



*"ABIDE IN ME."*

[By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.]

That mystic word of thine, O sovereign Lord!  
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;  
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,  
I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by thy love  
Each half formed purpose and dark thought of sin;  
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,  
And keep my soul as thine—calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay  
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own—  
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,  
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,  
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand divine;  
Dwell thou within it, tune and touch the chords,  
'Till every note and string shall answer thine.

Abide in me:—there have been moments pure,  
When I have seen thy face and felt thy power;  
Then evil lost its grasp, and, passion hushed,  
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;  
Abide in me—and they shall ever be;  
I pray thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,  
Come and abide in me, and I in thee.

*A BETTER BEGINNING.*

MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

THE little clock in Miss Dean's sitting-room struck —one, two, three, four! She sighed and shook her head sadly. But just then a little girl in an old-fashioned cloak and a red tam-o'-shanter rushed up the steps and into the hall. As she opened the inner door she exclaimed:

"Oh, I'm so sorry to be late! But I had to mind the baby, and the walking is awful out our way. Why, Miss Dean, have they all gone?"

"They haven't been here, Ollie, not one of them," replied Miss Dean.

"Why!" Ollie's face expressed a great deal of surprise and disappointment, as she came forward to warm her feet. "I got a lovely letter from our girl last night. They ought to hear it."

Ollie was secretary of the "Help Each Other Mission Band," but as she lived a mile from town, she had not been present at the last meetings on account of storms.

"Do you remember how many were here at the last meeting you attended?" asked Miss Dean.

"Yes; Alice Hooper, and Sarah Lester, and me. That was all."

"The next week Sarah was the only one; the rest went skating. Last Saturday none came, and to-day none but you."

"Do you—think—they forget—to come?" asked Ollie, hesitatingly.

"No, dear; I think they are tired of the work. I think the Band is dead," Miss Dean replied, sadly.

"Oh, don't let it! Can't we do something?" and Ollie came close to the table where Miss Dean sat her plain, earnest little face wrinkled with anxiety.

"I have been thinking—why Ollie, it has troubled me so for weeks that I could hardly sleep. I have thought of several plans. Shall I tell you about them, dear?"

They talked together a long while, and Ollie's head nodded encouragingly. The child was so hopeful that Miss Dean wore a brighter face after she had gone.

Early the next week fifteen girls received notes, each of which read:

"The 'Help Each Other Mission Band' died Saturday afternoon, Dec. 15. The friends are invited

to meet at the usual time and place next Saturday, to hear the will read and receive their bequests."

Fifteen girls looked puzzled and troubled, and ashamed, as they asked each other: "What does it mean?" "Is it really dead?" "Will she scold us?"

But when Saturday came, all the girls filed into Miss Dean's sitting room and sat down with wondering faces in the chairs arranged in a stiff row around the room.

Ollie was at the table opposite Miss Dean. They noticed there were real tears in Miss Dean's eyes as she said: "You know, dear girls, when the missionary spirit leaves a society, although there may be as many hearts and hands and feet attached to it as ever, it is really dead. Usually there is no funeral service held, and no monument is ever erected. But I remember how we once loved our meetings, and I couldn't bear to see the patchwork and thimbles and papers in the box, so I wanted you to receive them again. Then there is little Bertha Darrow in Japan, who is an orphan now—I thought you might like to send love and sympathy to her before she is given to another Band. Our corresponding secretary received a letter from her last week, which we will hear before the will is read."

Rosa Darrow, for whose angel sister the Japanese girl was named, turned around in her chair and hid her face at this moment. Ollie rose and read:

TO MY DEAR FRIENDS IN AMERICA—I received your kind and loving letter Saturday morning. I was much pleased to read it, and read it not only one time but twice and thrice. I am very sorry I did not write you before this. I hope you will excuse me with your great humaneness, for I am not lazy, only forgetful always. We have a society, too. Tokwa San is vice-president, O Fuku San is secretary, O Miki San is treasurer, and I, humble girl, am president. I shall try very hard to faithfully work like you in America, who so diligently work for Jesus. I thank you very much for your kind letter to think of such foolish girl very often with great deal of love and prayer. When I read that, tears came to my eyes unknowing. Good bye, with great love. Your girl,

O KO SAN (Bertha Darrow).

