

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

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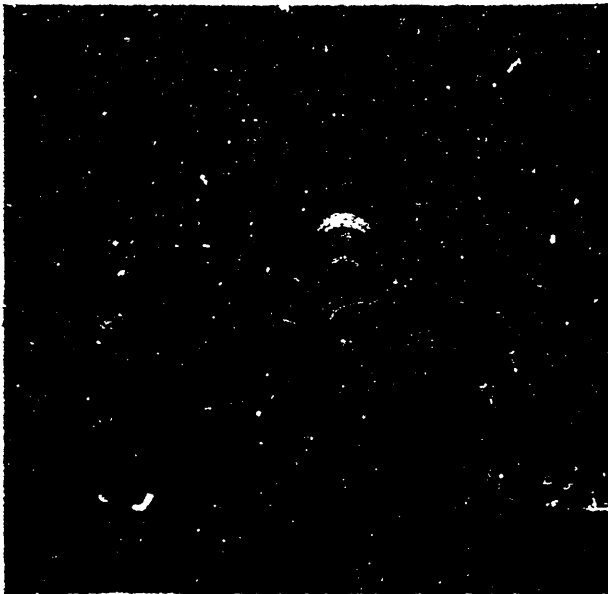
Miss Brackbill wrote from Chen-tu last January, telling the story of Baby Ida.

This child was thrown out one bitter, cold night last week on the next street to us, and a neighbor woman came in to ask if they might bring her in here.

We said "yes, for the night, at any rate," but found she was such an object of charity that we have kept her. The poor child was nothing but skin and bones; her hands and feet were badly swollen, and she showed many marks of abuse. Just yesterday and today she is beginning to brighten up and act more as a child of that age should. She cannot walk yet but speaks a few words. Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn have guaranteed her support until she is sixteen, providing we take care of her.

Miss Ford wrote in April:—I have just had some photos taken of the

two little ones whom we took in this winter from the streets, where they had been thrown to die. The larger one, Ida, was two years old on February 18th. We had her in foreign clothing at first, until warmer days came, and have just put her in Chinese. She was such a pitiful looking little one for weeks after coming to us, but, as you see from this photo, is fat



BABY IDA.

and hearty now, even though she has but two meals a day, as the Chinese custom is of rice and vegetables. This last week she has started to walk alone. She came to us December 23rd.

We are proud of our two Woman's Missionary Society babies, and we hope and trust they will both grow up to be a help and blessing to the mission. For lack of other rooms my bedroom has been also their nursery this winter, and I need not tell you what a comfort it will be when our house, which is now being built, is done. These are only two of hundreds that are annually thrown away, because they are girls, and not wanted in this land. How very much I would like it if our Woman's Missionary Society could see their way clear to open up an Orphanage here. We have plenty of ground room, and a small native

building will accommodate a number of little ones with the help necessary to care for them. If some of our home friends, to whom the Lord has trusted His money, could only see and realize the good that could be done with a few hundred dollars in saving the little girls here, I am sure it would be willingly and gladly given. I have had the names written on each

in Chinese characters, the little one literally translated is "Peace Doctrine Stone," the larger is in meaning "Lane," obtained for a given name, and "A Clear Sky" for a surname. The Chinese think these are very fine names.

We are all well and busy as bees all day long; between building the house &c., which Miss Brackbill is managing, and the school work, the dispensary, the babies, and a house to be kept in some kind of order, and some time each day for study with the Chinese teacher, we do not have much idle time.

NOVEMBER.

ALICE CARY.

"The leaves are falling and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you my child,

"Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

"And when the winter is over,
And the boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves;

"The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest way-side blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

"The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

"There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child!

"So, when some dear joy loses
Its beautiful summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow!"

THE MAGIC RAY AT THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

DELIA LYMAN PORTER.

