



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

Published Every Month.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER, 1894.

VOL. I. No. 9.

### On the Beach.

We drove to the seashore last week,  
Georgie and Jessie and I,  
With papa, and mamma, of course,  
And Jack—he's only our horse,  
But I never could pass him by.

And oh, 'twas a wonderful day!  
Brimfull of everything fine:  
We paddled about in the waves,  
We dug in the sand little caves,  
And tried our hook and line.

We had races on the smooth beach,  
Gathered seaweeds of every hue,  
We saw the white crests uncurl,  
And the ships their wings unfurl,  
To fly far over the blue.

But when the dinner was done  
And I lay alone on the sands,  
The waves of the great old sea  
Spoke in scolding tones to me,  
Of the children in distant lands.

And I felt as never before  
For those on the other side,  
For the poor little feet not led,  
For the sad young hearts unled,  
In the lands beyond the tide.

I thought of my mother's care,  
Of my father's look of pride,  
And I wondered what it would be,  
No look of love to see,  
If I lived on the other side.

What would it be to gaze  
Into the quivering sky,  
And not have my whole heart stirred  
With the story so often heard  
Of the mansions built on high?

What would it be to look  
On the sea in its ancient bed,  
And think of no loving Lord  
Who could still it by a word,  
And bring again its dead?

What would it be at last  
To enter the valley deep,  
Not knowing that Jesus died,—  
Laid his precious life aside  
And called death but a sleep?

Then the sea seemed tears of salt,  
And the seaweed helpless hands,  
And the moving waves a cry;  
And I said I must help till I die,  
The children of heathen lands.

—Selected.

### A Higher Ideal of Life Membership.

BY S. E. SMITH.

(CONCLUDED.)

Aunt Mary mused for a moment. "Let me continue to illustrate my idea of life membership before I answer your question. Each one of us comes into the world as a life member of some family. That family has a common interest—a common centre. Years may come and go and work their wondrous changes; the members of that family may be divided

'By mount, and stream, and sea,' one may be in China, one in Japan, another in India, and still another in the far West or in some island of the main, but however widely separated, the true life member will recognize the claim of kinship; a claim upon his interest, his affection, his sympathy and, if need be, his resources. Yes, yes, I anticipate you—you are going to say that this is a natural tie. Granted—but what tie more natural than this 'And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.' That is a tie we cannot ignore; those suffering women of heathendom are our sisters—and as such they have a claim upon all these things, our interest, our affection, our sympathy, our re-

sources. You ask if the amount of money we pay is the measure of our responsibility? No, not as money, but as the sign of a thing signified. It is the putting of our hand and seal to a pledge that we will do the life work to which God has already called us. Much the same as when we take upon ourselves the vows of church fellowship assumed for us in our earliest years. What more solemn than the promise to be His faithful soldiers and servants unto our life's end?"

"Speaking of soldiers," I said, "soldiers receive royal bounty." I checked myself here for very shame, for what have I not received?

"Royal Bounty," said Aunt Mary, clasping her hands. "Royal Bounty! Thank God I have had it ever since I was born. And you, my dear, I think I know you well enough to be sure that you did not give this money grudgingly, or of necessity, but with the spirit that God loves."

"Yes I believe I did, Aunt Mary," I said, "though I fear I never fully realized its meaning until now. It was a pleasure to give it and I gave it, at some little cost."

"Well now, why not look upon yourself as a commissioned officer in this noble army of workers? Your commission was signed and sealed nearly two thousand years ago 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature' "

"I can understand," I said, "how our Lord gave that command to his disciples in the early age of the Christian church. The world was not very large then and they were men with nothing else to do, in fact set aside for that very purpose, but how can I and other women like me, heads of households, be expected to fulfil that command? Surely it is not required of us."

