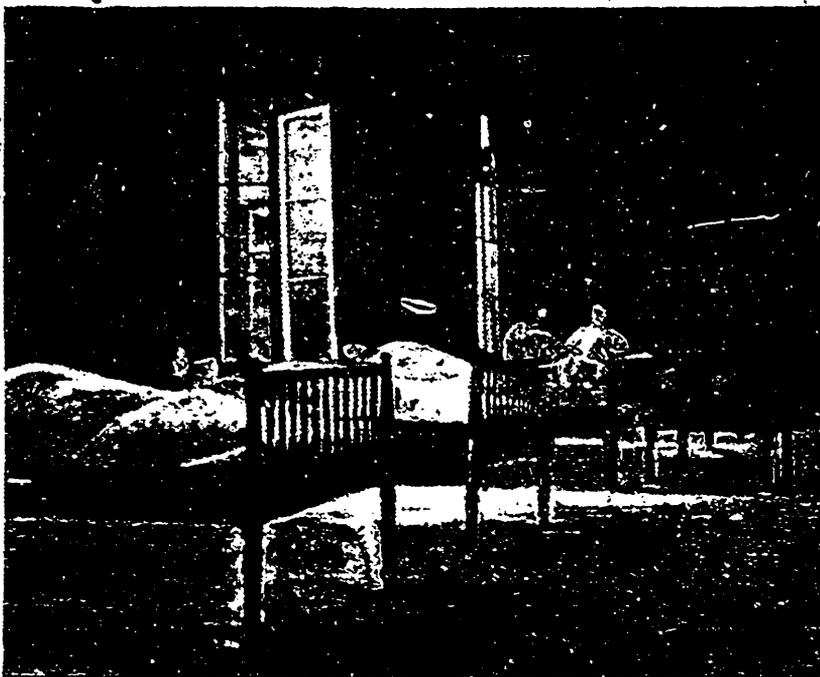
Many of the mountaineers are Catholics. The priests from the town of Omei visit the mountains occasionally to teach and gather in the converts.

On October 9th we opened the hospital wards. Guests were invited from four streets to drink tea and see the compound. Though invited to come at 3 p. m. they arrived regardless of the time set, and from 11 a. m. to 4 p. m. we had an almost unbroken procession into our gate. Tracts were distributed as well as could be under the circumstances.

While the dispensary was closed in the summer, Miss Foster still continued the treatment of two or three patients that could not be turned away quickly.

Please pray for us in our medical work."

Who could refuse such a request as that from one of our most faithful and efficient missionaries? And as we look at the beds in the hospital ward and think of the blessed relief that has come to the poor suffering women of China, let us "Thank God and take courage"



NO. 1 WARD OF THE HOSPITAL (12 BEDS). CHENTU.

LET us introduce to you our new missionaries, latest arrivals in China. Miss Brinstin's account of her journey is very interesting; she says: "It seems so wonderful that I am really in China. The dream of the most intelligent years of my life is realized." "These poor people are constantly reminded of the punishment of wrong, but there are so few to tell them how to do right. I am so glad to be in this dark land; I praise God continually for bringing me here." Their experience at



MISS BRINSTIN.



DR. HENRY.

Ichang, in the China Inland Mission Home, where they stayed, was a thrilling one.

The Home was invaded by a band of robbers one night. Miss Brinstin awoke to see one of the thieves bending over her trunk, a burning stick of incense in his hand, stealing the contents. She screamed and he ran. They had also opened Dr. Henry's trunk among others, and together they lost about \$60 worth. They thought it a Providential escape as these men carry knives which they use freely.

LITTLE GIRL BLUE.

FIRST BOY.

Little Girl Blue, come blow your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn!
The harvest is great and the laborers few,
And the grain's getting trampled, while such as you,
As capable girls as ever grew,
Who ought to be helping the ones who reap,
Are under the haystack fast asleep.

