

Here is an outline map of India, a vast country in Asia. It looks much like other countries with its mountain chains and rivers and lakes, and it is governed now by as good a queen or empress as ever graced a throne. How, then, does it differ from other lands—from our own fair land—and why does that dear little child in the centre look up with such sad face and appealing eyes, as if asking for help from somebody—she knows not from whom?

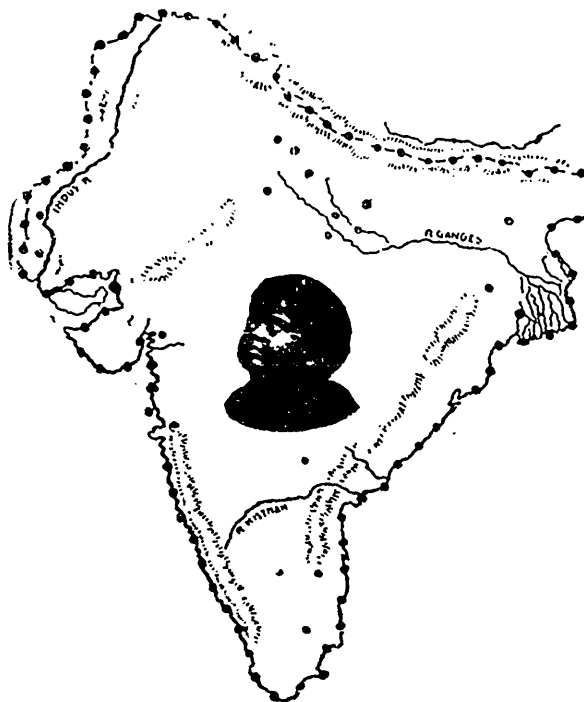
It is because she lives in a land of ignorance and superstition and cruelty.

"India is a hard place for girls. Boys are sent to school, but little girls stay at home, and are usually promised in marriage before they are seven years old. They cannot run and play any more after this, but are kept in the inner rooms of the house, built around a square court, or yard, where they cannot even see the green trees and flowers. If the boy to whom a girl has been engaged dies before they are married, she is called a little widow; and all her pretty clothes and jewelry are taken away from her. She is abused and made to work very hard. But if she is married and goes to live with her husband's family, when she is twelve years old, she does not fare much better. She has to cover her face and talk in whispers; and when her husband eats she stands behind

him and fans him. After he is satisfied, she may eat her breakfast or dinner if he has left anything for her. Years ago when a man died his wife was burned with his dead body. It was thought that this would give her a chance to gain heaven, where women are not supposed to go. But the English government has made strict laws against this terrible custom. Baby girls were often strangled or thrown into the Ganges by their parents, because they are considered so worthless. But this crime is also forbidden by law, although Missionaries tell us that even now, many are destroyed. Christianity, alone, will uplift these people and save the little girls of India."

"You have heard that there is a strange custom in India of betrothing young girls to old men, and that when these old men die these girls are called widows and are most cruelly treated. You know what an enormous city London is, almost four times larger than New York. Yet the widows of India are four times as many as the total population of London. And India is crowded with children, too. Were they to walk four abreast and two feet

apart, these children would make a procession about 5,000 miles long, or about five times the distance from Boston to Chicago. What a host of little people it is that you are



Only one of many Jewels,
Midst the heathen shadows dim,
Jesus wants them for His Kingdom.
Will you gather them for Him?

praying for!" Do you think that dear little child appeals in vain for help for India?

No! Already much has been done for India, and more is being constantly done. Christ loves the little ones of India as well as you, and He is putting it into the hearts of many good men and women to care for them. He is also raising up native workers such as the Pundita Ramabia, whose labors in behalf of the widows has been so grandly blessed. He is putting it into the heart of our good Queen and her counsellors to make more righteous laws for its government.

The Methodist Church of the United States is doing grand educational and evangelistic work there, as well as other churches. We Canadian Methodists, have no mission there as yet, but that need not hinder our prayers. Surely we cannot look into the sad, earnest face of the little child before us and not pray more fervently than ever for the little ones of India.

OUR INFLUENCE AND WHAT IT WILL DO—AN OBJECT LESSON.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. SMILLY.

