



PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH.

JANUARY, 1894.

VOL. I. No. 1.

Christmas Carol.

Chime the bells merrily, ring them out cheerily,
Glad in the clear air, this cold frosty morn;
Anthems are swelling loud, far above wind and
cloud,
Loud hallelujahs proclaim Christ is born.

Rise, awake! sleepers sing, welcome the new-
born King;
Up with the wise men, a star for your guide;
See in a manger laid, Jesus the wondrous babe;
List to hosannas where shepherds abide.

Bring him no gifts of price,—all that for thee
suffice
Will be the "clean hands and pure" contrite
heart;
Bring not thy dews of grace into this holy place,
All that thou needest His love will impart.

"Peace and goodwill to men," let us with joy
again
Sound the "glad tidings" and welcome the
day;
Comfort the sick and old—they are so near the
fold—
Point to the Saviour—the life and the way.

Give of thy garnered store, give to the suffering
poor:
Give a kind hand, and friends an embrace;
When round the groaning board, with his rich
treasures stored,
Give to thy Maker the incense of praise.

Hang up the holly bough, bright with red ber-
ries now,
Twined in a gay wreath of glittering green;
Joyful and happy, may greetings for Christmas
day
O'er our dear household walls ever be seen.

Christmas bells merrily—ay, ring them cheerily;
"Glory to God" is the angelic strain;
See in a manger laid, Jesus the holy babe!
"Glory to God!" earth re-echoes again.
Halifax. REAPERS MISSION CIRCLE.

A Christmas in Port Simpson.

For weeks before Christmas preparations for
that day have been going on. The choirs have
had daily practices, the different brass bands
(there are two in the village) have been preparing
extra music, mothers and daughters have been
busy sewing, while the fathers and brothers
have decorated the outside of the houses with
evergreen bushes.

For a week before Christmas you might see
people coming and going from the churches.
Green trees, branches, Chinese lanterns, papers,
and many other decorations have been carried
there.

In the Industrial Homes, the children have
long been counting the weeks, have found out
whose turn it will be to have charge of the
kitchen that week and whose to have the dining
room; have learned where can be found the
most suitable bush, to be transformed into—so
the children think—that wonder of all wonders,
the Christmas Tree. The felling and bringing
to the house of this trophy, is one of the special
treats of the season.

The day before Christmas this tree is put into
place in the large dining room. Some of the older
girls having made themselves very useful in
completing this rather difficult part of the pro-
gramme.

THE PALM BRANCH.

And Christmas Eve, there is no need to tell the girls that bed time has arrived, for long before this they have hastened away to rest. No, they do not expect Santa Claus, they have heard but little of that renowned personage.

But one of the treats of the year, comes to-night. A little before eleven p. m. the older girls are called, and as soon as ready, we walk through the village, which is most brilliantly lighted. Many of the windows show a lighted candle in each pane. Those who could not afford this have one in each room, so that every window in every house is illuminated and several have lighted lanterns in fantastic patterns outside their houses.

The Island, divided from the main land, looks a little city by itself; but as we cross the bridge and see the main part of the village, or go down the long wharf where we can view the whole—and that again reflected from the dark water—the sight is beautiful indeed.

But there is not time to linger, the streets must be cleared at twelve. Any careless ones who have disregarded the rule are duly taken in charge by the native policeman whose duty it is to see that the streets are clear, for as the hour of twelve strikes the church bell is rung and the choral singers leave the church, singing in different parts of the village till about four a. m., when they have a grand finish by going to the mission rooms, where Mr. and Mrs. Crosby treat them to simple cake and coffee.

(CONCLUSION NEXT MONTH.)

Hymn.

Though I am but a little child
And little I can earn,
Yet He who died for children's sake
The offering will not spurn.
For I will add for sweet perfume,
The frankincense of prayer,
And love may venture with a gift
When angels would not dare.

