



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

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

No. 2.

### STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him  
 Who left his Father's Throne for thee,  
 Laid His imperial glory by  
 A dweller on our earth to be.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him  
 Who in a manger lay for thee,  
 Though King of kings and Lord of lords  
 No other resting place had He.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him  
 The man of sorrows borne for thee,  
 Who drank and drained the bitter cup  
 The cup of human misery.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him  
 Who in the dark Gethsemane,  
 As prostrate on the ground He lay  
 Trembled and wept and bled for thee.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him  
 Who stood at Pilate's bar for thee,  
 While Herod and his men of war  
 Railed in their cruel mockery.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him  
 Who, fainting, bore the cross for thee,  
 Till with His life-blood it was stained  
 Upon thy summit, Calvary!

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him  
 Who sanctified the grave for thee,  
 Passed through its gate that thou might'st sing  
 "O Grave, where is thy victory."

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him  
 Who stands before the Throne for thee,  
 Daily and hourly pleading there  
 That where He is his saints may be.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him  
 Whate'er thy lot in life may be,  
 And when with glorious clouds He comes  
 Thy Saviour shall stand up for thee.

E. B. S.

### AN AFTERNOON VISIT TO THE METHODIST ORPHANAGE, ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

**P**ERHAPS some of your readers would like to go with me to visit our orphanage. We have decided to go Thursday afternoon. It is a very cold day. After knocking, we stand on the front door steps, and we notice in the sitting room window the plain but neat winter curtains, and a few plants, and make the remark, "How warm and comfortable it looks." Just then the door is opened by one of our little orphans. With a little courtesy and a smile she bids us come in. In the hall we meet Miss Dotchen, the matron, who shows us into the room with the warm curtains, which is the reception or sitting room. It is plainly but comfortably furnished, and a nice bright fire burns in the grate. On the mantle is a clock, and some cards and toys, which the children have received at Christmas. Back of the door is the book case; here are all their Bibles and hymn books, and the prize books, which some of them have received at school. Until last summer the children had attended one of our public schools. The matron is assisted in the care of the house by Miss Oldham, which leaves her free to attend to the studies of the children. This plan of having school by themselves is much more satisfactory. We listened with much interest to all Miss Dotchen had to tell us about the children, and their daily life, which I would like to tell your readers, but it would make my letter too long.


There are now twenty girls in the Orphanage. The eldest in the Orphanage is only fifteen years old, the youngest is seven years old, and has been there but two weeks. She is a funny and a bright looking little

thing; has six toes on each foot. When asked if she would like to go home now, she shook her head and said, "No, Miss." They do their own washing, ironing, mending and knitting. The elder girls take turns by the week of looking after the cooking and preparing of the vegetables, and of course each one looks after her own bed. We take a peep into each bedroom, and it looks clean and comfortable, with from three to five single iron bedsteads in each room. On one bed we saw an autograph quilt; we noticed the names of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, and several others of Nova Scotia.

You must remember, dear readers, that our Orphanage, so long talked about, is not yet built. They have only a small rented house and are cramped for room. After seeing the bedrooms, we were shown into a small room used as a Lavatory, where we saw a long row of boots, cleaned and ready for Sunday. On Sunday morning, whether fine or stormy, they all march in procession to Alexander street church, and again in the afternoon they go down to Sunday school. They are eagerly looking forward to Christmas, when kind friends send in all the good things. In each of the Methodist churches they give large bags, to all the people, which have on them "Fill me up and send me home." These are filled with different things, as rice, cakes, biscuits, oranges, apples and clothes. etc. The day before Christmas these bags are gathered up and taken to the Orphanage.

GUSSIE.

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR BAND LEADERS.

 A child is delighted with a new toy, however simple in its construction, so leaders of Mission Bands will find there is more interest aroused if some new method is used in every meeting.

Here are a few methods which have been tried and found effective. Have some one read aloud an interesting article, and before the reading divide all the children into two sides of equal numbers. Tell all to listen carefully to the story; then let each on one side ask some question about it, to be answered by any one who can from the other side.