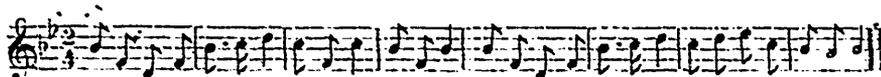
SECOND BOY.

Little Girl Blue, come blow your horn,
And gather your wits in the early morn;
Since none of you go to Tim-buc-too,
You must clear the way for those who do.
Let the world grow better as you pass through.
Did the Lord of the harvest order this heap
For you to be under it fast asleep?

[A little girl runs in, blowing horn.]

Why! where have you been that you did not know
That we 'woke from our sleep a long time ago?
Just open your ears and list while I call;
You'll find us awake, and that is not all.

[Blows her horn three times. All the girls of the "Busy Bees" come running in.]



Mission boys and girls are we, Mission Boys, Mission Girls, Mission boys and girls are we, Ever true we hope to be.
[wave hats] [wave handkerchiefs] [slower]

[A boy steps out from the group and comes to the end of the platform.]

I've come from the hive to take the stand
And speak for the boys in this Mission Band.
I'm sure I don't know what you'd do
Without the boys to help you through.
If I could only stop to tell the story,
You'd find to the boys belongs some of the glory
Of spreading the gospel far over the sea.

A LITTLE GIRL.

No, that is not all, for now, if you please,
We belong to a band of real "Busy Bees;"
[All say this and bow low.]
We are planting good seeds and feeding the roots,
Hoping to gather the best of fruits.

[Repeat all together.]

But where are the boys? Are they in a heap
Under the haystack fast asleep?

LITTLE BOY.

They are watching the sheep, keeping cows from the corn,
The most capable boys that ever were born.
I'll just blow my horn; you'll see your mistake,
And find that the boys are all wide awake.

[Blows horn three times. Boys come in singing, joined by the girls.]

Mission Boys and girls are we!
Boys—Mission boys. Girls—Mission girls.
Mission boys and girls are we;
Ever true we hope to be.

[All say this and wave caps.]

Three cheers for the boys of the "Busy Bees!"

[All go out singing.]

Mission boys and girls are we,
Mission boys, Mission girls,
Mission boys and girls are we;
Ever true we hope to be. [Hold up right hand till through.]

—DAYSPRING.

WHO TOLD.

"Who told! Who told that spring is here?
I meet the news where'er I go;
But still the trees look bare and drear,
And still all day the cold winds blow."

"Why first a blue bird told the news,
He sweetly sang of springtime joys;
And then, as everybody knows,
'The Pussy Willows told the boys.'"

Suggested Programme for May.

1. Hymn.
2. Short prayer by Leader.
3. Psalm 115, 1-8, alternately with Leader.
4. Roll call.
5. Business, reports, etc.
6. Recitation or solo.
7. Field Study, with questions and map.
8. A very few words from Visitor or Leader.
9. One verse of "Onward Christian Soldiers."
10. Short prayer or benediction.

FIELD STUDY FOR MAY.

OUR INDIAN WORK.

Coqualeetza Institute and Crosby Girls Home,
British Columbia.

(ADAPTED.)

The Indian has gradually been driven back, until we find there are now only about 100,000 in the whole Dominion. But both the government and the Church are waking up to their duty, and efforts are being made to educate and Christianize these people. The government has acknowledged its responsibility, and is willing to erect schools and pay half of the teacher's salary, the other half to be paid by the society which employs the missionary. There are already 18 Indian industrial schools in the Dominion and 277 government day schools. These are chiefly confined to British Columbia and the North West Territories, the 12,000 pagan Indians of North Ontario receiving very little help of this kind.

The W. M. S. is doing a grand work for the Indians of British Columbia. The Coqualeetza Industrial Institute at Chilliwack is one of which we are justly proud. Last year 123 pupils were in attendance. Besides being taught all the branches usually taken up in our public schools, the girls are taught sewing, knitting, dressmaking, laundry work, cooking and music, while the boys learn different trades. Some of the music pupils play very well, one of the girls being organist in the Sunday-school. They have a live Mission Band, which meets once a month. Misses Alton, Smith and Burpee are our missionaries in charge.

