



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

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

No. 2.

"SOWING IN TEARS."

BY MRS. CHARLES.

Ye have not sowed in vain !
Though the heavens seem as brass,
And piercing the cry of the burning plain,
Ye see not a blade of grass.

Yet there is life within,
And waters of life on high ;
One morn ye shall wake, and the Spring's soft green
O'er the moistened fields shall lie.

Tears in the dull, cold eye,
Light on the darkened brow,
The smile of peace, or the prayerful sigh,
Where the mocking smile sits now.

Went ye not forth with prayer ?
Then ye went not forth in vain ;
The sower, the Son of Man, was there,
And His was the precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud,
The first sweet signs of Spring,
The first slow drops of the quickening shower
On the hard, dry ground that ring !

But the harvest-home ye'll keep—
The summer of life ye'll share.
When they that sow and they that reap,
Rejoice together—there.

And He that "sowed in tears,"
With joy shall come again ;
And among His sheaves, with their ripened ears,
Ye shall see your long-lost grain.

NELL'S TRIP TO BRAMPTON.

It was a cold night in October, when at a country station in New Brunswick, a gentleman and his two daughters, Madge and Nan, were waiting for the incoming train, for was not that train to bring home Mamma and Nell, who had been to Board meeting in Brampton? Nell had gone with mamma, not on account of any special fitness for Board meetings,

but to be company for her mother. Soon the train came, and then papa, mamma, and the girls were being driven over the rough road to the Parsonage. Now, grandma had been left home to get supper ready, and because she was too old to go to the train to meet "the delegates," as the girls insisted on calling mamma and Nell. After supper, all gathered around the bright fire in the study, to hear Mamma's and Nell's report of what they had seen and heard at the Board meeting.

"Now, dear ones, I wrote you all about the good time we had going up to Toronto, so we'll just imagine that the train has stopped at Brampton. When we stepped out on the platform, the ladies were there to meet us and take us to their homes. As we went along through the pretty streets, with their lovely residences and trees, I could not help thinking how much it looked like Truro. One of the most beautiful sights I saw was the Conservatory at Brampton. There were hundreds of roses in bloom. There are two Methodist churches in the town, Grace Church and St. Paul's. We turned our steps to the former, where meetings were to be held, and we found there ladies from every part of the Dominion. There seemed to be so many strange faces that we were glad to find a few old friends from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

"Now, mamma, you did not tell them that there were five missionaries there," ejaculated Nell.

"Yes, five missionaries—Mrs. Large, Miss Cartmell and Miss Robertson from Japan, and Mrs. Tate, who has been working among the Indians—were there."

"You should have heard Mr. Raley, who is a missionary from Ritamaat," said Nell. "It made me cry to hear him tell of the sufferings of the little Indian children, and he had no room for all that wanted to go to his home, so he came to the Board to ask the ladies to give him some money to build a new home, and to send some one to help him teach them, and they did, too. Then I was so interested in hearing Miss Cartmell and Miss Robertson tell about the Japanese children. I guess they have a pretty hard time being missionaries. Now I used to think

THE COMMON OFFERING.

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be ever so fair,
But the love the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden, with lowly care,
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing,
The treasure cut treasures must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift
Or tell the worth of the gold
By the love that cannot be told.

Behold us, the rich and the poor,
We, Lord, in thy service draw near;
One consecrateth a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear;
Look, Master, the love is here!

Christina G. Rosetti.

FIELD STUDY FOR FEBRUARY.

THE INDIANS.

THE people we study about and pray for this month are natives of our own country; in fact they belonged here when we did not, for when our grandfathers and grandmothers, away back, came from Europe, they found the Indians here in much larger numbers than they are now.

The coming of the white man brought many changes. Forests were cut down; railroads built; in many districts where many thousands easily got their living hunting and fishing, a few hundreds now barely keep from starving. The settlement of the country by white men not only cut off their food supply, but brought other evils to them. Measles, scarlet fever, consumption, etc., were introduced. Rum and whiskey are destroying them. In fact the farther away from white settlements they are, the better they are physically and morally.

