

*RESURRECTION!*

BY MRS. A. H. EATON.

I have stood where the wondering women stood  
 In the early morning light,  
 By the empty tomb with its lifted stone,  
 And its angel watchers there alone,  
 In robes of white!

I have heard them say, in their tones of joy,  
 "He is risen, He is not here!  
 Why seek ye the living among the dead,  
 Remember ye not the words He said,  
 Why do ye fear?"

And I know that the Christ who died on the cross,  
 Is the Christ who rose to-day,  
 Vain was the strength of the guarding stone,  
 Vain was the power of watch or throne,  
 To bid Him stay.

And my heart exults with a holy joy,  
 And swells with a glad surprise,  
 For sure as my Christ in the grave hath lain  
 And risen, unharmed, from its dust again,  
 I, too, shall rise!

Baltimore, Md.

*A TRIP TO JAPAN.*

want you, my dear young friends, to take a trip with me today, far away from home and friends, for you have been resting content there long enough, and a little thought of what lies beyond, will only render home all the dearer to you.

Come! jump on board that train marked C. P. R. and soon we'll be rolling away, past cities and rivers and farms, until some morning we'll awake to find ourselves winding along the shores of wide, shining lakes, and trying to count their little green islands.

Then out on the boundless prairies we glide, where thousands of little gophers play hide and seek among the bright flowers that nod at us as we pass.

But we speed away and away, till three times the great red sun sinks out of sight, and then one morning we find ourselves at the very portals of the sunset,

where mountains tower up to the clouds, and the streams roar angrily at us from their rocky caverns.

But still we go on and on, over mountains as well as the prairies, till we reach the verge of the land, and the grand old Pacific casts its tribute of shells at our feet.

But here is our ship awaiting us, and now with a moan and a shriek from her iron throat, she bears us away, and we watch our friends on the shore, till they fade from sight in the distance.

We will walk the deck and sing and talk, or stand and watch the seagulls about the ship, or the whales spouting far out at sea, as day after day, through storm and calm, through fog and sunshine, our good ship bears us on; until at last away on the hazy horizon we can trace dim outlines of mountains, and one bright day we steam up into the harbor, past warships of every nation, which show their colors as we pass, and then we cast our anchor and are at rest, for "He has brought us into our desired haven."

Queer little bronze-colored men bring their boats alongside our ship, and we must get in one and go to shore.

Oh, what quaint-looking children are playing about the wharves! They look like little old men and women about five or six years old, for all the girl's dresses hang down to their feet, and their hair is done up on the tops of their heads. They wear wooden clogs instead of shoes, and their shiny black eyes turn up at the corners. They have no hats, and ever so many of them are carrying baby brothers and sisters on their backs.

But see, they are laughing at you, with your red hair,—for they call all light hair red,—and your big round eyes, they say are put in wrong side up. Oh!

yes, you look very strange to them, and perhaps they may follow you and call you names.

But we are hungry and cannot stay here, so I'll engage carriages and we'll hasten on. Yes, this is your carriage, though it only holds one and is drawn by a man instead of a horse. He can run well, but you need not be alarmed if he does not keep just with the rest of us. He'll neither run away nor lose you.

See the odd little stores, about the size of good large shop windows, without any fronts in them, and the men and women sitting on the floor inside. They do not use chairs here, so you must learn to sit on your feet too.

Of course you noticed that there are no sidewalks, but everyone walks in the centre of the street. The boys yonder are fishing with tiny nets, in the sewers that line both sides of the street. Just stop a moment and see what they are catching. The sewer is full of wriggling red snails, which they catch, prepare for food and eat. But that need not make you afraid to stay at a Japanese hotel, for they have very few articles of food to which you would object as unfit to eat, although many of their dishes may prove unpalatable.

That is a strange procession ahead of us! Men dressed in white, bearing huge bouquets of flowers, followed by four men carrying a square box on poles. It is a funeral and the box a coffin, for it is the custom to bury the dead sitting instead of lying down, and hence the strange shape of the coffin, which is almost a perfect cube. Had we time to follow it on to the burying ground we would see little square graves, completely covered by the tombstones.

Here comes a man with a bamboo pole over his shoulder, and a pail, with holes in the bottom, suspended at either end. These are filled with water, and this is their method of sprinkling the streets, except where some more ambitious shopkeeper dips the water from the sewer and throws it across the road.

But here we turn into the park, and not at all sorry, for the day is so warm. Our jinrikisha men seem to appreciate the shade even more than we do, and no wonder, for the poor fellows are dripping. Our road winds in and out among the trees, and seems quite a favorite resort, judging by the number of jinrikishas we meet.