"In one sense no, in another yes," said Aunt Mary. "You remember how in war times many men were drafted, who from one cause or another were unable to do active service on the field, but in such cases each one was compelled to send a substitute. Can you imagine a man, with the heart of a man, utterly regardless of the fate of his substitute? Do you not think that just in proportion as he was a true soldier and patriot, he would study the plan of the battle, follow the details of each campaign, be among the first to forward supplies and by his zeal and earnestness incite others to the faithful performance of duty? This may be all that you are required to do to send your substitute, to help the supplies, to follow with your prayers the plan of the battle and by your zeal and enthusiasm urge on the work. But remember there are some things that cannot be done by proxy. One can no more pray by proxy than he can vote. And one thing more. The longer I live the more I feel the word Christian to be a misnomer when applied to one who has not the true missionary spirit. It seems to me that this spirit is the very essence of Christianity and that

there can be no real, vital Christianity without it."

"Aunt Mary," I said, and I meant it, "Pray for me that I may become a better woman and a more loyal life member of the Woman's Missionary Society."

"Amen" responded Aunt Mary, and she meant it too.

### Mite-Box Service.

#### Singing. Prayer.

Let each child recite a verse on giving.

*Pres.* Another year has gone, oh, so quickly! And the time has come again to open the mite-boxes or barrels. You have had a delightful summer, and those of you who have been away from home, have returned refreshed and strengthened. Now we will look into the boxes and see how many pennies have been gathered during the past year; but before we do that, let us sing again. *Sing.*

Let the leader question the children in regard to their money and find out how many have earned it. —Selected.

[Our story this month will be found helpful, for it has a bearing on this subject.]

### Missionary Exercises for Four Little Girls.

Each child presents a gift letter of GIVE at the close of her stanza.

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"  
So runs the hymn of old;  
Beside those mammoth icebergs  
Dwell hearts perhaps as cold:  
But warmed by Christian sunlight,  
Illumining the land,  
Bleak earth becomes an Eden,  
And so for G I stand.

You know how run the verses:  
"From India's coral strand"  
Comes forth the call for workers—  
A larger, stronger band;  
Buddhist and erring Brahmin  
The Saviour's call must heed  
And taste God's peace eternal,  
And therefore I must plead.

From far-off Venezuela,  
To popish bonds a slave;  
From Van and Voroneje,  
Which Eastern waters lave,  
The same loud voice is calling  
Which sounded years ago:

"Come over here and help us!"—  
The cry of Macedon.

From Ethiopia's borders  
And wastes of burning sands,  
Which cruel, dark-skinned Arabs  
Infest with hostile bands,  
By day and night unceasing  
There comes the pleading cry:  
"Bring us the truth you cherish!  
O, bring it ere we die!"

[Together.]

Give of your prayers and blessings;  
Give of your store, though small;  
Give of your time and service;  
Give self—best gift of all. —Selected.

## HYMN.

The whole wide world for Jesus,  
This shall our watchword be,  
Up on the highest mountain,  
Down by the deepest sea.  
The whole wide world for Jesus,  
To Him shall all men bow,  
In city and on prairie  
The world for Jesus now.

The whole wide world for Jesus  
Inspires us with the thought  
That every son of Adam  
Hath by the blood been bought,  
The whole wide world for Jesus,  
O faint not by the way!  
The Cross shall surely conquer,  
In this our glorious day.

The whole wide world for Jesus,  
The marching order sound,  
Go ye and preach the gospel,  
Wherever man is found.  
The whole wide world for Jesus,  
Our banner is unfurled,  
We battle now for Jesus,  
And faith demands the world.

—W. M. S. Hymnal.

## Field Study for October.

## FRENCH CANADIAN EVANGELIZATION.

For months we have been talking of the people of foreign lands, now we come to think of those who ought to be much more interesting to us, our French Canadian brothers and sisters. A people whose history is full of romance and bravery, whose language is the most beautiful of all languages and whose evangelization is most important to the welfare of our young Dominion.

The French Roman Catholics number in the province of Quebec over 1,170,000, there are also extensive settlements in Ontario and the North West. Many ask the question "why send missionaries to Roman Catholics? they have the Gospel. This question shows ignorance of the real errors to sedulously inculcated by all faithful Roman Catholic priests and teachers. While we gladly acknowledge many points of agreement between Protestants and Roman Catholics yet the points of difference are of vital importance. Protestants are so called because they protest against error, and it surely is a great error to institute many mediators, for the one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus. The Virgin Mary is repeatedly invoked as the Great Advocate of sinners, the mediatrix between God and man." Jesus said "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." We hope that all our young people will make a study of the doctrines taught by the Romish church, against whom our gravest charge is that

she denies the Bible to her people, so that they are not at liberty to search the Scripture for themselves. The voice of the church is obeyed rather than the voice of God. Is it not therefore our duty to give them an open Bible and a pure Gospel?