The Indians in Canada number about 100,000—a larger population than Toronto. Many people deny the possibility of the Indian being civilized, and made into a good citizen, but our missionaries can prove the contrary out of the mouth of many witnesses.

It is true there have been failures, but they were attempts to educate without teaching the Gospel. It is useless to try to educate and civilize the Indian without bringing him to Christ. His wild, restless spirit can only be subdued by the love of God. Many are found at all our stations who knew this love, witnessed by their lives. One young man, in a letter to Mr. Tate, says:

"I know that I am not walking on that dark road as I used to walk before. Bless the Lord; for He

has got the light to shine on my way to see where I am going."

Steady progress has been made in the Homes during the year. In the Coqualeetza Institute two of the pupils are preparing to enter the High School this year, with the hope of becoming teachers. One new feature is a brass band of thirteen instruments, which delights the boys. The Indians are fond of music and have musical ability.

One Sunday in the year, instead of the Sunday school, they have a Missionary meeting. Every pupil is anxious to have something to give. They earn money by working for the farmers around or for the teachers in the school. This year they gave \$20.85—many giving all they had. Our own Sunday schools might consider this record and see how it compares with their own.

Last summer Martha, one of the first girls received into the Home, was married to Peter Smith. This young man was converted in the Institute two years ago. He is now employed in the British Columbia iron works at Vancouver. Mr. Tate, commenting on this marriage, says:—"This is the best way to solve the Indian question: civilize and educate them, then let them earn their own living as white people do, instead of being kept under government care, like so many overgrown babies."

Many of the people living in the East are reached by the little steamboat "Glad Tidings." There is a good picture of her, and an account of one of her trips in *Onward* for January 9th.

Our workers for both Homes are the same as last year, with the exception that Miss Beavis takes her well-earned rest, and Miss Clarke, formerly of Chilliwack, takes her place at Port Simpson. E. A. R.

QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Who are the people for whom we are to pray, and whose history we are to study this month?

Had they any right to this country?

What changes did the coming of the white man bring? What evils?

Is it well for the Indians to live among white men?

If not, why? Is not this a sad fact?

How many Indians are there in Canada?

Is it possible for the Indian to be civilized? Who can prove it?

What has been the cause of failure to civilize him?

Why is it useless to try to civilize and educate him without bringing him to Christ?

Can you give an instance of any converted Indian?

What is said of the Indian Homes during the year?

Of the Coqualeetza Institute?

Are the Indians musical?

How do they set a good example to our Sunday Schools?

What can you tell of Martha and her husband?

What does Mr. Tate say of this marriage?

What of the Glad Tidings? Where will you find an account and picture of her?

What change in the Homes this year?

✦ 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, 1897.

THE "Woman's Missionary Friend," the organ of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has one column which is of special interest to us. It is that which contains missionary tidings from all parts of the world, and is headed "Family News," with this Bible motto:—"Of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named!" Could anything be sweeter or more appropriate? What tie is stronger or more enduring than the family tie? If one member of a family suffers, all the others suffer with him. Does one rejoice? then all rejoice together. Is one poor? then are all good things shared with him. Paul says, "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth." How this takes us all in!—Americans, Canadians, Jews, Indians, Japanese, Chinese—"all of one blood!" Then those of foreign lands are our brothers and our sisters, and as such we owe them all natural affection; all the love and care and thought which the members of the family bear for one another. Do we take in this fact of relationship? Are we sharing our good things with those who are poor in the truest sense? Do the miseries and degradation of our heathen sisters really appeal to us? Do we put ourselves in their place? Do the stripes which wound them fall on our shoulders too? Does their spiritual need pierce our hearts also? Does their cry of the soul for light and truth find an echo in our souls? Do we stretch out our hands, filled with "the blessings of the gospel of peace," to those empty hands reaching up to us through the darkness and horrors of heathenism? O, let us all begin this new year with the grand, noble resolve to "bear one another's burdens." So shall we fulfil the law of love, which is the law of Christ.

Just one word more. There is a deep well of comfort in this motto for those who in the past Christmas season have sorrowed over vacant chairs and desolat-

ed hearthstones. It is the *whole* family in HEAVEN and earth—no real separation after all,—only a thin veil between us and them, for a little while, to make the joy of re-union more complete.