Twelve small colored candles represent twelve children, and are stood upright in a row on the table or desk. (If each candle is warmed and placed in an individual butter plate, candlesticks will not be needed.) The leader of the meeting holds up one little candle, which he lights, and then says: "This represents a selfish little boy, who wants to shine just for himself." He then places the lighted candle apart from the others and covers it with a two quart glass fruit jar. "We will leave him shining for himself, and will see what this little girl will do," the leader says, lighting a pretty pink candle.

"This little girl wants to live for others," the leader continues, "so she begins by lighting all the other candles from her own light," and, suiting the action to the word, all the candles are lighted by the pink candle.

All in the row are now brightly burning, and the leader turns his attention to the selfish little boy: "Why, what is the matter with him?" the leader asks. The children look and answer at once, "His light is gone out." This exercise teaches its own lesson, a lesson that children will not soon forget. Mrs. Powell's illustration teaches another important lesson in connection with our topic. A sickly-looking geranium plant in a pot is brought into the meeting. Its leaves are few and small; it makes no pretensions to blossoms or even beauty.

"What is the matter with the plant?" the leader asks. "It needs water," one child may say. "It has been out in the cold," another guesses; but the leader says: "It is dying for want of sunshine. It has been put away under a bench in the greenhouse and the influence it needed for its life and growth has been lacking. It would soon die unless brought out into the sunlight."

So we see by these two object lessons that our mission in the world is to shine, and that we cannot shine until we have first been shined upon.—The Epworth Herald.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MISSION CIRCLES.

A Missionary Item Match.

Here is the way some young people of a wide-awake mission band amused themselves, and yet made some money, too, for missions:

They had what they called a Missionary Item Match. It was conducted somewhat like the old-fashioned spelling match. One month beforehand a selection was made of a mission country as a subject. At the meeting, sides were chosen, and then the exercises were conducted as follows: "After the sides are arranged opposite each other, the choosers, first upon one side and then upon the other, give an item—no matter how short—about the country or mission which is the topic of the day, and so proceed all the way down the lines. The first one that fails to recall an item moves out of the ranks. The side that longer keeps one or more in place has the privilege of choosing the subject for the next time. We have this year in this way studied the Indians, also some other fields. One of our little boys came one day primed and loaded with three hundred items, which he had gathered from missionary magazines, geography, encyclopedias, etc. Of course no item can be given twice."

The leader, who gave this account, adds: "I felt particularly glad to have found something over which the boys, as well as the girls, were enthusiastic."

A small admission fee can be charged, and thus a sum be raised for the mission cause.—Exchange.

MITE BOXES.

It is only a *Mite Box*, yet handle with care;

Weave round it a setting of faith and of prayer,
Then cast in thy offering, though small it may be;
If pure is thy motive, thy Saviour will see.

'Tis only a *Mite Box*, not much will it hold—
Some pennies and nickels, but not often gold;
Yet Jesus will add His own blessing, I know,
As forth on its mission of love it shall go.

Tho' only a *Mite Box*, a power it shall be
In scattering the leaves of the world-healing tree;
And oh! what a song at the harvest we'll sing
With those who are singing to-day with our King.

Then guard well the *Mite Box*, and gather, with prayer
The crumbs that lie scattered about, here and there;
Like stars they will shine in thy crown by and by;
When thou shalt have entered thy home in the sky.

—H. M. Echo.

Suggested Programme for Mission Bands—August.

Announce Subject, African and Jewish Missions.

1. Opening Hymn—"Onward Christian Soldiers"
2. Scripture Reading, 1 Cor., 13 Chapter.
3. Lord's Prayer in concert.
4. Roll Call—Answered by verse of Scripture.
5. Unfinished Business, Reports, Etc.
6. Singing—"In the Harvest Field." (Dominion Hymnal).
7. Questions on Field Study in this No.
8. Singing—"Move Forward."
9. Map exercise on Africa, "Four and twenty Blackbirds," Room 20.
10. Singing—"Throw Out the Life Line," (Dominion Hymnal).
11. Mizpath Benediction.

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

MORE LABORERS.

More reapers for the harvest white,
For which the Master grieves;
Strong hands to bear the sickle bright
And gather in the sheaves.

More loyal, loving hearts to seek
The souls that grope in night,
More tender hands to lift the weak
And lead them to the light.

Lord of the rippling fields, we pray,
As thou didst bid us do,
Send of thy children, day by day
More laborers good and true.

Nerve thou, with strength each falt'ring
heart,
Our shrinking faith uphold,
And give us each to bear our part
To bind thy sheaves of gold.