"Miss Dean! O Miss Dean!" sobbed Rosa, "we can't give my little sister's name away. She sha'n't go to another Band, shall she, girls?"

Then Alice Hooper, the treasurer, arose. "Miss Dean," said she, "we feel dreadfully—we girls do. I never meant to stay away from the meetings, but I just *did*. If you'll try us once more."

"I wish you would," interrupted Sarah Lester, wiping her tearful eyes. "Mamma says we don't deserve a society. She says our girl in Japan knows how to appreciate her blessings better than we do."

Elsie Atkins was ready to speak as soon as Sarah

sat down. She began in her most grown-up manner: "I talked with papa about it, and he said perhaps it was a case of"—here Elsie paused to look at a bit of paper—"a case of *suspended animation*. He said perhaps it would come to life if the right remedies were used."

As Elsie's father was a doctor, this opinion had considerable weight.

Then dear, conscientious little Mabel Bliss arose and said, with tears in her voice: "I think the trouble is in our *hearts*. I've been selfish. I wanted to play, or go off somewhere, every single Saturday. I didn't think about our girl, and I didn't think about our doing it for Jesus. When we were going to have a fair or an entertainment; then I was interested. But since I got that note I've made up my mind if we could—come to life—once more—I'd do better."

"How many of you would like to 'come to life'?" asked Miss Dean, with the first smile that had lighted that dismal meeting. Every girl sprang to her feet.

"That is good!" she continued; "but, dear girls, I cannot begin on the old plan. The society isn't a game to be dropped when you want a change. It means real responsibility and work for Jesus. It means sacrifice too. It means that we love the grand, beautiful cause of missions so well that we are glad to give some of our time and money and strength to help it along. All who *desire* to begin over in this way, raise your hands."

The girls looked at each other soberly, questioningly, and every hand was slowly raised. Then every head was bowed as Miss Dean prayed: "Dear Jesus, give us the life and love in our hearts which shall endure forever!"

And then the girls would not stay in these chairs another minute! They crowded around Miss Dean, laughing and crying and confessing and explaining. It was a never-to-be-forgotten meeting. And Ollie whispered to Miss Dean just before she went home: "Just think! We didn't read the *will* after all!"—*Zion's Herald*.

#### THE LILY, THE DAISY, THE BIRD, AND A CHILD.

Every lily in the valley  
Waits in patience for the rain;  
Every daisy in the shadow  
Waits till sunbeams come again;  
Every birdie in its home-nest  
Waits for food, nor waits in vain.

Dearest Saviour, it is written,  
"Be ye patient, in Thy word,  
Make me patient as the Lily,  
Or the Daisy or the Bird;  
Give me, Lord, Thy loving Spirit  
Never by a passion stirred.

ANON.

## GOOD MORNING ROUND THE WORLD.

The Spanish "good morning's" "Buena diaz,"  
 "Bon dia" 's the Portuguese wish as you pass;  
 And as over the sea  
 The daylight shall flee,  
 The same in Brazil its new welcome shall be.  
 So over the earth the good greeting shall fly,  
 And each in his own way shall speak and reply.  
 But one thought is found,  
 Whatever the sound,  
 And Good morning's Good morning, the whole world  
 around.

—St. Nicholas.

THE END.

## FIELD STUDY FOR SEPTEMBER.

Another Year for Jesus.—Retrospect and Prospect.

**M**ONTH by month we have studied the needs of the heathen world, following the missionaries in their efforts to teach the Gospel. Now we are asked to turn our attention to the work at home. By a thorough review of our work in the past we may learn how to make wise plans for the future. This is necessary. The work abroad would soon fail for lack of support if the home work were not carefully done.