Another time the leader reads something, and after reading says: "I am thinking of a word mentioned in this reading that begins with [some letter—B, for instance]. Who can guess what the word is?" Then give the members of the class a chance to suggest some word.

Cut a short story into curious shapes; let some child paste the pieces upon thick paper, and let another put it together at the meeting and then read it.

If the children are irregular in attendance make a new rule. Once in three or four months have a social, and allow no one to come who has not been present at least at one meeting before the social, with excuses sent for absence the other times.

Select an article in a missionary magazine, and ask one of the older children to prepare a set of questions to be used, after it is read, at the next meeting. Give one or two others some missionary paper and several

questions to be answered. Tell them the answer is in the paper, but let them find it for themselves.

Ask three of the members to prepare an entire program by themselves for some future meeting.

Don't fail to have a picnic in the summer. Then perhaps you will have the pleasure of hearing some one say, "We have real good times in our mission circle."—A. J. S., in *The Helping Hand*.

#### A MISSIONARY DIALOGUE,

FOR TWO GIRLS.

NELL :—

O Susie, stop a moment, dear,  
You don't know what I've heard—  
'Tis such a tale of want and sin—  
I'll tell you every word.  
It's what the Missionary said,  
Who held that meeting here;  
I went with mother—what I heard  
Has cost me many a tear.

SUSIE :—

So that is what you mean, dear Nell,  
I too, can ne'er forget  
For I was there, and, like your own,  
My cheeks with tears were wet.  
I scarcely could believe it true,  
That men could stoop so low  
In any clime, in any place,  
To treat a woman so.  
To think of helpless baby girls,  
And women old and grey,  
Cast out unloved to die alone,  
Or fall the wild beast's prey.

SUSIE :—

But that was not the worst, for Nell,  
Their sufferings soon were o'er,  
But tongue is powerless to relate,  
The wrongs those widows bore,  
Betrothed oft times, as soon as born—  
Poor babes, by custom wed  
To men so old, that ere they grew  
Were laid among the dead,  
Or if on some bright Hindoo boy  
Should fall her parent's choice,  
Still has the hapless little maid  
Small reason to rejoice.  
For should the youthful husband fall  
To some disease a prey,  
"Her own ill deeds have caused his death,"  
Then every one would say,  
Till oft, the Missionary said,  
By misery driven wild  
There plunged into the Ganges's wave,  
A trembling, widowed child.

NELL :—

Tell me no more, my dearest friend,  
But let us see if we  
Can something do—I'm sure we can  
To help their misery.  
I have a dollar all my own,  
'Twas given me to spend  
As I thought best—I'll Bibles buy  
And to those heathen send.  
And can't we have a Mission Band?  
At any rate, I'll try.

SUSIE :—

I'll help you all I can, I'm sure,  
And now must go, good bye!

CANU, N. S.

## TELL IT TO JESUS.

Hisest ta Jesus  
Hisest ta Jesus  
Aych-ou el-jens whenem ta whitas shquilawan.

Hisest ta Jesus,  
Hisest ta Jesus,  
Aych-ou brem whenem to ayhelt shquilawan,  
Hisest ta Jesus oni.

Hisest ta Jesus, hisest to Jesus  
O seeta a seey-aya too clah  
Owita stah-ah sheilth a sayays  
Hisest ta Jesus oni.

## FIELD STUDY FOR FEBRUARY.

**T**HE Indian work is peculiarly our own, the duty of evangelizing the Canadian Indians rests with Canadian christians. We have no right to sit and fold our hands in idleness while those born in our country are living and dying in heathenism, observing pagan rites of a revolting character. Added to their own evil habits are the intemperance and other vices of the white men whenever they come in contact with them. Nothing but the Gospel of Christ will solve the problem. It must be taught them by those who will live out the christian life in their midst. The Indians are, in many, ways like grown-up children, and object teaching appeals most strongly to them. The results of mission work among them prove that they are capable and receptive, that a converted educated Indian is a good Canadian citizen. The difference between a christian and a heathen village is as great as between darkness and daylight.