—Selected.

FIELD STUDY FOR AUGUST.

AFRICA, "the Great Dark Continent," so recently marked on our maps "unexplored" or "Sandy desert," with its three great barriers against the entrance of the Gospel, namely, slavery, superstition and the religion of Islam, is now showing wonderful signs of Christian light, and opening its doors to the heralds of salvation. The very antiquity of this country appeals to our reverence; this continent that sheltered Abraham when driven by famine from Canaan, which nurtured Jacob, and afforded shelter to a greater than Abraham—the land of the Cyrene, who bore the cross of the world's Redeemer. This vast continent, with an area equal to North and South America combined, and a population of 200,000,000, or, more than three times the United States, is echoing the cry, heard of old by Paul, the Apostle, "Come over and help us."

Africa is no longer an unknown territory, for the explorations of the last thirty years have revealed Africa almost as thoroughly as the discovery of Columbus revealed America. Livingstone, Schweinfurth, and lastly, Stanley, have opened up the country from "salt sea to salt sea," and now the missionary may go wherever he will. Alas! how great is the need when we think that there is only one ordained missionary to every 300,000 people, and one region, whose population exceeds the United States, is without a missionary at all! Still the work is not without encouragement, and now it is estimated that there are in all about 3,500,000 Christians. The first missionary to Africa was sent by the Moravian Society in 1737, George Schmidt, who landed in Cape Town, and during the eleven years in which he was permitted to labor, gathered around him a little group of fifty Christians. Following him came Vanderkemp, Moffat, Livingstone and Mackay, until now there are 1,800 foreign missionaries and 200 native ordained pastors and 500 native teachers. But this work is chiefly in countries bordering on the coast. Millions, probably, in the interior have never yet heard the story of the cross, and are to a great extent cannibals.

Bishop Taylor has reported recently the conversion of King Hodge, the big ruler of the Grebos, and about forty of his people. These have built a Methodist church on their own account.

The condition of girls and women in Africa is a very hard one. They are married at the age of twelve or even younger, and are literally slaves all their lives. They must work in the fields, doing the hardest work, while the men spend their time eating, drinking and sleeping. Added to this is the cruel practice of wife-beating. In no heathen country are women more ignorant, vicious and utterly degraded than in some parts of Africa. A man may have as many wives as he can afford to buy, and a girl has no part in the choice of her husband. Surely we, whose girlhood is so sheltered, and whose womanhood is so honored, should remember in love and pity our dusky sisters in far-off Africa!

One of the greatest drawbacks to missionary work in Africa is the rum traffic, which, sad to relate, has been introduced by the very same ships which bore our missionaries. Hottentots and Kaffirs are alike destroyed by the thousand by this curse. Let us pray that so-called Christian nations may see the evils of this traffic and cease to inflict it on the poor, ignorant African.

The Jew is the most remarkable character in the world to-day. Whenever we see a Jew we look upon him as a representative of the race that rejected and crucified our Lord and Master; and all through the centuries that have intervened since that sad time he has stubbornly adhered to his ancient faith, and still worships God according to the Mosaic ritual. There are about 10,000,000 Jews in the world to-day, scattered throughout Europe, Africa, Australia and America. Twenty-eight American missionary societies are conducting work among them with varied success. In some instances the missionaries suffer persecution at the hands of the Jews, but in other places many are accepting Jesus Christ as the true Messiah and the Redeemer of Israel.

A. C. W.

QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

What are the three great barriers to the Gospel in Africa and what are the signs now?

What is said of its antiquity?

What is said of its area and population, and what is the cry that comes to us?

How and by whom has the country been opened up to the missionary?

In what proportion is the missionary to the people?

Is there any encouragement? How many Christians there now?

Who were the first missionaries to Africa? How many there now?

Has all Africa then heard the story of redemption?

What has Bishop Taylor reported lately about King Hodge? Will you describe the condition of women and girls in Africa?

How does it compare, in this respect, with other heathen countries?

What can we do for our sisters in Africa?

What is one of the greatest draw-backs to missionary work in Africa? What can we do?

What is remarkable about the Jews?

How many Jews in the world to-day, and where are they?

Is any missionary work done among them?

Do any of them accept Christ?

PALM ❖ BRANCH.

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

St. JOHN, N. B., JULY, 1899.

