



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

LIFE—A GARDEN.

Our lives are gardens, and their flowers
 Are thoughts and smiles and tears,
 And God, who gave them, knoweth all
 The gardener's hopes and fears.
 Not always will the sunlight be
 On leaf and blossom there;
 Nor will the summer always fill
 With incense rich the air.

Nay, frosts and snows are needed both,
 And days of shadow, too,
 That greener yet may be the leaf,
 And fairer still the hue.
 And when each changeful day is done,
 And comes the evening hour,
 God smiles to see how shade and sun
 Have beautified the flower.

Life is a garden—may yours show,
 In all that blossoms there,
 The mingled sweets of sun and shade
 And the Great Gardener's care.

LOVE'S REWARD.

In a pretty country village, there lived two little girls, Susie and Amy by name. Now in this little village there was a Mission Band, composed of earnest boys and girls, also two bright jolly leaders; all bound together in work for the Master. Susie did not belong to the mission band, her parents being opposed to it, but her friend Amy did. Amy was very much interested in mission work, so she tried to awaken some interest in her friend. They often met and talked about it. Amy longed for Susie to join their band. Then they could make plans together and talk about what they would do—

how some day they would go as missionaries, to tell others of a kind Saviour's love. One lovely summer afternoon, as the sun was shining very brightly, a group of happy faces, blending inextricably with the sunshine, gathered in the fortnightly Band meeting. The pleasant face of the leader added greatly to the enjoyment of the meeting. What was all said, sung and prayed for we do not know; but we do know that there went out from that meeting a glorious influence, which was carried home by the different members, especially by little Amy Bell. One word, the leader said that afternoon, seemed to effect Amy very deeply. It was when she spoke about trying to bring one's companions and urged upon them to do their best for the Lord, that little Amy resolved to go at once and talk to her friends about it. She met Susie half way to the gate; and, giving each other a pleasant smile and sweet kiss, they went hand in hand to a quiet nook in the garden, to have a cosy little talk. Susie had more than once heard her father say that there was no good in a Mission Band—that there really wasn't any need of it. After Amy had told her playmate about the nice time they had at the meeting, Susie asked if there was any need of a Mission Band. "Of course there is," replied Amy. "You see we earn money to send to the little boys and girls in foreign countries. Our president says, seeing that in many countries the girls suffer the most, we should do all in our power towards making them happy." She then went on and told about the little girls in China; how they bind the feet of the little girls, making cripples of them for life; depriving them of many enjoyments; such as running, playing and skipping rope, in which all girls delight. She told also of the little Hindoo girls, who get married when

only six years old; who know nothing of the blessings of childhood and girlhood days; nothing but to live and die under the mother-in-law's roof. As Amy closed her little sermon with these words: "Dear little girls, if only they knew of Jesus' love," Susie found herself choking down a great lump that had risen in her throat. She only replied: "Oh, how glad I am that I live in a Christian land and have a nice papa and mama and so many things to make life pleasant and enjoyable!" "Well, Sue," questioned Amy, "if you really are so glad for all these nice things, why not join our band and help bring nice things into the homes and lives of the little heathen girls?" Susie jumping up and throwing her little arms around Amy's neck, exclaimed: "Oh yes, I will!" There and then, under that shady tree, two little hearts and hands were locked together, determined to work in their simple, childlike way for Jesus. That night, in an earnest way, she related to her father and mother all that Amy had said about the little heathen girls and as with tears in her eyes, she asked their permission to join the band, they could not refuse, for they loved their little girl dearly.

Accordingly, the next time of meeting, Susie went with her little friend and joined the band; and among all the members there is none more faithful than little Susie Gray who had been won by the love of her friend.

"Little children love one another, for love is of God."

LIZZIE RITCEY.

Ritcey's Cove, Lunenburg Co., N. S.

THE VIOLET.

God does not send strange flowers every year;
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same dear faces,
The violet is here.