That red gate to the right, which looks like a house with a carriage drive through the centre of it, leads into the temple grounds, and the old man who kneels beside it, rubbing his hands together and bowing as we pass, is a beggar asking for alms. We had better not heed him though, or we'll have all the beggars in the district running after us.

But here we are at our destination, at last, and right glad of a rest. See our hostess bowing again and again, until her forehead touches the floor. She is saying you are welcome. Take off your shoes and leave them at the door, for they would spoil the pretty straw matting, and besides, it is not polite to wear your shoes in a Japanese house, nor indeed would it be comfortable, when you sit on your feet, for there are no chairs here. Of course I could have taken you to a foreign hotel, but I was anxious to let you see as much of Japan as possible.

You are too tired after your long journey to look at either house or grounds this evening, so we will get our supper and go to rest at once. The whole wall seems made of sliding doors, and softly drawing one aside, the waitresses enter, bearing trays, and kneeling, they place one before each of us.

You see I ordered eggs and rice and tea to night, because I thought you could all eat that. The rice is boiled in water, with a little salt, and must take the place of bread, for the Japanese do not eat bread. Break your egg into the rice and you'll find it won't taste bad, and now pick up your chop-sticks and begin. Why what's the matter? You didn't expect to get forks or spoons did you? Take both chop-sticks in the one hand and after you become used to them they are almost as dainty as forks.

The tea is very pale, but is much stronger than it looks. You can't get milk though, for they don't use milk here, and the sugar is such dark looking stuff I hardly think you'd care for it.

And now that the trays have been removed, we will go to bed, and be ready for to-morrow's sight seeing. How softly the girls move about as they spread the quilts on the padded floor! We'll probably sleep five or six in a room. Now all is ready, I'll say good night, and hope you will rest well in your strange beds, and be ready for a ramble with me to-morrow. MARJORY.

#### HYMN.

Tune--Greenville, or "Oh how sweet to trust in Jesus."

Now a cry of deepest sorrow  
Comes across the waters blue,  
"Ye who know salvation's story  
Haste to help and save us too!  
Shed, O shed the gospel glory  
O'er the darkness of our night,  
Till the gloomy shadows vanish  
In its full and blessed light."

For these poor benighted millions  
We can give and work and pray!  
And our gifts and prayers united,  
Sure will speed that happy day  
When, no more to idols bowing,  
Jesus only shall be King,  
And ten thousand voices ringing  
Shall His praise victorious sing.

*FIELD STUDY FOR MARCH.*

Our subjects for prayer this month are "Japan, Korea and the Isles of the Sea." Japan continues to be one of our most interesting fields of labor. It is believed that the war now raging between China and Japan, sad as it is, will be over-ruled for the further spread of Christianity in those countries. We must pray that it may be so. The news from Japan this year is very encouraging. The Japanese girls are being trained as Christian workers, and they do grand service. They conduct prayer meetings, mother's meetings, Sunday schools, and visit the sick. The advantage of this training is the character which they thus gain for themselves, and which makes them helpful to others. If the doors of Japan should ever be closed again to foreign Christians these inside workers would still be able to spread the truth. Little neglected children have been gathered into Sunday schools, and that has brought the mothers too. Orphanages have been opened at small expense this year in Tokyo and Kanazawa giving shelter and instruction to 22. The three boarding schools in Tokyo, Shizuoka and Kofu are growing. More than two-thirds of the girls are Christians, enjoy class and prayer meetings and the Bible lessons, which prepare them to teach others. Many of these girls are banded together as "King's Daughters," and they support a school for poor children in Tokyo; they also send one-tenth of their small earnings and savings to send the Gospel to West China. I wonder if we have as much of the true missionary spirit! In Kanazawa they have beside day schools and an Orphanage, industrial classes. These are to teach embroidering, and so help the poor girls by selling their work, partly to maintain themselves at school. Some of these girls might otherwise have been sold. There are also match-box making and envelope industries. Temperance work has also been carried on successfully in Japan. During the summer vacation, as the girls scatter to their homes, they carry the seeds of eternal life to many towns and villages. Let us go on praying for Japan.