How happy was the little lad
Who gave his fishes small,
His simple cakes of barley bread,
And gladly gave them all.
In thy dear hand I too would lay,
Jesus, my gift of love,
Wert Thou upon the earth to-day
Or I in Heaven above.

Yet far and wide, through all the earth,
With famished hearts and sad,
My little sisters wait, dear Lord,
For joy we long have had.
Gladly I'll send the Bread of Life
To those so dear to thee,
While Thou dost whisper to my soul
"This thou hast done to me!"

W. M. S. Hymnal.

Field Studies for February.

JAPAN AND KOREA.

We are to have a little talk each month about the subject of prayer for the next month. If we want to pray for something, we certainly ought to know as much as possible about what we are praying for, or how can we put our heart into our prayer.

For February, then, our subject is Japan and Korea.

Japan is a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean, lying east of China. Korea is on the mainland, to the northeast of China, and it has nearly 2,000 miles bordering on the water. There are over forty millions of people in Japan, and in Korea there are sixteen millions.

Both of these countries have beautiful scenery. There are many mountains, but in Japan these are often volcanic, and earthquakes are quite common. The Japanese are small, dark-skinned people, but are intelligent and eager to know the customs of the foreigner. For very many years they had a law forbidding anyone of any other nation to come to Japan, and at the same time not allowing any Japanese to go away from this country. This shut out Christianity, but now it is all changed. In 1859 the first missionaries arrived. In 1872 there were not ten native Christians now they number over 35,000.

In 1873 our Methodist church began work there, and in 1882, our Woman's Missionary Society sent Miss Cortmell, our first worker in a foreign land. Now we have fifteen missionaries and numbers of Bible women. These are natives and are doing good work by visiting the houses and holding regular meetings there. We support four schools: one in Tokio, the capital, one in Shizuoka—one in Kofu which is an inland town and another in Kanazawa, away on the western coast. Girls who are taught in these schools learn about Christ and when they return to their homes they carry the glad news with them, and so the little seed grows and spreads. As soon as the girls hear of what Christ has done for them they are willing to do something for others and so they have a King's Daughters Circle and help poor children and visit hospitals and teach in the Sabbath schools. It is often hard for them to live a Christian life, especially in their own homes where the parents are heathen, and the girls are laughed at for their Christian notions.

Does not every Mission Band member, whether she is big or little think she ought to pray most earnestly for our Japanese sisters. If we had a real sister in Japan, working in the schools or among the natives, I am sure we would want to pray for her and can we not adopt them all for sisters and pray for a rich blessing upon them and their work. They have so little to help them like we have, for they are always helping others and they are only a few among many, many heathen.

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Questions for February.

What countries are we going to study this month?
Where is Japan?
Has it any coast line?
Are there many people in Japan?
How many in Korea?
What can you tell of the scenery?
Are there mountains there?
What kind of mountains in Japan?
Any earthquakes there?
[Here the Leader might tell of the earthquakes.]
Describe the Japanese people?
Do they like to hear about us?
Was there ever a time when no foreigner could go to Japan?
Could the Japanese then visit foreign countries?
What harm did this do?
When did the first missionaries go there?
How many native Christians were there in 1872?
How many now?
When did our Methodist church begin work there?
When did our W. M. S. begin work there?
Who was our first Missionary there?
How many Missionaries have we there now?
Have we any other workers there?
What are they doing?
How many schools have we in Japan?
Where are they?
Do the girls taught in these schools do good work?
Do they find it easy to live a Christian life at home?
Is there anything a Mission Band member can do to help them?

Our Missionary Calendar.

Only a dollar left and five more Christmas presents to be bought or made. To make anything was simply out of the question, and what can be found for twenty cents that I would be willing to give five friends? There seemed no resort but Christmas cards, and my friends were already surfeited with them.

Discouraged with the problem how to make one dollar equal five, I found my attention unexpectedly directed to our new Missionary Calendar, the postman handing in one while I was vainly striving to solve the problem of ways and means.