It all comes back, the odor, grace and hue;
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
No blank is left, no looking for is cheated,
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death winter it must be,
God will not put strange signs in heavenly places,
The old love shall look out from the old faces,
Darling! I shall have thee.

MRS. WHITNEY.

A letter from Miss Jennie Ford comes with a sadness all its own in view of her lamented death, tidings of which had already reached the home land.

Wishing for the presence of the dear home friends she says: "A great deal of sentimental pity for missionaries would be done away with, and you could better realize how we are living face to face with the

devil and his works daily, and how much we need the prayers of the home folk to help keep us sweet and unsullied, and from being hardened to it all. The misery and suffering, the vileness and crime, the lying and cheating, the idol worship! The first chapter of Romans never seemed so true to me before and the book of the Acts of the Apostles never before read so like a real history of every-day living."

Mrs Hartwell follows in a tender and touching description of the sacred spot "outside the city wall," the "God's acre" so dear to Him and to the hearts of his missionaries. She says "Friday the streets were again hushed, as solemnly we followed the remains of Miss Jennie Ford along the usual route to the little knoll. We marvelled in that quiet time. But God knows best; we dare not doubt His wisdom." And then follow words which must bring comfort to many sorrowing hearts, telling of the "Peace, perfect peace," which were hers and entire resignation to the Divine will. Miss Brackbill her associate in work, says, "The first few days, a great part of the time, she was preaching to the Chinese and telling them the way of salvation as plainly as when she was in her right mind." And she was not, for God took her!

SOME WESTERN INDIANS.

A friend from Oklahoma sends us the following:

The missionary's wife at Shawneetown, Oklahoma, wrote to the missionary committee the following incident.

Some boys were shooting with their bows and arrows, when a pig passed by which they used as a target, and killed it.

Bushy-head was in the company and shot at it without any intention of damaging it.

The Superintendent learned of the event, and called the boys up for punishment.

Having them all seated in the schoolroom, she observed Bushy-head, and thinking of course, he had nothing to do with it, she immediately excused him.

He said to her, "Oh, I felt so bad after I left the room, that I had to go right back, and tell you to punish me too, because I had some part in it." He said he would never get into anything of the kind again.

The following sabbath the missionary, not knowing what happened, spoke to them on the cruelty of torturing animals, etc. That evening two little Indian girls brought a little crippled dog to her to be cared for.—*The Indian Helper.*

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

You never can tell when you send a word,
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind, be it cruel or kind,
Just where it may chance to go.
It may pierce the heart of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though the harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
You may not know, but the tree shall grow,
With shelter for those who toil.

You never can tell what your tongue will do
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier-dove.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind,
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.

FIELD STUDY FOR SEPTEMBER.

Another year for Jesus, Retrospect and Prospect.
How rapidly the months have slipped away since
we last wrote this heading to our study!

We pause to ask if our outlook is wider, our spiritual life deeper? Are we ready to give more effective service in our Lord's vineyard?

One of the rewards that always follows the faithful performance of duty is the ability to do more. If we are the channels through which spiritual blessings are carried to others, we cannot fail to be blessed ourselves. And then the other side. "I believe," says one, "in the spiritual race, half our punishment is in opportunities lost and capacity undeveloped."

We need to keep the first object of our society in view. A band that does not promote a missionary spirit is a failure, no matter how much money it raises. Aim to make the monthly meeting attractive.

Those who have not tried the Watch Tower had better try one for the coming year.

Appoint a leader for each field, then let everyone choose which leader they will serve under. A wholesome rivalry in keeping their leader supplied with the latest news will see everyone at work.

How many are willing this year to try a little personal work? Tell a story of missionary trials or triumph to some friend who has not had the advantage

of missionary training—people are uninterested, not because they do not care, but because they know so little.