OUR subject for prayer and study this month is India. And why should we be interested in India when we have no mission there? Why, indeed, except that India is part of our own little world, that our own Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ died for India, too, and that the women and girls of India are our sisters, and living under conditions of such distress and misery that they need our sympathy and help. Are these not good and sufficient reasons why we should never forget to pray for India?

We know that the country is rich in many things, that she has great resources and much hidden treasure, but is poor enough in all that ranks as riches in God's sight. Ignorance and superstition always brings disease and poverty in their train.

Just now that fearful scourge, the plague, is raging there with terrible force. The government insists on inoculation as a means of checking the violence of the disease and preventing its spread. One thousand persons were inoculated in one week. The natives are so opposed to it that the doctors sometimes have to take a police force with them to prevent being mobbed. The foolish people say that the English doctors put poison in their arms, while they only put water in their own—"making believe" do it, because it is the law. How hard to cope with such ignorance and distrust! It is sometimes necessary for one of the doctors to be publicly inoculated from the same bottle with the people, to show them that they mean good and not evil.

The precautions about travelling are very great. One of the lady missionaries there went 100 miles away from her place of residence. Just before reaching the first station the doors of the various cars were locked. On arriving at the station a police force and a few doctors were allowed to enter. Then all the passengers, and there were between two and three hundred, were

examined specially, to see if they were any signs of fever on them. If there were, they were taken off immediately and taken to a disintegration camp, where they were kept for ten days, visiting the doctor under the escort of a policeman every day. Then, if nothing more developed, they were allowed to proceed on their journey. If any passenger had not been inoculated, his name, age, where he came from, where he was going, were all written down in a book. If he had been inoculated he had to show a ticket to prove it, which was then punched and handed back. After all this was done they were allowed to go on, but the programme was repeated at the station immediately preceding their destination.

One of our own Canadian girls, Dr. Louisa Hart, is a medical missionary in India. She was asked by the government to assist in the work of inoculating the people, and so is right in the midst of all this terrible plague. Let us pray for her that God will preserve her valuable life. She was inoculated for it and was very ill, so that now she is free to go in and out among the sick and dying. When ill she received several letters from those whom she had helped in sickness. One from a Brahmin lady, which, couched in beautiful Eastern language, read like a genuine "love letter." So you see how highly they value the lady doctor.

Dr. Hart loves her work there, as doctor and missionary. The meetings with the women are of especial interest, although the women are very, very dull. But after a time, when they do comprehend the truth of a living Christ, the change is wonderful and the life is faithful. The great need in India, as elsewhere, is more workers.

THINGS TO THINK OF.

Love in the heart is power in the arm.
 The more we love, the more we can see to love.
 Adopt a golden text, and ask God to help you live it.

If we are willing to do good, God will give us a chance.

The important thing is not how long we are going to live, but how.

The only way to learn how to move mountains is to begin on grains of sand.

How easy to be happy today, if we would trust God with the burdens of tomorrow.—Selected.

There is a quiet garden,
 From the rude world set apart,
 Where seeds for Christ are growing:
 This is the loving heart.

The tiny roots are loving thoughts,
 Sweet words the fragrant flowers,
 Which blossom into loving deeds—
 Ripe fruits for harvest hours

Thus in our hearts the seeds of love
 Are growing year by year,
 And we show our love for the Saviour
 By loving His children here.

—From the Child Garden.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Extracts of a kind note from Miss Preston.

Jo Gakko, April 17th, 1899.

"The mail goes out to-night, and I have written a letter for your bright little paper. I am much obliged to you for sending it. I am very glad indeed to get it. This letter will be the last, I presume, before I return on furlough, which I do this summer. The time has now drawn very near. The days are so busily filled they go by very quickly, but a busy life is a happy life, if brightened by the realization of the Master's love.

Enclosed please find a cherry blossom and a "yama-buti flower."

[The little blossoms from far Japan were as sweet as the thought which prompted the sending of them.

We welcome Miss Preston back to home and friends and needed rest.]

Jo Gakko, Kofu, April 13th 1899.

Dear Readers of the Palm Branch:

This is the 12th of April by the new calendar, but by the old the 3rd day of the 3rd month. This is the girl's holiday, when dolls are arranged in state on scais rising in tiers. There are elaborate dolls, representing the Emperor and Empress, court musicians, and other various kinds of dolls, miniature tables, with miniature dishes arranged on them, and gifts of food and drink, which, however, the little girls in the family eat up, or, it may be, any one who wishes. It is a great day for the little girls. They put on their good clothes, have visitors and go visiting, and have a very good time indeed. Some of the little girls, when they have clean faces and have on their bright dresses, look very sweet and pretty.