Very attractive it looked in its pretty covers, with a white silk cord to suspend it by and it only cost twenty cents. Like an inspiration it came to me "why not take these for your five Christmas gifts?" Five were soon ordered. Number one was sent to the wife of an esteemed pastor, number two went to a member of our W. M. S. in the far west, number three went to an earnest mission band leader, number four to a friend who for many months had been one of the "shut ins" but who dearly loved the mis-

sion cause, and needed no reminder to pray for it; the fifth and last was reserved for one who had been recently called to pass through deep waters, which seemed to obscure for the time her interest in this once-loved work. With each I sent a note of Christmas greeting, and a wish that our calendar might be a joyful message to the recipient.

The New Year brought replies of thanks, but months passed before I knew how much good my Christmas gifts did.

Said one "As the names of the missionaries met my eye, a desire to learn something more about them and their work arose. Then too I often found reminders of neglected duties in the subjects assigned for prayer as well as appropriate texts." From another came these words of appreciation; "What a help in our work this calendar will be if used aright! I am delighted with its topics for prayer, and am filled with thankfulness to those who suggested and so admirably-carried out the idea."

From the friend in her sick chamber came this message; "The calendar makes me seem so much nearer to our missionaries and though I have only known and seen a very few, now all seem near and dear to me as I speak their names to 'Our Father.'" Then too the calendar has brought to me many words of comfort in my hours of pain.

From the beautiful home from which the loved one had been taken came these words of encouragement. "The Prayer Calendar has been to me an angel of consolation. It has turned my heart from the grave of my beloved to greater interest in the work of those who are striving to establish Christ's Kingdom among the nations of the earth."

Of the money spent for Christmas gifts last year, none of it brought so rich a return as my last dollar. May many find in the new calendar for 1894, offerings that will prove as fruitful as mine for last year.

Halifax.

[The new Calendar for 1894 is tied with a golden cord, and is only 15 cents. Can be bought of Miss Ogden, Room 20, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.]

A Hindoo widow through all her life, even if she lives to be ninety years old, can never eat but one meal of rice, in twenty four hours. Thousands of these little widows are under six years of age!

THE PALM BRANCH.

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Palm Branch.

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JANUARY, 1894.

We wish all our readers a happy New Year! Hard as it is to realize, the New Year has really come, and we are standing here upon the threshold, not knowing what awaits us—of joy or sorrow—a solemn thought! While we feel that 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, And ask them what report they bore to Heaven, And how they might have borne more welcome news!

yet it would not be wise to linger too long over the past lest we get discouraged and faint by the way; rather let us strive to make our failures stepping-stones to greater success in the future.

Our new monthly makes its best bow to its large circle of readers and thinks it well to explain the 'why and wherefor' of its appearance among them.

It may be claimed that there is no need to add our small quota to the literature of an age and country already flooded, and to this we candidly reply that this is not our idea.

It may also be said that general missionary intelligence is now so widely diffused that

it seems unnecessary to add another to the long list of periodicals in course of publication. Why not avail ourselves of some one of these?

The answer is plain. Not one of these periodicals, truly excellent as they are, gives us just the information that we most need—a knowledge of our own fields.

While as fellow laborers we are intensely interested in all parts of the Lord's vineyard and rejoice in every success, yet it naturally follows that that special part which is dependent upon us, which we sustain by our means as well as prayers, and to which we send our own beloved workers has the strongest claim upon our interest and affection.

To maintain this claim it is absolutely necessary that the young people of our mission circles and bands should be made and kept fully acquainted with the workers and the work—we reiterate this fact. If they are ever to take our places at home and abroad (and to whom else shall we look?) they must know the workers and keep in touch with the work as it goes on.

For this purpose we are having carefully prepared Field Studies; information of which our circles may be glad to avail themselves, and questions to make it easy for the younger members of the bands. There is room here for May and Edith and Lizzie and Georgie and Bob to find out just how much they know, and—how much they don't know. We hope to have Field Notes giving the latest news; notes of Progress from bands, passing the word of encouragement on to other bands; stories, also, to instruct and amuse.