The daughter of a good man was about to go to India as the wife of a missionary. Her father, feeling keenly the bitterness of separation asked, "How did you ever come to think of going abroad as a foreign missionary?" "Why, father," she replied, "I do not count it strange. I have heard you pray for missions all my life—now I am going to India to answer your prayers."

The poem on our first page this month was written by Mrs. Charles, the well known author of many valuable books. It was addressed to a thoroughly discouraged missionary, on hearing the story of her apparent failure, after many years of faithful seed-sowing. The missionary went back to her work cheered and encouraged by the help and sympathy afforded her, and lo, a great revival, and the conversion of many precious souls was the result.

The beautiful story, "He shall give peace unto the Heathen," which appeared in our January number, is worthy of special notice. When we remember that the writer, Miss Margaret Edna Evans, of Hampton, N. B., is a young lady still in her teens, we feel encouraged to believe that there may be many more young girls in our midst whose literary ability it would be well to cultivate.

We thank our Nova Scotia friends for their valuable contributions this month. We are also very glad to have an extract from Miss Hargrave's letter. Reading it we realize more than ever the sacrifices that our devoted missionaries make for Christ's sake. May He give His own compensation.

We congratulate our friend "The Mission Day-spring" on its appearance in a new and beautifully artistic dress. It is a fine little paper, and we are glad to have it on our list of exchanges.

"If you and I to day
 Should stop and lay
 Our life-work down, and let our hands fall where they will,
 Fall down to lie quite still—
 And if some other hand should come, and stoop to find
 The threads we carried, so that it could wind,
 Beginning where we stopped; if it should come to keep
 Our life-work going; and should daily seek
 To carry on the good design
 Distinctly made yours or mine,
 What would it find?

ANGY.

Our young readers, we know, will all want to hear more of Mrs. Esther Pak, the Korean student at the Woman's College, Baltimore; and they will be delighted to know that Esther has been in New York, spending the Christmas holidays with her husband and baby. A rumor has been afloat that provision will be made to have them nearer to her this year, but we cannot vouch for that. We promised last month to give you the story of Esther's conversion, as told by herself. But first we must tell you that in conversation with her she told us that she *did* like Canadians—she thought they were some of the nicest, best people in the world. When she first came out she spent two or three months in Canada, and never met people that were so kind. Of course this was very pleasant to hear. Esther's English is remarkably good though she says she would like to use many other words, but is not sure of their meaning. Her gestures and naive way of "putting things," is very attractive. The story loses in the telling of it, especially as we only cull from hasty notes.

ESTHER'S STORY,

The Korean people believe in educating men, not women; but my father did not think like that; he wanted to teach his daughter at a missionary school. So I went. It was very cold there; the teacher had a white face—bangs—blue eyes; I was afraid of her; but she was a pleasant, lovely woman. I had never seen a stove before. Our houses are heated under the floor. The lady had a stove in the room. I was afraid of her, (shrugging her shoulders). I thought she was going to eat me up! but after a while I got used to her, and then I loved her. She used to call me to her room and talk to me about God and good things. The first year I couldn't talk much, but tried hard to learn American talk. I learned the alphabet in three days. I found out the meaning of the first chapter in the Bible line by line. For two years I learned more, and studied hard. The English language is the hardest language in the world! After I got interested in the Bible I didn't want anything more. At one time—it was our rainy season—it rained every day for three months. I wanted to study my Bible all the time. One night there was an awful storm. When I went to bed I thought the world would be destroyed, but then remembered that God had promised not to destroy the world. Then I went into my cousin's room, who was frightened, and turned to that passage and read it to her. Then I knelt down and prayed; I asked God to take my heart and make it right, and I will do whatever he wants me to do. Then I felt so happy. Before that we girls liked to play prayer meeting—sing and pray—sing and pray. We liked to dress like Americans—all puffed out! I talked like American minister. After meeting we would shake hands. But afterward we got all so interested in the Jesus doctrine, native teacher and all, we had a real prayer meeting every night. We dressed in a native dress, and we sang

"I am so glad that our Father in Heaven
Tells of His love in the book He has given."