In many centres of the Indian population the churches of Canada are doing everything possible. The teacher has gone with the missionary and, either in day-schools or Industrial Homes such as ours at Chilliwack, B. C., or Red Deer, Alberta, has endeavoured to give the children a training in the arts of civilized life. The Indians are more and more willing to allow their children the privilege of the full seven years term given at these Institutes. In the January "Outlook" is the story of the growth of another Home at Kitamaat, B. C. This year our Society granted \$200 towards its support. The government recognizes this educational work by annual grants.

A little over 25 per cent. of the income of our General Missionary Society is devoted to Indian Missions. There are 50 mission stations, 41 missionaries, counting assistants, teachers and interpreters, 106 paid agents. This does not include the wives, so

the actual force is larger. But much ground is yet unoccupied. The Indians number 100,000. Slightly more than half of these have been reached by the gospel, given either by Protestants or Roman Catholics. The rest are Pagans. Many of these Pagan tribes have asked, yes, even pleaded to have teachers sent to them—but the funds are not sufficient.

We also remember in our prayers this month the Newfoundland Orphanage. Every small fishing village on the island has its widows and orphans made by the hungry sea. The husband, father and breadwinner has gone out to his work and not returned. Our society has given an annual grant of 500 dollars towards the support of the home in which some of these children are cared for and educated.

Refresh your memories by looking up the Indian articles in the back numbers of the PALM BRANCH. Read (or re-read) some book by E. R. Young or John McDougall—these give us a most romantic chapter in the history of missions. Valuable information is given in "The Monthly Letter," Jan. 1896, page 6; also in "The Missionary Outlook," Jan. 1896, page 7. Look up pictures of our Indian Homes, etc., in "The Missionary Outlook."

## OUR MISSIONARIES IN INDIAN WORK.

Port Simpson, B. C.—Hospital: Miss Spence, Miss Lawrence. Crosby Girl's Home: Mrs. J. Rednor, Miss Hannah M. Paul.

Chilliwack, B. C.—Miss Lavinia Clark (on furlough), Miss Maggie Smith, Miss Burpee, Miss Sarah E. Olton.

Answers to questions not found in this study will be found in back numbers of PALM BRANCH or the current "Monthly Letter."

## QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

- Which Industrial Home does our society help to support?
- How many Indian Industrial Homes are there?
- What help does the government give?
- Give the history of the Crosby Girl's Home?
- Give the history of the Coqualeetza Institute?
- Where is a new one beginning?
- What do you know of Mrs. Spencer?
- Of Mrs. Rednor?
- Of Miss Clark?
- Where is our Indian Hospital?
- What part has our Society in the Hospital work?
- How many Indians in the Dominion?
- How many schools of all kinds?
- How many of these are Roman Catholic?
- What proportion of the Indians are nominally christians?
- What hinders the extension of the work?

# \* PALM BRANCH \*

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

S. E. SMITH, . . . . . EDITOR.  
 SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, . . . . . 15 CENTS A YEAR.  
 FOR CLUBS OF TEN OR MORE TO ONE ADDRESS, 10c EACH A YEAR.

All Band reports and notes must be sent through the Branch Band Corresponding Secretaries.

All other articles intended for publication, all subscription orders with the money, must now be sent to

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

FEBRUARY, 1896.

“I read in the Old Testament when I want to have my faith strengthened,” said one whose faith is now lost in sight. It is wonderful how, when one goes to it with such an object in view, so much is found to cheer and encourage the child of God, the “worker together with Him.” In 2nd Chronicles you will find the story of a king who, like other kings mentioned in this wonderful Book, had grand chances, chances which would have secured him a throne in Heaven as well as on earth, if he had improved them. It is said “as long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper,” and for a while he had wonderful success so that “his name spread far abroad”. The secret is given in these words, “For he was marvellously helped until he was strong,” but his ambition rose with his prosperity and “his heart was lifted up to his destruction”. How sad that such a story should have such an ending.

We are told that all these things are put on record for our instruction. The lesson which comes to us with this chapter from life is the lesson of possible *marvellous help*. Shall we not take the lesson home to our own innermost hearts? “I am sad, tired, discouraged”! “Marvellously helped until he was strong”! “I am the leader of a Band, I am young in the way, I am utterly unfitted for this duty, I do not know why this work should have fallen upon me.” “Marvellously helped until he was strong”! “I belong to a society which is barely struggling for existence, the difficulties are too great, the way too long and too hard”. “Marvellously helped until he was strong”! And best of all, dear readers, this marvellous help “may be had for the seeking.” “As long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.”