The Crosby Girl's Home, at Port Simpson, also reports a very successful year's work, although retarded by sickness during the early part of the year. There have been 41 girls in attendance, and all have progressed in their work. Our missionaries there are Misses Clark, Paul and Elliott.

Here also the girls are taught to do housework and sewing—even the little ones being delighted to help as far as they are able. They make all their own bread, which has been much praised. The younger girls speak

English fluently, as do those who have been brought up in the school. In school at the end of the year many promotions were made as the result of successful written examinations. Each girl promoted passed in all the subjects laid down for her particular grade in the course of study for the public schools of the province.

Growth in obedience, honesty and truthfulness brings cheer to the hearts of those engaged in training these children.

QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

1. How many Indians in the Dominion?
2. What is the Government willing to do for them?
3. How many Industrial and how many Government day schools?
4. Where are these found?
5. Tell what you know of the Coqualeetza Institute?
6. Who are our Missionaries there?
7. Tell what you know of the Crosby Girls' Home?
8. Who are our Missionaries there?
9. What knowledge are they giving, and what progress making?
10. Give some hopeful signs?

"Many Infallible Proofs."

AN EXERCISE FOR ELEVEN.

ALL RECITE.—Many proofs, immortal Saviour,
Thou didst give thine own,
Of thy wondrous resurrection,
Ere returning to thy throne;
Risen and ascended Lord,
Help us all receive thy word.

FIRST.—"Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene."

SECOND.—"Then to other loving women,
Sweetly scattering all the gloom;
Latest at the cross they lingered,
Earliest gathered at the tomb

THIRD.—Then, "He was seen of Cephas," or Peter.

FOURTH.—"After that, He appeared in another form unto two of them, as they went and walked into the country."

FIFTH.—"Then the same day at evening, came Jesus and stood in the midst," but Thomas was not there.

SIXTH.—"And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them; then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, 'Peace be unto you.'"

ALL RECITE TOGETHER.—"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

SEVENTH.—He appeared to nine disciples at the sea of Galilee

EIGHTH.—Then, to five hundred persons on a mountain in Galilee.

NINTH.—He appeared to the Apostle James.

TENTH.—Then to all the Apostles.

ELEVENTH.—After that, "He was received up into Heaven, and sat on the right hand of God."

(Sing to Autumn or any 8's and 7's tune.)

ALL SING.—We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky;
Hear our prayers, thy grace imploring
Lift our souls to Thee on high;
So when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of Heaven shall shine,
We, thy flock, shall stand before thee,
Owned for evermore as thine.

PALM * BRANCH.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

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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.

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL, 1900.

John 20: 16.—“Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself and saith unto Him, Rabboni; which is to say Master.”

“Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God.”

“Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that He had spoken these things unto her.”

Mary had lost a friend, her best friend, and that by a cruel death. She had gone through all the agony of seeing Him suffer and die by the hands of wicked men. She had been disappointed in a cherished hope, but she had not lost faith in Christ. Had he not saved her from worse than death? And now that she saw her hope fulfilled, and that He was risen indeed, in the joy and gratitude of her heart, she, no doubt, threw herself down before Him, in Eastern fashion, to kiss and clasp His feet.

But though, for some wise purpose, she might not be permitted to touch Him, yet Christ knew that such love and loyalty as hers must find expression. He knew, too, that the best way in which to manifest love is to do some loving deed for the object beloved, so He gave her the blessed privilege—one which angels might well envy—of carrying the glad tidings that He was “alive forevermore” to those who were mourning Him as dead. Mary’s feet must have scarcely touched the ground as she ran to give the message. And such a message—so convincing, so tender, linking Himself to them and to her in a perpetual brotherhood.

Have we no such message to send or carry to those who know not of a living Christ? Oh, for Mary’s love and loyalty at this blessed Eastertide!

We have received an interesting letter and photograph from Miss Cunningham, Japan. We greatly appreciate her kindness, and will be only too glad to give them as soon as possible.

