



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

Published Every Month.

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How shall the W. M. S. Treat its Returned Missionaries.

This subject is rather a difficult one, inasmuch as returned missionaries are very much like other people, *i. e.* - unlike each other. And all who return are not in the same degree of health, consequently what would be proper treatment for one, would be extremely improper for another, but I do say for both kinds, leave them alone, let them have a little of the rest that was denied our Saviour when he endeavored to have his disciples alone with Himself. How the people did run in those days! How they do demand in these days! The missionaries are home on furlough, which means they have leave of absence from service. Many of them went forth strong in nerve, with courage and faith doing and daring much for the kingdom of Christ. They engaged to stay five years before asking a rest. Some of them endured as good soldiers, often in pain, weakness and weariness, others, whose strength continued in a more generous proportion, worked on more comfortably to themselves, but when the term was up, all were more or less worn down, and now, instead of strong nerves and hopeful courage, they return to their homes with weakened powers, seeking rest and quiet.

Two of the ladies now at home, were in such a condition of weakness that the doctor said unless they left Japan early in May, there was great danger that the year's rest would not be sufficient to restore and fit them to re-enter the field at the beginning of the next term. One of them was so ill a year before she left, that she was strongly recommended to leave then, but by good attendance, a very strong desire to remain another year, and by an ever kind and over-ruling providence,

she was able to remain, and do faithful work though many times suffering much, and sometimes in addition to other pain, there was the very painful and peculiar sensation at the finger and toe tips as if the nails were torn down to the quick. We can scarcely understand how such a state of weakness could be brought about, yet this is a fact. Others are affected differently, but as was said before, all are more or less exhausted or weakened when they return home. The Missionaries who have sought a rest in our Provinces during the last twenty years, both men and women, have nearly all had a very tired, nervous look. Two of the women did not look poorly at all, but they were just the same; one from China and one from British Columbia, and such sleepless nights and weariness of body as they did have to endure, before they began to get a chance to rest, for out they had to go before large audiences everywhere to tell what they could. And in my ignorance I was as bad as any, that is as eager, to have them go and speak at public meetings and private ones too, that I might hear and know what they said. When we consider how much more of real work the old Missionaries can do than those newly sent, we should give them every chance to get not only rested, but thoroughly restored to health. They have already spent much valuable time in learning the language, and have gained a knowledge of the customs and habits of the people among whom they labour, and they are better qualified for service in many ways than strangers. Therefore it seems better for the cause of God, also for the interests of our society, to give them perfect freedom from work of any kind. I would also bespeak for them freedom from the demands of society, at least for a few months. Let friends call and just welcome them home, telling them

they will be glad to have them come to their homes when equal to making the effort. Don't ask them during that first call if they are going back and when? Neither about their special work, as every one knows to talk about what is deeply interesting to one is to stir up the feelings, and *that*, when a person is weak and tired and nervous, is always very exhausting. After the strength returns, short talks and short receptions might be indulged in.

Suppose one of our homeladies is reduced by illness or over-work to a nervous, weak state of health. What do the doctor and friends generally recommend? Why, by all means since she cannot do regular work any longer without a change, pack her up and send her off on a six months tour at public speaking in all the churches near and far, and let her tell of the work she has been doing during the last five years. We would think it folly and waste of time to let her go to the seaside or elsewhere for a quiet rest, therefore let her do public work. There is rest in change *always*, is there not? Do we talk and act so for our home invalids? Then are we observing the Golden Rule when we require six months' work from our returned ladies? And, we call for *too much work* from these ladies when in their various fields of labour, as well as when at home. We should not make demands on their time and strength as we often do for letters and reports of work, etc. If we studied the papers, the Missionary Review of the World, and the Bible as we ought to we would find enough to enthuse us with true zeal and make us able to do our part in the great vineyard, without unduly taxing those, who amid disadvantages which we know nothing of, toil from day to day, from year to year, in season and out of season in all kinds of climate. 'Tis true our ladies in Japan go to the mountains to spend their holidays, but mountain air there is hotter than our hottest days in these provinces. Under the depressing influences of heathenism, they sow the precious seed of divine truth, which when received into man's heart, results in the growth of Christian character whose fruit is unto righteousness and life eternal. Nothing would make them undertake such toil were it not for the command, and for the promise of the ever abiding presence of the Master, and for the love that constrains them to do, or die it may be, that His name may be glorified in all the earth.