When I was fourteen or fifteen years of age I was

appointed to teach lots of little children. I tried to be kind, and live like a Christian. Now I come to this country to take medical studies, and go home to help and teach my own people. I want you all to pray for me.

Will you oblige a Mission Band member by printing these verses?

GONE TO SLEEP.

Close the curtains, gently, softly,
Shut the golden sunlight out,
Bid the children 'neath the window
Hush their laugh and merry shout.
Push aside the snowy cover
Over which dim shadows creep.
Then draw near and gaze in silence—
Little Winnie's gone to sleep.

Look those flaxen curls are lying
Lying on her brow of white,
While the long, soft, silken lashes
Close around those orbs of light;
And from lips but slightly parted
See the tiny pearl gems peep;
While a low voice seems to utter
Winnie's only gone to sleep.

Gone! but not to briefly slumber,
As when here she closed her eyes,
Whilst thy heart kept time with thee
To thy soothing lullabies;
Now no clay holds back the spirit,
Soaring through the upper deep,
Only to life's cares and trials.
Has thy loved one gone to sleep.

Why in sorrow bends the mother
Fondly o'er her darling now,
Covering with earnest kisses
Hand and cheek, neck, lip and brow?
Why burst forth those cries of anguish,
Wailings bitter, sobbings deep?
Let's kneel down and softly whisper
Mother! Winnie's gone to sleep.

FROM WOODLAWN WORKERS.

Our Mission Band had an "Experience Social" a while ago, to raise money for missions. We spent a very enjoyable evening listening to the experience of our members—how they earned their contributions. Altogether we raised \$22.65. The following is the experience of one of our members in verse:

As our Woodlawn Band has adopted the plan
Of using our talents to earn what we can,
And each of our members has brought an account
Of how they have earned, and to what an amount;
I felt it but right, in a purpose so good,
To join with you all and do that which I could.
In the first place I saved all my newspapers old,
And got fifty cents for two hundred I sold;
In addition to this I was glad to dispose
Of a couple of barrels—my money for those
Was just twenty cents—one twelve, one eight—
And now my last sale, I am happy to state,
Was that of a book—just here let me hope
That the rest of you ladies use "Surprise Soap,"
For fifty such wrappers you too can obtain
A book such as mine; and by selling again
Get twenty-five cents. So now you can see
That ninety-five cents has been gathered by me.
As each little helps—your efforts and mine—
Together to help our Mission combine,
And will not that feeling with joy fill each heart,
That to send the glad tidings we've taken a part?

Dartmouth.

EDITH RUSSELL,



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

Cousin Joy thinks she cannot do better for her young cousins this month than to give them this little story she has found, with the prayer that it may find its way to their very hearts:

WHY YOU NOT COME SOONER?

Lying on her little cot, a heathen child turned to her Christian teacher and asked, in her quaint, broken English, "Teacher, what for Jesus come?"

"Oh," replied the teacher, "he came to save us, and to take us, when we die, to heaven."

The little thing lay silent for a while, and then looked up and said, "Teacher, what you mean when you sing?"

"Every fear and pain gone by
At the portals of the sky?"

"Oh," answered the teacher, "I mean that in heaven they are very happy, and they never weep and suffer any more."

"Never weep again? Shall I never weep again?"

"No, never."

"My head, he never ache again?"

"No, never."

"Never be sick again?"

"No, never."

"Teacher, who told you this?"

"My mother."

"Who told her?"

"Why, I suppose her mother."

"Teacher, all white mans, he know this?"

"Yes, all white men know it."

"How long white man he know it?"

"Oh, a long time," and the teacher tried to tell how many centuries since Jesus had died.

The little thing thought awhile, and then with wondering eyes, she looked up and said, "Teacher, what for why you not come sooner?"

Oh, Christian children of this enlightened land, can't you hear them asking, "What for why you not come sooner?"

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?"

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—As I have never written to you before, I thought I'd write a little note this month. I am Corresponding Secretary of Cheerful Workers' Mission Band, at Walsh. Twelve of our members take the PALM BRANCH, and think it very interesting. I think I have the answer to the December puzzle. It is "The bright and morning Star." Enclosed please find a puzzle, I hope you will think it worth publishing.