A Flag Exercise for Mission Bands, Sunday Schools, etc., may be made very effective, if well done. Price 5 cents each; 60 cents per doz.; \$4 per 100. Room 20 Wesley Building, Toronto.

THE NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH OF THE W. M. S. 1882 TO 1900.

Miss Bell sends an account of the organization of the first Mission Band.

“Miss Louise Ray organized the Band. The oldest in our province (though one short-lived was organized a few days before) on February 27th, 1884. She threw her whole soul into the work, and it was a good band for many years. The membership at organization was thirty. Miss Ray held office until Sep. 1889. The motto of the Band, adopted summer of 1886, “The God of Heaven, He will prosper us, therefore we His servants will arise and build.” For the earlier years we had badges; red and gold for officers, gold for ordinary members. The manuscript newspaper, the Sheaf, appeared first about 1885; Mrs. Borden and Miss Mitchell were the first editors, and this often contained many very good articles. Miss Ray believed thoroughly in the mite boxes, and one year, about 1885, the receipts from forty boxes was ninety odd dollars. The Gleaners, Juvenile Band, a branch of the Reapers, was organized by Miss Louise Ray in Nov. 1887; first president, Mrs. L. J. Mylius. It is still alive. At annual board meeting of 1887 a memorial emanating from the Reapers and endorsed by two other bands in N. S. recommended “that a uniform sum be fixed, on payment of which any member may become a life member; and further, that such be five dollars.” This was carried, and our first life member was Elizabeth Singleton Hills, daughter of Mrs. (Rev.) Benjamin Hills.”

It is impossible in this paper to follow the growth of each year of the Society, but we can draw comparisons between that first year, in 1882, and this of 1899-90. In that year we had two auxiliary meetings and one band each month, now we have 103 meetings of Auxiliaries and Bands each month. In that year there were about 60 women enrolled as members, now there are 1223 Auxiliary and 1058 Band members—a total of 2281.

In that year \$350 was raised by the first two auxiliaries (I could not obtain the amount raised by First Bands), and this year our total raised from all sources for our missionary work was the grand sum of \$4140.92. Truly we have cause to say, “The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.”

Have we aught beside membership and money to show? Have our W. M. S. needs succeeded in firing the souls of any of our women to enter the field as missionaries? Let us go to some of the foreign fields and see.

Should we sail away and away thousands of miles until we reach Tokio in the lonely island of Japan, and there visit the W. M. S. Mission School, those of you who live in Truro would find installed there as Lady Principal an old friend and perhaps a neighbor in Miss Isabella Blackmore. A valued helper in the same school is Miss Lizzie Hart, of Acadia.

At the head of the school in Shizuoka we find Miss Janie Cunningham, one of the most earnest workers in the field, and whose name is a household word in Halifax houses.

(To be continued.)

M R.

EASTER.

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter bells are ringing,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter birds are singing.

Fair blossoms on the Easter morn
Give forth their fragrance sweet,
And tell of Resurrection joy,
And Jesus' work complete.

But fairer still, the offering
Each loving heart should bring,
Of faith, and love, and penitence
To Christ, the risen King.

—Selected.

OUR EASTER THANK-OFFERING.

Easter is almost here again, and very soon all the members of our Mission Circles and Bands will be asked for a thank offering for missions.

Last year we gave several hundred dollars, but we must not feel a bit proud or even quite contented unless we are sure that we could not have done a great deal more.

Perhaps we have all seen in stores or in our own mother's cellar, some dark almost ugly bulbs, and when we have asked why they took such care of them we were told that after a while, when they are planted in the ground, they will grow and bloom, and from them we will gather beautiful white Easter Lilies.

I am going to suppose, just for a minute, that our hearts are gardens or flower pots. And this Easter-tide we want a beautiful white flower, called Thanksgiving, to bloom. This Thanksgiving flower is not like the lily in some ways, for it springs from a lovely white bulb, almost, if not quite, as pretty as the flower itself. We will call it Thankfulness or Gratitude.