When Christ came to set up his kingdom, He came to a people who had been taught for ages to worship the true and living God, the prophets had foretold His coming, angels heralded it, and yet

how slow they were to believe! But what of those who know nothing of these great truths, who do not understand our language and who generally despise or hate the white person? It takes years sometimes to break down prejudices, to overcome hindrances and to win affections, but by the grace of God it is being done, and it will continue to be done until the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Christ. So let us be faithful, let us be filled with the spirit of wisdom and grace, let us hold up the hands of those who go, let us pray that more may be willing to go, until all the unsaved world shall lay down the weapons of its warfare, and hail Him who is the everlasting Lord, the Prince of Peace! And to this end let us give our returned Missionaries a fair chance, let us deal with them as we do with our own loved, tired ones at home,—let them rest and do what they please—and I am sure they will repay us a hundred fold by doing better work for God when they go back. I move we try the experiment, especially in the case of those who have been ill, and I would strongly recommend it for all. But there are two places where we would always like to see them when they feel equal to it. These are the Annual Branch Meetings and the meeting of the General Board. At these they come in touch with a large number of the elect ladies of the church, and it will do them good to feel the pulse of the Missionary Society. They will gain a knowledge of its health and strength, and the society in its turn, will find out much in a quiet way of the working of the church abroad; thus a mutual benefit will be received. I do not mean that they go to these places as public speakers, unless by their own desire, and even then, good, sound judgement should rule in this matter, and prevent the possibility of over-taxing.

A missionary in Japan says: "We have a Sunday school for the children, and what they learn of Jesus helps them to shine as little candles in their own homes. One day a man came from a distance to inquire about Christ. He said that a boy had returned from school and told him a little, but he wanted more. He was a strong Buddhist, but the boy had said something which he could not understand. The truth was explained to him, and he asked many questions. At length he said: 'This must be true. The priests are deceiving us.'"

—Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys countless
Than the one joy of doing kindnesses.

—George Herbert.

HYMN.

"Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine,
It shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse;
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain,
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many, wounded, round thee moan,
Lavish on their wounds thy balsam,
And that balm shall heal thine own!

MRS. CHARLES.

Field Study for December.

The importance of medical missions is being more and more clearly seen as the great needs of the heathen world press themselves upon our attention. About 50 years ago they were begun as a sort of aid to the preaching of the gospel, but the missionaries soon found that the practising physician was the most successful Christian worker. There is so much sickness and suffering, so much ignorance and superstition and cruelty, that the man or woman who can, like the Master, minister to the wants of both soul and body, is the one who can get nearest to the hearts of the people. Heathenism founds no hospitals or dispensaries, and the vast numbers of blind, crippled, deformed, insane, and otherwise unfortunate, who are to be met with on every side, show pitifully the need of help, and call loudly upon us for the benefits of our Christian civilization. The different missionary boards have done considerable in this direction, but oh, how much more remains to be done? There are now over 300 medical missionaries, male and female, on the various mission fields of the world, and we are glad that as a Woman's Missionary Society, we are able to help a little.

In Nov. 1889, Dr. Bolton, in a spirit of love to the Master and moved by a divine pity like to His, went from Ontario to Port Simpson to minister to the sick and suffering Indians on our Pacific Coast. The necessity for this work was shown by his report of that time in which he says: "My visits and prescriptions from Nov. to April, amounted to 2,925. I have performed five operations under chloroform, and I am sure much suffering has been relieved, and a few lives saved." On his

first arrival in British Columbia, Dr. Bolton realized that a hospital was absolutely necessary, and during a severe epidemic of the "grippe" he rented a house at Port Essington, to which the worst cases were removed. He writes under date of Aug. 15th, 1891. "When the last patients were convalescent and the people scattering to their homes, I returned to Port Simpson, having, in less than three months, numbered 3,400 attendances." There is now a hospital erected at Port Simpson which is not denominational, but the Parent Society makes an annual grant, and our Woman's Missionary Society has undertaken to support a trained nurse. Miss Spencer, of Kingston, has been appointed, and has already done noble work.