Our aim too is to develop the latent talent in Circles and Bands, and there is plenty of room in a monthly paper. Cousin Joy throws open her cosy corner even to the little ones, and we shall be very glad of all the help we can get in any form.

Many thanks to all the kind friends who have aided us so far in the enterprise and who promise to continue their valuable help.

What we want, for the most part, are bright, vigorous articles, short and to the point—say from two hundred and fifty to five hundred words. We want plain and simple language, easy to be understood.

We send a specimen number of our new paper to every Mission Band and Circle in the society, hoping for a thorough canvas. Price, 10 cents per annum. (See notice on last page.)

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Mildred's New Year's Resolution.

By I. A. S.

All the family, except Mildred, were at the church, and were to remain to watch the old year out. She would have been there also, at least, until nine o'clock, but she had such a cold! Her mother had said, "No, dear! you must sit here by the fire and take your medicine every half-hour; and when the clock strikes nine, you must bathe your throat with this liniment, put this flannel around it, and go to bed."

Mildred's cold made her feel very wretched, and these directions did not help matters at all; so you will not be surprised when I tell you that after the front door was locked, and the house grew quiet, she curled herself down in a big, easy chair, and cried. She was not at all afraid, for Katy Maloney was in the kitchen, with company, and she could hear their laughter once in a while; but she was half sick and lonely.

But Mildred could not spend the evening in tears, so she "practiced" a half hour, looked over her lessons, read a little in a story book, and then, as a new thought came to her, she went hastily to her father's desk, chose a nice large sheet of paper from it, and sat down by the table.

"People always make good resolutions the last day of the year," said she, to herself. "And that's what they are doing at the church this very minute, I suppose. Then they'll have a praise service. I haven't much to praise for—" Then, as she sharpened her lead pencil, she added, with a side glance at her grey kitten, asleep on the rug, who might have heard her, "O, I suppose I have, take the year through, yes, I know I have! and if I'd been a better girl—" Then Mildred wrote in large, even letters at the top of the page, "Good Resolutions for Next Year." By the time she had drawn a wreath of oak leaves around this, she was ready to go on. "Resolved—That if Will is ever so hateful to me, I will be patient." That was a good beginning, and Mildred enclosed it with more oak leaves. A little pause, and then, "Resolved—That I will not shrink my part of the work, if Ella will do hers." Mildred paused again and looked into the fire steadily. "I suppose I ought to, but I don't always feel like it." Drawing a long sigh, she wrote slowly, "Resolved—That I will go to the Mission Band every time it is possible."

The kitten stretched herself and blinked her eyes sleepily at her little mistress. In a moment Mildred was on the rug beside her, putting and playing with the pretty creature. Suddenly the clock struck nine. "Oh, my medicine!" cried Mildred. "Now I've got to take two teaspoonfuls because I forgot." [A very dangerous thing to do. Hope none of our readers will follow the example.] She swallowed her "double dose" in haste, bathed her throat, wrapped it in flannel, turned the gas low, and scampered up to bed with an easy conscience.

Several hours later, her father and mother, Will and Ella, came from the cold, starlit, outside world, into the warm sitting-room. "Hullo, what's this?" said Will, taking up Mildred's sheet of paper. He read the "resolutions" laughingly, as he said, "Milly's got the same trick I used to have. When I was a little kid, I always promised to be a good boy the last day of the year." "Now, Will Benson, haven't you done that very thing to-night? I should think that first resolution would trouble your conscience," said Ella.

"How about the second one and your conscience?" asked Will. "See that you set a good example in the line of dish-washing and dusting, the coming year."

"I am very glad to see that last resolution," remarked Mrs. Benson. "I have been troubled about that Mission Band business."

"Yes, Milly was ready to go to China a few months ago, but now she 'don't feel like it,' if you speak of going to the band," said Ella.