Now, I do not know very much about flower culture, but I think that to do well, most plants need good soil, water, and to be kept from the frost. So does our Thanksgiving plant. One way to make the heart soil rich is to go to the Mission Band every time it meets and learn how little folk are treated in China, India and almost all other heathen lands. Then if we read a few verses in the Bible every day, and ask God to bless us, it will keep the soil fertile and warm, and gratitude can't help but grow.

It must have water. If we are old enough and can read the life of some missionary, it will keep the heart-soil moist, and to read our bright little Palm Branch every month will do "all sorts of good."

We must keep it from the frost. It is rather a delicate plant, and if it gets a severe chill when it is young it will never bloom as freely, and if it gets really frozen, sometimes it never sprouts again, the flowers die, the leaves fall off and even the lovely white bulb turns dark and dries up. We will call the cold winds that chill and blast our beautiful plant Selfishness

and Discontent; if we have kept it from these it will have more and larger flowers this year than it had last Easter.

I wonder if any of us have a feeling that we have nothing for which to be thankful. We are not rich, no one has given us a piano or nice white pony like the little girl or boy that we have read about. We have no bicycle, or gold watch, or rings, and really we don't know what to thank God for.

Well, a few months ago I spent a little time in "The Blind Institute," in Brantford, and as I followed our blind guide from room to room, and saw the little boys and girls trying to learn geography from blocks of wood, with little nails in them, I felt like saying over and over again: Thank God for eye sight! When I went into the kindergarten room and saw the dear little "tots" feeling about their little playthings it seemed to me that everybody who could see should thank God every day.

I remember reading once of a very, very rich man, and when some one asked him what he would like for a birthday present, he said, "I would rather have a good night's sleep than anything else in the world." Boys and girls, if we are healthy and can sleep all night, when we rise in the morning we ought to kneel right down and say "Thank you" to God.

The common blessings are the great ones after all. I expect if we were taken to a country where there were no Bibles or Churches we would know better than we do now how thankful we should be that we live in a country where the Bible is the cheapest book printed; in homes where the first story we heard was the old, old story of Jesus and His Love.

But why give money to express our gratitude? Because God wants us to. He wants us to send men and women into all the world to tell them about His great love, and thanksgiving in words (while it is very good) will never do that.

You all know about the war now going on in South Africa. Our love for our Queen was best expressed when we gave our boys to fight and die in her service. If we had enough money we could send out a missionary "contingent," a thousand strong to fight for our Heavenly King.

I heard a funny story last week about a boy who had a little dog, named Fido. One day the boy was putting aside the very best piece of the meat that he had for his dinner. When asked why he was doing so, he had to tell that it was for Fido. His father would not let him give the best, but said the scraps that were left would do for the dog. After dinner, when the little boy took out the plate full of scraps he said: "Here Fido, I intended to bring you an offering, but this is only a collection."

If there is the difference this little boy thought there was between an offering and a collection, let us be sure that this year ours is an Easter offering.

Waterford.

E. D.

Hints to Contributors.—Short contributions and plenty of them.



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

Dear Cousins,—Best wishes for a happy Easter. What does Easter mean to us, and what does it mean to the far-off children of heathen lands? Now is the time for us to give to the children who have so little while we have so much.

Dear Cousin Joy,—This is my first letter to you. I am a member of the Day Spring Mission Band. I have been taking the Palm Branch ever since I became a member of the Band. I like the paper very much. Mamma reads to me some of the stories, and some I read myself. We little folks of the Band are, with the help of our mothers and other good ladies, getting ready to have a sale of fancy goods. The money will be for the missionaries. I am eight years old.

Your loving Cousin,

Campbellford, Ont.

EDITH M. SHIELDS.

Dear Cousin Joy,—This is the first time I have written to you. I am a member of the junior Jessie Chipman Mission Band. We have divided our Band into a junior and senior band. In the junior band we have 31 members, and in the senior band there are 29 members. The junior band meets in the church on every third Wednesday in each month. During the winter months the senior band meets twice, once at the home of one of the members and once in the church. Miss Maxwell is the leader of both bands. I will have to close now, as I do not want to take up any more room. Good bye.