I heard a bright girl say, "I wish we were going to have the African Mission. It would be a new field to study." One field that is open to us is the training of the little folk. Give them the same patient effort some one else has given us, teaching them to sing and recite. The Japanese, Chinese, and Indian customs, that seem an old story to us, will interest them, if told in a bright way. We will be likely to find that we don't know *everything* about our fields after all, but this need not discourage us.

"Have you a good society?" "Well, a number attend, but there is no soul, they don't pull together." I read lately a story of a ship on her first voyage; each rivet and bolt, and piece of steel in her, refusing to give way in the least in the tug and strain of her first battle with the Atlantic ocean. At last they understood what was required; when the shock came, each yielded a little, and ceasing to be so many pieces of steel and iron, the ship found herself. I thought how suggestive, and wished that every Mission Band in our Society had "found herself."

We need to pray about the business details of our work. We miss many blessings when we neglect this. For instance, the Corresponding Secretary comes in contact with each member of the Band at least twelve times in the year, when distributing PALM BRANCHES, Missionary literature, etc. How soon this

duty becomes a weariness and vexation many a secretary can tell. Let her take it as work for Christ, praying that each paper may help to widen His kingdom, and she will find numberless ways of helping. Tell those who seem losing interest they were missed at the last meeting, or some helpful article may be pointed out, and so some who might otherwise drop out, may be kept in touch with the work by a faithful secretary.

When Paul told the story of his life to Agrippa, he gave the secret of its success in these words: "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." We might never have heard of the great missionary to the Gentiles had he just ceased to persecute, and not "straightway preached Jesus." There are times when the heavenly vision comes to each of us—moments when heaven seems nearer, and our eyes are opened to possibilities of work for Christ that we had not dreamed of—words to speak for Him, plans that will take thought, time and care to carry out; but alas how often we *are* disobedient to the heavenly vision. We go out from the precious service we found so helpful, or the hour of communion in our closets when we climbed high enough to take a wider view of the things that are earthly and the things that are heavenly, and instead of crystalizing the thought into action suffer the holy influence to be frittered away, forgetting that

"Tasks in hours of insight willed,  
 May be in hours of gloom fulfilled."

"Therefore be ye *steadfast*, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

D.

## QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

What have we done, month by month, this Missionary year?

What are we asked to do now?

How can we make wise plans for the future?

What would cause the work abroad to fail?

What one field is open to us?

Show some ways of doing good in that field?

Will you explain about the ship?

What do we need to pray about as one part of our work?

Will you tell us what may be done by a faithful secretary?

How will she find many ways of helping?

What was the secret of St. Paul's success?

Does the heavenly vision ever come to us?

How are we sometimes disobedient to it?

Will you repeat the Bible verse which tells us how we are to do our work, which is also the work of the Lord?

# ✻ PALM BRANCH ✻

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MISS S. E. SMITH,  
282 Princess Street,  
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SEPTEMBER, 1896.

IS it possible that the end of another missionary year is really close at hand? How the days, months, and years do go by, to be sure! And we are going with them, on, on, to our account, —on to the future, whatever it may hold for us! Are we making the most of the time that is slipping as fast from us as the sand from the hour-glass? Looking back over this expiring year, is there more of pleasure or of pain in the retrospect? There has been good work done for Christ in all our fields this year, and the outlook is a hopeful one. Good work at home and abroad. But still the question must be a personal one for us all. What have I done this year? Have I done all in my power to spread a knowledge of Him and His plan for the world? It is individual work that tells! If every one—man, woman or child—who has had Christian advantages, had told some other one less fortunate, of a Saviour's love, do you think that there would still be hundreds of millions of people who have never heard of Him! Surely there is a great responsibility somewhere! We sometimes wonder how His disciples—His earliest disciples, Peter, and James and John—who were so eager, after the resurrection, to tell of Him, and even to die for His sake, how they would have felt if they could have foreseen that at the close of the nineteenth century there would be hundreds of millions of people in this small world who had yet to hear of Jesus Christ, their best friend. What is the prospect for the new year? It is good if you and I will come up to the help of the Lord.

