



WE give you this month the portrait of Dr. Louisa Hart, of whom we told you in July number of her service to the government in helping to inoculate the people for that terrible disease, the plague. This is Dr. Hart as she graduated from a medical college in New York some years ago. Since then she has been doing grand Missionary work in India. You will feel better acquainted with her if we give you an extract from a letter to a cousin written not very long after her arrival in India. After describing the grandeur of the scenery, she said: "I had a beautiful little pony, a Gulf Arab, as gentle as a lamb. We grew very fond of each other and he took me many a mile over hill and dale to the various places of interest on and about Coonor Nilgiri hills. You see we have to have a horse on account of our work here as it is safe only to drive out in a carriage during the day time. So I got one before I needed it for that purpose in order to train him for the carriage before I would have to use it, as he was rather young. Then, too, it is necessary for the health, as horse-back riding is one of the best ways to counteract the effects of the climate. But, alas, my pet became ill while I had him with me at a Mission meeting, and in six days was dead. He had in some way contracted a disease among horses from which

they never recover. I missed him so much as I had begun to take a sort of comfort in him for being so far away from all my loved ones. It cannot be helped now, however, and some day I shall have to get another, I suppose, but it is not so easy to lose one's pets, even if they are only animals. The Tamil language is almost as hard as Sanscrit, in fact it is largely drawn from that language, and is one of the most complete languages of India, for which I am glad, as all others will be easier to study after having learned this one. It seems as if it will be ages before I get this one, though, for French and German are babies' play alongside of it."



DR. LOUISA HART.

A NOBLE JAPANESE.

We have lately read of a Japanese who, on becoming a Christian and learning to read the Bible, was so grateful and so anxious that others of his people should have the precious knowledge too, that every morning when he went out of his house to go to work he left his door open with this notice on it:

"If any one wants to come in here while I am gone and read my Bible he may do it."

This was certainly very lovely in the man, and showed that he had the true Christian spirit—the spirit

of love and thoughtfulness for others.

May we, who have always had the Word of God, be equally anxious to share it with the millions who have never had the "precious treasure." In this way we shall prove that we have not read it in vain, but have imbibed its spirit.

Entertainment from Eugene Field's Writings.

A short time ago it was my privilege to attend a little entertainment given by a mission circle not far from Boston.

This circle, numbering about sixty boys and girls, had met at four o'clock every Sunday afternoon, all the winter and spring. They had one entertainment in February. I think, when they brought their mite-boxes, and opened them, finding about nineteen dollars in them, and now they were ready with their bells of various colors.

The entertainment was all from Eugene Field's writings and was almost entirely given by the children, many of whom were dressed to illustrate the piece which they spoke or sang. There was "Good Children Street," "With Trampet and Drum," "Our Whippings," "Pittypat and Tippytoe," and several others. About midway of the programme came the collecting of the mite-boxes. All the children formed in two lines, boys on one side and girls on the other. A large boy headed each column, but the littlest ones came next to them and then the next smaller and so on. Marching down the side aisles, they met at the middle aisle, and forming a double column, marched to the front, where as they again separated, a boy and girl stood, one on each side, with a large tray on which the bells were heaped. And as they marched they sang the following to the tune of "Jingle Bells:"

"All the winter through
We've met to sing and pray
And learn what we could do
For the children far away;
So now we bring our gifts,
And it makes our spirits bright
To send them on their mission glad
For Jesus' sake tonight.

CHORUS.

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle bright and gay,
Take a glad, sweet message
To the children far away;
Jingle on, jingle on,
Jingle bright and gay,
Jingle happy pennies
Going gladly on your way."

As they sang the chorus they raised their bells and shook them with a right good will, and merrily the dimes and pennies jingled. Well they might, for when the boxes were opened it was found that they held over \$24.

I pass this account on to those who would like to have a similar mite-box opening.—[Cousin Delight, in Mission Dayspring.]

The income of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which was established in 1701, and is one of the oldest missionary societies in the world, amounted last year to \$1,587,160, the highest it has ever received in any year.

THE UNSEEN CORD.

There is an unseen cord which binds
The whole wide world together;
Through every human life it winds,
This one mysterious tether.
It links all races and all lands
Throughout their span allotted,
And death alone unties the strands
Which God himself has knotted.

However humble be your lot,
However your hands are fettered,
You cannot think a noble thought
But all the world is bettered.
With every impulse, deed, or word,
Wherein love blends with duty,
A message speeds along the cord
That gives the earth more beauty.