"Well, perhaps this means a change for the better. Leave the paper on the table, and don't tease her about it."

The next Saturday was a cold, dreary day, with a promise of snow in the gray clouds. Will and Ella were quite sure the new "resolution," would be severely tested; and Will did not intend to help his little sister keep it; when he threw a new magazine into her lap, saying, "Here, Milly, you can read this all afternoon. It's cold as Greenland out of doors, so you'll want to sit by the fire."

"No, I'm going to the Band—I've got to go," said Milly, with a troubled face. They watched her slyly, as she glanced into the new book, and then out at the shivering trees, but at length she arose, laid aside the book, and slowly dressed for her trip.

"Don't forget to take that scrap book, and

THE PALM BRANCH.

those pictures you have had so long," said her mother.

"I have them in my school-bag," answered Milly.

Just then her little cousin, Stevie Prescott, came in. "You goin' to the meeting?" he asked in his loud, hearty tone. "I thought you didn't go any more. Lill Hardy said you was 'out' with the heathen."

"Lill Hardy better be careful what she says. What you got your slate for?"

"We're going to draw a map of Africa, me and Bert Gray. Miss Guines—she is going to tell us how." The children started down the street, and Ella said to Will, "Now, you're disappointed; aren't you?"

"Well, she's gone this time, but just wait. I know all about these good promises," replied Will.

(Concluded next month)

"The world is full of children
Who have never heard of His love;
Can you nothing do to lead them
To the better home above?
With sad and darkened faces
To some idol god they pray;
Oh, tell them the story of Jesus,
And make things go God's way?"

Leaves from the Branches.

WESTERN BRANCH.

The fifteenth of December—the conclusion of the first quarter—brought with it the last of forty one reports, from Circles and Bands already advanced in the work of the year. Many others, unable to hold their regular meetings owing to special services, pressure of work at the Christmas season, sickness and other causes will commence work with the new year and have their reports in by the fifteenth of March.

London West have recently organized with a membership of thirty three and are now actively engaged in making quilts and clothing for our Indians.

Owen Sound Band report three regular meetings with an average attendance of twenty-five who are all much interested in the work.

A most energetic band of missionary workers have been organized in Galt under the leader-

ship of Mrs. Chryster. Their future prospects are bright and very encouraging.

Fargo and Niagara Falls South are also to be welcomed as workers in the missionary field.

How vast it is!

Where are the laborers?

Are you one? If so, are you attending your circle meetings whenever it is possible?

Are you praying for the success of your work and trying conscientiously to do your share?

If not, do you not feel God calls you to help send the Gospel to the millions of darkened minds that may never know the brightness of the love of Christ, unless you and I do our duty?

Put more energy and youthful enthusiasm into your work.

Ask God to give you a love for it and He will.

B. DICKSON DALY, Cor.-sec.

N. B. AND P. E. I. BRANCH.—NOTES OF PROGRESS.

I am glad to report the formation of two bands since Branch Meeting.

The first was organized at Cape Traverse by Mrs. (Rev.) Kirby, Nov. 6th '93. Membership fourteen. Name "Cheerful Givers." The second was organized at Benton, Carleton Co., N. B., Nov. 15, at the close of the public meeting addressed by Miss Hart and named in honor of her "The Sadie Hart". This band was formed and superintended by Mrs. (Rev.) Manaton. Membership about twenty-five. Mrs. C. A. Hutchings of the "Cheerful Toilers" Carmarthen st., St. John, N.B. reports a sale of articles by this band at her residence, Dec. 5, a stormy evening, and similar sales preceding theirs, and more advertised to follow, made the giant "Doubt" occupy large spaces in their hearts. But the Lord blessed the efforts of the "Cheerful Toilers," and we are all glad to congratulate them on adding twenty-five dollars (\$25) to their funds.