Your loving friend,

St. John.

JESSIE MAXWELL.

Dear Cousin Joy,—I belong to the Jennie Ford Mission Band, there are twenty-two members. I am the treasurer of our band. Two of my sisters belong and we take the Palm Branch, and like it very much. This is my first letter to you. We had a concert Christmas time and had a nice time. I think I have found the answer to one of the January puzzles; it is Love one another. Now I hope I have not taken up too much room, but I thought I would like to write.

I remain your loving Cousin,

Carsonville

MARY E. COOK.

Dear Cousin Joy,—I thought I would write to you and tell you about the "Mission Band" which we have started in Chatham. The name we have for it is the "Buds of Promise." I think it is a very pretty name. We meet the first Saturday in every month. We have had two meetings this month. The last one was on the 17th. In our last meeting we began the study of China. We have 36 members. Our president is Miss Sarah Briggs. We have recitations and readings, thus making the meetings very pleasant and interesting. I like the Palm Branch very much. I think I will now close as I may have taken up too much room.

I remain your loving cousin,

Chatham, N. B.

ADA E. FLEMING.

Dear Cousin Joy,—I have not written you before, but I have taken the Palm Branch for a long time, and like it very much. I think I have found the answers to the puzzles for February. The answer to the first one is "Chamberlain," and to the second, "God is Love." I enclose a puzzle which I would like to have published, if you think it worth it.

Your loving cousin,

Guysboro.

GUSSIE DES BARRES.

Dear Cousin Joy,—This is the first time I have ever written to you. I belong to the Joyous Workers' Mission Circle. We have thirty-one members. We had a concert on Christmas eve. The youngest member of our circle spoke a piece. She was five years old last March. I take the Palm Branch. There are seven copies taken in our Circle. I will close now, wishing you a happy new year.

Cape Negro, N. S.

ISALINE G. SNOW (age nine)

A little Cousin, Mary Crane, wrote to Cousin Joy a few weeks ago. She told her of the good time she had had with Mrs. Raley's little baby boy, Elmsley, who was visiting at her house. We would like to hear from Cousin Mary again.

PUZZLES FOR APRIL.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 3, 2, 7, 5, 4, is a flower.

My 2, 5, 9, is a tree.

My 3, 2, 1, is not night.

My 5, 2, 1, 8, is not fresh.

My 1, 7, 1, 4, is a flower (bulbous).

My 9, 7, 6, is a personal pronoun.

My 9, 7, 8, is to strike.

My 7, 3, 1, 4, not quickly.

My 1, 7, 6, 7, 8, a bound.

My 1, 7, 5, 8, a strip of cloth.

My whole is a place of great interest since the present war.

Guysboro.

GUSSIE DES BARRES.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 5, 2, 6, a boy's name.

My 3, 2, 4, is to speak.

My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, is a surname.

My 3, 2, 4, the time from sunrise to sunset.

My 1, 2, 5, 5, is a girl.

My whole is a place of interest in the present war.

Fredericton.

MINNIE McCOMB.

LETTER FROM REV. MR. KIRBY.

Dear Children of the Palm Branch:—

I was almost ashamed to think I gave you so much trouble hunting up the bill of fare for Christmas supper, but since Helen Colter has so courageously accomplished it I feel somewhat relieved. The answer is about correct, but I would like Helen to look up Ezk. 3: 4, for the roll; Lev. 11: 6, for the hare; Jer. 17: 11, for the partridge; Ps. 105: 40, for the quails; Song of Solomon 2: 5 for the apples; and for the figs, Jer. 24: 2; for "eat, drink and be merry," Luke 15: 23.

I must thank Helen for her courage and trouble; she must have had a long hunt for some of "the game" to supply the table.

Our next important subject will be Easter, and I am sure by this time you are planning for something to raise some money to send the story of the Resurrection of Jesus to those who do not know about Him.