Your unkind thought, your selfish deed,
Is felt in farthest places,
There are no solitudes where good
And wrong can hide their faces.
There are no separate lives; the chain,
Too subtle for our seeing,
Unites us all upon the plane
Of universal being.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

[We do not know who wrote this sweet poem, but we do know that it goes straight to the heart].

"MY FATHER'S HOUSE."

The Father's House has many rooms,
And each is fair;
And some are reached through gathered glooms
By silent stair;
But He keeps house, and makes it home
Whichever way the children come.

Plenty and peace are everywhere
His house within.
The rooms are eloquent with prayer,
The songs begin,
And dear hearts, filled with love, are glad,
Forgetting that they once were sad.

The Father's home is surely thine,
Therefore, why wait?
His lights of love through darkness shine,
The hour grows late.
Push back the curtain of thy doubt,
And enter—none will cast thee out!

Suggested Programme for Mission Bands—September.

Subject for Prayer "African and Jewish Missions."

1. Hymn—"I Gave My Life for Thee."
2. Scripture Reading—Acts 10: 34 to 47.
3. Prayer by President.
4. Minutes, Roll Call.
5. Reports.
6. Hymn—"Ninety and Nine"
7. Paper on the Destruction of Jerusalem and belief in Jesus.
8. Double Quartette—"Rose of Sharon."
9. Field Study—Questions.
10. Hymn—"Jesus will reign."
11. Lord's Prayer in concert.
Distribution of Palm Branch.

* Room 20 and the Depots of Sackville, N. B., and Winnipeg, Man., will be closed during the month of August, as usual. Please send all orders before the 26th July.

WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR THE LORD TODAY?

BY JEAN LOUDON.

Little one, danc'ing along in glee,
 Happy as only a child can be,
 Have you a message that you can say,
 Or work to do for the Lord to-day?
 "Only to love Him who first loved me,
 Only to tell of that love so free;
 Trying to follow Him on His way,
 This, though a child, I can do today."

O maiden sweet, in the blush of youth,
 Whose feet are treading the path of truth,
 Afer lies the goal, and steep the way,
 So not a moment can you delay.
 "But I'll speak to Him as on I go,
 And, trusting him, I need fear no foe;
 Although I am weak, yet He is strong,
 And I'll lean on him when the way seems long."
 —Herald and Presbyterian.

FIELD STUDY FOR SEPTEMBER.

"Our Board of Management, Officers and Committee."
 "All Sister Societies."

The close of our missionary year has come, and as we look back we ask ourselves how much we have done in the past twelve months to spread the Gospel and dispel the darkness of heathendom. When we remember how great the work is, and how small and weak we are, we fear that the little we may have accomplished is as nothing compared with the magnitude of the work still to be done. But "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty," so we may hope that our small service will be accepted of Him.

Our prayers this month are to be for our Boards of Management and all the officers and committees of our Society, all those on whose shoulders rest the burdens of this great work. We cannot share these heavy responsibilities with them, but we can greatly lighten them by praying for the Holy Spirit to direct and aid in all the business they may be called upon to transact.

When the Israelites were at war with the Amalekites, as long as Moses held up his hand Israel prevailed, but when Moses let down his hand Amalek prevailed. But Moses' hand became so heavy from weariness that he could hold it up no longer, so Aaron and Hur held up his hands until the battle was won on the side of Israel. This is what we can do for the officers and managers of our Society. We can uphold them with our prayers, and thus encourage them in the performance of all their duties. The Board of Managers is the legislative body of the society. All the work at home and abroad is reviewed at its annual meeting, plans are

adopted for the furtherance of the objects of the society, missionaries accepted, their fields of labor designated, and the necessary funds appropriated. The different committees are the Executive Committee, which transacts business during the year; the Supply Committee, which has charge of all supplies of clothing, bedding, etc., contributed by auxiliaries and mission bands and circles, and directs as to their destination; the Literature and Publication Committee, whose duty it is to issue all authorized publications of the Society, and the Committee on Indian work, which obtains and presents to the Board of Managers all necessary information relating to any extension of the Indian work. All these committees have great responsibility resting upon them, and need our prayers to sustain them. Dear Mission Band workers, let us remember at a Throne of Grace all those on whom these burdens rest, that God may give them wisdom as they require it.