MAY as well tell you, at the beginning of this story, that there is to be something about it which you probably won't believe; but nobody before 1492 believed that Columbus would discover America: nobody before 1848 believed that lightning could flash a telegraph message along the wires; nobody, till this very year, believed you could, by a certain lens, look right into a man's body; and

so it may well happen that more wonderful inventions will come about than the magic ray which caused such consternation at the Middlebanks Harvest Festival.

A harvest festival implies that, some time before it, somebody has planted some seed; and so it was at Middlebanks.

Three months earlier, when the Junior Mission Circle held its last meeting before the girls left town for the summer, Elsie Rogers, the president, had made a little speech:

"Girls," said she, "we must each bring back a great sheaf of wheat for our harvest festival in the autumn. Every girl in this Circle must have something to show for her summer's outing. Our festival must be a success."

And now the autumn had come, and on a glorious day early in October, it came to pass that the friends of the Junior Mission Circle were all on their way to the harvest festival.

The pretty church was decorated with autumn leaves while the platform groaned under its weight of golden pumpkins, ruddy apples and pears. Elsie Rogers occupied the president's chair, and after the opening exercises, announced that the members of the Circle would bring in the Sheaves they had gleaned during the summer for the mission cause.

The first to come up the broad aisle was Kate Comyns, whose great sheaf of wheat was bound together by a delicate lavender satin ribbon. As she laid it on the platform, a second member of the Circle advanced with her sheaf, Lettie Reynolds, whose bundle was tied with a coarse rope. Madge Roberts, who came next, brought a sheaf which seemed likely soon to tumble apart, for only a twist of lightest worsted held it together. Mary Lathrop's sheaf had a most artistic binding of broad golden and purple satin ribbon, which held also a bunch of golden-red and asters where it was knotted into a bow. Caroline Wheatley's was tied with white satin ribbon. Bettie Bushnel's green bound sheaf was the last upon the pile.

When, finally, the sheaves were all gathered in, President Elsie rose and made another little speech, telling how valuable each of these sheaves was to the mission cause, and how it meant a whole summer's work for each member.

And now occurred the strange thing which you won't at all believe.

When the people were coming in, the last of all was a stranger, who carried under his arm a mysterious looking box.

"Stay," said he, in a deep voice. "Let me put

Continued on Page 7.

HYMN.

BY MISS L. M. HODGKINS.


Oh, loving Christ and living,
Thy people glad confessed,
Bring offerings of thanksgiving
For years that thou hast blessed,
The seed of heavenly hiding,
In prayer and tears was sown,
The growth was of thy guiding,
The fruitage all thy own.

For messengers of healing
On many a distant shore,
The word of life revealing,
Thy mercy we adore;
Dim lands in shadow lying,
Foul haunts of sin and shame,
Cross-bearing, self-denying,
They enter in thy name.

For saints in glory dwelling
Who shared our hopes and fears,
With heart and voice upswelling,
We praise thee through our tears
Set free of earth's assailing,
Unstained of mortal blight,
Unspent by earthly toiling,
They walk with thee in white.

FIELD STUDY FOR NOVEMBER.

THANKSGIVING.

 SINCE the days when God's ancient people kept
The Feast of Tabernacles His church has set
apart a season to dwell on the mercy and good-
ness of the Lord, and His wonderful works to-
ward the children of men.

A cheering feature of our work abroad, is the im-
mediate usefulness of so many converts. [If you have
followed the course of the Field Studies through the
year you will see that we have cause for thanks-giving
in regard to Japanese, Chinese, Indian and French
work. And while you see much good as the result of
the work done there are results which are only record-
ed on high—but which will someday bring forth fruit
in the life and consecration of those learning of the
truth. It is to the converts from heathenism that we
look for the future glorious diffusion of Christian
knowledge in those dark lands. Who can so well ap-
peal to vacant, uninstructed minds as those who have
themselves been rescued from ignorance and super-
stition?

We are thankful for our Missionaries that some
have gone back in restored health and vigor to their
loved work, while others are enjoying a well-
earned rest. Ay, and we can even be thankful for
her who went home to heaven from China because
she went in the full assurance of hope and faith.]