We have also sent out a thoroughly qualified lady physician, Dr. Retta Gifford, to Chen Tu, China, where woman's work is absolutely necessary, for women of the higher classes in all Eastern lands, will suffer and die rather than be treated by the foreign male physician. We need to pray earnestly for the success of these thoroughly Christian enterprises. Dr. Retta Gifford, writing from Shanghai, March 2nd, 1893, says: "There are many difficulties before us. We need the help and prayers of those in the home land."

Questions for December.

- How long is it since medical missions were introduced?
- What proof have we that they are needed?
- How many medical missionaries are there now on the different fields?
- Can you tell us something of Dr. Bolton's work in British Columbia?
- Has our Woman's Missionary Society any medical workers?
- Where have we a trained nurse?
- What is her name?
- Where have we sent Dr. Retta Gifford?
- Why is woman's work absolutely necessary there?
- What does she write in regard to the needs of the work?
- What can we do to aid it?

—A missionary was urged to send a Christian teacher to an inland town in China. He asked how they had learned about Christ. They replied that a little boy from a mission school had come home and read the Bible to those who would listen. Night after night they came, and now a whole village was ready to serve God. How God blessed that little light?

"We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord to thee we lend,
Who giveth all."

—Selected.

Palm Branch.

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NOVEMBER, 1894.

This is the season of Thanksgiving, the fruits of the field have been gathered in and the ripened grain has been garnered. God's sunshine and rain have fallen alike upon the evil and upon the good, and throughout our land there is plenty. What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits? To a generous nature ingratitude must ever seem the basest of crimes, and cold indeed must that heart be which thrills with no fervor of appreciation, while living upon benefits bestowed. In the case of the Psalmist, gratitude led him to enquire what return he could make, and he says: "I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living, I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people, I will offer to Thee the sacrifices of thanksgiving." When love is the motive power, giving becomes natural and spontaneous, love is not close and careful and calculating, love is lavish and self forgetful. It delights to spend and to be spent, to pour out itself and its treasure; it asks how much can I do? Never, how little?

Dear young friends, our little paper, the PALM BRANCH, striving as it does to bring the wants of the heathen world before you, that it may bring to the heathen world the knowledge of Christ, is, we believe, an expression of love and gratitude to Him, and every one who subscribes for it, or writes for it, or aids in its distribution, is helping to bring in the Redeemer's kingdom, is helping to swell the song "Hosanna to the Son of David Hosanna in the highest." No part of the work is unimportant. Will those to whom the parcels of papers are sent be very particular to have them promptly and carefully distributed?

Her Offering.

The lock was out of order, so it was a long, cold minute before the door could be opened. Even though she lived in one room and a closet, Miss Randilla Banks felt a glad sense of home coming every time she conquered that unruly lock.

She lit her lamp and looked about her. On the floor lay an envelope that somebody had slipped under the door. Miss Banks picked it up, and tried to guess what it contained before she lit her oil stove and put her supper on to cook. How frugal was that supper they can guess who, after a hard day's work, have cooked lonely suppers over an oil stove.

Miss Banks sat down to wait for the cooking and examined the envelope. It contained a stirring appeal for the cause of Missions, and the statement that the treasury was empty. Also a little envelope to contain Miss Banks' thank offering to be given at the praise meeting on Sunday night. It was then Saturday evening.

Miss Banks was a seamstress; but for the last three years repeated attacks of rheumatism and "grippe" had left her little strength for work. The last sickness had eaten up her small bank account; now she lived from hand to mouth. She was a tall, spare woman, with old age thinning and whitening her hair. Some people made unkind remarks about her homely appearance.

Yes, my heroine was poor, and homely, and old; but to Him who looketh on the heart, she was rich, beautiful, and immortal. Poor and homely, and old, yet her taste in giving was royal. She would like to pour gold into the Lord's treasury; she would like to heap diamonds and rubies at the feet of him who had been her stay and comfort through long years of poverty and sorrow.