Our prayer this month is for the Indians of our Dominion, who have a two fold claim upon us. The claim of a dispossessed people upon those who occupy their lands, the claim of the spiritually empty upon the full, of the ignorant and benighted upon those who have the Light of Life. Also, do not forget the little orphans.

Any subscriber not receiving paper please communicate with the Editor.

Any subscriber sending order and money, who does not receive an acknowledgement of the same, will please communicate with the editor.

Please take notice,—It is only to clubs of ten or more to ONE ADDRESS, that the paper is ten cents each a year. That is the very best we can do for you.

We are sure that our readers must have been greatly pleased with the little group which adorned the first page of our paper last month. The bright, intelligent faces of children twice redeemed. Once in God's great redeeming plan and again by Miss Whitfield's love and zeal, both deeds of love, you see, coming from the same great source. We are much indebted to Miss Wakefield for the charming little sketch which accompanied it and most sincerely hope to hear from her again.

We are really publishing two stories this month from young contributors, both truly missionary and excellent. Thanks to the kind friend in British Columbia, who sends us an interesting account of the Chinese wedding announced in January leaflet. Also to the young lady who gives us a peep into the Newfoundland Orphanage.

We are sending out subscription blanks to be filled in by you. Please renew *at once* as we do not wish to cut you off from our list of subscribers.

To those who have contributed to the success of our paper during the past year, either in a literary or business way, we tender our most cordial thanks. All we ask from them now is a continuance of their favors through the new year. We hope that the number of contributors, as well as subscribers, will be greatly multiplied.

We are especially grateful to Mrs. J. R. —, of Montreal, who, in a series of articles, for two-thirds of the year, has ably instructed us in the errors of the Romish church and the tenets of our own Protestant faith. We strongly advise all our young readers to take advantage of the mine of knowledge thus opened up to them, through the kindness of this much respected friend. It may prove a safeguard to many young minds.

Our “osy Corner” has been well patronized, we love to hear from the children and wish we could give them more space.

We desire to correct an impression made by the Mission Band paper published in December. The writer rather reflects on the members of our N. B. and P. E. I. Branch for lack of co-operation in this enterprise. But we think, after all, that they do as well as the rest in proportion. We must remember that we are indebted to them for our comprehensive Field Studies, and beside good Band notes and some stories and papers, they have given us two excellent black-board lessons. One of these was at the last moment credited by our printer to Montreal, but should have been credited to the Hampton Band.

## OLD MAN GREEN.

BY EDWARD WILSON WALLACE.

HOW he got there the good Lord above, to whom nothing is secret, alone knows. In some way He had led "Old Man Green" there.

"Old man" Green as he was called by the people of Albion was an old man who lived by himself in a large house out of the town. No one had ever seen the inside of his house except the old man himself and his housekeeper. No one knew who he was. He had come suddenly to the village, no one knew from where—and had taken the old Smith homestead, which had been empty ever since Arthur Smith had left the country many years ago. On account of his reticence of manner, the lack of all knowledge about him, and also on account of his known shrewdness at a bargain, the town called him "Old Miser Green," or "Old Man Green," which ever came handier.

The old man had scarcely ever been known to attend a religious meeting of any kind, and in late years he had only been out to church once or twice. It was therefore no wonder that people were astonished beyond measure to see him at the annual meeting of the Albion Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society.

This was a small, struggling society which had been organized two years before in the Methodist church, when a wave of missionary enthusiasm swept over the town. But the enthusiasm—as it so often does—had died down, and the society was only held together by a few ladies who were full of the true missionary zeal. But it was hard for them to work alone—so hard!

And now, at the annual meeting in January, when the life of the Society depended on the number of people who attended the meeting, and more on the number of people who were willing to put their hands in their pockets—only a few people were present, for a blinding snowstorm had come on.