A little later, on the 5th day of the 5th month, we will have the boy's festival, when warriors and the like will be displayed, and in every direction carp fish, made of paper, will be flying from bamboo poles. It is said of the carp that it can ascend a waterfall and hence it is typical of power—power to conquer difficulties.

Little girls and boys in Japan have, on the whole, a good time. Their parents and friends are kind to them, and there are toys and dolls in abundance for the children. When in season the little boys delight to fly kites, and the little girls battledoor and shuttlecock. Corporal punishment, with the hand, is common, and there is a curious custom of burning with the moxa. The moxa is made from the leaves of a plant. It is burned on the skin as a punishment, and it is also considered a remedy for various ills.

Children go to school when six years of age, and every child is required to take the public school course of four years. But, nevertheless, there are many children whose parents are poor, that do not receive even this education. In some places provision is made for children whose parents are too poor to pay the fees, but the same care is not given in all parts of the country.

We have many meetings among the children. There is a Sunday-school in Kofu church; then we have children's meetings in six different places in Kofu, besides

meetings in many different places in the country. Oftentimes children, both boys and girls, come in with babies on their backs, and they try to keep them quiet by shaking them up and down, giving them cake to eat, or other devices. Sometimes the little one gets so restless or cries so hard that it must be taken out doors.

At the cotton factory, near Iekikawa, where we have meetings, there are a number of boys and girls who work all day, from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. In this factory there is foreign machinery, great, heavy machinery, and it is very interesting to watch it when it is going. The work-hands all stand during the meeting, and they are more or less covered with cotton dust. The little boys especially, are trying hard to learn to sing "Jesus loves me." Perhaps some of you would smile if you heard them, but it is the great joy of their teacher to have them try, even though they may not sing well.

The country is beautiful now, the wheat in places is a foot high; the yellow-flowered rape-seed is out in bloom; the cherry and other trees are blossoming, and all nature seems to rejoice because the warm breath of spring has come.

So many of the boys and girls in this country do not yet know that all these good gifts come from a kind, Heavenly Father. Let each of us work more earnestly than ever to give the good news of His loving kindness to these "little ones."

Yours sincerely,

E. A. PRESTON.

CHILDREN'S JUNE SONG.

Little ones, let us be happy together

In this beautiful world of ours!

Let us be glad in this sweet June weather,

With the birds and the breezes and flowers,

With the grass and the earth, with the sky and the sun,

Let us be glad in the summer begun.

There are praises rising and prayers are springing

From the heart of creation to-day.

Hark! faith with a shout and a carol is winging

Her flight up the heavenly way!

Let thought unto thought with the sweetness ring!

Little ones, open your hearts and sing!

For a loving life breathes a fragrance dearer

To God than the breath of a rose,

And the song of the soul has a melody clearer

Than the lark or the linnet knows;

And ever He leans from the silence dim

And waits for the music you make to Him

Little ones, let us be part of the story

Of joy that the world has to tell;

Let us bloom in the beauty and sing of the glory

Of God, who has loved us so well.

Let us give Him ourselves, for to Him we belong—

Each life be His blossom, each soul be His song.

—Lucy Larcom.

We have received from some quarter (perhaps kindly sent by a friend), a copy of the "Junior's Missionary Magazine," a bright little paper, started this year by the juniors of the United Presbyterian Church, published in Pittsburg, Pa. Its front page is adorned with a ship, well and enthusiastically manned, bearing the name of "Junior Societies" on its wheel, and flying the flags of Egypt, India and other foreign lands. God speed this little ship as well as our own. It has a "Cozy Corner"



Address—COUSIN JOY, 232 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

Well, Dear Cousins—Mr. Kirby tells you in his letter who won the dollar for her Band—Miss Edna A. Keirstead, of Snider Mountain, is the happy little girl. Edna has written a very pretty letter to Cousin Joy in return, thanking her for her interest, and thanking Mr. Kirby for his kindness in giving the dollar. Edna tells how glad she was to get it for her band; but says she does not wish to be a selfish girl; she would have been still more glad if all the rest could have won it too. Cousin Joy thinks Edna has answered her question of last month, when she says, "It is nice to search the Bible to get answers—we learn so much." We are sure that was Mr. Kirby's idea too. Now we are very much pleased with all the girls and boys who did their best to find out those questions or references, and we think they all deserve honorable mention. There were nine in all. If we leave any out, please tell us next month: Ada Campbell, Wendall Stokoe, Lena Tuplin, Bessie Hopgood, Harrison Lowther, Margaret Harper, Edna A. Keirstead, Rose Bryant and Annie Lord.