The Salvation Army, the Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist churches are all engaged in French evangelistic work, carried on by missionaries, colporteurs, Bible women and educational institutions. Our own French Institute, Montreal, is becoming more and more a centre of light and influence; many of the seventy boys and girls who annually pass through its classes are trying to serve God. Mrs. Hall, wife of the Rev. Principal Hall, writes:—"I ask you to please remember that most of our students have had very few advantages, with hardly any religious training. With a perverted moral sense, the result of generations of false teaching, with the Bible to them an unknown book, how much earnest sympathy they require, how much earnest prayer that they may be helped in the hour of temptation, and, in not a few cases, of sore persecution." Dear boys and girls let us not forget these other boys and girls who suffer for Christ's sake. The Woman's Missionary Society, besides providing for the girls in the Institute, have two day schools in Montreal. The one in the East End with 40 on the roll, and the other in the West End with over 100. The Kindergarten in connection with the latter is most interesting. The only way in which these schools are different from ordinary day schools is that the Bible and catechism are very thoroughly taught.

Three other schools in the country receive grants of money. Hundreds of visits are made by our two Bible women, who read and pray wherever they are allowed to do so.

## Questions for October.

Of whom are we to think this month?  
Why should this people be interesting to us?  
What can you say of their history, their language, their evangelization?  
How many Roman Catholics in Quebec?  
Are there extensive settlements anywhere else?  
What question is asked by many?  
What ignorance does this question show?  
What points are of vital importance?  
Why are Protestants so called?  
Of what great error is the Roman Catholic church guilty?  
What did Jesus himself say about it?  
Of what should our young people make a study?  
What is the gravest charge against the Roman Catholic church?  
What is it our duty to give them?  
What army and churches are engaged in French evangelistic work?  
Who carry it on?  
What can you tell of our French Institute, Montreal?  
How many boys and girls there annually, and what are they trying to do?  
What does Mrs. Hall ask us to remember about them?  
What does she say they require of us?  
Has the W. M. S. any other school in Montreal?  
How many scholars in the East End; in the West End? What of the Kindergarten?  
How do these differ from ordinary day schools?  
How many other schools receive grants of money?  
What good work are our Bible women doing?

# Palm Branch.

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SEPTEMBER, 1894.

Do you ever think, dear young friends, what a very wise prayer that was of King Solomon's? That prayer for wisdom, which he offered in the days of his youth. He was about to assume a very great responsibility; the cares of a kingdom were descending on his inexperienced shoulders and he felt wholly unequal to the burden. How wise to ask for wisdom! And how greatly God was pleased with the request. How nobly He fulfilled His own promise, and because Solomon sought first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, added all other good things. If the king had only answered his own prayer and been as wise through all the years as then, instead of letting ambition and selfishness take control of his life, what a prosperous, instead of foolish and disappointed old age, he would have had, and what a glorious Bible character he would have been.

God is always pleased with His children when they ask for wisdom, for themselves or for others, and He has promised to give it liberally. Now that is what we are asked to do this month—to pray for wisdom for those who are soon to meet in council to make plans for future work. We are especially warranted to do this because these plans will all touch the interests of God's kingdom in the world and in the hearts of men. We realize more and more how much wisdom is needed for the carrying on of God's work in the world.

Then we are asked to pray, too, for Auxiliaries, Circles and Bands, that the new year may see the dawn of a brighter, better day. It certainly will if in this case we answer our own prayers and not only bring new strength and purpose to the work, but also seek with most determined effort to interest others in it, too.

Last, but not least, we are called upon to pray for those who have been accepted as missionaries,

who are offering for service, as well as our agents in the field. Those, in a word, who have given up all for Christ, who have laid their all upon the altar,—our substitutes! How much they need our prayers. Let us ask ourselves if we, in their places, could do without the prayers of the Christian Church!