As the President looked over the people (nearly all ladies) who had assembled, her heart sank.

"Only twenty-four," she murmured with quivering lips. "And 'Old Man' Green among them. What does he want here? To ridicule us? O God!" she prayed silently, "Thou knowest best, but it is so hard to keep up my faith. Bless our society to-night and keep it alive. Thou alone canst do it." She arose and gave out the hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

The old organ feebly raised the tune and the hymn was carried through in a half-hearted way by the score or so of persons assembled. Then the President led in prayer. It is not our purpose to give an account of the meeting. Reports for the year were read and a paper on Africa—that was all. There are a thousand and such being held every year all over the land.

The President arose and with quivering voice spoke a few words.

"My friends," she said, "two years ago Mrs. Arkwright, now in heaven, organized this society. For a year we worked heart and soul for our Master. Mrs. Arkwright, as you know, left us five hundred dollars

when she died. Last year a consecrated young girl, a girl well known to all this town, went forth to Africa as our representative in the mission field. For a whole year she has worked there alone—yet not alone, for her Master has ever been with her. Three hundred dollars a year is all she asks for—is it too much? When she went out we promised to support her. Must she come home? Our money is gone and we must send her a hundred dollars at once or she must come home. Fifty of that has been promised already. Will you give the rest? Remember she is out in Africa, alone, perhaps suffering terribly for want of food and clothing, while we have our own homes. She says in her last letter:

"I cannot stay longer without more money. I am living on two scant meals a day and these are furnished by the few native Christians here."

"Will you help her?"

With streaming eyes the President sat down and the basket was passed round. Old man Green who was sitting at the back of the church passed it by without saying a word or putting in anything. He was staring straight ahead with a grim expression on his face.

The President gave out the next hymn and it was sung while the treasurer counted the collection. When she whispered the result to the President her voice shook. It was with an effort the President rose and said:

"We have got \$9.47. The mission will have to end!" She broke down here.

There was a silence for a moment and then suddenly a man came up the aisle to the altar-rail.

It was Old Man Green!

People noticed his face was strained and his whole body trembled with emotion. "The mission shall not end," he said, "I will help you with all the means God has given me. You may wonder why I of all people wish to help you. I have been a wicked man and God has punished me. You all wondered who I was and where I came from. I used to be a wealthy man in New York with a daughter who was the pride of my life. She married a young man and—when he offered himself as a missionary, I disowned my daughter because she went out with him. I never saw her again. Two years after she went out I got a note from my son-in-law telling me my Annie, my daughter, had died in Africa, died from want of medicine and other necessaries. Just at that time I lost my wealth, I left the city and came here to live, a broken down man. This evening I happened to be passing the church and I thought I would come in. God must have led me! As your president was speaking of the young girl dying in Africa I thought of my Annie. Perhaps your missionary has a father who cares as much for her as—as I cared—for—my—Annie—." Here the old man broke down.

The President stepped forward her face shining. "Let us sing the doxology," and so the mighty old hymn,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," sounded through the old church and the President's heart was full of thanksgiving.



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

Now for a talk with the little cousins! Cousin Joy is wondering how Santa Claus, the spirit of love, treated each one of you this Christmas season, and how many of you found it "more blessed to give than to receive!" She cannot imagine how anyone who received much could give nothing, not even to the dear Lord Jesus, and possibly spend a happy Christmas—but that surely could not be the case with any of the dear girls and boys of the Mission Bands! And now Cousin Joy wants to tell you about a Christmas present she received. How many of you have a clock in your chamber? Well, this is a clock, the sweetest, "cutest" little clock you ever saw. It measures six inches across the base and five inches in height. It is the most delicate blue and white and gold, with a few pansies sprinkled here and there. You know what Shakespeare makes somebody say about pansies—"Pansies—that's for thoughts." This may be why Cousin Joy has thoughts when she wakes in the night and hears it tick. It has a very loud tick for so small a clock. It almost makes her laugh, reminding her of a very little dog with a great bark, and of some other funny little things who like to be heard. Well, last night Cousin Joy went to sleep thinking what she would find to say to her young cousins in the morning and when she woke in the night the little clock was saying queer things. It seemed to say to her, "Not yet! not yet! not yet! not yet! and, when she could think about it, she came to the conclusion that it was only reminding her that the whole world had NOT YET heard of Christ. This made her feel so sorry and fall to wondering if she were doing all she could to give it that knowledge and if the girls and boys were doing all they could and if we all felt what a real thing it was that the Lord Jesus Christ had come to earth to bring Hope and Peace and Joy which we all, black or white, bond or free, might have for the asking. But how could any of us ask if we had not heard? There are two or three questions like this in the Bible, you will find them in Romans 10th, 14, 15. What then is the duty and privilege of us who have heard? Well, Cousin Joy couldn't help feeling a little bit discouraged over the many millions of people and our small efforts to save them, when, all of a sudden, the little clock changed its tune and instead of "not yet" it began to say, "It shall! it shall! it shall! it shall!" and Cousin Joy grew very happy in the thought that the Lord