GREAT BRITAIN has had some distinguished visitors of late. It is not long since Kama, the African Chief, who is a marvel to all, because of his wonderful development under heathen influences, visited her shores. Since his return to Africa he has been lecturing to his people on what he saw and heard in that

se-called Christian land. How much we would all like to hear those lectures, to know the impression made on his heart and mind!

And now Li Hung Chang, "China's Grand Old Man," has come to that civilized country, and with wide-open eyes and ears he is taking in all the sights and sounds so new and interesting to a foreigner. Just as we would do if we sailed away to the land of the Chinese. Of what importance will the visits of these men, so influential in their own countries, be to those countries by-and-bye? Will they tell for Christianity or against it? They will surely tell for civilization, but we all know that a Christless civilization is a failure. All history has proved it so. Do the Christians of Britain realize that they are posing as an object lesson to the people of Africa and China for the teaching of good or evil? Let us pray that they may do so now, if never before. Li Hung-Chang has not yet embraced Christianity, being perfectly satisfied, if we may believe him, with his own religion; but he has tolerated, and been kindly disposed to it on account of the physical help it has brought to his countrymen.

We have labored under some disadvantages this month—so many of our friends have gone to the country and the sea side. We miss the Circle and Band Notes, which we know are always interesting to our readers.

We are very much pleased to have Mrs. 'Morrow's helpful little story of Martha (Ah Hoe), the Chinese girl. Such bright teaching cannot fail to do good. We much appreciate Mrs. Morrow's kindness in sending it.

Last month part of our Editorial remarks were crowded out. We spoke of the good work done by Miss Hargrave in Manitoba, during her furlough there, in the interests of the PALM BRANCH and otherwise. Miss Hargrave kindly says she will always be interested in our little paper, and glad to hear of its success. She sails on the 24th of this month for Japan. Let us remember it, and follow her with our good wishes and prayers.

We have not touched on the retrospect and prospect of the PALM BRANCH, leaving that to a later occasion. Indeed we prefer, at all times, to let our little paper speak for itself, in its own modest way. We, however, heartily thank all our subscribers and contributors for the help they have kindly given us; and are pleased to be able to say that our subscription List has nearly reached 3,000 this year. That is the retrospect. We cannot yet speak of the prospect.

We would call special attention to the Nova Scotia Branch notice on last page.

## THE SPARE WOMAN.

[From a short Paper read by MRS. SHENRON, at the Annual Meeting of the Saint John Auxiliaries and Bands.]

had concluded that the Spare Woman must mean all who did not belong either to the Dorcas Society, the Sustentation Fund, the King's Daughters, the W. C. T. Union, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Woman's Council, or the Woman's Missionary Societies. But in looking over the Church Membership, I found that while all of those, as well as other Societies, were represented, sometimes by one and the same individual, yet a large number of our Christian women were not members of any of those societies. I was aware that our Visiting and Leaflet Committees had frequently made a house to house canvas, and always came back laden with promises from the members that they would be at the next meeting if they could possibly spare the time, and from others, they would like to come but could not spare the time. And as I mentally counted up the irresponsibles I thought if to-day we could adopt some plan to touch that class of spare women, we would be doing a work hitherto undone. But, Ladies, I never fully realized the importance of my subject until I consulted Noah Webster, when I found he had devoted nearly a whole column to the word 'Spare.' In fact he had treated it exhaustively, but I will omit the Latin, most of the English, and all of the poetical quotations, and give you just one definition, which is: "Held in reserve, to be used in an emergency—a spare anchor." In a figurative sense an anchor is that which gives stability or security, that on which we place dependence for safety. Anchors are of different sizes. The principal one is the sheet anchor, the one upon which most dependence is placed, and it answers to the same place on a ship that the president of the Branch does to the safe working of our auxiliaries and bands. Then we have the best bower anchor, and the small bower anchor; the spare anchor; the stream anchor; and the kedge anchor, which is the smallest of all the anchors; all of which, figuratively, can be applied to all of us, the lesser lights of this society. But do not forget that they all have their place and their work, but the spare anchor is one of the most important, as it is kept for emergencies. Clara Barton, of "Red Cross" fame, is an emergency woman, who, like a shaft of sunlight in a weeping sky, goes to bleeding, oppressed Armenia; she goes to fight a bloodless battle, while the armies of Europe and America stand scowling at each other, a disgrace to their manhood and their Christianity. And the records of our Women's Missionary Societies