I think it would be a good exercise for the Mission
Circles and Bands this month to put down on the

blackboard a list of things they have to be thankful
for. Here are a few suggestions: 1st, Freedom from
care. The responsibilities of wifehood and mother-
hood are so early thrust upon our heathen sisters that
they have no free, happy girlhood. 2nd, The Woman's
Missionary Society, which gives you an opportunity
for, and a training in Christian work. Miss Leake,
who so ably carried on our Chinese work in Victoria,
B. C., said: "Had there been such a society when I
was growing up I would have given my whole life to
missionary work." 3rd, Good schools, 4th, That we have
known the Gospel story from our earliest youth.

No thanksgiving is complete without a thank-offer-
ing. "We have so little to give" say our girls.
Perhaps we will allow that—in money, though some of
you would not suffer if you saved enough from your
candy-money to make a suitable offering. But you
are all rich in talents. What about your voices? I
wish I could help you to realize what a power for
Christ they are. A noted singer was told that a man
who heard her sing "I know that my Redeemer
liveth" was so affected that his conversion was the
direct result. Her face shone, her eyes filled with
tears, she said: "I always pray before I sing, that
God will make it a message to some soul, and this is
not the first time I have heard of an answer to my
prayer." May we not thus make a thank-offering of
our voices not for our own praise, but let it be "Christ
for the world we sing."

"Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that
there may be meat in mine house and prove me now
herewith saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open
you the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing
that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Let us study this Scripture and if we do our part
we shall surely be able to say: "There hath not
failed one word of all His good promise."

E. A. D.

QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

- What is the subject for our Field Study this month?
- What has the church done ever since the feast of Tabernacles?
- Name one cheering feature of our work abroad?
- What will you see if you have followed the course of the Field Studies through the year?
- What is said of the results that you cannot see?
- To whom shall we look by and bye for the diffusion of Christian knowledge in heathen lands?
- For what workers are we thankful and why?
- What will be a field exercise for the Circle and Band this month?
- How many reasons are suggested for thanksgiving?
- What is needed to complete our thankfulness?
- What do the girls sometimes say?
- In what way could some of you save without suffering?
- In what are you all rich?
- What could be a power for Christ?
- Will you give that sweet story of the singer who used her voice for Him.
- What verses of the Bible should we study?
- After having studied these and done our part what will we be able to say?

✻ PALM BRANCH ✻

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MISS S. E. SMITH,
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NOVEMBER, 1897.

THANKSGIVING.

AND now, behold, I have brought the first fruits of the land, which Thou, O Lord, hast given me. And thou shalt set it before the Lord thy God! And then shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee and unto thine house, thou and the Levite, and the stranger that is among you." Deu. 26: 10, 11.

This is the true spirit of thanksgiving now as in the ancient days, and the only one acceptable to God. It is a personal thanksgiving! "The first fruits of the land which Thou hast given me," the pledge and assurance that Thou hast a care, a regard for me; that my toil and my faith have not been in vain; that the seed that I have sown has had Thine approval and Thy blessing; that watered by Thy Hand and warmed by Thy sun, it has sprung up and whitened unto the harvest. Now it must be laid upon the altar which sanctifieth the giver, and all worship and praise must be rendered unto God.

"And thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given thee." It is a time of rejoicing before the Lord. Do you notice how often the Jews were reminded of this duty and privilege of rejoicing? Do we too need reminding in this day of Christian civilization, of innumerable greater blessings?

It is a time of National thanksgiving; for peace and prosperity which have crowned our land throughout the year. It is a time of thanksgiving for us as a missionary society. We bring the first fruits of heathen lands, the converts that God has given us in answer to toil and faith and prayer, and we rejoice before Him in this pledge of the glorious harvest yet to appear.