We realize how much wisdom they need who are already in the field; who have to grapple with the difficulties and dangers and perplexities of life in a foreign land under such peculiar circumstances. God bless them all and give them the compensation of seeing His work greatly prosper in their hands.

Our readers will be pleased to see Miss Wickett's interesting letter from the Chinese Rescue Home. It is kind in these busy workers to pause in the midst of their work to give us an idea of what they are doing and also of their surroundings. Surely we should greatly appreciate this kindness—and we do. We have all followed, with real pleasure, M. A. R.'s graphic account of "Our Girl's School, Shidzuoka," finished last month (in spite of those little words "to be continued," which crept in by mistake) and we hope before long to have another racy article from her pen. This month we have a most interesting description of "Our Orphanage, Kanazawa," from another of our own missionaries on the ground. Our "Field Study" this month is of special interest to us because it deals with evils in our own Dominion, and is written by one who has opportunity to know whereof she speaks. Whose fault will it be if we are not thoroughly informed on all matters relating to our own fields?

We are lonely without more "Leaves from the Branches." We trust it is only a case of suspended animation, and that when holidays are over they will flourish again.

We would call special attention to Mrs. Howard's notice on last page.

## ^ Good Time Table.

Sixty seconds make a minute,  
How much good can I do it?  
Sixty minutes make an hour,  
All the good that's in my power,  
Twenty hours and four a day,  
Time for work, and sleep, and play.  
Days, three hundred and sixty-five  
Make a year in which to strive.  
Every moment, hour, and day,  
My dear Mestrs to obey. —Selected.

## How Jean Belonged to the Band.

BY E. A. D.

"I think you will have to give it up Jean! Your father gives to our own church, and wants you to have what is necessary, but anything extra."—

"But, mother, only two cents a month! I was afraid you could'n't spare me Saturday afternoon."

"Oh I would'n't mind that once a month, I could give you the money too, out of the eggs; but twenty-five cents now and ten cents won't be the end of it, there will be five cents now and ten cents then. If you could'n't do as the other girls do, you would be discontented."

Jean had been helping to clear the table as they talked. At this point she took the towel from the bar behind the stove, and hurrying into the pantry, set herself resolutely at the dishwashing. Presently her speed slackened; to save them from falling on the plate she was wiping, she turned her head aside and brushed away the tears.

The trouble was this; yesterday, Mrs. Ellis, the minister's wife, had the girls to tea and talked to them about organizing a Mission Band. They had taken hold of the idea readily; nearly all said they would join. Jean—she thought she would, she would like to belong. And now mother thought it could'n't be.

However, Jean was not a girl to waste time in crying, she thought instead. When the dishes were put away she was ready to talk to her mother again. "Would you be willing for me to belong if I took my berry money?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," slowly. "If you're so set on it as all that; but you know, you always want more things now than you can buy with that, and I can't spare you any more time."

"Well, I have to do without things any way. May I take that?"

"Oh yes, you may do as you please with what you earn yourself."

What were looked on as necessities in Jean's home were provided for her; but the frills, gloves, ribbons, etc., even the drawing book and pencils she used at school, which her father called "nonsense," she earned herself by picking berries. It was hot, hard work, picking strawberries in the hill pasture, but she was glad to be released from house and daily work to earn some money for herself.

Why was Jean so anxious to join the Mission Band? ask the curious. Had a deep interest in missions been aroused in that hour's talk with Mrs. Ellis? Interest was awakened certainly. She looked at it more as an opportunity for herself

than as a way to serve others, having no idea of the condition of things in those places where Christ is not known. Mrs. Ellis had showed them piles of blue covered magazines full of pictures. "These we will have, when we study about China, and these have fine pictures of India." Then she had a book written by a minister who had lived among them, that told wonderful stories of the Indians of the Northwest.

It was pleasant to meet the girls and have something in common with them outside of school, Jean was a favorite there, but she was a very busy girl and distance hindered much visiting. Then the up-the-road girls her mother did not approve of as companions; and the girls down the road, well their fathers had rich interval farms that had descended from father to son, and bank accounts as well, while Jean's father had to buy his farm himself. So Jean was left between the upper and lower crust, as it were.