For instance, take some Christian woman, busy with her house and church work. She has perhaps heard or read that thousands of girl babies in China are exposed to perish, but she does not realize it as a fact; tell her of the chilled, starving ones brought in to Miss Ford and Miss Blackbill, what efforts were made to revive them and save their lives; tell it with all the details that help to make it real, and you will not fail to arouse interest. These two babies brought within range of her mental vision are likely to awaken sympathy that will extend to their country women.

For the second time in our history one of our missionaries has been called from the active work to the presence of her Lord.

To us her death seemed sad and untimely, yet as we think of that little "God's acre" so far away, we realize that the land that holds our dead is brought nearer than ever before.

Miss Ford's illness was due to a shock sustained during the riots. She can truly be said to have given her life for China, making one of the noble army of martyrs.

The year has brought much anxiety to those who bear the burden of responsibility; we need to be much in prayer as the time comes for our gathering in Annual and Branch meetings, that our counsels may be full of the grace and wisdom which are the gifts of our Heavenly Father. E. A. D.

QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Can we say, "yes," to the three first questions in our study this month? If not, why not?

What is one of the rewards that follows the faithful performance of duty?

What shall we gain by being channels of spiritual blessing to others?

What idea is expressed in the quotation given?

What is the first object of our society which must be kept in view?

What is said of a Band that does not promote a missionary spirit?

What should be our aim in regard to monthly meetings?

Is the Watch Tower a success?

What plan is recommended in regard to leaders?

What will set every one at work?

What excellent idea is suggested in regard to personal work?

Why are people not interested in missionary work?

What example is given of this personal work which each of us may do?

How should we tell the story to make it real?

Should China be nearer to our hearts because one of our missionaries has a grave there?

For what should we pray, remembering that the Annual and Branch meetings are so near?

✻ PALM BRANCH ✻

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MISS S. E. SMITH,
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SEPTEMBER 1897.



OW does the close of this missionary year find us? With our faces still set toward the goal? Still striving with heart and will to do our divinely appointed work? If so, the retrospect will not be all shadow and the prospect will be glorious. We are glad to know that the work of our own society through the year, has kept pace with the onward march of missions; though there have been difficulties and discouragements there has also been much to encourage and cheer.

One of our missionaries says, "It would be easier to rejoice if we saw conversions every week, if people were as eager to hear the Gospel as they are indifferent to it at present, and if we could see the harvest which must come some day, but which now seems afar off. Yet we can rejoice over the privilege of sowing the seed, of doing steadily, day by day, the work which we find to do and of waiting and trusting in God for the results."

This is the true secret of success in all kinds of work! Indeed, dear young friends, we believe it is God's own secret of working—little by little; it is true in the world of nature, it is true in the Kingdom of grace—and the results are sure.

We hope to have very encouraging reports from the Board this year. Three new missionaries have gone out, one to Japan and two to China.

We know that new fields are opening up in Japan and that China with her increased staff of workers is likely to show good work for God.

We have only to read the latest monthly Leaflet to get an idea of the workers and their work on the different fields. First, there is a letter from one of our new missionaries to China, Dr. Maud Killam, who gives a fascinating description of her first impressions of that distant country, and a home-like view of her

journey thither. She ascribes the safety of her long, dangerous voyage to the answered prayers of home friends. One sentence is well worthy of remembrance, showing her childlike confidence in God.

"Better than safe runs through dangerous rapids, and a pilot who steers clear of the rocks, and a captain who knows how to manage the sail, is the knowledge that God has the whole disposing of our lot, that our loving, Heavenly Father careth for us."

Again, "Away in far-off West China we find God the same in his care for all, the same wondrous beauties of nature, and I believe we shall find our brother men the same."

Miss Brooks writes of the famine caused by the cultivation of the poppy instead of rice. She says, "If they would only devote all their energies to cultivating rice instead of the poppy, there would be no danger of famine. We could see acres and acres of the latter beautifully cultivated all the way up the sloping sides of the mountains and we go to sleep nearly every night to the smell of opium smoke." A Stone for bread!