A larger love for our Lord Jesus Christ invariably leads to a warmer interest in somebody else, and that somebody else, if one grows at all in grace, becomes, at last, a sister or brother in any part of the world where is to be found a soul to whom we can give anything which will make him wiser, purer, better and the friend of our Lord Jesus Christ.—*W. M. Frier.*

During the late war in Ashantee the chief officer of the Scotch Guards, when reviewing this splendid regiment, asked who among them would volunteer for the Ashantee expedition. Those who decided to do so were asked to step one pace forward. Expecting a response from one or two only, the officer turned his back. When he looked again he saw the regiment precisely as he had seen it before—all in unbroken line. "What!" said he, "the Scotch Guards, and no volunteers?" Another officer replied: "They have all stepped forward and volunteered." Consider what it would mean if every member of our society should in this coming year take but one step forward!—*Selected.*

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, in speaking at the Presbyterian Missionary Jubilee in London, says, "It is impossible for British Christians to realize that eighty-three people in China pass into Christless graves every minute, or they never could spend their money as they do on fashions and luxuries."

Some particulars of the N. B. and P. E. I. Branch meeting will be found on the 8th page. Among the excellent papers written for that meeting was Miss D'Orsay's, of St. John. We are very glad to be able to give it to our readers this month, and only sorry that our small space renders a division necessary, but its continuation will be *looked forward* to with interest.

Now is the time to win subscribers for the PALM BRANCH. Who will try?

A CONFESSION.


One summer's day a little boy that I love very dearly went into the garden, and because he felt cross and a bit ugly, broke off a branch of beautiful flowers from a rare tree. But his better self soon came out, and at the tea-table, in the evening, we found a letter printed with a pen, which I will copy for the good of other tempted boys and girls.

"I want to be a good boy, and I will try. I can if I like. Sometimes I get cross, and then I feel sorry afterward. I wish I could always, then I could never

be cross, and be as this noon. I was nauty and had to be sent in."

Now, children, if you do forget sometimes to be good, will you not try to remember that you can be true and obedient, if you only ask the loving Jesus to help you?—*Congregationalist*.

—
"THE LONGED FOR LEADER."

 HE above is the subject allotted to me. Therefore, to the Presidents of our Mission Bands for the coming year, what more fitting address can I bring than the old Pauline greeting of long ago? "Therefore, dearly beloved and *longed for* stand fast in the Lord."

In attempting this subject it is not my intention to portray the characteristics and doings of some imaginary leader—some faultlessly, perfect ideal.

'Tis to *you* I look for my model—you, dear presidents of the Mission Bands. While I am writing this paper, I would like to have had you praying that the words written may be *wise* words, a little help to those who feel they lack wisdom, *helpful* words to those who feel incompetent for the task—and *loving* words that, during the year, never once may they feel that they are working alone, because ringing ever in sweetest cadence shall come the words of the Master: "Lo! I am with you." The Question arises: "How may I be the President that our Band has longed for?"

First—By being a consecrated woman. This is the first and most important thing needed in order to insure you success in your work. The great need of our work is not so much brilliant workers or skilful workers—though there is place and need for both—but more loving, consecrated workers; those who come to the meeting direct from the presence of God—breathing out the love and strength there obtained, upon those over whom they have charge.

Have you ever considered that while our mission is to send the gospel of Christ to the girls of heathen lands—many of our own girls—yes, even in the Bands, have never yielded their hearts to Christ? Here then is a mission close at hand. The winning of these precious souls for Christ. Do you not believe that the Band work, if rightly done, could be made a great agency for the spiritual education of the young people constituting its membership?

I have not visited many Bands, know little about Band work; yet, what I do know leads me to say, that the spiritual work of the Bands is not as fervent as it should be.

Dear Band President, what is to be the motive power that will actuate your life and work during the coming year? May you come so close to Christ

ing within the inner circle of love that you can say, "myself for Christ, my girls for Christ, all for Christ."

If such be your aim, it will not be long before each member of your Band will know and appreciate it, and a nobler, truer spirit will prevail in your work.