We must also pray for God's blessing to rest on all Missionary Societies of every denomination, or wherever they may be laboring for the salvation of the heathen world. In every Christian land noble bands of men and women, and of boys and girls are toiling to send the Gospel to those who have never yet heard the sweet story of redeeming love. Let us pray that they may be blessed in their good work.

As we close the records for the past year and enter upon the coming one, we pray our Father in Heaven to forgive us wherein we have failed to labor faithfully enough for Him, and to help us to do all in our power to spread the blessed tidings Jesus Christ came to bring so many years ago.

POTATO AND EGG SOCIALS.

Have you heard about them yet, young workers? Well, if not, I must tell you. Some little people in the East have been using them, and, they say, with much success.

It is something like the birthday party, only, instead of pennies, each one who comes brings as many eggs or potatoes as he is years old. Then the potatoes and eggs are sold.

You might try either a potato or an egg social, and see what you can do with it.—Exchange.

QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

- What must we especially pray for this month?
- What question do we ask ourselves at the close of the Missionary year?
- How can we lighten the duties of our Board officers and committees?
- What Bible story applies here? Please tell it!
- What is the Board of Managers? What is its work?
- What does the Executive Committee do?
- What does the Supply Committee do?
- What is the duty of the Literature Committee?
- What of the Indian Committee?
- What do these Committees need, and how can Mission Circle and Band workers help them?
- What must we also pray for?
- What must we do at the close of this Missionary year, and at the beginning of the new?

PALM ✻ BRANCH.

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

St. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST, 1899.

AFRICA and the Jews are the subjects given us for prayer this month. What can be more interesting to us all than the welfare of "The latest called of nations?"

If Africa was dear to the heart of the brave Livingstone, who endured so much privation and hardship that he might open it up to his own and other missionary effort, is it not still dearer to the heart of the Christ, who suffered to redeem it? And if it be dear to Christ, should it not be dear to us, for is not His cause our cause? Are not His interests our interests?

That missionary effort is not lost, even in Africa, we rejoice to know.

Take the love of Jesus out of your heart," cried a chief on the Niger to his slave, "or die." "I cannot do it," said the Christian negro; "for the Lord Jesus Christ came from heaven and put His love in my heart. He put a padlock on it, and has taken the key with him up to heaven."

Africa has suffered much from the horrors of the slave trade, but noble efforts have recently been made to stop this traffic in human flesh and blood, so that the future of the country will be better than the past, and Christianity will do for it what only Christianity can.

Then we are to pray for the Jews. Surely if any people need our prayers the Jews need them. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." But we have recently read most encouraging news about them, which we are glad to be able to give you:

THE JEWS.

"A Judicial Murder" is the verdict pronounced by a committee of influential Russian Jews on the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth. They have been carefully reviewing the character and claims of Jesus, and have come to the conclusion that He was the "Lord's Anointed," and that their forefathers made a mistake in His condemnation. This remarkable decision is but one of the

many indications of a movement of the Jewish people towards the acceptance of Jesus as the Messiah. Their hopes of his coming have been so long deferred, and the power of Jesus as the Christ has become so manifest in the world, that intelligent Jews are more and more impressed with the thought that the rulers at Jerusalem may have been in error, and that Jesus should have been recognized by their people as the Messiah foretold by the prophets. The wide circulation of Hebrew New Testaments, the Gospel tracts of Rabinowitz, and the labors of Rabbi Lichtenstein are having a powerful influence in this direction. Nearly one-half of the ten or twelve million Jews in the world are in Russia. It is necessary to remember that Jews who accept Jesus as the Messiah do not thereby become members of any existing branch of the Christian Church. We watch with absorbing interest to see in what lines the religious life and thought of these Jews who are passing from the old to the new dispensation will run. It takes us back to the beginning of the Christian era, and suggests the question: "Suppose the Jews had accepted Jesus as the Messiah. What would have been the religious history of the world, and what would be its conditions to-day?" —[Baptist Missionary Magazine.]

A very bright young lady, who is soon to sail as missionary to Turkey, says that her interest in missions began with reading "Mission Dayspring" and "Mission Stories in Many Lands." Are there not some of our readers who will sooner or later go as missionaries to foreign lands? That would be almost too good to be true.

And now has come the holiday season, and bees, and birds, and flowers, and sunshine all contribute to make the summer beautiful. But we realize that we must carry the sunshine in our hearts if we would reflect its rays on those around us. Let us be missionaries to that extent, even in our holidays, reflecting the rays of the Sun of Righteousness wherever we go.