are rich and thickly dotted with the names of emergency women—women whose names will be an inspiration and a benediction when they shall have received the reward of those who come up through great tribulation.

Then, my sisters, let it be our ambition to be the spare women who always keep in sympathetic touch with our Lord's command. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth labourers into His harvest." Let us do our work well, and then we will be fitted for more and better service; and if the old ship gets tossed in the rough sea of diversity of opinion, or drifts to danger by trade winds, on the expediency of substituting Home Missions for Foreign, let us, in seamen's language, back an anchor, and as we do so cable it to the ship with willing hands, liberal gifts, and earnest prayer. And if we do this we will never drift far from the anchor ground, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."

## CLOCK EXERCISE OF LOVE.

A pretty exercise comes to us in *Over Sea and Land*, which we copy for the benefit of our mission circles. For this exercise three things are necessary: first, that the children should have been taught the verses beforehand; second, a large clock face with plain figures—any jeweller will furnish one with hands in working order; third, a gong that can be struck to imitate a clock striking the hours. The leader turns the hands to each hour, and a helper strikes the corresponding hour on the gong; at the last stroke the children recite the verses for that hour:

- I. Love.
- II. Love God.
- III. God is Love
- IV. Love is of God.
- V. God loveth a cheerful Giver.
- VI. There is no fear in Love.
- VII. If ye love Me, keep My commandments.
- VIII. We love Him because He first loved us.
- IX. Love suffereth long and is kind, thinketh no evil.
- X. These things I command you, that ye love one another. Dayspring.

## GOOD CHEER CORNER.

During the building of Strasburg cathedral, a legend says, a poor peasant woman, with patient love and zeal, worked many a weary year in polishing and preparing a stone for a place in the building. When bowed with age and toil her finished stone was brought, the builder kindly told her no place was left except far up on the lofty spire, unseen by human eye.

"A smile lit up her old worn face.  
'That place is just the place for me;  
My stone will meet the eye I love,  
The angels and my Lord can see.'

"The stone our love has polished long,  
In life's cathedral may not gain  
An honored place; but not for that  
Was love's work ever wrought in vain,"



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

COUSIN JOY thinks the reason she has for so few letters this month must be because so many of her young cousins are away in the country, enjoying their vacation. She hopes they will have a right merry time in the pleasant sunshine, and come back to do good work in their Mission Bands in the fall and winter months. Cousin Joy is glad to have two letters with thoughts about that 'worm.' John thinks he would be sorry when he was older, and saw the difference between worms and butterflies. Of course he would, when it was too late, and the worst of all would be that it was his own fault that he had missed the chance. Nellie is right, too, in thinking that the lesson for girls and boys is to learn all they can now, so that they may grow into beautiful characters, as the years go by. What do you think Cousin Joy thought of when she read that poem? Why, of that story in Pilgrim's Progress, of the man who raked together all the sticks and straws he could find; spent all his time doing that, while just above his head there was a beautiful Crown, meant for him, only he never saw it, because he was looking *down* all the time, instead of *up*. God wants us to look up for the best things He has to give us.

Could John or any of the boys find out and tell us if worms are good for anything? You know there are some worms that could never grow into butterflies.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—The Sewing Circle of our Mission Band meets on the third Friday of each month, and we find it very hard to get the boys to attend these meetings. Could you suggest any way in which we might amuse them?