Second—You must be a STUDENT. The time may come when only those who have completed a certain course of reading and perhaps training, will be appointed as leaders of our Bands. We all know that any work to be well done requires that the worker be prepared. Imagine the teachers in our secular schools having no knowledge of the lessons they are expected to teach. Yet, there are those who have held the responsible position of *leader* of the Bands who have no clear knowledge of the work for which their Band is organized. They have gone to assume their duties without even thirty minutes' careful reading or thought about the work in hand. Is it any wonder that in some of the Bands the members say, "I don't think I am very much interested in 'foreign missions.'" Poor children! It is hard to be interested in things which we know nothing about.

At no time are we so anxious to acquire knowledge as in youth. Curiosity leads a child into asking many questions. If you can but attract a child's attention, you will probably succeed in awakening thought, and in the end arouse the conscience. But this can never be done by the hap-hazard way in which the children in some of our Bands receive instruction. For the Bands ought to be training schools. Each member of it a missionary. (Not all for foreign fields) Therefore the instruction imparted there ought to be of such a character that the members go out into the larger school of life's duties, knowing—

"Life is sweet in any guise,
But its best is sacrifice,"

And where and from whom can they best learn the lesson of self-sacrifice? Next to the life and character of the blessed Master come the lives and life-service of his faithful followers, who, not holding their lives dear unto themselves, have dared and done great things for Christ's sake.

Therefore, if you have but little time for reading during the coming year, let it be in the line of the work in hand. "The Outlook," PALM BRANCH, "Lives of our Missionaries," will supply you much good material that will be of unfailing interest to your children, whether they be large or small. "You will also study your Living Material." The greatest book ever written says of Him who fills its pages, "Whence hath this man this wisdom?" Of you the same thing may be said, if following in a smaller degree the same great line of study, you learn from the living poems that form the greater part of your work. These girls with their undeveloped powers. Wherein can you serve them and they serve the cause and you?

This brings us to another point.



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

We hope, dear Cousins, that you are all interested in the two dear little Chinese babies whose photos we are giving you. Do you see any great difference between them and the dear little baby girl in your own home? Effie says *she* does not—she thinks “Baby Annie” looks just as sweet as her own darling Lulu! That is the way we want you all to feel about them, then you will love and pray for them. There is a difference, though—All were glad to see your little baby sister when she came into the home—You kissed and petted her; you thought what pretty name you could give her; mamma made her lovely dresses, and papa planned for her future. She will grow up in a Christian land with all good influences around her.

With these little ones it was so different—No welcome when they were born—cast out, as you have read, in rags and filth to die. But God saw this difference, and He showed His love for them by directing attention to them and letting them be cared for by kind friends in a happy Christian Home. We trust that dear Miss Ford’s prayer for “Baby Annie” will be realized, and that when she grows up she will more than take her place in China, because, being a native of the country, she will have more influence with her own people. But they still need your prayers, dear Cousins, for they will grow up in a dark land and we know not what they may yet have to bear—perhaps bitter persecution for the sake of Christ.

DEAR COUSIN JOY,—I am very much pleased with the PALM BRANCH, and enjoy reading the pretty stories and finding out the puzzles. I am sure it is a good work the Mission Bands are doing, and I hope the poor children in heathen lands will be happier and better because we think about them. That dear little Chinese baby looks just sweet, like our own darling Lulu. We are going to try this year to do better than ever.

Your affectionate cousin,

EFFIE.

DEAR COUSIN JOY,—I am a member of the Mayflower Mission Band, of Bloomfield. I do not take the PALM BRANCH but think I will soon. There are twelve members belonging to our band. We had a President, Miss Lilly Alterton, she married and went away, and Miss Pearl Stokoe takes her place. I will now close,

Bloomfield, Car. Co., N. B. HOWARD F. LONDON.

Now is the time, Cousin Howard, for you to take the PALM BRANCH—now that there is a letter of your own in it. We will be glad to have you on our list of subscribers.

DEAR COUSIN JOY,—I think I have the answers to last month’s puzzles. (May’s answers are correct.) I am sending you a puzzle, and if worthy, please put it in the paper.