We are planing something new for Palm Branch, if it be continued next year—something of more advantage to the Bands, but of this, anon.

FOR YOUNG WORKERS.

Find your work where Christ has put you.
 Seek to make at least one spot of the earth brighter by a deed of yours.

When you begin to worry, do not forget that God still has control of everything.

'It is in loving, not in being loved,
 The heart is blessed;
 It is in giving, not in seeking gifts,
 We find our rest.

Whatever be thy longing or thy need,
 That do thou give;
 So shall thy soul be fed and thou indeed
 Shalt truly live."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss Sadie S. Foster, corresponding secretary of the "Willing Hand" Mission Band, of Somerset, King's Co., N. S., sends us a letter from one of the little Indian girls in the Crosby Girls' Home, Port Simpson. This letter was read at the Berwick Convention by one of the little band girls, and it was there suggested that it should be sent to Palm Branch. Miss Foster says: "The Helping Hand Mission Band of Somerset is trying to support this little girl. Her name is Ella Hincksmann, she is ten years of age, and is a nice writer."

We are glad to have such an interesting letter from this little Indian girl.

Port Simpson, B. C., May 11th, 1899.

My Dear Friends:

Miss Paul told me to write you a letter this morning. I am getting along very well in this home. We go to school every day. I am in the second book. We had a nice time on Christmas. I had a beautiful doll on Christmas, one of the little girls sent it to me, her name is Kate Downey. We played with Miss Clark in the kitchen. When New Year came Miss Paul took some of the girls down to the village to see what was going on. The brass band played—the people pretended to be Chinamen and Negroes. Some girls and boys were in a broom brigade, and old Santa Claus came with a basket full of presents. He said that he was late, but he could not get here before. I did not go because I had German measles.

I was three years old when I came in this home. My friends are not in this village. I was going to write a letter to my mother, but the teachers do not know where she lives. There are thirty-three girls in this home. There are two little girls in this home named Maudie and Dollie; their friends are not in this village. We have a big cat named Topsy—she has seven little kittens, and we call one of them Black-eye. We have a dog, named Claro. He can sit up and beg for some meat. We have some little chickens; we heard them peeping under the play-room. Miss Clark and Miss Blanchard went away in the Alledonia last week and they came back the same night. I have a brother in the Boys' Home—his name is Johnny Hincksmann; he was a little boy when he came. We had a tea party on Thursday, and the home boys came over; we had a nice supper. Miss Clark said that some of the girls are going to Maas in the Summer. We always go for a picnic in summer. We picked some flowers for children's day, and made pretty bouquets. We went over the Island and got some blue berries, and we came home very happy; all of the girls had berries in their tins. On Sunday the girls wore flowers. One little girl sent her love to you all.

Thanking you for your kindness to me,

I am yours sincerely,

ELLA HINCKSMAN.

A BRAVE AFRICAN BOY.

A writer in the Golden Rule gives a thrilling account of the heroism of native converted children in Africa.

About three years ago our missionary and his wife, who for three years had been in charge of Baraka Station, on the west coast of Africa, were driven away by the chiefs, and were threatened with death if they should attempt to return. They had done faithful work, and left the mission house and farm in charge of Tom and Uriah, two converted nursery boys. The kindred of Uriah came in force, seized him, dragged him from the mission, and gave him his choice between renouncing Jesus and being beaten.

Uriah said: "I no give up Jesus."

Then they beat him nearly to death.

He kept repeating: "I no give up Jesus."

Then they took him to a small stream of water, and held his head under until the poor boy was nearly strangled; but every time he got his head above water he said: "I no give up Jesus."

Then they tied a rope about him, and ran him up into the inner cone of one of their huts, and kindled a fire underneath him, and threw on it a lot of red pepper. The strangling fumes of which surpass anything this side of perdition. Poor Uriah sneezed and coughed and fainted. When they supposed that he was dead, they lowered him and dragged him out of the hut; and in the fresh air he soon opened his eyes, when his would-be-murderers crowded around him, shouting: "Now you will give up Jesus!"

"No; I die for Jesus. He died for me, and I want to die for him."

Thinking they could not prevail, they left him; and he returned to the mission and he and Tom held the fort.

FOOTNOTES.