Jean's lessons are learned; she has closed her books, and is leaning on her elbows thinking. Her views have grown wider since the day she decided to belong. She has watched Dr. Hart and his brave little party in their long journey by sea and land. She can tell you a good deal about Japan and British Columbia, but her first reading in the Band—"Who will open the door to Ling Te?" was a revelation to her, and China is nearest her heart. Her mother at the other side of the table, busy with her mending, looks over now and then, wondering what Jean has in her head now. She can sympathize, she remembers her own girlhood and she thinks Jean takes after her.

Jean is the first to speak. "Mother, if I see after the hens all myself, except when I'm in school, could you give me one for my own, to do as I like with the eggs and chickens?"

"Why Jean, you see after the hens now, except when you don't get up early, or you forget them and I don't remind you."

"Oh! yes, but I mean to take the care on myself, be sure to get up and all that, so that you would not have to think of them."

"Well, yes, if you do all that it would be such a saving of my breath and patience I could afford to give you two hens."

"O, mother, could you? Will you?" "Yes. I don't think I can feed two broods of chicken but you can have two hens and one lot of chicks. There must be no forgetting, though, and I will expect my hens to do as well as ever."

"Thank you, I'll do my best." "Now daughter, its time you were in your bed."

"What's Jean planning? asks her older brother who has just come in."

"To get some money," her mother says, "that Mission Band is making her energetic and self-reliant any way. I guess its a good thing she belongs."

Jean goes happily to bed, saying to herself, "Now I can have a mite box, I'm so glad I belong."

[Hampton.]



Ad. r. ss.—Cousin Joy, 232 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

Cousin Joy wonders how many of her dear little cousins have spent the summer weeks or months in the green fields of the country, drinking in the fresh air while the bees sipped the clover; dancing with the butterflies in the sun, shine and running races with the happy little lamb? How many of them have been climbing among the mountains, how many have been by the seashore, wading or bathing in the surf, throwing pebbles in the ocean and shouting as the waves came and went? Cousin Joy can imagine you all coming home with cheeks glowing like roses and shining like stars. She wonders how many of you while there, gave one thought to those other children who have no such good, happy times; no bright sunny childhood like yours? She has found two very sweet poems about dear little boys and girls who did think of and care for those other boys and girls and she will give them to you that you may remember and care for them too. Here is one,—the other you will find on the front page.

### Looking Forward.

Down by the seashore, playing,  
Katie and Ned and Sue,  
This was what they were saying—  
What, sometime, they would do.

“When I’m a man,” Ned boasted,  
“I’ll go a round-the-world trip;  
I’ll take out Missionaries  
To India, in my ship;  
I’ll build some schools and churches,  
With bells in steeples tall,  
And when more money’s needed  
I’ll have enough for all.”

“And I,” cried eager Katie.  
“Some girls will educate;  
They’ll be my orphans, and I s’pose,  
Each one will be named Kate;

And every year, at Christmas,  
I’ll send ‘em lovely things,  
Maybe I’ll send pianos  
To every one that sings.”;

Dear little Sue looked timidly  
Upon the broad, blue sea;  
“You’ve planned to do so much, you two,  
There’s nothing left for me;  
But when Ned’s ship to India starts,  
With all those things, you know,  
I think you’ll want some teachers,—  
And if you do—I’ll go!”

### Puzzle Drawer.

We are indebted to M. L. L., Hants Co., N. S.

ANSWER TO AUGUST PUZZLE.

Enigma.—Chinese Rescue Home.

PUZZLE FOR SEPTEMBER.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters. My 8, 3, 7, 4 9 is one of the names of our Saviour; my 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 3, is a word mentioned in the 6th Chap., of Eph., 13th verse. My 1, 3, 6, 7, 4, 9 is a word meaning dryness; my 9, 2, 3, 8 is the name of one of our missionaries in Japan; my whole is a place of special interest to N. S. Auxiliaries just now.

### Our Orphanage at Kanazawa.

BY M. A. V.