One of your loving cousins,
MAY.

PUZZLES FOR NOVEMBER.

I am made of 24 letters,
My 21, 22, 1, is a sack.
My 13, 4, 12, 15, 1, is a twig.
My 6, 8, 14, 2, 9, 22, 10, 5, is a drink.
My 3, 15, 12, 6, 2, 18, 9, a loin of beef.
My 10, 8, 4, 11, 9, 24, is to rely.
My 2, 10, 5, is a poem.
My 19, 4, 11, 23, means candid.
My 12, 5, 20, 24, is to tear.
My 1, 22, 7, 4, is to labor for breath.
My 15, 7, 6, 11, an island.
My 19, 24, 10, 7, the difference.
My 21, 22, 16, 17, a fish.
My whole is the name of a mission band.
London, Ont.

MAY.

I am composed of 13 letters,
My 1, 5, 13, 3, is a relative.
My 7, 1, 10, is a conveyance.
My 4, 5, 8, is part of a wheel.
My 11, 9, 12, 6, is one who acts,
My 2, 9, 8, is to take by force.
My whole is the name of a missionary.

MAUDE.

I am composed of 13 letters,
My 2, 9, 8, 4, 8, is an organ of the body.
My 1, 6, 7, 10, 11, 13, is used for clothing.
My 12, 2, 6, 5, 9, means all.
My whole is the name of a city in Canada.

R. I.

DECAPITATION.

To behead means to take off the first letter.

Behead a grinding machine and leave misery; behead angry and leave price, value; behead what you find on the seashore and leave a conjunction; behead a country in Europe and leave distress.

Behead wickedness and leave stillwater; behead something that has happened and leave a passage; behead part of a church and leave a portion of land; behead a girdle and leave a unit; behead to marry and leave a wife; behead a period of time and leave part of the body. The heads taken off give the name of one of our Missionaries.

COUSIN JOY

THE HARVEST.

RECITATION.

I watch the golden billows waiting the sickles keen
While the yellow corn stands yonder, a splendid glittering sheen;
I hear the reapers coming with merry shout and song,
Then I see the billows falling in solid ranks along.

The grain not only falling, but the tender flowers too,
And with them tares and thistles are scattered through and through;
For the reapers reap a harvest that is heavy for the blade,
While the Master's voice is calling, "It must not be delayed."

Thus is the mighty harvest in all our glorious land—
The reaper blithe and happy, there is joy on every hand,
Toil sweet is to the faithful, reward will come at last,
So the reaper sings and labors, till daylight hours are past.

I see another harvest in the grain-fields of this life—
The wheat is bent and shaken with labor, and with strife;
But the reaper cometh often, with footstep soft as air,
He taketh the grain and flowers, the thistle and the tare.

The harvest is ever ripening to the reaper's subtle breath—
To the knife of the silent reaper, whose mystic name is Death;
We know not the hour of his coming whether at night or day,
Nor why he should spare the thistles and take our flowers away.

In this living, mighty harvest we are grain or worthless chaff!
We cannot serve two masters—God wants no work by half,
And I pray, when the harvest is over, at the garnering of the wheat,
1, with the grain and flowers, may be at the Master's feet!"

HELPING GOD.

A little girl, seeing the servant throw the crumbs into the fire said "don't you know that God takes care of the sparrows?"

"If God takes care of them," was the careless reply, "we need not trouble ourselves about them."

"But," said the little girl, "I had rather be like God, and help Him take care of the little birds than to scatter or waste the food that He gives us."

So she carefully collected what was left of the crumbs and threw them out of the window. In a short time several little birds flew eagerly to the spot and picked up the crumbs she scattered.

After this, she every day collected in a little basket the crumbs and bits of bread that had fallen around the table and threw them out on the snow for the little birds; and during all the Winter these little creatures came regularly after each meal to partake of the food thus provided for their support.—*Epworth Herald*.

We think that dear little girl would make a grand Mission Band Worker. Caring for the little sparrows because God cares for them, she would surely learn to care for the poor, hungry, little girls of heathen lands, hungry in more ways than one.