Perhaps Mr. Kirby will give us leave to say more next time. By the way, children, Cousin Joy suggests that the next Mission Band formed shall be called the "Kirby Mission Band," in honor of Mr. Kirby. Can any of the Cousins suggest any other honor that we can give him?

Dear Cousin Joy—I am a member of Golden Rule Band, I have never written to you before. We take Palm Branch, and think it a very nice little paper. I read the Rev. Mr. Kirby's letter to the children of Palm Branch, so I thought I would try and find the answers to those Bible questions. It is nice to search the Bible to get answers; we learn so much. These are the answers:

- 1st question—Too late, Matt. 25 chap. 10 verse.
 2nd " Eight people, Gen. 7th chap, 13 verse
 3rd " Twenty-seventh day, Gen. 8th chapt.
 14th verse. 1
 4th question—Did not our hearts burn within us, etc., etc. Luke 24th chap, 32nd verse.
 5th question—Five mice, 1st Samuel, 6th chap, 4th verse.
 6th question—The resurrection of Christ, John 20th chap.
 7th question—Twenty-five years, 2nd Kings, 14th 2nd verse.

8th Question.—Fifty-two children—Ezra 2 chap., 29 verse. Fifty-two years—2nd Kings 15 chap., 2 verse. Fifty-two days—Nehemiah 6 chap., 15 verse.

I hope my letter will not be too late getting in.
 From your loving cousin,

EDNA A. KIERSTEAD.

Snider Mt.

Dear Cousin Joy,—This is the first time I have written to you, but you do not seem strange, because I have read so much and heard so much about you in the Palm Branch, which I take and enjoy very much. I am a member of the X. L. Mission Band. I joined last November. I think I have the answers to the May puzzles. They are, first, "The Glad Tidings;" second, "Our Dear Missionaries." I have made a puzzle, if you think it correct and worthy of publishing, put it in the Cozy Corner.

BEATRICE MINER.

Fredericton.

Dear Cousin Joy,—This is the first letter I have written to you. I am eleven years old. I belong to the X. L. Mission Band of Fredericton. We meet every fortnight, summer and winter.

Your loving cousin,

WINNIE STEVNSON.

Fredericton, N. B.

Dear Cousin Joy,—I belong to the X. L. Mission Band, of Fredericton. I take a great interest in reading the Palm Branch, and making out the puzzles. I have made a puzzle, and if you think it worth putting in the Cozy Corner you may do so.

Yours,

MINNIE McCOMB.

PUZZLES FOR JULY.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 5, 6, 7, belongs to the head.

My 11, 15, 9, 17, to pass by sea.

My 4, 6, 17, 7, is not fresh.

My 17, 16, 18, is part of the body.

My 3, 10, 18, is to behold.

My 2, 14, is a preposition.

My 1, 2, 4, 8, means fog.

My 14, 10, 8, 7, 9, 18, is a girl's name.

My 12, 9, 14, something that sticks.

My 14, 13, is an adjective.

My whole is the Superintendent of the Band.

West Dublin.

BESSIE SPERRY.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 22, 2, 7, 16, 17, is what the Bible says the ungodly are like.

My 25, 5, 27, 10, is a place of safety.

My 15, 29, 20, 8, is something we say when we pray.

My 13, 28, 15, 25, 17, is what we will have to comfort us when dying.

My 6, 7, 18, 30, is a foreign tree.

My 4, 26, 13, 20, is a flower.

My 1, 2, 3, 24, is a boy's name.

My 9, 21, 30, is something men do to some people's faded clothes.

My 14, 11, 20, 3, is a pronoun.

My 19, 15, 12, is something most of us see a good deal of in summer.

My whole is something David said in one of his psalms.

Fredericton.

BEATRICE MINER.

LETTER FROM REV. MR. KIRBY.