After supper Miss Banks laid her week's earnings on the table. The money was in small change; one-tenth of it she put by itself as the Lord's share,—it would just pay her pew rent. No thank offering could come out of that. The remainder she separated into little piles; so much for room rent, so much for coal, and the rest for food. A very small amount of food would it purchase, but Miss Banks knew to a cent's worth how much food she would be obliged to eat during the coming week. From her food-money she took a bright dime. Could she give that?

As she asked herself the question she heard an ominous creak, and a long crack went half way down the lamp chimney. It might last another week, but likely not. Then she must have a bar of soap, she had forgotten that. No; Randilla Banks could not afford even a ten-cent thank offering. Neither

could she afford strength for a "good cry," though five or six tears did roll down her sallow cheeks, for she knew the importance of mission work, and sighed as she thought of the empty treasury. But what could she do to help the work of her beloved church?

Nothing, apparently, nothing but to go to her Bible, to her chapter,—the fifty-fourth of Isaiah.

Then this solitary soul turned to the Psalms, in search of something suited to one who was too poor to give even a dime thank offering.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee,"—and sustain even the burden of his work, she thought. "Thou tellest my wanderings; put thou my tears into thy bottle; are they not in thy book?" One of Miss Banks' tears had fallen on the thank-offering envelope. There it lay, a little damp spot, just where she would have been glad to write ten dollars. Would God accept that silvery tear for a thank offering? Then Miss Banks thought of the "golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints." Like a whisper from the Holy Spirit came the words, "I have surely seen the affliction of my people in Egypt, and have heard their cry, for I know their sorrows, and I am come down to deliver them."

Surely God might do something to deliver his Church in answer to her "cry." Unmindful of her rheumatism she got down on her knees, and I wish every other member of the church could have heard her prayer.

That Saturday evening, in another house on another street, in a cosy room sat another woman alone. She, too, held in her hand a thank-offering envelope, the counterpart of the one Miss Banks had found awaiting her. It was still empty, though the other hand held an open pocket-book, whose contents had evidently just been examined, and consisted of two silver quarters and a dime, besides two twenty-dollar bills.

"I must remember to ask Fred for a dollar or two. Of course, I suppose I could put in this change, and let it go at that, but I shouldn't like any one to know that I had given so little.

"I know just what I shall do with these two bills," mused their complacent owner, as she spread them out in her lap. "This one will buy me a new fall jacket; the new cape collars are so handsome it is sure to be ever so much more becoming to me than the one I bought last fall. Dear me, what a shame that styles change so often! I really never wore that jacket a dozen times; but I do like to have my clothes in the fashion.

"The other bill," continued the speaker, soliloquizing, "will buy the hat I admired at Madame Dupre's opening. I know that I have always said

it was a shame to put so much money into a hat, but that is a beauty, and I mean to indulge for this once."

So saying, the envelope and money were slipped into this fortunate woman's purse and the whole matter forgotten, as a telegram came saying "Fred" had been called out of the city, and would not be home before Monday. As she made ready for church the next evening she suddenly bethought herself of the thank offering, and with a half-guilty flush of mortification that the offering was to be so little, she hastily placed the silver pieces in the envelope and sealed the end, slipping both into her pocket book with the comforting thought: "Oh, well, no one will know the difference, for there is no way of identifying the gifts; as no names are used. I forgot to select a text, but never mind, it will have to go as it is. It is rather a shabby gift for a thank-offering. I am afraid, but I'll make it up next time."

It had been decided by those having the matter in charge that the collection should be taken up from one aisle at a time, and after the envelopes thus gathered had been opened, the texts read, and the money put in the receptacle awaiting it, there should be a hymn and responsive reading while the envelopes from the contributor in the next aisle were being gathered up. Miss Banks sat in the second aisle,—there were but three,—and it chanced that her envelope was the last to be opened of those gathered in that section. The minister opened it to find it quite empty save for a bit of paper, from which he read: "It grieved me to think that no coin of mine could be counted among the offerings to-night, and I was tempted to bitterness of soul because of this, when the thought came that I could make an offering of prayer. Falling upon my knees; I asked that it might be the happy privilege of some one else to give it all. That I might not dishonor God by unworthy doubts that he would answer my prayer, I have chosen for my text, 'O woman, great is thy faith; be it done unto thee even as thou wilt.'"