Miss Belton of Shizuoka speaks of the mission schools growing in favor with the Japanese, partly in view of the fact that the new treaty with Great Britain will come into force soon, when a knowledge of English will be very desirable. She says much in praise of the new building and wishes we could all see it. The language is a great difficulty—"I'm happy when I understand, or can make myself understood, even in a short conversation." She writes charmingly of Japan as a land of flowers, but is evidently not so much in love with the great spiders which abound. "At a distance they seem as large as a mouse, but the body is not much more than an inch in length and width, but the legs are so numerous that it looks very large."

Miss Clark writes enthusiastically of the progress of the work at Port Simpson. She says, "The work of the missionaries has not been lost, as this community of respectable, law-abiding Indians, clearly demonstrates." Mrs Redner writes hopefully too of the Indian girls—she also tells of Miss Clarke's recent illness, from which she had recovered so far as to be able to attend to her duties again.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." These words have been lingering in our mind as Miss Veazey, on a well-earned furlough, passed us en route to her own beloved home, and a week later Miss Robertson, the centre of a tearful group of home friends and sympathizing missionary workers, boarded the train, the first in the long journey which was to convey her back to far Japan.

"Now God be with her," and with all who have given themselves to this blessed service, "till we meet again."

Do not forget to pray for the annual and Branch meetings so soon to be held.

We are glad to have stories from two of our young Nova Scotia friends this month. "Go, thou, and do likewise."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

AN AFTERNOON WITH ONE OF OUR
MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN.

HIS being the afternoon for the Women's meeting we left Azabu, before one P. M. to walk to the distant part of the city, where the meeting was to be held. Reaching our destination about two o'clock, we found nine native women and one child waiting. After a few words of greeting the meeting opened with singing and prayer, then a Bible lesson. All seemed much interested, and gave the best of attention. At the close of the Bible lesson our missionary gave an opportunity for any to ask questions, or make any remarks. There was a pause, then an old woman said, while her voice trembled and tears stood in her eyes, "I came here this afternoon to tell how the Lord has blessed me, and to give thanks to Him for His goodness." She then told her story. It seems, a few weeks before, this woman's grandchild had been very, very ill with diphtheria. The disease was very bad and the doctor gave little hopes of the child's recovery. One night while it was very low, the minister and neighbors agreed to pray for the child, that God might save it. Those who could not go to the church, were to pray at home. During that same evening there was a decided change for the better. The day following when the doctor called he was astonished—the child was so much better, and as the woman expressed it "The throat was all clean," and from that time he had continued to improve and now was quite well. Health given back in answer to prayer. The next to speak was one who looked as if life had been very hard, her story was sad. And yet she rejoiced because she had learned the lesson. She was a very, very poor woman, who had always worked Sundays as well as on other days, but when she became a Christian had promised to rest on that day. But she was so poor, and it was so hard to get enough to eat, she thought it would be no harm for her to work on Sunday, so she had broken her promise. This had gone on for several weeks, till just the week before, her youngest child, a healthy boy of five years, was taken with inflammation of the bowels and died before night. But during that short illness, and in spite of his sufferings, he sang, repeated the Lord's Prayer, talked about "bearing the cross," and seemed so happy; and even after the power of speech was gone, he understood what was said by those about him, and happiness beamed from his face; so had he passed away. The mother said the strong faith of her son had made her see how she was breaking God's commands. She remembered how our missionary had tried to show her how wrong she was, but she would not understand. So God had to use very strong measures to show her what was right. Now she had decided to be a whole Christian, and would not break the Sabbath day. She said, some of her neighbors who hated Christians, had been with her while the child was ill, and also when he died. They had been very much impressed with the child's strong faith, and happy death. They believed they would