The Mt. Middleton N. B. band reports a bed quilt, a cradle quilt and two aprons the result of late effort. Warm hearts make busy fingers. The Hampton "Day Star" held the annual Christmas Service. A rather unfavorable evening and much sickness in the place gave a small audience. However, the programme was successfully carried out and the collection was in the vicinity of five dollars (\$5).

Very sincerely,

A. J. Howard,

Hampton, Jan. 5th, 1894.

Band Sec.

THE PALM BRANCH.

Names and Addresses of Branch Corresponding Secretaries.

EASTERN BRANCH:

MISS E. BAILEY, - - - Iroquois, Ont.

TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH:

MRS. BASCOM, - 189 Dunn Ave., Toronto.

BAY OF QUINTE BRANCH.

MISS HAWLEY - - - Bath, Ont.

WESTERN BRANCH:

MRS. F. N. DALY, 536 Dufferin Av., London, Ont.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH:

MRS. WHISTON, 297 Brunswick St. Halifax, N. S.

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

MRS. S. HOWARD, - - - Hampton, N. B.

A Christmas in London.

In the story books, read long ago in our childhood's days, we were often impressed with the description of the enjoyment of a clear, cold English Christmas, invariably followed by the remark made by some jolly hero or heroine, "a regular English Christmas this"; so being in the land of our forbears, we resolved to see what a regular English Christmas was like and how some of the children enjoyed themselves.

During the busy days before the holidays, as we passed through the crowded streets and shops we were amazed at the ludicrously small size of the Christmas trees offered for sale. We, accustomed to the tall, broad, generous fir, whose top touched our parlor ceiling, laughed scornfully at the tiny trees planted in flower pots and priced 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. and so on; and it took us some time to realize that these were the style and size of the trees which adorned "The stately homes of England" in England's largest city on the happiest holiday of the year.

On the other hand we gazed respectfully and deferentially at the huge boughs and branches of holly, suspended in lavish profusion about some of the shops, and wished that we could see the pulpit of our old church at home gleam out under the bright berries and shiny leaves of holly and mistletoe.

We would describe the weather, that Christmas morning, as dull, grey and cheerless looking, but we found out that Londoners were congratulating each other upon the bright day. So

as we came up from the underground station we fancied the sky had taken on a brighter tinge, and we made up our minds that this was the ideal Christmas weather we had read about.

The Foundling Hospital with its 500 children was our destination, and soon we turned in through the gates and were received by attendants, collection plates in hand, who ushered us into the chapel and gave us seats for the morning service. Seated in the choir were the boys and girls of the Institution, on whom we cast curious glances, for the boys, in extremely tight-fitting blue suits with brass buttons, and the quaint little maidens in low-necked, short-sleeved dresses, with snowy mob caps, neckerchiefs, aprons and mitts extending half way up the arm and demurely folded hands hidden under the aprons, made an old time living picture which was a sight to see. The carols of the children, led by trained voice, were the attractive feature of the service.

But did we really enjoy the meeting? Could we enjoy it when we could see our breath before us, and every minute were becoming colder and colder in the chilly atmosphere? Could we enjoy it when we knew those poor children must be fairly perishing? And they were; for when we passed into the main building to see them enjoy their dinner, the chattering teeth and blue hands excited our further pity.

There were fires here, oh yes, large fires burned in the grates, but the big doors opened on cold halls and we wondered how the children survived the exposure and draughts.

Laying our feelings aside,—the great halls with decorations of holly and mistletoe, the blazing fires and brisk smiling attendants carrying generous supplies of roast beef and plum pudding to the hungry children, were worth seeing and we were glad to form part of the number of interested on lookers. As we moved about we noticed the children playing Santa Claus to the wee motherless ones, as they distributed candies, and we smiled at the pleased faces, as a gentleman slipped pennies into the hands of those who knew no other home than this.

The rows and rows of tiny beds in the dormitories were a pathetic sight, but the toys displayed in the parlors showed that kind hearts thought of the foundling children and that the warm note of—"kindness to others" had been present with those around whose hearths families gathered for Christmas cheer.