Jesus, with our help, is able to bring even this about—"The knowledge of the Lord SHALL cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," Isa. 11-9.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I have found the answers to puzzles in the December PALM BRANCH. They are Mizpah Mission Circle and Active Workers Mission Band. I take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much.

I am yours truly,

Montague, P. E. I. PEARL VANIDERSTEIN.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. I belong to the Little Gleaners Mission Band. I think the answer to one of the December puzzles is Mizpah Mission Circle.

Your loving cousin,

Sackville, N. B. LUCY DOULL.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—We belong to the Loyal Workers Mission Band and our Band is increasing very much. We had one new member last day. We think we have found the answer for one of the puzzles in the PALM BRANCH for December. It is Active Workers Mission Band. Yours truly,

BESSIE ANNEAR, NOVELLA MARTIN,  
SADIE MARTIN, JOHN ANNEAR.

Montague, P. E. I.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I think I have found out the puzzles for January. 1st, Thanksgiving; 2nd, Go ye into all the world. My sister has taken the PALM BRANCH for a long time and I always like to make them out.

Yours truly,

Toronto, Jan. 4. LEROY SHEPHERD.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the Wayside Helpers Mission Band. We take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. I think I have found the answers to the January puzzles. The first one is "Thanksgiving," the second is "Go ye into all the world."

Delta, Ont. Yours truly, HATTIE POYSER.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I think I know the answers to January puzzles. The answer to Effie's is "Thanksgiving," and the other is "Go ye into all the world." I take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much.

Your loving cousin, PENROSE.

### FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 7, 1, 5, is a water animal.

My 8, 4, 3, 2, is a claw.

My 6 is a consonant.

My whole is a London missionary stationed in Persia.

PENROSE.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 4, 5, 6, is wickedness.

My 10, 11, 12, 3, 17, is to brighten.

My 7, 8, 9, is happiness.

My 20, 2, 14, is a boy's name.

My 13, 1, 16, 18, 15, 19, is a hanging candle stick.

My whole is a gathering place for children in N. B.

St. Mary's, Ont.

FLORA.

### BIBLE QUERY.

Where in the Bible does it tell of seven hundred left handed men who could sling stones at an hair breadth and not miss?

NELLIE.

(Continued on 8th page).

## A CHINESE WEDDING.

“THEIR men labored, and ye have entered into their labors.” This passage was brought forcibly to my mind on the evening of the 12th Dec., when in our Chinese church in New Westminster, B. C., I saw Dr. Lin’s baby boy baptized (Gershom), and Lee Sing, one of our highly esteemed Chinese Christians, married to Martha Nong, from the Home in Victoria. Mrs. Chan, the missionary’s wife from Victoria, was present, also Gertie Tom, our energetic and successful missionary from Nanimo, and some heathen women from this city and Vancouver, to the latter of whom it was no doubt a revelation, the interest taken in their fellow countrymen by some of the leading society ladies in Westminster. A large number of Chinamen, in and about the town, watched the ceremony with most absorbed and eager faces.

Lee Sing has been a most exemplary Christian for some years; he has been a domestic in several leading families, some of whom were present at his wedding, and the reception afterward, and showed their appreciation of his worth by numerous, and in several cases, handsome presents. Out of his earnings he had saved some hundreds of dollars, with which he has bought and fitted up a neat cottage in true American style; carpets, lace curtains, pictures, etc., etc., making it look an ideal home for a newly wedded couple.