There was a little silence after the pastor sat down. Many who had given even liberally remembered suddenly that there had been no odor of prayer about their gifts. It was but a moment that the silence lasted, but it was long enough for the arrow of conviction, shot from a shaft in God's own hand, to pierce the heart of one who sat at the end of the aisle down which the collectors were now coming. With fingers trembling with eagerness she tore open the end of an envelope she held in her hand, shook out the dime and two quarters which it held, and tucked in their place two twenty-dollar bills, while she hastily pencilled the words: "To go with the envelope which held the prayer, if God will accept it from one who was selfishly tempted to give a few coins of little value instead." None in the congregation knew who had made the offering, but as the pastor unrolled the bills and read the lines that accompanied them, and then with tender emotion asked for a blessing on the two who had thus made a special heart-offering, tears stood in the eyes of more than one, but into two hearts had stolen the peace which God grants to those who seek to do his will.—A. B., in *Woman's Missionary Magazine*.



Address.—Cousin Joy, 232 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

Benny's Thank-You Box.

They were going to have a thank offering meeting at Benny's church. He knew, because his mamma was president of the big 'ciety, and sister Gertie attended the band. Benny went too. He 'b'longed to Lofe," he said, and he had a nite-box with Luther's picture on it, and he put a cent in whenever he found a white one in papa's pocket. He had one of the tenth-year thank offering envelopes, but it wasn't large enough to suit him, so he begged a box from Gertie, and Benny was happy.

That night when papa opened the front door, a little boy and a rattling box danced down stairs.

"Do you feel very thankful, papa?"

"What for?" papa asked, tossing the questioner up to his shoulder.

"'Cause you're home and I'm kissing you."

"Indeed I do," laughed papa.

"Then put a penny in my thank-you box," shouted Benny.

Mamma had had to put one in because she said she was thankful the spring cleaning was done. Brother Tom put in five, because his new suit came home just in time for a party. Bridget had the box presented to her for an offering when she said she was glad Monday was such a fine drying day for her washing; and Gertie gave him pennies twice for two pleasant afternoons spent in gathering wild-flowers. So many things to be thankful for seemed to happen that the little box grew heavy—it was so full it wouldn't rattle.

But one night soon after, Tom and Gertie were creeping around with pale, frightened faces, and speaking in whispers; the little "thank-you boy," as Benny liked to be called, was very ill,—croup. The doctor came and went, and came again, but not till daylight broke could he give the comforting assurance, "He is safe now." In the dim light Tom dropped something in the little box, as he

whispered, "Thank you, dear God." Somehow everybody seemed to feel as Tom did, and when Benny was prepped up in bed next day and counted his "thank-you" money, there were two dollars and a half in it, which papa changed for a gold piece that very day.—Selected.

Little Girl Blue.

A Recitation for Boys and Girls of the Mission Band.

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 labourers 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 thro',
Did the Lord of the harvest order this heap,
For you to be under it fast asleep?

(A little girl runs in blowing a horn.)

Why where have you been that you did not know
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. Other girls
come running in.)

A LITTLE GIRL.

No, that is not all, for now, if you please
We belong to a Band, and are busy as bees.

(All say this and bow low.)

We are planting good seed and feeding the roots,
And hoping to gather the best of fruits.

(All the girls 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 and you'll see your mistake,
You'll find that the boys are all wide awake.

(Blows horn three times. Boys come in sing-
ing, joined by the girls.)

SONG.

Mission boys and girls are we!

Boys.—Mission boys.—Girls.—Mission girls.

Mission boys and girls are we!

Ever true we hope to be,

(Boys wave hats. Girls wave handkerchiefs.)

(A boy steps out from the group and comes to the
edge of the platform.)

I've come from the hive to take my stand
And speak for the boys of this mission band.
I am sure I don't know what you'd do
Without the boys to help you through,
If I only could stop to tell you the story,

You'd find to the boys belong some of the glory
Of spreading the Gospel far over the seas.

(All say this and wave caps.)

Three cheers for the boys, as busy as bees!