A little girl whose mother brought home her first pair of low-cut shoes called "ankle ties" ran to greet her grandpa, saying, "Look at the low-necked slippers mamma gave me!"

In many countries of Europe the country people and poorer city folk wear wooden shoes instead of leather.

We seldom hear the clatter of wooden shoes on American sidewalks, but some of the children of French emigrants wear them. There is a maker of wooden shoes in New York city.

Straw sandals are still in China and Japan.

Egyptian shoes were made of palm and papyrus interlaced.

The ancient Persian wore close-fitting boots reaching to the knees.

Egyptian hieroglyphics show the cobbler to have been known in the time of the Ptolemys—two thousand years ago.

Removing the shoes is still a mark of respect in the East, as it has been for thousands of years.

The Roman women wore house slippers with cork soles, and increased their height by building up these soles to a great thickness.—[Selected.]



Ad dress—*COUSIN JOY*, 232 Prince St., St. John, N. B.

Dear Cousins, we hope you will all have a very happy holiday season. Hurray for the woods and the water, the picnics and sails, and all that makes summer so pleasant, but let us be missionaries wherever we are.

One day some good missionaries went to a village in Africa to tell the people about Jesus. Among those who came to hear were several little girls. The missionaries wanted a Boheba child in their school, and asked the people to give them one of these little girls. But they replied, "No, no, the fathers and mothers cannot spare them."

Just outside the "palaver house" stood a forlorn little specimen who looked at the white strangers with wide open eyes. All she wore was a few dirty rags.

All at once she was pushed into the house, and several voices cried out: "Take this one if you want a girl. Her father and mother are dead, and no one cares for her."

The missionaries took the poor little tot; washed, dressed, and fed her, and soon she looked like a different child. She learned to speak English, and by and by, when some of her tribe-people, the Bohebas, came into prayer meeting, little Mekwa became an interpreter, telling them what the missionary said about Jesus. So you see, she was the preacher!

When Mekwa was pushed into the palaver house that first day, there stood in one corner an ugly idol, black with smoke. But the missionaries kept on going there, and one day, lo and behold! the old idol had disappeared. Mekwa will be a Christian woman when she grows up, and may have a Sunday-school in that very house. —[G. M. Friend.]

Dear Cousin Joy—This is the first time I have ever written to you. I belong to the Snowflake Mission Band, of Shediac. We have ten members. Mrs. H. D. Archibald is our President. We had an entertainment at Easter, and raised seven dollars and fifty cents (\$7.50).
HAZEL TAIT.

Dear Cousin Joy,—I have never written to you before, so I thought I would now. I belong to the Golden Rule Mission Band. I take the Palm Branch and like it very much; I always read the letters in the Cosy Corner first. From your loving Cousin,
MILLSTREAM, N. B. NINA A. FOLKINS.

Dear Cousin Joy,—I am a member of the Digby Sunshine Mission Band; and am interested in the Palm Branch, especially Cousin Joy's Cosy Corner. Several in our Band found answers to Mr. Kirby's questions, although we hadn't the prize to work for. We wish we had a Mr. Kirby in the Nova Scotia Branch. We all enjoy finding answers to the Bible questions and the puzzles, too. That is all this time; you may hear from Digby again.
Your friend,

Digby, N. S.

LENNIE M. JONES.

[Glad to hear from our Digby Cousin. Yes, it would be nice to have a Mr. Kirby in every Branch. We must all wish him success in his new home on the main land.]

Dear Cousin Joy,—I thought as it was holidays now, I might take some of my time and write you a letter. I belong to the X. L. Mission Band, of Fredericton. I also take a great interest in the Cosy Corner. The Palm Branch is a very interesting paper to me. I have made a puzzle, and if worth publishing you may do so.

Fredericton.

KATHLEEN G. HATT.

PUZZLES FOR AUGUST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 7, 8, 9, 10, is something heard nearly every day.

My 1, 2, 11, 3, is what you do when you listen.

My 4, 6, 2, something seen very often on a flower

My 12, 13, something we say when much surprised.

My 5, is a vowel.

My whole is some one who took a great interest in Missionary work.

Fredericton.

MINNIE McCOMB.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 23, 2, 8, 15, 14, is a girl's name.

My 6, 9, is a pronoun.

My 21, 4, 23, 24, is a place all should shun.

My 14, 20, 27, 31, is a book in the New Testament.

My 23, 28, 11, 25, is the name of a beast.

My 22, 30, 16, is a conjunction.