Martha appears to be truly converted, and her influence may be helpful for good among her people in this town. This Chinese marriage was interesting, not only as a prophecy of what is yet to be, but as an assurance that those who, amid many discouragements, worked on, with few to help or sympathize in their labors for the Chinese, were not laboring in vain. The work here among these people who, without any doubt, have been impelled to our shores by a Divine impulse, has a measure of encouragement. The field is most promising, the laborers, alas, are very few. A school is kept open four nights in the week, but this year a paid teacher is employed where, if we all had the true missionary spirit, there would be enough voluntary unpaid workers to supply each man with a teacher, as should be the case. The same state of affairs maintains, for the most part, throughout the Province. To my mind it is the most enduring and interesting branch of missionary work in this Dominion. China, if evangelized at all, or within a reasonable number of centuries, to say the least, must see this work accomplished through the agency of her own people. One converted, enthusiastic Chinese woman like Gertie Tom, now at Nanimo, will do more than several average white missionaries. They listen to their own people as they do not to us. Their words and experience have a weight which ours can never have.

## BESSIE COOPER'S SELF-DENIAL MEETING.

MARGARET E. EVANS.

“SAY BESS!” cried Frank Cooper, bursting into the room where his sister was putting on her wraps ready to start for Band, “I say, the skating is fine and there’s a whole lot out on the pond; hurry up and get on your things and come.”

“Oh dear!” sighed Bessie, “I have to go to Mission Band.”

“Never mind to-day,” coaxed Frank, “this is the first ice of the year, and it’ll be a splendid chance to try those new skates Uncle Tom gave you Christmas.”

“I know it will. I wonder if Miss Crosby would mind very much if I didn’t go just this once. I’ll tell her that—”

“Bessie dear,” interrupted Mrs. Cooper, at the door, “here is Jennie Green called for you to go to Band; are you ready?”

“I am not going to day, mother. Frank says the skating’s so good, and I guess they’ll get along all right for once.”

“But, my dear; you are the only one that can start the singing!”

“Oh bother!” exclaimed Bessie impatiently, “they can go without singing.”

“Wont you come out skating too, Jennie?” Bessie asked her friend a moment later, as they walked down the road together. “You can have my old skates, they will fit you, and you know I got a new pair on Christmas.”

Jennie hesitated a moment. She was thinking how the Band would get along without the ‘Field Study’ which she had undertaken to read. She mentioned this fear to her companion. “Oh, they’ll get some one else to read it, like enough,” answered Bessie unconcernedly, “will you come?”

“Well, yes, I suppose so!”

“You just wait here then, and I’ll run and fetch my other skates!”

Bessie reached the gate, but there stood stock-still. “What was she doing?” she asked herself, “not only staying away from the Band meeting herself, but getting another one to, and the membership was so small, even *two* would be greatly missed.—

Bessie’s cheeks were rather red when she ran into the house, laid the skates down and caught up the hymn-book.

“I’m going to Mission Band, mother,” she called upstairs, “perhaps there’ll be time for a little skate afterwards.”

As Jennie stood where Bessie had left her, she too, began to have a few doubts as to whether she was doing right in staying away from Band,—so when Bessie came running down the road, she cried:—

“I’m going to Mission Band, Bessie Cooper, I’m sure Miss Crosby’ll not like us staying away!”—and she started off at a run.

Bessie caught up to her just as she was entering the church door, and the two panting, breathless girls went in together, to the great joy of Miss Crosby.

Bessie was afterwards heard to remark that her ‘self-denial’ meeting, had been one of the most interesting she had attended.

Hampton, N. B.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—As we study about the Indians in February I would like to tell you how much we enjoyed hearing Miss Clarke. She taught some of the girls to sing, "I will tell it to Jesus," in Indian. She had heard it sung at the camp-meetings near Chilliwack in first one Indian language, then another and another, and finally altogether in English.

Hampton, Yours truly, TRIXIE.