Your "Willing Worker,"

Teeswater, Ont. MAX AGNEW.  
May also sends answers to puzzles.

Cousin Joy remembers being one of a Sewing Circle once, when the boys were given knitting to do, and it was great fun. The boys might take turns in

reading aloud, and you might vary the programme by a Missionary game.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I belong to the Active Workers' Mission Band of Marysville. I take the PALM BRANCH, and think it a very interesting paper for young girls. I have found the answer of the last puzzle in July's paper. It is, I think, "Sunshine Sewing Circle." I remain, yours truly,  
Marysville, N. B. LAURA E. LIKELY.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I think the worm that would not be a butterfly was a very foolish worm to crawl when he had a chance to fly. I think he would be very sorry when he got a little older and saw what a good time the butterflies had. Don't you? I send the answers to August puzzles:—"Christian Missionary," "Par Bar Westward," "Happy Gleaners."  
Your Cousin, JOHN SMITH.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I've been thinking about "The Worm that would not be a Butterfly." Do you think the lesson is that if girls and boys won't learn all they can now, they will never grow into something better, but will be dunces all their lives? Please tell me. I think the answer to Carrie's puzzle is "Christian Missionary," and to Ada's, "Happy Gleaners."  
Your loving Cousin, NELLIE JONES.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I belong to the "Rill and River Mission Band." I take the PALM BRANCH, and find it very interesting. I think I have found the answers to the first and last August puzzles. The first is "Christian Missionary," and the last "Happy Gleaners."  
Your loving Cousin,  
Alberton, Aug. 10. RETTIE LEARD.

### SEPTEMBER PUZZLES.

I am composed of 15 letters.

- My 7, 2, 14, 9, is a large woody plant.
- My 12, 4, 1, is the juice of plants.
- My 5, 11, 7, is a hut.
- My 6, 4, 8, 4, is an exclamation.
- My 15, 3, 10, is a part of the body.
- My 10, 4, 12, 13, is what you do when short of breath.
- My whole is what God commands us to do.

Nappan, N. S.

LILLIE BLAIR.

I am composed of 19 letters.

- My 2, 7, 1, 13, 10, 18, 9, 16, 8, is a band of music.
- My 13, 6, 15, 7, 5, is a species of earth of different colors.
- My 11, 17, 4, 14, 2, 3, 12, 6, 3, 19, is uneasiness.
- My whole is what our lives should be.

Bermuda.

JOS.

I am composed of 24 letters.

- My 7, 3, 16, 11, 4, 8, 13, means greediness or gain.
- My 12, 6, 20, 24, 1, 18, 23, 13, 17, 16, means benevolent disposition.
- My 21, 9, 22, 14, 13, 24, is to be reproached.
- My 9, 15, 19, 5, is the king of beasts.
- My 2, 20, is an article (indefinite).
- My whole is the name of a society in Pownal, P. E. I.

Bedeque.

ADA CAMPBELL.

Will Cousin Alice Day kindly send us her puzzle again? It has been accidentally lost, and we are sorry.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

SCOTTER, LINCOLN, JULY 15, 1896.

*To the Editress of the Palm Branch :*

Although it is now several months since I gave up my work at the Chinese Home, Victoria, B. C., I keep up a correspondence with some of those who either were or are still its inmates, and I think while I live I shall continue to be deeply interested in the welfare and prosperity of our Mission to the Chinese on the Pacific coast. Mission work was to me a delightful service, cheered by the appreciation of those among whom I was placed ; but how I longed that more should be accomplished in many ways.