How we all love that story of the very first Easter morning! The women got there first and found the sepulchre empty. I wonder what they thought! Somebody has been and stolen Him away," was likely the first thought. How strange, we think, that they did not expect He would rise; they must have been very inattentive to His teaching, or they would have remembered something about His talk on His rising again.

But then we must not forget we look at this subject from the resurrection side, and they did not know as much as we do about that. Do we remember His teachings? Oh let us go to the new tomb, and look in this Easter that we may learn lessons of His love. How He loved us! He laid down His life for His enemies. "Surely he hath carried our sorrows! The chastisements of our peace was upon Him." "By His stripes we are healed."

Some years ago a certain man was brought under deep conviction for sin, but did not know how to find Jesus as his Saviour. He was taken very ill and he was expecting he would soon die; but he felt he dare not die without finding salvation. He sent for his pastor, but all he could say did not enlighten him, and he struggled on in daily fear of death. One Sunday morning a little girl was ushered into the vestry to speak to the minister after he had concluded his service.

"Please, sir," she said, "will you come and see father, he wants you very much to come."

"Oh," said the minister, "I don't know what I can say if I go, I have told him all I know."

However he went and as soon as he had shaken hands with the man he said, "Well, I have come, but I have nothing more to tell you than you have heard; but I will just read you the sermon I have been preaching this morning."

And he drew the manuscript from his pocket and said: "My text was Isaiah 53: 5, 'But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.'"

"Now these words," he began.

"Stop," said the sick man. "That will do." "Wounded, bruised," and he seemed to be repeating the words to himself. "Our transgression, our iniquity," and "with His stripes we are healed." "That will do, sir, that's what I want." "With His stripes we are healed."

Oh, children, won't you believe that? Go on Good Friday in thought to Calvary, and hear Him say, "It is finished." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Don't let us send the gospel to the heathen and reject it ourselves, but come to Jesus NOW.

Read Isaiah 53, Luke 15, and Hymn 210 in the Church (Methodist) Hymn Book.

May God help us to teach everybody we can lessons of Good Friday and Easter Sunday.

Your friend,

W. J. KIRBY.

Christ's Appearance to Mary.

AN EASTER EXERCISE FOR SEVEN CHILDREN.

FIRST.

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre, weeping, and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre.

SECOND.

And there she saw two angels set,
In robes of white arrayed,
As if to guard the empty tomb,
Where Christ the Lord had laid.

THIRD.

And they say unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou?" She said unto them, "Because they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him."

FOURTH.

She turned and left the empty tomb
With eyes that scarce could see;
When lo! she saw her Saviour there,
But knew not that 'twas He.

FIFTH.

Jesus saith unto her, "Woman why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" She, supposing him to be the gardener, said unto him, "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence tell me where thou hast laid him and I will take him away."

SIXTH.

"Mary!" the Master's voice replies
In tones so wondrous sweet,
"Master!" the mourning woman cries,
And turns her Lord to greet.

SEVENTH.

Jesus saith unto her, "Touch me not for I am not yet ascended unto my father. But go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend to my Father and your Father; to my God and your God."

ALL, IN CONCERT.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day;
He burst the bars of death away;
He rose triumphant from the grave;
He lives on high the lost to save;
By love's resistless power.

W. B.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

Hamilton Branch.

The many friends of the Palm Branch will be wondering what has become of the Hamilton Branch. We are still alive and well, and doing our little part in this great and noble work of spreading the glad news. We were pleased to hear of the success of the Brantford Circle. They gave a nice entertainment a short time ago, which greatly increased their membership, with bright prospects of still more being gathered into the fold.

The Easter envelopes are being sent out now, and we hope for as liberal a response as in the past. Will all the Circles and Bands be more prompt in sending in their quarterly reports? Some seem to think any time will do, or, perhaps, no time. I would like to ask the organizers if they are doing anything for Circles and Bands this year?

A. E. POINTER.

Nova Scotia and Newfoundland Branch.