become Christians also. There was a little more conversation and the meeting was closed with singing and prayer. A little general talk after meeting, then we bowed our adieus and hastened away, as there were several calls to be made. The first was to see a woman who had been very ill, but was better and seemed so glad to see our missionary, who talked with her, then read a few chosen verses, sang and prayed before leaving. We then called to see a family who were very poor, but who, my companion told me, were rich in heavenly things. Through the small entrance, a sort of kitchen, not more than 9 x 3 feet, we entered the sitting room which was but very little larger. A small closet off one end of the room completed the whole house. In this little house we found a father, mother, grandmother and four children. While our missionary talked with these people, I found myself wondering how they arranged their beds, so that all would have room to lie down on that floor; of course, there were no beds visible, for in the day beds are rolled up and put out of sight. I concluded these must have been stowed in the closet as I could see nothing that had the slightest resemblance to even a Japanese bed. My companion had prayers here also. The next home we entered was larger, the people better off. We saw the mother and two children. The next was still larger—here we saw the husband, an old man, his young wife, their daughter, a servant, and boy who was staying there. These visits were much alike, though in the last place the husband had asked us to sing—we sang that lovely hymn, "My faith looks up to thee." Leaving here, we had quite a distance to go, before reaching the place next to be visited. We were talking of the experiences told in the meeting. My companion spoke of another case:

"A year ago a very poor man and his wife were taken into the church. They did well for a time but their early sins and debts followed them, and after a time even their winter clothing had to be pawned to meet debts. They then thought they would have to work on Sundays, till the debts were paid. They did so for quite a time, but all their happiness was gone, and matters seemed to get worse instead of better. They got so troubled they concluded to give up the Sunday work, and rest on that day, but when Sunday came there was not food enough to last till Monday, so the husband went to church, but the wife opened her little shop (a street stall) and worked all day. Though they got the food necessary, they felt so very unhappy, that at last, they decided, food or no food, they would rest on the Sabbath day. The next Sunday both had attended church. The following week when the Bible woman made them a visit, the whole story came out. But the old woman said 'We are now so happy, and do not mind if we sometimes have to go a little hungry.'"

We soon reached another house, where our missionary said we must call. However here the woman of the house was out, so we did not enter, but stopped at the next place, where the people were very poor, too poor to be able to buy rice. I asked, in astonishment, "What do they live on if rice is too expensive for them?" My companion said "People who are too poor to buy rice live on sea-weed and vegetables salt-

Continued on 8th Page.

THE PALM BRANCH.



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

DEAR COUSINS, will you believe that we have about come to the end of another missionary year? Perhaps the year does not seem so short to you as it does to Cousin Joy, for she remembers that when a little girl it used to seem ages from one Christmas to another. Well, the great question is now, "Have we improved this missionary year? Have we done all we could to help Christ's Kingdom to come?" You see it is of no use to pray every day, in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," unless we help it come. How can we do that? Why, by just doing our duty—everywhere—at home, at school, at your Mission Band. You all know your duty there. To be always present, to induce others to come, to help your leader, to take an interest in all that goes on. This is a great work which we are helping to do—the grandest in the world, and we ought to be happy and thankful that we are allowed to share in it—we will be by and bye, if we are faithful.

We are glad that the PALM BRANCH has a mission to some of the "shut-in ones". We have a letter from one of these—Lizzie writes that she has been an invalid for more than a year—not able to find enjoyment out of doors, like others; so she has to find it in-doors. She takes an interest in the PALM BRANCH and has written the nice little story which you will find on the first page of this paper. If Lizzie is young enough to be counted in with the cousins we shall be delighted to welcome her, and anyway will be glad to hear from her again.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I am a member of the Mayflower Mission band and I take the PALM BRANCH. I like it very much. If this is good enough will you please put it in the PALM BRANCH? I am a little boy only eight years of age. I tried to get some one to come in the Mission Band with me but could not get. I have never written to you yet, till today. I thought I would this time. WENDELL Y. STOKES.

Bloomfield, Car. Co., N. B.