My 21, 7, 26, 12, 17, is a part of the body.

My 1, is not a vowel.

My 5, 18, 19, is a drink.

My 29, 10, is a preposition.

My 3, 13, 30, is a Japanese coin.

My whole is a command that Jesus gave to everyone.

West Cape, P. E. I.

ABBIE C.

Kathleen's Puzzle will appear next month.

SCRIPTURE CAKE,

One cup of Judges v. 25, 3 1-2 cups of I Kings iv. 22, 3 cups of Jeremiah vi. 20, 2 cups of I Samuel xxx, 12, 1 cup of Genesis xxiv, 17, 1 cup of Genesis xlii, 11, 6 cups of Isaiah x, 14, 2 teaspoons of Amos iv. 5, 1 tablespoon of Exodus xvi, 31, a little of Leviticus ii. 13, and 1 Kings x 10 to taste. Follow Solomon's advice in Proverbs. xxiii. 14, and you will have a good cake.

[Above, my young workers, you will find the receipt for a Scripture cake, which was given to the editor by a friend. Now why can't your society make a cake of this kind and sell it at five or ten cents a slice, together with the receipt? Try it. There is a nice little sum in it for the mission cause, if you manage it aright.]—Selected.

HOW MYRTLE'S RELIGION HELPED IN HER DAILY TASKS.

YES, Aunt Mary, I mean to be a missionary when I am a woman, if God will take me." And twelve-year-old Myrtle's sweet face looked very earnest as she spoke.

Aunt Mary smiled lovingly, and answered:

"I am very glad, dear, to hear you say this, and shall pray that God may call you into this work, and that you may be prepared to go when He calls."

There was a moment's silence, and then Aunt Mary asked:

"What are you doing now towards being ready?"

"I read my Bible and go to church and Sunday-school and Junior Endeavor. Is there anything more?"

"I think so," answered Aunt Mary. "What work do you have for every day?"

"Why, I have to wash dishes, and dust, and run errands, and keep my own room," said Myrtle wonderingly.

"Well," said Aunt Mary, "I think God is watching over all those tasks, and I think that when the time comes for a missionary to go He will send the girl who washed her dishes clean, rinsed and dried them well, and never set away any great dishes with little dabs of food in them to avoid washing them. And I think the girl who dusts all the corners, and all the little things on the mantel, and keeps her own room always neat and in order will be the girl who will be called to do His greater work, because she will make a better missionary than the one who was an unfaithful little girl over her daily tasks."

Myrtle flushed a little, but, of course, Aunt Mary didn't know that she was sometimes dreadfully slack about the little tasks her mamma gave her to do, for Aunt Mary lived a great way off, and hadn't visited them since Myrtle was a baby. But her little talk was like seed planted in good ground, for Myrtle was thoroughly in earnest about serving God, and her mamma seldom had need to frown over neglected, half-done tasks after that.—[M. E. McK. in C. M. F.]

"JESUS DIED FOR ME."

Hannah was a little Jewish maiden, seven years old. Her parents, being Jews, did not believe in the Lord Jesus; but they sent their little daughter to a Christian school. Here she was taught to read easy passages of the New Testament, like the other children of her own age. She was a bright-eyed, intelligent child, always laughing, and always full of fun. Sometimes her high spirits brought her into trouble; but everyone loved her, and no one could be angry with her long.

One day the teacher asked each child in the class where she thought she would go when she died. Some were silent. Some said they did not know. Some said they hoped they would go to heaven. But when it came to Hannah's turn, she answered without hesitation, "To heaven."

"What reason have you for thinking you will go there?" asked the teacher somewhat surprised.

"I know it," answered the little Jewish maiden, her eyes sparkling with animation, "because Jesus died for me."

Children, can you say, each of you, from your heart, "Jesus died for me, and I trust in him as my Saviour!" If you can, then you too may know that heaven will be your home.

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!—[Heathen Children's Friend.]

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD THEME.

This is a box called a Mite-box.

This is some money, that wanted to go in the Mite-box.