Dear Children of the Palm Branch:

I don't know whether I should be pleased or sorry that I sent my last letter asking you so many questions. I know what my own object and aim was, but I am not so sure you can tell "Cousin Joy" what it was. I hardly think it was "just for fun," because there is not generally thought to be much "fun" in giving money.

I think there is great fun in giving, and I enjoy giving very much, but the most of people think its awful hard to give.

Somebody told me about an old man who gave a dollar to missions when the collector called, and as he was a rich man the collector said:

"Why, Mr. Blank, is that all you are going to give to missions? Why I thought you were a rich man, and if God has prospered you so much you ought to give more than that."

"Ah," said the old man, "if you only knew how it hurt me to give that, you would not ask me to give any more."

It was no fun for him to give. Poor old man, to talk about "hurting" him to give one dollar, when our Dear Father in Heaven gave His Only Begotten Son.

Well, now, to some there is no "fun" in giving, but to me there is the greatest of pleasure; but it was not that which made me write the letter.

I wanted to find out how much you know about the Bible, or to give you a chance to search and find out for yourselves. I sometimes ask my Band questions which they cannot answer, but before the next meeting they have found them out.

For instance, it is well to find out who it was lamed himself praying? Who killed a lion in a pit of snow? What is the root of all evil? What does the Bible say about boys and girls praying? and a lot of others, but, of course, these are not to be answered unless you like. I have no more prizes just now, and as "Cousin Joy" don't like them, "because they don't go round," I will not offer anything which won't go round if I can help it.

I must thank those children who answered the questions; but only one was correct, and that one was from Snider Mountain. The answers of Ada Campbell were not perfect, as the true answers will show, indeed, only one was quite right, and that was one not mentioned in the June Palm Branch at all.

I have a scheme in my mind which I would like to develop and organize in our churches and Sunday-schools. "Boys Missionary Brigades," or something of that kind, and then I think I could get the boys to work. You know "us boys" are so bashful, we don't like to be with the girls in the Mission Band, because we never get made officers at all, and we like office—we are pleased to be called "Captain," and if we had a branch of our own we could entertain the young ladies of the Mission Band sometimes and raise a lot of money for missions.

That's all for this time.

Your friend,

W. J. Kirby

MISSIONARY MOTHER GOOSE.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

BY B. N. BANKS.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a very queer pie;
He saw in a trice
It held everything nice
From the lands where the mission
fields lie.

From Ceylon came the spice,
And from China the rice,
And bananas from African high-
lands;
There were nutmegs and cloves,
Sent from Borneo's groves
And yams from the South Sea
Islands.

There were nuts from Brazil,
All the corners to fill,
And sugar and sago from Slam,
And from Turkey a fig
That was really so big
Jack's mouth thought, "It's larger
than I am."

There were pomegranates fair,
Grown in Persia's soft air,
And tortillas from Mexico, found
there;
And there did appear
Grapes and grains from Korea,
And all of the things that abound
there.

A Syrian date
Did not turn up too late;
He need not for tea to Japan go;
Tamarinds were not few.
There were oranges, too,
And from India many a mango.

"Now," thought little Jack,
"What shall I send back
To these lands for their presents to
me?
The Bible, indeed,
Is what they all need,
So that shall go over the sea."
—Our Sea and Land.

MARY OWEN ALLEN! Mary Owen Allen!"
There was something in Guy's voice that made poor little Mary jump. She dropped her doll with a "Dear me! what have I done now?" and ran down stairs, where her brother was. He held one hand behind him, while the other, with a wrathful forefinger extended, was held toward her. "Stealer! stealer! stealer!" said he scornfully. Mary's face grew red. "I never, Guy Pease Allen!" and then she began to cry and wipe her eyes with a tiny handkerchief.

She knew Guy did not like to see tears, but now he did not mind the bit of muslin at all, but cried: "You did! you did! You stole the money out of my mite box. There's a hole right in the bottom, and all my money's—gone."

"I didn't take—but one single penny!" sobbed Mary. "The 'spressman came—and mamma was gone. He was a-waiting—and there wasn't but just—twenty-four cents—in the drawer."

"True's you live and breathe?" asked Guy solemnly.

"True as—true!" said Mary.

"You had no business to take even one; but somebody's taken every bit—thirty-one cents, for I kept count. Could it be a burglar?" and Guy turned his mile box upside down as if he expected to see some sign of a big man with a dark lantern.

Mary twisted her little handkerchief, but did not answer.