A good, amiable girl named Ah Hoe (Martha), was not so quick to comprehend as some of the others ; and while she would assent to what was taught, did not express herself in thoughts of her own. Before I left I said to her : " Martha, three things I want you always to remember. Three things, Martha—you can think of that many, can you not ? "

" Yes, mamma. "

" You know that little verse you say, ' God is love. ' That is one thing. You can always think of that, cannot you ? "

" Yes, mamma. "

" Well now for two things. ' Jesus saves ! ' " and we went over some well-known verses ; and I said, " That is just the meaning of those verses you have often heard, ' Jesus saves. ' Martha, can you remember these two things ? "

" Yes, mamma. "

" And Martha, one more. You know here we take every thing to Jesus in prayer—all that troubles us, all we want help about, and things we have to thank Him for ; if you go away from here sometimes you will want some one to tell everything to. Tell anything to Jesus, Martha. Now you will, won't you, always remember those three things, ' God is Love, ' ' Jesus saves, ' ' What a friend we have in Jesus. ' " She promised compliance.

About three months ago I received a letter from her, saying : " Just now I am so happy ! I know God loves me, Jesus saves me, and that I have a friend in Jesus. " I wrote to her, saying I prayed that the " just now " of this blessed knowledge might be through her whole life. She is now married to a good Christian Chinaman, and I think will make a good wife. Last Christmas I received a letter from the husband of one who married not long before I left the Home, concluding with : " We two never forget every night to pray for our dear mother away from us. " My heart still longs after them.

Yours truly,

MARY E. MORROW.

*Dear Children of the PALM BRANCH.*

I almost wrote " Leaves " instead of Children, and yet I don't know that it would have been a very serious mistake. The Bible speaks of " the leaves of the trees " being for the " healing of the nations. " I am sure that's what we are hoping for the children of the PALM BRANCH. We want them to be like the leaves and go forth to heal the nations, by telling of the gospel which will heal the wounds, and sorrows and sufferings made by sin. Why Jesus is the Prince of Peace, and where He goes he carries peace, and thus ends all the sufferings produced by war. What an awful thing a war is, and yet we have some of the most pathetic things recorded connected with the battle field. Let me tell you a story.

In the time of the civil war in America, a gentleman, whose name I forget, was engaged amongst the wounded and dying as chaplain. He would go to those who had been shot down and try and point them to Jesus. One night he left the camp, and went away on some business, which detained him later than he expected. As he approached the camp, the sentinel raised his loaded gun at the dark figure he saw approaching, and cried out :

" Who goes there ? "

" A friend. "

" The pass-word please. "

" Chicago. "

" Wrong, sir. Return, or I'll fire. "

The gentleman very quietly went back, and found that the pass-word had been changed during his absence ; but he secured the new one from the proper authority, and once more approached the camp.

Again the sentinel raised his gun, and asked :

" Who goes there ? "

" A friend. "

" The pass-word please. "

" Massachusetts. "

" Correct, sir. "

The gentleman passed inside the line, and going up to the sentinel, said :

" Well sir, you seemed very particular to get the pass-word from me before I could enter. Have you the pass-word to heaven ? "

" Yes sir, I have. "

" What is it please ? "

" The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin. "

" And pray where did you learn that ? "

" From your lips, sir, in the Sunday School, years ago. "

And here was a teacher and a scholar, who had not met for many years, rejoicing together.

How happy that gentleman felt when he heard this.

Let us go forward as " healers of the nations, " carrying the sweet story of Jesus and His Love. Shall we do it ? Good bye.

Yours,

W. J. KIRBY.

Ch'town, July 28, 1896.

## CHILD LIFE IN NORTH AFRICA.

BY ELLA A. BALDWIN.

**HAUNTERING** thoughtfully along one of the narrow, crooked streets of Mogador, a coast town in southern Morocco, I came to the Saffee gate, where I saw some bonnie little Arab boys playing checkers. Their checker-board was a whitewashed stone of the pavement, marked off into squares with a piece of charcoal, and the checker-men small blocks made of carrots and turnips. The little fellows, prone upon the ground, were so intent upon their game that only one looked up to notice me. He was probably getting worsted, for he angrily bade me "go to my grandmother," (a term of contempt much used), which I would gladly have done had she not been in America, and I in Africa; for I wanted some one to solve the problem I was trying to unravel.