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this Magic Ray through each of those sheaves of wheat, and I can show you in a twinkling which are really of any worth to the cause of foreign missions."

Elsie was too much astonished to make any objec-

tion, and the audience was so spellbound with wonder and curiosity that the stranger had it all his own way.

Putting up Kate Comyn's lavender-bound sheaf on a chair by itself, and aiming the lens in the black box, through which a crystal flame shone, directly upon it, the astonished audience beheld, on the white-washed wall behind the platform, a most extraordinary spectacle. There, as the flame flashed through the different layers of the wheat, all Kate's interests and occupations, missionary and otherwise, for the whole summer were seen, like a rapidly changing panorama, upon the wall. There was at first such a succession of tennis parties, golf and boating, that it was hard to see anything else; but at last there were visible two missionary meetings which she had attended, and one number of the WOMAN'S MISSIONARY FRIEND, which, however, lay unopened at the bottom of her trunk. The wheat in the meantime rapidly shriveled up, under the strange effect of the Magic Ray, till only two stalks were left in their lavender binding. Kate's cheeks were crimson with shame, and great was her relief when Mary Lathrop's sheaf was subjected to the lens.

Beautiful sunsets, flowers and trees were seen on the wall, for Mary's had been an artist's summer; but through them all were seen hours of steady work each day, when she painted lovely pictures on screens and frames and panels, which were bought by the hotel guests and the money brought home for missions. Her sheaf lost little of its weight as the searching flame shone through it and lit up the beautiful golden and purple ribbons.

Madge Roberts' bundle of wheat no sooner felt the light of the Magic Ray than it fell entirely apart, and all but one slight stalk shriveled away at once. On the wall was the plain reason—nothing but bicycle rides occupied the whole surface; one ride after another had engrossed the attention of Madge for the entire summer, for her interest in missions had been all but forgotten. That "all but," which saved her one stalk, was a missionary story she wrote for the "Woman's Friend," one rainy day, when she could not use her wheel.

Lettie Reynolds' sheaf held its own under the flame of the ray. The rope was so stout that nothing seemed likely to break it. A glance at the wall showed why. There, framed with plenty of exercise and merry times, was a task which filled many days of all the summer. Among the thoughtless, jolly girls of the great hotel where Lettie Reynolds' summer had been spent, she had succeeded in bringing and holding together a little band for missionary work, which changed the lives of two, who afterward became missionaries, and brought a new world of interest into the lives of all the rest. The rope was not only unhurt by the Ray, but it seemed to turn into gold.

The next sheaf put upon the chair was Bettie Bushnell's. About half of it only fell away as the Magic Ray shone through it. Bettie was the Dorcas of the Circle, and through a cloud of busy days were seen upon the wall dozens and dozens of useful articles of clothing which her clever fingers had made, instead

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of the usual summer fancy work, and which were a rich harvest for the missionary boxes to be sent out in the fall.

Last of all came Caroline Wheatley's, of the pure white ribbon. Caroline was the cripple, the dearly loved invalid of the Circle, whose paralyzed fingers could neither sew nor write for the cause of missions, whose poor, lame limbs could carry her but rarely to a missionary meeting, but whose sheaf, strange to say, seemed larger and more enduring than any of the others.

On the white wall opposite, the Magic Ray burned clear and luminous, and at first it was hard to see what lay within the mirage. At last, in a wonderful way, it was made manifest that the dazzling cloud was one of prayer, which, in the midst of patiently borne suffering, Caroline had all summer been sending up for the cause of foreign missions—that one great passion of her life which, but for her physical limitations, would have sent her out for a work among mission fields. But her sheaf was of all the largest, and the building fairly dazzled by the purity of its whiteness.

As the audience began slowly to come out of the spell which the strange scene had wrought, they looked around for the mysterious stranger; but he had disappeared, and only the pile of tested sheaves and many a startled conscience were left to bear witness to the lasting effect of the Harvest Mission Festival.