We are very glad indeed to hear from you, Wendell. We only wish more of the boys would write to us. We hope you will not be discouraged because you could not get other boys to join your Band, but "Try, try again." That is a good work for boys and girls to do, and you will all find that God will bless you for the efforts you make, even if they do not succeed.

DEAR COUSIN JOY, I have never written to you before, but I thought I would like to. I am a member of the Maggie Smith Mission Band of La Have Islands. I take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. As this is the first time I have written to you I will now close.

Your loving Cousin,
JANIE WALFIELD,
La Have Islands.

DEAR COUSIN JOY, We take ten copies of PALM BRANCH in our Band and find it very interesting. We enclose a puzzle, if you think it worth publishing.

Your loving cousins,
BESSIE ANNEAR
PEARL VAN IDERSTINE.

Bessie and Pearl also send correct answers to puzzles. Their own puzzle will appear some time; we have a lot yet on hand.

DEAR COUSIN JOY. This is the first time I have written to you. I go to the Coqualpetza Mission Band. I think I have found the answers to the August puzzles. 1st, "Palm Branch;" 2nd, "Wesley Centennial;" 3rd, "Mrs. Thomas Jackson;" 4th, "Snowdrop Mission Band." I send a puzzle which I hope you will publish.

Your loving Cousin,
Charlottetown, P. E. I. MABEL NEWSON.

DEAR COUSIN JOY, I belong to the Anchor of Hope Mission Band. We take the PALM BRANCH, and like it very much. I think I have found the answers to the August puzzles. 1st, The Palm Branch; 2nd, Wesley Centennial; 3rd, Mrs. Thomas Jackson; 4th, Snowdrop Mission Band. I send you a puzzle which I hope you will print.

Your loving Cousin,
Searletown, P. E. I. ELLIE LOWTHER.

DEAR COUSIN JOY, I think I have the answers to last month's puzzles. (May's answers are correct.) I am sending you a puzzle and if worthy, please put it in the paper. One of your loving Cousins,
London, Ont. MAV.

PUZZLES FOR SEPTEMBER.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 8, 5, 18, 22, is a wild beast.
My 3, 9, 19, 7, is very useful to a bird.
My 4, 14, 10, 11, 12, is the time between sunset and sunrise.
My 21, 6, is an article.
My 15, 2, 1, is to be sorrowful.
My 13, 17, 8, 23, to be gentle.
My 16, 18, 20, is to cry.
My whole is a Mission band in Prince Edward Island.

E. F. B.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 9, 14, 15, is a personal pronoun.
My 20, 12, 3, 4, 23, is what we all eat.
My 9, 6, 19, 23, is a part of the body.
My 1, 21, 8, is a boy's name.
My 2, 10, 11, 17, 16, 21, is a girl's name.
My 13, 18, 10, 7 is a brilliant orb.
My 5, 10, 22, is a male child.
My whole is the name of a Mission band,

LOUISA.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 4 12, 5, 16, 6 is a cavalry sword.
My 11, 15, 16, 18, 10 is a frame with legs, used for support-
ing something.

My 3, 9, 13, 6, 17, 14, 10 is calmness, quietness.

My 7, 2, 1, 9, 13, 6 is a figure of speech.

My 14, 12, 17 implies power.

My whole is the name of one of our Japan missionaries.
Shelborne. COCOA-NUT.

A NURSERY SONG.

OR, A RECITATION.

Oh, Peterkin Pout, and Gregory Grout
 Are two little goblins black ;
 Full oft from my house I've driven them out ;
 But somehow they still come back.
 They clamber up to the baby's mouth,
 And pull the corners down ;
 They perch aloft on the baby's brow,
 And twist it into a frown.
 And one says " Shall ? " and t'other says " Shan't ! "
 And one says " Must ! " and t'other says " Can't ! "
 O Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
 I pray you, now, from my house keep out !