Being near the consulate, I went in, and asked the wife of the British Consul if she could tell me how it was that I saw so many sickly babies, and yet such strong, splendid children when a few years old. She laughingly replied, "Well, my dear, 'tis one continuous case of the survival of the fittest; only those survive who are able to endure the hardships and neglect which is their lot at the hands of their young, ignorant, untaught mothers." The frailest ones die off; those who live come up like weeds, without much love or care.

For many days I had been visiting some Moorish houses, where there were sick infants. One poor little thing, only five months old, had a very sore mouth, and could not take its natural nourishment. Its little gums had been seared with a hot iron, to help it cut its teeth easily. For days green tea had been given it. As it could not take that or anything else without crying, all effort to feed it was given up. Fortunately, a day or two later it died, much to the relief of its mother; for "twas only a girl," and girls in Africa have a hard, hard lot. They are indeed dark daughters of a dark land. Now do not think these Arab children are black like our Southern negro. They are a light cinnamon brown, have straight noses, thin lips, black or brown eyes soft as a gazelle's. Some of these little folks are really beautiful. 'Tis no unusual sight to see artists from Italy and Spain, with their easels, here and there in the streets trying to reproduce the grace and beauty of these little subjects as they flit about in their few but fantastic-looking garments.

S. S. Times

## MISSION BAND WORK.

This is the young people's opportunity to work for God. Let us take the work as from Him, cheerfully, willingly, gladly, using our talents in His service; giving Christ our best, for there is no one to whom we owe more. Trusting in His strength we cannot fail. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" said St. Paul, and so can we, if we put our trust in the Lord. Dear discouraged workers, put all the discouragements and troubles into the Lord's hands. There is no better way. Our efforts are in vain unless He is with us, leading on the

work. There is no trouble too small to tell Him, if it troubles His children, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." We have often been made ashamed of our lack of faith. He is so much more ready to give than we are to ask, or this, He is able to give us far more than we can ask or think, and often He has answered our prayers in such glorious ways that it seems impossible to doubt His willingness and power to help. Let us go bravely on in His strength, do our best, and leave the result with God.

We are builders of that City,  
All our joys and all our groans  
Help to rear the shining ramparts,—  
All our lives are building stones.

But a few brief years we labor;  
Soon our earthly day is o'er,  
Other builders take our places,  
And our place knows us no more.

But the work that we have builded,  
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,  
And in terror, and in anguish,  
Will not perish with our years.

It will be at last made perfect  
In the universal plan;  
It will help to crown the labors  
Of the toiling hosts of man;

It will last, and shine transfigured  
In the final reign of Right,  
It will merge into the splendors  
Of the City of the Light.

Ont.

A. B. C.

## LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH.

ALL-CIRCLES and BANDS will kindly be sure and have all Annual Reports sent to me not later than the first week in September.

M. EDITH BROWNE,  
Cor. Sec. Mission Band.

MISS LIZZIE P. MCGILL, Corresponding Secretary of Silver Stream Band, Shelburne, N. S., writes:—  
"The Silver Stream Band held a concert on the evening of July 23rd. It was a complete success, as indeed every concert we ever held has been pronounced. We had several new features, including the "Mission News by Telephone," which was kindly sent to us by Miss Lathern, of Dartmouth. Perhaps the most interesting part of the programme was the Chinese Motion Song, "Wen Shun," particularly the musical part. We had a fine dialogue, namely, "Stirring up the Gifts," rendered most effectively by four young ladies of the Mission Band. Toward the close we had a sale of holders, in the shape of pens, sold at ten cents each, from which we realized \$2.80. The total amount from the concert was \$10.15. The money realized from the holders will go to our Memorial Fund, which is destined to support a native minister in China, in commemoration of two of our members, who died within a few weeks of each other in 1894. We have not been idle up to this date. The older girls each outlined an apron, which helped to increase our funds. We also made candy, and sold it. We hope our interest will steadily increase in this cause, which is making so much progress in the world."