I think the Mission Band boys and girls will be interested to hear something about our new orphanage here in Kanazawa. When I use the word “Orphanage,” I wonder if it brings up in your mind a picture of a large building three or four stories high with very plain walls and a great many windows and a flower garden in front where the children work and play? When I was a child that is the only way I ever thought of an “Orphanage,” and I thought there must be at least two or three hundred children in it, or it would not be at all interesting. Well, I know now that all Orphanages, even in America, are not just like that; but this one here in Kanazawa is so different that from the outside you could not tell it from any other Japanese house, but to me it is the most interesting one I have ever visited. This is, of course, because I know each child in it by name, and know their histories and why they are there; and because I want you to be interested in them too I am telling you this about them.

We do not expect to ever have a large four-story house here, for people do not build high houses in Japan, as the earthquakes would tumble them over too easily. We hope however some day

to have money enough to build a house two-stories high perhaps; but the one we call our Orphanage now, has only one story, in which are the three rooms where our children live with the Japanese Matron who takes care of them. One of these rooms is the kitchen and washroom—the other two, you would think looked very empty if you should look in in the day time, for there is no furniture except two little tables about a foot high, around which the children sit to eat or study. The floors are covered with soft straw mats, and at night large quilts are brought out from the closets and comfortable beds very quickly made by spreading one quilt to sleep on, and another one over the children to keep them warm. In the morning, these quilts are hung out of doors for a while, and then rolled away in the closet, out of the way, till night again; and so our ten little boys and girls can live very comfortably in these three rooms, though if we had to put in beds, tables and chairs, as we would have to do for Canadian children, there would be no room left for the children themselves to get in.

When dinner time comes, they gather around the tables sitting with their feet under them, and each child has a little tray on which is a bowl of rice, with fish and vegetables of some kind, and two little straight chop sticks with which to eat.

If I had seen such a home as this when I first came to Japan, I should have thought it was a very poor little place, and would have wondered to see the children enjoying such plain food and looking so happy as they do. Now however, since I know more of the way in which so many of the poor people here live, and especially since I know what kind of houses these children have been taken from, I know that this clean house in which they now live, together with the nourishing food, and comfortable, though not always new, clothes, which we are all able to give them at so little cost, makes almost a Paradise for them as compared with the life from which most of them have been taken.

If a Japanese house is too poor to have straw mats on the floor, it is very, very, poor indeed, for then the people have to sleep on the hard boards with not even a quilt to put under them; but some of these children have come from homes as poor as that. One of the little girls was living with the mother, brother and sister in one room scarcely large enough for them all to lie down in comfortably, and with no mats on the floor. Her clothing was ragged and patched, and she was a very forlorn-looking little child when I first saw her at our poor school making match boxes at which she could earn about one and a half cents a day.

She came also to the night school and then brought her mother with her to the meeting on Wednesday evenings. When the mother heard that we had a home where we took children like that to care for and teach them, she asked us to take her little girl, whose name is Musaki San, so after we had made an agreement with the mother, we had some clean clothes made, and after sending the child to a bath-house to have her hair washed and made clean, and her old rags left behind, she was dressed in her fresh clothes and brought to the Orphanage, looking like a different child altogether. She is very quick to learn, both in her lessons and embroidery work. We do not send the children to school at first, but give them work to do for a while, and they have lessons in the evenings; but there is a good Christian school near the Home, and if they continue to be diligent and obedient, we send them to school after a little while.

You would like to see them as they come into church or Sunday school, looking so happy and well cared for, even though their dresses are made out of some of our old ones, and their sashes are red cotton or woollen instead of silk. And best of all they are learning every day about God, and are trying to be obedient and good because they have learned that it is pleasing to Him. We hope that after a few years some of these girls will be able to help us in teaching and caring for other poor children of whom there are always plenty around us, whom we can help if we have money and teachers. There are now several other little girls whom we could take if we had room for them, and if we do not take them in soon they will be sold to become dancing girls and grow up in a wicked life; so you can see how much good the money can do that you are saving and earning in your Mission Bands at home. I could tell you stories like this about each one of the ten children whom we have, but my letter has grown too long already so I must stop for this time.