(All go out singing)

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

(Hold up right hand until through.)

—Selected and adapted.

Puzzle Drawer.

PUZZLE FOR NOVEMBER.

ENIGMA.

My 1st is in sour and also in sweet,
My 2nd is in hundy but not in neat,
My 3rd is in chair but not in seat,
My 4th is in prize but not in win,
My 5th is in fuss but not in din,
My 6th is in moon but not in sun,
My 7th is in joke but not in pun,
My 8th is in hasten but not in run,
My whole is the name of a Mission field.

Two Ways of Reading the Bible.

BY A. L. O. E.

"Would you like another chapter, Lillian, dear?"
asked Kate Everard of the invalid-cousin, to pursue
whom she had lately come from Hampstead.

"Not now, thank you; my head is tired," was the
feeble reply.

Kate closed her Bible with a feeling of slight
disappointment. She knew that Lillian was slowly
sinking under incurable disease; and what could
be more suitable to the dying than to be constantly
hearing the Bible read? Lillian might listen, surely,
if she were too weak to read to herself. Kate was
never easy in mind, unless she perused at least two
or three chapters daily, besides portions of the
Psalms; and she had several times gone through the
whole Bible from beginning to end. And here was
Lillian, whose days on earth must be very few, tired
with one short chapter! "There must be something
wrong here," thought Kate, who had never during
her life kept her bed one day though sickness. "It
is a sad thing when the dying do not prize the word
of God."

Such was the hard thought which passed through
the mind of Kate, and she felt it her duty to speak
on the subject to Lillian, though she scarcely knew
how to begin.

"Lillian," said Kate, trying to soften her naturally
quick, sharp tones to gentleness, "I should have
thought that now, when you are so ill, you would
have found special comfort in the Scriptures?"

Lillian's languid eyes had closed, but she opened
them, and with a soft, earnest gaze on her cousin,
replied: "I do; they are my support; I have been
feeding on one verse all morning."

"And what is that verse?" asked Kate.

"Whom I shall see for myself," began Lillian,
but Kate cut her short.

"I know that verse perfectly; it is in Job, it
comes just after 'I know that my Redeemer liveth';
the verse is, 'Whom I shall see for myself, and mine
eyes shall behold and not another.'"

"What do you understand by the expression,
'not another?'" asked Lillian.

"Why, of course, it means—well, it just means,
that we shall see the Lord ourselves," replied Kate,
a little puzzled by the question.

"Do you think," said Lillian, rousing herself a
little, "that the last three words are merely a
repetition of 'whom I shall see for myself?'"

"Really, I have never so particularly considered
those words," replied Kate. "Have you found out
any remarkable meaning in that 'not another?'"

"They were a difficulty to me, till I happened to
read that in the German Bible they are rendered a
little differently, and then I searched in my own
Bible and found that the word in the margin of it
is like that used in the German translation."

"I never look at the marginal references," said
Kate, "though mine is a large Bible, and has them."

"I find them such a help in comparing Scripture
with Scripture."

Kate was silent for several seconds. She had
been careful, daily to read a large portion of
the Bible; but to mark, learn and inwardly digest
it, she had never even thought of trying to do.
In a more humble tone she now asked her cousin:
"What is the word which is put in the margin of
the Bible, instead of 'another,' in that difficult
text?"

"A stranger," replied Lillian; and then clasping
her thin, wasted hands, she repeated the whole
passage, which her soul had been feeding on with
silent delight. "Whom I shall see for myself, and
mine eyes shall behold, and not a stranger." "Oh!
Kate," continued the dying girl; while unbidden
tears rose in her eyes, "if you only knew what
sweetness I have found in that verse all this
morning, while I have been in great bodily pain!
I am in the Valley of the Shadow—I shall soon
cross the dark river; I know it; but he shall be
with me and not a stranger. He is the Good
Shepherd, and I know his voice; a stranger
would I not follow; and when I open my eyes in
another world, 'tis the Lord Jesus Christ I shall
behold—my Saviour, my own tried Friend, and
not a stranger; I shall at last see him whom not
having seen, I have loved."

Lillian closed her eyes again; and the large drops
overflowing fell down her pallid cheeks; she had
spoken too long for her strength. But the feeble
sufferer's words had not been spoken in vain.