N. B. AND P. E. I. BRANCH.

The twelfth annual meeting of this Board was held at Sackville, N. B., Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th. Sixty delegates were present. President in the chair, but owing to the absence of Miss Stewart, Cor.-Sec., Miss Palmer was obliged to take her place much of the time while Mrs. J. D. Chipman occupied the chair. The devotional exercises were earnest and impressive. The reports of district organizers were interesting and for the most part satisfactory. Tuesday evening the ladies of the Sackville Auxiliary regaled the visiting delegates with a very excellent tea and a pleasant social hour was spent. One very pleasing feature of the entertainment was the offering of flowers to the visitors by the young ladies of the Mission Bands. The public anniversary was a success—a good audience, good music and a good programme. Mrs. Thomas Hart, in an admirable way, gave greetings to the delegates, responded to by Miss White, of Charlottetown. Miss Veazey, returned missionary from Japan, was then introduced, and held the interest and attention of all while she told of the needs of of Japan; of the advantage of native workers over foreigners, a strong reason for girls' schools; of the example of Christian women; of the necessity for the Industrial School and many other matters of interest. Miss Veazey is a clear, forcible speaker, with a pleasing well-modulated voice. Mrs. Archibald, Preceptress of the Ladies' College, gave an eloquent and persuasive plea for missions. The Treasurer reported

amount sent to her \$5,021.94. Cor.-Sec's. report 77 a total membership of 1,633. Mrs. Turner Band Cor.-Sec., reported 56 Bands with 1,222 annual and 56 life members, an increase of 111 members. Money raised during the year \$1,182.20. Wednesday was devoted to Band work. A good paper on "helpful characteristics for good Band membership" by Miss Veazey, of St. Stephen, was read. The skilful Band Leader should be able to see that members cannot be interested in subjects about which they know nothing, and so leaders should be enthusiastic and filled, in order to inspire the members. They must have ingenuity in devising programmes and entertainments to increase the income, with tact to discern what each can do and set them at work—but this paper was voted to be printed in PALM BRANCH. The Editor of that paper reported 2,829 subscribers—1,106 in this Branch. The Banner had been won by the Coqualeetza Band, Charlottetown, and was given to its representative, Miss Mellish. The basis of competition had been the increase of subscribers to PALM BRANCH, and that enterprising band had an increase of 119—other bands received very honorable mention. The Marysville Band having a subscription list of 115; Sackville Band, 52; Margate, 72; Moncton, 37; and many others of which time would fail to tell. Miss Veazey gave a delightful Map Study on Japan. It was regretted that Miss D'Orsay's paper "The Longed for Leader," did not arrive.

The officers elected for the new year are as follows:

Mrs. J. D. Chipman, President; Miss Stewart, 1st Vice President; Mrs. Johnson, 2nd Vice President; Mrs. Thomas Hart, 3rd Vice President; Mrs. Mac-michael, Recording Secretary; Miss Palmer, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Strong, Treasurer; Mrs. Turner, Band Corresponding Secretary; Miss Hyde, Representative to Conference.

BANNER COMPETITION.

The basis of Competition for the Banner will be announced next month.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH.

Miss L. M. Smith, Sec'y. of "Bonair" Mission Band, writes: The annual meeting of the "Bonair" Mission Band was held on Sept. 5th. A goodly number were present and evinced unusual interest. God has been with us during the past year, and we are looking to the same source for guidance, help and prosperity through the year upon which we have just entered. Having no Parent Society, persons of all ages are admitted to the Band, and at present the membership numbers between forty and fifty.

The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:

Mrs. Robert Reynolds, President; Mrs. Charles Nickerson, Vice President; Miss Smith, Recording Secretary; C. J. Sholds, Treasurer. Sincerely do we hope that we may realize more fully than ever before the importance of our mission, viz. To aid in sending the Gospel to those who are in heathen darkness.

MARCLA B. BRAINE,
Mission Band Cor.-Secretary.