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“There’s always work in plenty  
 For little ones to do,  
 Something waiting every day  
 That none may try but you.  
 Little burdens you may lift,  
 Happy steps that you can take,  
 Happy hearts that you may comfort  
 For the blessed Saviour’s sake.  
 There’s room for children’s service  
 In this busy world of ours;  
 We need them as we need the birds  
 And need the summer flowers.”

## Foreign Correspondence.

100 Cormorant St., Victoria, B. C., July 7, 1894.  
My dear Girls,—

I am so glad to know that you are all interested in mission work among our heathen brothers and sisters and that you are doing what you can to help it along.

As you know, I am not in China but am living in the "Chinese Rescue Home" which is a short distance from Chinatown. We have ten girls in the home now, most of whom some years ago were sold by their relatives to the wicked people who treated them very cruelly. But our Heavenly Father sent good people to help them, so that now they are daily enjoying the comforts the W. M. S. provides them with. On Monday mornings I give them music lessons and during the other mornings we have school, when I teach them such things as reading and arithmetic. In the afternoons they study Chinese or work busily away at sewing or knitting to fill the orders that come in from English people. If any of you ever visit us, they will be so pleased to work toilet sets, knit stockings or any such articles you wish.

In the afternoon I visit among the women and children of Chinatown, telling them of the wonderful love of the King of all the earth. If you could go with me into many of the places, we would find a thin, pale-faced creature, lying on a bed, with a long tube to his mouth, smoking opium. But when they learn of the great salvation that is offered to every one, this dreadful poison is put away, though Satan seems very successful in preventing many from ever listening to "The Good News." He's so sly, you know, that he makes up so many excuses why they ought not to go. But how good to know that our Captain can never be defeated!

Before closing this letter I must tell you of a place I visit regularly. Last year the parents were blessed with a little baby girl and a few days ago with two more girl babies. But when I expressed my pleasure on seeing the dear little creatures, the mother quickly said in Chinese "I do not like them at all; we only like boy babies." How thankful we ought to be because Jesus loves boys and girls, rich and poor alike.

I trust that now you are all real, active, home missionaries and in some years to come, many of you will obey the call to go forth to the great foreign field. Will you pray that God may ever bless us with the guidance of His Holy Spirit?

Your Sister in Christ,

FLORENCE G. WICKETT.

## Notices for N. B. and P. E. I. Bands.

Will the Cor. Sec'y of all Bands intending to compete for the Banner please send me, before Sept. 10th, the name of their Band, and the names and addresses of the President and Cor. Sec'y., of the Auxiliary with which they are connected? Those Bands not intending to compete and not connected with any auxiliary, will please give the name and address of their pastor.

Will the Cor. Sec'y, of Bands that have elected delegates to Branch Meeting, please send me at once the name and address of delegate? In a few days you will receive printed forms on which to send in your annual report. These duly filled in I *urgently request* the Sec'y, to return to me by Sept. 15th. Please see that the amount you report to me as having raised, agrees exactly, with the amount which the treasurer of the Auxiliary with which you are connected reports to Branch Treas.

A. J. HOWARD, BAND SEC'Y.

Hampton Station, N. B.

## Leaves from the Branches.

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

There was organized, at Oromocto, Sunbury Co., N. B., on July 23rd, a Band consisting of 18 members, with a prospect of additions. This praise-worthy work was done by Mrs. Alva White, of the Keswick Band, while visiting at the place above named. Oh, that many would do likewise during their holidays. We gladly welcome this promising Band to our ranks.

The bright "Star" of Exmouth St., St. John, grows brighter. A concert lately held realized \$13.35 (thirteen dollars and thirty-five cents.)

A. J. H.

## BAY OF QUINIE BRANCH.

At Pictou, Mrs. Platt, has organized a Mission Circle called the "Nellie Hart." Miss Maude Clapp, Cor.-Sec.

A newly formed Mission Band at Wellington, has adopted the name "Rainbow." President, Mrs. Grier. M. G. H.

## Words of Cheer for Weary Workers

"For the soul that gives is the soul that lives,  
And in bearing another's load,  
We lighten our own, and shorten the way,  
And brighten the homeward road."