CAPE NEGRO—This month we had a letter from the Circle at Cape Negro. The secretary writes.—“I am glad to tell you that our Circle is growing larger, and that we are trying to do some work for the Master.”

KINGSTON—Our Band has been very much broken up this winter by so much stormy weather; but still, we are not discouraged, but hope to do some good work this year. We are now preparing for a social and entertainment.

SPRINGHILL—We have been helping in various ways these past months. The attendance is excellent --over 60 being at our meetings.

HAUNTSPOINT—In regard to the way we conduct our meetings. We generally have a short devotional service, followed by our literary programme. We then spend the rest of the time in sewing.

HAMILTON, Bermuda—We usually appoint two or more members to prepare the programme for each meeting. The field study in Palm Branch is taken up.

NOW is the time to order your envelopes for the Easter Thank Offering. They have already arrived and if you want any please order at once.
124 Tower Rd, Halifax.

A. M. BRAINE.

N. B. and P. E. I. Branch.

MONCTON—Miss Margaret Wortman, secretary of the Central Methodist Mission Circle, sends a most satisfactory account of work done. They meet twice a month, once for prayer and study, and once for sewing. They had a Crusade Day. Have twenty-five members; fourteen mite-boxes in use; raised \$52.49 by means of an Anti-Boer Tea, Feb. 7th, and ask for suggestions. After all that, who will offer any?

CHATHAM—“Our Mission Band, organized in January, with fifteen members, now numbers thirty-

five, with prospects of more. The attendance in the “King’s Own” Circle is excellent, too—twenty-two present at last meeting.”

Miss Mary Kirby, Cor.-Sec., writes:—The Vineyard Workers’ Mission Band, of the Milltown Methodist Church, held a valentine social Feb. 12th. We had a very interesting programme and raised \$17.75 for our Band. At Christmas we had our Christmas offering, which amounted to \$1.66.

[Our friend, Mr. Kirby, is taking charge of this Band in the leader’s absence, and it seems to be getting along finely. Three new members and an increase in funds.]

Cousin Joy visited the “Cheerful Toilers” Mission Band, Carmarthen St., on a day when one might have had a good excuse for staying at home, yet ten of the Band were there, beside Leader and visitors. There was an interesting programme, nicely carried out. Solo by Miss Anna Cassidy, readings by Misses L. Robinson and Annie Tyne, and a recital by Miss Myrtle Fox, beside a duett “How Long,” sweetly rendered by Misses Fowler and Johnson. This is a promising Band. Mrs. G. Sellar, the president, is enthusiastic in the work and is ably assisted by the ex-president, Mrs. Hutchings, who is no less interested.

Will Circles and Bands remember that envelopes for the Easter offering can be procured only from the Circle and Band Cor.-Sec. Price two cents per doz. Let me again beg all who have not sent the quarterly report card to do so at once.

E. E. C.

Easter Envelopes for the N. B. and P. E. I. Branch are to be obtained from Mrs. W. B. Coulthard, M. B. Cor.-Sec., Fredericton, N. B. Now is the time to send for them!

[We feel ashamed that those hard-worked people, the M. B. Cor.-Sec’s. should have to remind the Bands so often to send in the quarterly report cards. Could there not be an improvement this year?]

IN MEMORIAM

Miss Helen Gertrude Allison, who went Home Feb. 26th, deeply lamented.

Miss Allison was invaluable as a worker in church, Sunday-school and Mission Band; for her influence was ever of the noblest, most inspiring kind. Her character was a rare combination of strength and sweetness. In the King’s Messenger Band, Centenary Church, St. John, which she organized and led for some years, till failing health compelled her to give it up, she displayed the dauntless energy and enthusiasm which always means success. Even when no longer able to attend, tokens of love and interest found their way to the loving and beloved little members. Long will her memory be cherished, for our loss is great.

Do not forget us in thy Home afar.

Watch o’er us with thy holy spirit eyes,

So shall we hail thee as a guiding star

So shall we follow to thy Home—the Skies.

St. John.

S. E. S.