We are glad that cousin Trixie has also sent us the Indian words for "I will tell it to Jesus." You will find it above the "Field Study."

Correct answers to December puzzles also come from cousin Nellie, Mouth of Keswick, York Co., (We publish her Bible Query), and cousin Nettie Laming, of St. Mary's, Ont., who sends a puzzle, but forgets to sum up the whole or send us the answer, we will be glad to put it in when we know these important things. Cousin E. Sanders, Strouffville, will be heard from next month, also Blanche and Zelia Johnson, Jacksonville. By the way, none of you have yet sent the answers to the Bible Queries in the December No. 5th page. Do you give it up?

### LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

#### N. S. BAND NOTES.

This month we have words of cheer from some of the Circles and Bands, while many have neglected thus far to send in Quarterly Report Cards.

"Happy Thought" Band, of Wesley church, Yarmouth, "Willing Workers," of Maccan, and "Coraline" Mission Circle, of Halifax, have held entertainments and sales at which the following sums were respectively raised, \$14.94, \$27.73, and \$33.13.

"Wesley Centennial" Band, of Cheverie, is knitting and crocheting, preparatory to a sale in the Spring.

"Rays of Light," Amherst, report \$8.53 as quarterly receipts, and good average attendance.

"Cheerful Workers," Port Greville, are doing what they can to support PALM BRANCH, fourteen of the members being subscribers. We hope other Bands will go and do likewise.

"Royal Workers," Berwick, gave a successful entertainment in October and are getting up a club for PALM BRANCH.

"Little Helpers" Mission Band, of Barrington, have adopted a little Indian girl in the Coqualectza Home, four years of age, whose English name is Theresa. This Band, though small in numbers, is large in faith and good works.

"Shining Light," Red Head, reports very enjoyable and profitable meetings.

"Bonair" Band, of Upper Port La Tour, shows a good record for a new Band. Although having been organized only some six months it reports an average attendance of 32, and one public meeting during last quarter. PALM BRANCH is doing its good work in this Band also.

'Blackmore' Band, Ritceys Cove, says, "We have subscribed for 14 PALM BRANCHES. Our Band is prospering and the meetings are interesting."

I cannot close this brief summary of our quarter without making special reference to "Lone Star" Band in Bermuda. Our hearts are always drawn out in warm sympathy to our co-workers in that little colony in the sea. This Band reports an average attendance of twelve. No regular meetings there.

M. E. B., Cor.-Sec.

#### BAY OF QUINTE BAND NOTES.

The "Cheerful Workers" Band, Lakefield, report their new work encouraging, attendance good, average twenty-two. They have sent a box of useful and fancy articles to Industrial Home, Brandon.

Orono Mission Band reports an average attendance of eighteen, with increasing interest. Raised seven dollars during quarter. They have an autograph quilt in hand.

Smithfield "Wayside Scatterers" Band are doing a good work. Meetings well attended, average number present forty.

Napance Mission Band is preparing a box of useful articles for the Homes. Four new members during quarter.

Belleville "Jubilee" Mission Circle report an increase of members during quarter. They meet once a month for sewing. Hold business meetings in the evening.

M. G. H.

#### MONTREAL CONFERENCE BRANCH.

Lily E. Paisley, Cor.-Sec. of Little Band of Workers of the Little Wood Methodist church, writes:—We, the Little Band of Workers, were organized by our District Organizer, Mrs. John Paisley, Oct. 26, 1895, with a membership of 12. We hold our monthly meetings the last Saturday of each month. At our last meeting we had four new members. Our meeting was opened in due form after which we had a good program of recitations, readings and singing. Our Honorary President and Mrs. W. P. Charlton helped us to cut and sew together some patches for a quilt which we intend to make. At present we are in great sorrow over the serious illness of our dearly beloved Honorary President. We pray and trust she may soon be restored to health to be with us again. We take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. We find some interesting stories in it which we can read at our Mission Band.

Ilderton, Jan. 8.

Have you read "One Little Injun"? If not do get it. It is a most quaint description of the backward view got by the Indian baby from its mother's blanket, and some of the disadvantages of his later life. It costs one cent.

D.