"I'll bet Bridget took it," whispered Guy.

Mary shook her head. "Mamma says she'd trust Bridget with 'untold gold,' and I guess that's the best gold there is."

"Well, who did take it, then? I guess nobody in this house is mean enough to take the 'Lord's money.'"

Still Mary twisted her handkerchief in silence. Guy looked at her closely. "I'll bet you know. Now if you don't tell me this minute I'll open the bird cage and call the cat. One, two, three—"

Mary was alarmed, although she almost knew that Guy would hold the cat. She said hesitatingly, "I heard papa say he wanted some change for postage stamps, and I think—I 'most know—he took it."

Guy dropped upon the sofa. He was so surprised he did not know what to say or do. His papa take the Lord's money? He lay down with his face hidden in both hands, and Mary went sadly back to her doll.

"Papa, did you take the money out of my mite box?" Guy asked as soon as his father entered the hall that night; "did you, papa?"

"Mite box? What, that little red box on the shelf? Why, yes; you see I just borrowed your money to buy some stamps. How much was it?" asked Mr. Allen. "It wasn't my money, papa—it was 'Lord's money,' for missions, you know. We Juniors all have boxes, and when we put it in there it isn't ours any more."

"O yes, I remember now. Well, my boy, I'll give you fifty cents. Here—two bright quarters. Will that make it all right?" Guy held out his hand hesitatingly for the money. "I s'pose it'll be all right if you say so, papa, but it won't be the same. I never thought you'd take it. I wish a burglar had, 'stead of you."

Guy's honest black eyes were lifted to his father's face an instant, and then he went to paste a new paper over his "broken bank," and drop into it the silver quarters.

After the children were in bed Mr. Allen said to his wife: "I've learned my lesson, I hope. Poor little fellow! No wonder he was astonished. I'll go to the bank and draw some money to buy a postage stamp before I'll ever take 'Lord's money' again."—Children's Missionary Friend.

Please bear with any mistakes made in the sending out of the papers, and kindly send word that we may correct them—we have a new hand at the work.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

Bay of Quinte Conference Branch.

The Secretary of Lakefield "Sunshine Mission Circle" writes: "This circle was re-organized in March with a membership of thirteen. The Circle is helping the band to finish a carpet (20 yds.) before the holidays. We have two quilts of flannelette, and are now making a print one. The ladies of the auxiliary are to do the quilting. In connection with the auxiliary we are making a box of clothing to be ready for September.

"We held a parlor social in April and made \$7.00. This we intend to use in buying material to make under-clothing, etc., for the box. We expect to have \$5.00 worth of stamps by the next meeting.

"Lakefield 'Cheerful Workers' Mission Band is continuing its good work. Has very pleasant meetings every second Saturday of the month, and has sent \$12 to Band Treasurer toward the support of Gracie, its adopted child, in Japan. There are fifteen pounds of carpet rags and some quilts on hand.

BELLEVILLE—Jubilee Mission Circle reports progress.

BELLEVILLE—Tabernacle Mission Circle reports being on the alert. Besides the regular business meeting they frequently devote afternoons to sewing, and in that work find excellent help in the juniors of that society. Each member is trying to do something for Jesus by thus giving assistance. A thank-offering was given.

BELLEVILLE—University Mission Band reports a concert and sale in February, and the Easter thank-offering, \$7.84.

FOXBORO—Gleaners for the Master reports the band busy collecting used postage stamps. The thank-offering on hand, \$1.50.

M. G. HAWLEY,
Band Secretary.

Nova Scotia and Newfoundland Branch.

SYDNEY—The secretary of "Little Gleaners" Mission Band writes: "Our Band was organized in February with fifteen members. We hold our meetings every other Wednesday. One we spend in reading, singing or talking about the children in China, Japan, etc; at the next the girls sew and the boys make scrap books for children in the mission schools. At Easter the auxiliary held a public meeting, at which the Band helped, and got half the collection, \$6.47. The money in band envelopes was \$1.22, making altogether 7.69.

PORT MAITLAND—The reporter of "Rays of Sunlight" writes: "We are still striving to keep up the interest of our band in the best possible way. We are making another effort to learn the names of our missionaries. We made the attempt last year, but have commenced again on new lines. A successful entertainment was held in March, and at Easter we remembered the offering.

MARIA B. BRAINE.

124 Tower Road, Halifax.