This is the purse that held the money,
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

This is the maid with the crimped hair,
Who owned the purse, that held the money,
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

These are the ribbons of colors rare,
That tempted the maid with the crimped hair,
Who owned the purse, that held the money,
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

This is the clerk with the jaunty air,
Who sold the ribbons of color rare.
That tempted the maid with the crimped hair
Who owned the purse, that held the money,
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

This is the store with the brilliant glare,
Where stayed the clerk with the jaunty air,
Who sold the ribbons of color rare,
That tempted the maid with the crimped hair,
Who owned the purse, that held the money,
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

This is the safe, well made for wear,
That stood in the store with the brilliant glare,
Where stayed the clerk with the jaunty air,
Who sold the ribbons of color rare,
That tempted the maid with the crimped hair,
Who owned the purse, that held the money,
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

Then into that safe well made for wear,
That stood in the store with the brilliant glare,
Where stayed the clerk with the jaunty air,
Who sold the ribbons of colors rare,
That tempted the maiden with the crimped hair,
Who owned the purse;—*went the money*
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

Y. P. F. M. S.

E. M.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

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

Miss A. A. Bogart, secretary of the Queen Square Excelsior Mission Band, St. John, writes:

Our President, Miss Weddall, desires me to report to you regarding the work of our Excelsior Mission Band. Like our name, our motto has been 'Onward and Upward.'

Regularly fortnightly meetings have been held, which have been made as interesting as possible. During the winter we worked hard, sewing for the sale, which was held in our Sunday-school room, April 26th; much to our gratification we realized \$49. Besides this we held our first missionary meeting on Friday evening, December 16th. For a small gathering it was successful; two very interesting papers were read, one on Medical Missionaries, by Miss G. Carnall, and the other by Miss N. Robertson, on "The Deaconess Work;" recitations and music assisted in making a very pleasant evening.

This has been our special work. In a few days we will hold our second missionary meeting, and hope it will be equally successful.

Miss Bell Lawson has organized a Band at Canterbury.

Carsonville also has a new Band.

More again about these Bands.—E. E. C.

Nova Scotia and Newfoundland Branch

"Too much cannot be said of the help and enthusiasm the Band representatives gave to the Annual Convention of the Annapolis District, lately held at Berwick. One thing worthy of note was the business-like way in which the youthful delegates presented their reports, which, on the whole, were encouraging. All reported clubs for Palm Branch, and this is doubtless the secret of their success. At the public meeting on the evening of May 31st a number of little girls from the 'Royal Workers' Band of Berwick, gave very effectively a missionary dialogue, which closed with a sweet lullaby song—the dollies of the little maidens being daintily dressed as babies. Several recitations were also well rendered by Band delegates. The children of the Somerset Band, two miles distant from Berwick, drove over to the meeting in a large team, and in the distance their clear young voices could be heard singing, joy-

ously, "We are a Missionary Band." They also contributed several choruses and two duets during the Convention." M. W.

CANSO.—The Secretary writes:—"We have now twenty-three members, having gained five new ones. In April we had a Birthday Party for the benefit of the 'Herbie Bellamy' fund, and raised sixteen dollars and eighty cents. Our Easter offering amounted to three dollars. We have begun to take up the Field Study given in Palm Branch, with the questions.

Halifax. MARCIA B. BRAINE,
Band Sec'y.

Toronto Branch.

A new Mission Band has been organized at Uxbridge, called the "Star." President, Miss Ethel Welsh; Cor. Secty, Miss Lenora Gilpin.

The "Cheerful Givers" Mission Band, of Uxbridge, reports a membership of 39. They are doing well.

The "Star" Mission Band of the same place writes: "We have now 20 members. Have collected \$1.80 for fees, \$1.75 for Easter offering, and \$7.06 collection at a social.

The secretary of Maple Mission Band of Thornbury reports that the interest in the meetings is good.

The secretary of "Sunbeam Mission Band of Brampton writes: "Our Band has great cause to be very thankful this quarter. We raised \$9.93, and our Easter offering amounted to nearly \$8.00.

M. HALES,
Cor. Secty.

Bay of Quinte Branch.

CLAREMONT—Happy Helpers reports seven new members during second quarter.

DAVIS—Day Star Mission Band reports progress with a membership of twenty-one; with the work of collecting used postage-stamps in hand.

NAPINEE—Reapers and Gleaners reports seven new members during second quarter, with interest growing. Active members have been collecting used postage stamps for the Rev. T. T. Bartlett. The Easter Thank Offering envelopes were distributed and hopes entertained for a good report at the close of the year. A collection is taken at business meetings, and some of the members contribute a little every month.

STOCKDALE—Mission Band reports a thank-offering of \$4.00.

M. G. HAWLEY,
B. Secretary.