But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh
 Are two little fairies light ;
 They're always ready for fun and chaff,
 And sunshine is their delight,
 And when they creep into baby's eyes
 Why there the sunbeams are ;
 And when they peep through her rosy lips
 Her laughter rings near and far.
 And one says " Please ! " and t'other says " Do ! "
 And both together say " I love you ! "
 So Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,
 Come in, my dears, and tarry a while.

G. NICHOLS.

LETTY ALLAN'S MISSION WORK.

Was there ever a hotter day? Not a breath of wind stirred and the sun beat down relentlessly. "This is a busy world," said Letty Allan, as she hurried around preparing dinner for her father and the boys, who were loading hay some distance off. "Miss Lewis said yesterday in Mission Circle that we could all do some mission work this month but I don't believe I can. Well, I suppose I can keep my temper, missionaries have to do that and it's something everybody does not do" and she smiled as she thought of Jane Perry.

A moment later she felt reproach as she contrasted her position in life with Jane's.

Jane Perry was an orphan; in childhood she had not been taught to govern her temper. Since then she had had home after home but at each place something would be said or done which she would resent and quickly leave to seek another home. Two or three months before, Mr Allan had engaged her to help Letty, his eighteen-year-old daughter who was mistress in Oakleigh since Mrs Allan had gone to the better land.

Lovingly Letty sought to take her mother's place and now her heart yearned over poor Jane. She felt sure she had gained some measure of her affection, but how much? Sometimes she feared very little. This morning Jane was unmistakably cross and Letty

sighed as she thought of her. Dinner must be early, so she said:

"Now Jane, if you'll go to the spring for a kettle of cool water I'll set the table and then we'll take up dinner." Jane utterly refused to do what she considered an unnecessary thing, "I brought water a while ago and if that doesn't suit folks, they're mighty hard to please. I'll bring no more till that's gone," and much more to which Kitty listened in silence.

She felt that her authority must be maintained and hasty words sprang to her lips which if said would probably cause Jane to throw up her place and begin a career of change again. A thought of Miss Lewis' words came like a flash and Letty quickly turned and went out of the kitchen. Upstairs she hurried and kneeled by her bed.

"Oh, Father," she whispered with trembling lips, "I cannot control my temper after all. I'm as cross as I can be. I don't want to be anything else. Please Father, make me want to be good." As she kneeled the thought of God's love came down into her heart and she cried "How can'st thou love me when I am so unlike thee?"

She drew her Bible to her and saw the words "Draw nigh unto God and he will draw nigh unto you." What a thought! That the great God would come down, draw near to her as she bowed before Him. A great love for Jane came over her and she prayed that Jane might bend her proud will to God even as she delighted to do. With one last petition that God would stay near her and bless Jane, she went down to the kitchen, this time with the peace of God in her looks.

Going over to where the spring water was set she poured it into a bucket saying:

"We'll give this water to the calves. Now Jane, there is no drinking water in, will you please get some for dinner?"

Jane started to speak but after a glance at the quiet, peaceful face she took the kettle and went out.

"This is the best dinner I've eaten for a week," Tom declared. "We haven't too bad a home, now, I tell you."

"Letty, you grow more like your mother, child," Mr Allan said and Letty was happy.

That night Jane had something to say, at last she got it out. "I was ugly today. I told the Lord so, and I tell you. I told him you were good, and I'd like to be."

"Oh Jane, I'm so glad," was what Letty said and Jane looked glad too.

After days proved Jane's prayer was answered.
 Nova Scotia. A. T.