Halifax.

THE PALM BRANCH.

COUSIN JOY'S COSY CORNER.

Cousin Joy has claimed a "Cosy Corner" in the PALM BRANCH, where she may have a good time—she was going to say, all by herself, but that sounds—well, not at all like the Christ whose birthday we have just been celebrating. And Cousin Joy doesn't mean to be selfish, though may be it did sound like it, just at first. Bless you, no! She wants this cosy corner to be sure, but she means to share it with the girls and boys of the Mission Bands; to be surrounded by them; to be a child with them, that she may become interested in the things in which they are most interested. She hopes to grow wise enough, in time, to be able to answer all their questions. Her aim is to develop a missionary spirit among them. In short, Cousin Joy wants to help them and in turn to be helped by them.

Does any little rosy-cheeked girl or boy ask, with wide open eyes, "Why, how can I help?" The answer is plain,—In many ways; we will mention two or three. Write us a little letter once in a while, to show that you like the PALM BRANCH; we will surely print it if there is room. Tell your young friends about it and get them to take it, too. Then, on your holidays and winter evenings, after the lessons are over, study up our conundrums and puzzles and charades, and send us the answer, and (there are lots of clever girls and boys in our Mission Bands) try your hand at making them: there is great fun in it and it will sharpen your wits. Cousin Joy has had to rack her own dull brain this time. See how much better you will do.

Cousin Joy hopes you all spent a very pleasant holiday season. She knows you did if your first Christmas present was given to Jesus and your hearts went with it. That is what He wants more than all—the love of the heart,—and that love will then show itself in kindly deeds to others for His sake.

A Happy New Year to you all. May you make it the happiest one in your lives!

DEAR COUSIN JOY,—I am writing to you to see if you will help me. Our Mission Band the "King's Messengers" was asked to sing a "song of welcome" to our missionary, Miss Hart, when she came to our church, and we wanted to do our best. So we hunted and hunted and could not find any welcome piece but one our mothers used to sing long ago. So I write to ask you if you will ask all your little Mission Band Girls in Canada to look and try and find the words of a welcome piece that you could print in your paper, that when another mis-

sionary comes to see us we may have a nice new piece to sing.

So good-bye, from

TRIXIE.

St. John, Jan. 9, 1894.

Puzzle Drawer.

ENIGMA.

1. An apostle to the Gentiles.
 2. One of the prophets.
 3. Where Paul suffered martyrdom.
 4. His birthplace.
 5. A wise king who became foolish.
 6. God's chosen people.
 7. A leader in Bible times.
 8. A mountain from which he had a fine view.
 9. A king of God's choosing.
 10. A mountain where Jesus often went with His disciples.
 11. One who came to Jesus secretly.
- The initial letters of these names form one of our Mission Stations.

CHARADES.

My first is a vehicle; my second is the latter half of a small compound word, meaning confusion. My whole is the name of one of our most beloved Missionaries.

My first is a word meaning skilful (see 2nd Chron. 2: 7); my second is a kind of meat. My whole is the name of another well-known Missionary.

My first is a girl's name; my second is an old-fashioned kind of waist; my third is a word meaning roomy. My whole is the name of a dear little girl in whom we are all much interested.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the name of one of our missionaries of whom great things may reasonably be expected?

Why may we look for love and sympathy from another of our missionaries?

Notices to Auxillaries and Mission Bands.

The Board of Managers has arranged for an amalgamation of *Our Quarterly* and *Palm Branch* a Mission Band quarterly hitherto published by the N. B. and F. E. I. Branch. The new publication is adopted as the official organ of our Mission Band Department, and will be issued monthly, for 10 cents a year, beginning January, 1894, and will be known as PALM BRANCH. Subscriptions, by order of the Board, are to be sent to Miss Ogden, Room 20, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, Ont.—*Leaflet*.

All communications intended for insertion in *Palm Branch* must be addressed to the Editor,

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St. John N. B.