Your Friend,
JESSIE WATTS.
Walsh, Ont, Dec. 8, 1896.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—We are all very much interested in the PALM BRANCH, especially in the Puzzle Department. I have worked them out for this month, and find that they are as follows:—First, "Miss Lizzie Hart"; second, "Love one another"; third, "New Year's Day in China." We like the PALM BRANCH very much, and find it quite a help when we are getting up an entertainment in our Mission Band.

Yours sincerely,
GEORGIE BENTLEY.
Kensington, P. E. I., Jan. 7, 1897.

FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 7, 3, 8, 4, is what we should ask God to do for us.

My 1, 7, 6, is a small insect.

My 10, 2, 8, 9, is a piece of timber.

My 11, 8, 5, is a boy's name.

My whole is a command that Jesus gave to his disciples.
Keswick.

HELEN COLTER.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 9, 14, 7, 18, 9, is what we should do when in trouble.

My 1, 24, 1, 9, 7, 19, is an odd plant.

My 23, 8, 24, 22, 1, 2, 13, is a girl's name.

My 15, 17, 25, is something none of us is free from.

My 25, 5, 4, 15, 26, 3, 25, is a town in Ontario.

My 6, 10, 11, 12, is how we should serve the tempter's power.

My 16, 20, 19, 3, 14, is one who hoards money.

My 21, 2, is an exclamation.

My whole is the name of a Mission Band whose report was in the PALM BRANCH a short time ago.

JESSIE WATTS.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 8, 10, 9, is a possessive adjective.

My 1, 2, 8, 9, is a demonstrative adjective.

My 4, 8, 13, 2, is a preposition.

My 6, 13, 13, 14, is a girl's name.

My 7, 5, 5, 11, is a part of a room.

My 4, 2, 3, is a question.

My whole is part of a verse in the Bible.

St. John.

ELLIE SMITH.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 9, 12, 5, is a metallic substance.

My 1, 2, 7, 6, 4, 11, is a case for arrows.

My 8, 10, 13, 9, is a part of man's apparel.

My 3, 13, 9, is what we do when we are hungry.

My whole is the name of one whom we all love and reverence.
Kensington, P. E. I.

GEORGIE ANNIE BENTLEY.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Five hundred begins it, five hundred ends it,
And five in the middle is seen;

The first of all letters, the first of all numbers

Have taken their stations between,

And if you correctly this medley can spell,

The name of an ancient King then it will tell.

Keswick.

Selected by HELEN COLTER.

THY WORK.

The present moment is divinely sent,

The present duty is thy Master's will.

O thou who longest for some noble work,

Do thou this hour thy given task fulfill,

And thou shalt find, though small at first it seemed,

It is the work of which thou oft hast dreamed!

O, t'ink not, if thou art not called to work

In mission fields of some far distant clime,

That thine is no grand mission! Every deed

That comes to thee, in God's allotted time

Is just the greatest deed that thine could be,

Since God's high will appointeth it to thee.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Extract from a Private Letter written by Miss Hargrave.

"First, to tell you something of our trip-out here. We landed in Yokohama on the 7th September—a very hot day. Miss Blackmore had waited for the steamer, so that I could come to Kofu with her. We had four of the girls with us. We left Tokyo at 4.30 A. M., on the 8th, as the school was to open on the 10th. We had to get off at once.

We had rain all the way, a perfect down-pour too, and were three full days making the trip, so you will know that in this, my first trip, I experienced all the disagreeable that was possible. The rain was a general one all over Japan; there were floods everywhere, and much damage done to the rice crops.