Continued from 5th page.

ed down with salt and rice husks." The wife of this old man had died during the summer and only the son and himself were left of the family. The old man seemed so glad to see us, and told the missionary with a beaming face of the faith of his wife before she died. The workshop opened into the house. There was a man working there, a Christian, and "one of the missions." He told us that the man of the house, Mr. S—was helping him; said he had been out of work, and Mr. S—had given him work, but Mr. S—said "We are helping each other." The son came in while we were there. They told us what good times they had, talking of God's goodness, while they worked with their hands. After reading, singing and prayer, we left, I to go home and ponder the lessons I had learned that day, from those poor, ignorant people, lessons of faith and devotion, of difficulties conquered, of temptations overcome by faith, lessons of cheerful cross-bearing and loving service in the midst of the most difficult surroundings. And also had I gained an insight into one part of the life of our missionary evangelists in Tokyo.

ESSELLE.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH.

Mrs. Downing, Pres.; Miss Debbie Morton, Vice-Pres.; Miss Martha Boliver, Rec.-Sec.; Miss Laura Chesley, Cor.-Sec.; Miss Kittie Trechewey, Treas.

We have a membership of twelve, and pray that we may have a larger and better attendance this year.

We are sorry to have so few Band notes this month. The leaders and secretaries are probably busy getting ready for the annual and Branch meetings.

S. A. Chesley, Cor. Sec. writes—The annual meeting of the "Try Again" Mission Band, New Germany, Nova Scotia, met on the 15th of May. The new officers appointed for this year are:

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

BANNER COMPETITION.

Only a few more days yet remain to try for the Banner—the competition will close on September 1st.

HELP FOR WEAK SOCIETIES OR BANDS.

MRS. R. B. WALT.

In Russia there is a band, each member has a horn which can give out only one note; if he is set to G he can only toot G when it comes in the course of the music: most of his time is spent waiting for his time to toot. So let us not be like this band, but all at, and always at it.

Opportunities are hand made. There is such a thing as waiting for an opportune moment, but this is not devoid of difficulty and one charged with a work to do does not say, I will do it because no one objects and nothing obstructs, Adversity is a school of

character. Undisturbed ease cannot secure a sturdy and vigorous manhood. A saved soul has joy that can never be known to a soul that was not in peril.

Where there is no struggle there is little inspiration. Difficulties must be dared, dangers must be dared, or we shall accomplish nothing and fail of the purpose of our existence. A society that always does just the easy things, that society will find it easy to die. We should not be satisfied with our former achievements. A sculptor was once asked which was his best piece; he quickly replied, "my next"; so let us aim at making the next meeting the best.

When one is lazy or inert or afraid to go forward, we justify ourselves by knowing we are doing well; to be always moderate is to be often in peril. Looking backward is never safe except glances for the moment for the purpose of gaining hope and courage in the forward path of duty. Paul looked back only for incitement to him to press forward. He gave it to us in words that are for our own inspiration and cheer. "Not what we are but what we would be is God's" loving estimate of us; he gives not according to our powers but according to our purpose. Your society may have a large stock of fine talents and good judgments, with a backing of wide experience, but how little does all this avail without heartiness, earnestness and enthusiasm. God gives us the machinery for accomplishing his work, but we must fill the boiler with water and build the fire under it; there is no substitute for earnestness and zeal.

As societies we ought to grow stronger and stronger; for God has made provision for our growth in this way, The higher the ideals of attainment, the higher will be the measure of actual attainment and the more prominence given to the work to be done is less likely to be satisfied with the work accomplished.

God has conditioned the success of missions on prayer, definite, importunate prayer; if our prayers are potent for good their lack may be a loss.

A mother went to visit her son who was in prison for trial; she threw her arras around his neck and said, "My son, my son, I am to blame for the position you are in. I prayed for you every day until I saw you an office-bearer in the church; then I thought you were safe." That is the way I felt about a new society I had organized; I told them I blamed myself that they were not working; I had prayed to God to give them a missionary spirit before I organized; after that I thought they were all right and ceased to pray for them.

Duty and today are ours; we must do our best now, be our station high or low; as officers and members doing more than is set for us to do is one sure help of doing our duty right. The fact that our duty seems impossible is an added reason for its doing—duty is measured by ability. "Give ye them to eat."