"Lillian has drawn more comfort and profit
from one verse, nay, from three words in the
Bible, than I have drawn from the whole book,"
reflected Kate. "I have but read the Scriptures;
she has searched them. I have been like one
floating carelessly over the surface of waters, under
which lie pearls. Lillian has dived deep and made
the treasure her own."

Harvest Time.

This is the gathering time of the year,
 And merry singing of harvest home,
 And the signs of plenty and right good cheer
 Ere the days that are dark and dreary come.
 These are the days of a tranquil air,
 This is the time of an answered prayer.
 Was over such gold as the golden grain,
 Heaped in the fields for the needs of man?
 Warned by the sunshine, watered by rain,
 It pays for all care as it only can.
 It has done its part, and its life it yields
 To the harvest song of the clean-swept fields.
 Meadows and orchards and rich corn lands
 Are wealthy with fruitage of all the year:
 And the world seems lifting its thankful hands
 For the needed blessings that aye are near.
 The year is glad when it gains its prime,
 And the hearts are merry at harvest time.
 Whoever is thankful, let him come,
 With willing hands and a loyal heart,
 And help in another harvest home.
 Where the Master calls him to do his part;
 For He points to the whitened fields again,
 And the harvest He loves are the souls of men.

—Selected.

Conversion of an Indian Chief, on an
Island in the Pacific.

"This man, Sheuksh by name, had seen many of his tribe accept the religion of Christ, but for years he had resisted it himself. Last November he summoned all his men to meet in his cedar house, and then, in a wonderful speech, told them he had realized his own sinfulness, that he wanted to give himself to God and to follow Him henceforth. He tore off his Indian dress in token that 'old things were passed away,' and ended by saying 'Will Jesus Christ have me? Will he help me? I give myself to God. Now pray for me—pray, pray! I want to know what will please Him. I must know. Begin to pray at once.' Then a vast prayer-meeting began, which lasted seven hours and a half, no one grew weary or went away. One by one the Christian Indians led in prayer, or gave verses of Scripture, and familiar hymns rang out rejoicingly again and again. The leading, heathen Indians, who sat near the chief, rose in turn and also renounced their ancient faith, and asked to be taught the way of God. It was a glorious triumph of the gospel. Let us praise God!"—Mission Dayspring.

To Our Band Workers.

Dear Band Workers. — To my great surprise in the election of officers at the recent Branch Meeting, I was elected Band Con. Sec., for I had left before the election took place, and had not the least idea that I should be appointed to such an important and responsible position. My first feeling was "I cannot possibly find time to attend to it, with all the other duties resting upon me." Then I thought "if God wants me for this work, I will try to do it; looking to Him for His grace to help me." As yet I am unacquainted with the requirements of the work, but I ask you to extend to me the same sympathy, that you did to my talented predecessors; and that I may have daily an interest in your prayers.

IRENE TURNER, Pownall, P. E. I.

"If everyone were wise and sweet,
 And everyone were jolly;
 If every heart with gladness beat
 And none were melancholy;
 If none should grumble or complain,
 And nobody should labor
 In evil work, but each were fain
 To love and help his neighbor—
 Oh, what a happy world 't would be
 For you and me—for you and me!"

A girl from one of our India schools was sent for by the family whose son was to be her husband. She cried bitterly on leaving the school, and said over and over again: "But they shall never make me worship idols. I will be true to Jesus." The poor child had a hard time for many months, but was so patient under persecution that finally her husband, and then her parents, listened to God's word and became followers of Christ.

He who God's will has borne and done,
 And his own restless longing stilled,
 What else he does or has forgone,
 His mission he has well fulfilled.

Leaves from the Branches.

TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH.

The "Sunbeam" Mission Circle was an outcome of the revival services held in Dunn Ave. Church, Parkdale, in January last. The meetings have been successful, bright and interesting. The President, Mrs. Hamilton, invited us to her home in June, for the purpose of presenting Master Edwin Scott, our Pastor's son, with a life membership certificate. We also had a picnic to Centre Island which we enjoyed very much. Membership 28. Have raised \$17.60.