When we reached Hachoji, where we take the first "basha," (a primitive 'buss), we were four hours trying to persuade a "basha" man to go. I realized how one has to draw on one's patience here; I confess I found it rather hard to be patient, and was sorry for Miss Blackmore, who had all the talking to do. A Judge from Kofu joined us in the "basha," and was with us all the way. He was a man of influence, so the police came to our aid very often. We thought we should never have got through without his assistance. The roads were in a dreadful condition. We had to pay double fare, and were often forced to walk, as we could not get horses. Bridges were down, and landslides blockaded the roads; so we often had to walk or wade as necessity demanded. At one place, where the road led up a mountain pass, we met a perfect torrent of water over a foot deep. It was often as much as we could do to keep our feet; through this we had to wade over a mile. This was in the first day's experience. When we reached the inn that night we were wet, tired and dirty. The answer to our first question disheartened us somewhat. We were told that broken bridges and landslides ahead made it impossible for horses to go next day, so we would have to walk. We had some warm water brought, bathed our feet at the door near the street, slipped out of some of our wet garments, went in and made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and waited for the morning. We had planned for an early start, so were off by 5.30 A. M.

It was still dark, and the rain pouring down; we were in our wet clothes, as we had not been able to get them dry. Miss B., who always looks on the bright side, cheered our hearts by telling us we might be worse off, for we were neither cold nor hungry. We walked ten miles to the next village, and much to our delight were able to secure "basha" from there. We reached the school at 9.30 the next evening, very glad that our journey over those mountains was at an end. Never was a foreign house, bed, table and bath, more appreciated, I think. We were tired, wet, and weary with the shaking of the "basha." It is all over now however, and we, with thankful hearts for mercies received, have nearly forgotten the disagreeable."

THAT MISSION BAND CAT.



HE-I-OU-OUH, SPIFF!! and puss flew out of the sitting-room door just as Mrs. Stone rushed in, exclaiming: "Robert, what in the world are you doing to that cat?"

"Just endorsing her signature, mother," laughed Rob, while poor Nellie looked ruefully at her neat secretary's book, all disfigured by a great blurred cross, underneath which was written, in her brother's not too legible chirography, Miss Kitty Kate Catherine Cat, her mark.

"You see, Mnm," he continued, "Nell has been teasing and teasing me to join the Mission Band. She wants me to pay anyway, but says I don't need to go unless I like. I said I'd make puss a member, and pay a-cent for every mouse she caught."

Mrs. Stone's eyes twinkled as she heard this, for puss was an excellent mouser, although Rob, who was out of doors a great deal, seldom saw her with one.

Soon after tea that evening, Mrs. Stone called from the pantry, "Rob, kitty has caught a mouse; give Nellie a cent."

"All right," replied Rob, promptly producing a cent from his pocket. The next day, as he was starting for school, puss came out of the barn carrying a large fat mouse in her mouth, and again Rob had to pass over a cent to Nell, whose bright eyes sparkled with fun as she received it.

At dinner, a few days after, Mr. Stone remarked quietly, "I think I must have disturbed a whole colony of mice in the granary this morning. They ran in all directions, but the cat caught four."

This was too much for poor Robert, whose weekly allowance of five cents was usually exhausted before the middle of the week. He cast an imploring look at Nell, but she only exclaimed merrily, "Pay up Master Rob, you know you endorsed Kitty's signature." So Rob had to ask his father to pay it for him, and deduct the amount from the next week's allowance. "And now," said he, "I guess it will cost less to pay my own fee, than it will to pay the cat's, if she keeps on at this rate. Anyway, I'll go for once."

He did so, and was so pleased with what he saw and heard, that he has been going ever since, and has got quite a number of other boys to join with him.

Canso, N.S.

J. L. J.

*N. B. AND P. E. I. BRANCH.**Rules Governing Banner Competition.*

The basis of Banner competition is as follows:

1. The Banner will be awarded to the Mission Band or Circle having the largest increase of subscribers to PALM BRANCH over last year.

2. No two or more Bands of any church can unitedly compete, but they can do so separately.

3. In any church where more than one Band is in operation, each Band shall keep its own list of subscribers, and act independently of each other,

[This came too late for Dec. No., so we are glad to insert it now,]

Mrs. Lucas, Sussex, writes:

"Three years ago Mrs. Stockton and myself, with the help of our Pastor, made several attempts to organize an Auxiliary or Mission Band at Newtown, Kings Co., N. B. We thought we had succeeded, but alas, it proved a failure. No direct attempt was made again till in September, when Mr. Hamilton drove Mrs. Hamilton and myself out there. We visited a number of houses, distributed literature, and in the evening held a meeting, at which Mr. Hamilton did the cause good service. I spoke for a few minutes, but the way was not clear for organization then. We stayed all night. Next day did more visiting and talking. We found that the seed-sowing of three years before was not lost, but was about to bear fruit. About two weeks later we went again; visited most of the houses not visited the first time. In the evening we held a meeting, where our Pastor had another good word to say for us. Before we closed that service we had organized an auxiliary and a Mission Band, including boys and girls, with a prospect of them taking a good hold of the work. Mrs. Hamilton and myself visited the Auxiliary at its first meeting, read some cheering words from the Corresponding Secretary, written directly to them; also helped them to get thoroughly started. We have had encouraging words from the Band. The Auxiliary and Band have been so closely connected that it is hard to give a report of one without the other. Our experience would lead us to say, "Never be discouraged." Let the seed-sowing be done. Some time there will be a harvest."

Mrs. Sellers, of Centerville, N. B., writes:

"You will be pleased to hear of a new Mission Band which we organized on Nov. 26th, at Williams-town. The name "Thanksgiving" was chosen because we organized on Thanksgiving Day. Seventeen members are enrolled, with Miss Ethel McAuley President, and Mrs. Colter McEagan Corresponding Secretary. Three of the officers were baptized and received into the Church the Sunday before the Band was organized. It is good to see them enter into this work for the Master. We have great hopes for this Band, they are such interested and willing workers.

On Nov. 20th the "Gospel Trumpeters" Band was

organized at Shediac, N. B. Six names were enrolled Mrs. W. E. Matthews was elected President, and Miss Evelyn Smith Corresponding Secretary. Many of the children were unable to attend, on account of illness, but they hope soon to double their numbers. They meet once a fortnight, every alternate meeting being devoted to sewing, preceded by a short missionary programme." I. S.

NOTES FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

The Quarterly Reports show that nearly all the Bands have gone to work this year with renewed vigor—an increase in membership and new subscribers for our paper. We would urge them not to grow weary in well-doing,

"Joyous Workers", Cape Negro, held a concert in November, from which they received a collection of \$1.97. They have sewed a quilt, which is to be sent to the Supply Committee.

We are happy to report another new Band—"The Alcorn," Mission Band—organized at Bridgetown, Nov. 7th. We wish them every success and blessing in their new work.

"Lone Star," Bermuda, reports a membership of thirty, and subscription to PALM BRANCH, twenty-five.

"Burpee," "C. M. Tate," and "Maggie Smith," are all at work with good interest, and have a lot of new subscribers for PALM BRANCH.

The Secretary of "Picquet Guard," So Farmington writes, "Our President entertained us at an "At Home," on Dec. 15. We have adopted a girl in the Colqualeetza Institute, and are going to raise all we possibly can for her support. We have sent two barrels of apples to the Orphan's Home, Halifax."

M. E. BROWN, *Cor. Secretary.*

So. Farmington, Annapolis Co., N. S.

BAY OF QUINTE BAND NOTES.

Northport Circuit is to the front in Mission work with two Bands recently organized. Northport Reapers have been working since September with thirteen members. Pres. Miss Bessie Smith; Cor. Sec. Miss Ethel Brummel. Solmesville Little Helpers reports seven new members with nine dollars realized from sale of a quilt. Blissville Jubilee Circle shows a marked increase in zeal and attendance. The members are busily employed making garments to have ready when needed by Supply Committee. Oshawo Simcoe St. M. Band reports three new members during quarter. Foxboro M. Band reports three additional members, and all at work preparing a box for a mission. Spring Brook reports good attendance with one added to their ranks. Hastings Friendly League reports three new members with a hopeful outlook resulting from a visit from the President of the Branch. Smithfield M. Band is prospering, it has an average attendance of thirty, with two added to their number during the quarter. Their present work is preparation for an entertainment. Tweed, Sunbeam M. Band reports fourteen new members. The girls of the Band wrote letters to the lady missionaries and the boys sent calendars. Port Hope Circle has resumed work and hopes for a successful year in service for the Master. M. G. HAWLEY, *Cor. Sec.*