Korea has been called the "Hermit Kingdom," because it has so long kept aloof from other countries. This is remarkable, because it is within two days sail of Japan and only 24 hours distant from the harbor of Chefoo, in China, and almost in a line of steamships. You can find it on the map—it is a peninsula. The law of the land made it death for any foreigner to be found on its shores and for any Korean to give shelter to a foreigner. Some converted Koreans in Japan were very anxious that the Gospel should go to their benighted brethren at home—God heard their prayers. In 1884 the first Protestant missionary went to Korea, and others followed. For a long time the Government

continued to forbid Christianity, so the foreigners could only hold meetings by themselves. It is only a very few years since Missions were organized; now there are many native converts. Churches and Sabbath schools have been started, and the success is wonderful. The country is rich in scenery, mountainous and well watered, valleys fertile. People mainly devoted to farming. Much gold is found there. The climate varies—Northern, like our own; Southern, warm. The Koreans are well-built and strong, a loyal and contented race, but easy-going. They are intelligent and learn easily. Their houses are well built and heated by flues under the floor. Rice is the food in the north, wheat in the south. They also eat much beef, and have fine cattle. The King rules as an absolute monarch, though he pays tribute to China. His palace is brilliantly lighted with electric light. You see this country has some advantages, but after all it is heathen in every sense of the word. But the time is coming when the true light will shine for Korea. Let us all help to send it! The Korean children are much better off than the Chinese—they are more kindly treated by their parents. The little girls do not have their feet bound, and can play in the street when little. After that they have to stay most of the time in the house, and when they go out have to cover their faces. They are married when 16 or 17 years old. Both boys and girls are dressed in very bright colors. They wear white for mourning. Let us pray for them and also for the people who live in the Isles of the Sea, of whom we shall tell you some other time.

S. E. S.

*QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.*

- What are our subjects for prayer this month?
- What is our hope in regard to this dreadful war?
- What is the news from our Japan missions this year?
- What is done for the Japanese girls, and what do they do?
- What is the advantage of this training?
- What advantage may it be in the future?
- What can you tell of the neglected children? The mothers?
- What of the orphanages? Of the boarding school?
- What do the King's Daughters do for others?
- What can you tell of the Industrial classes in Kanazawa?
- What other industries are there?
- What other work has been carried on successfully?
- How do the girls spend their summer vacation?
- What has Korea been called, and why?
- How is it situated in regard to Japan and China?
- What was the law of the land formerly?
- Through what means did God open the door?
- What event occurred in 1884?
- What did the Government do?
- How is it now?
- What can you tell of the country?
- What do the people do? What is found there?
- What can you tell of the people? Their character? Their houses? Their food?
- What of the King? Of his palace?
- Is this a Christian country?
- What is the prospect for Korea? What can we do?
- What about the children in Korea? The girls?
- How do they dress?
- For whom must we pray?

## ✻ PALM BRANCH ✻

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We cannot but be interested in the war which is going on between Japan and China, and we believe that, terrible as war is, this will be the instrument in God's hands of still further opening up His way in the world.

Reading in the Annual Report the details of last year's work done by our missionary workers in Japan, we are specially impressed by one fact. While evangelistic work is being bravely carried on by the missionaries themselves, amid difficulties and discouragements unknown to us in civilized countries, while the tired mothers are being comforted and strengthened and helped over the rough places, still the chief importance is given to the youth of the land. Not only are they receiving secular and religious education in the schools, but they are being trained there for outside work as well. Many of them already are taking the places of their instructors. The character thus gained must tell on the future of the country. The great advantage of these native converts is that they will always have access to their fellow countrymen, a clearer understanding of the language and a greater knowledge of the national characteristics. Should the time ever come again when Japan shall be closed to foreigners, it will be a joyful assurance to all interested in her spiritual welfare, that the leaven is within her, "which shall leaven the whole lump." This thought should be an inspiration, even now, to those who pray and work for Japan.

Korea has become interesting of late to us because of its connection with the war now going on, but it is still more interesting on account of having so recently been opened to foreign nations, consequently to western civilization and the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. One might suppose, because in some

respects it is a little in advance of many pagan countries (noticeably in its treatment of the children,) that it has less need of our Christian civilization, but, if so, one is greatly mistaken.

Some years ago, Dr. Meta Howard, a Methodist Episcopal Missionary, who went to Korea at the age of 23, came back after a three years residence there, completely shattered in health. She represented the hill country as beautiful and healthy, but custom would not admit of the people building there. There is such a horror prevailing of a woman being seen by any man but her husband, that, to prevent the possibility of it, the houses are all built on a level in the village. Then there is utter neglect or rather ignorance of proper sanitary conditions. The face of the country is kept in a deplorable state until the "clearing-up time" comes, which is a preparation for the coming of the king, and occurs at long intervals. The custom with regard to the burial of the dead is horrible in the extreme. Single corpses are not interred. There must be a number before burial can be given, and then there are many forms and ceremonies connected with it. Mean while the bodies are kept in the houses, and it is at least weeks before they are laid away. If it sickens us only to hear of such things, let it lead us to thank God for our better conditions, and to resolve to do all we can to lessen the sum of human ignorance and misery.

We copy this month in Cousin Joy's Corner, a little letter from "Heathen Children's Friend." It comes from the household of Rev. B. Chappell, and so will be of special interest to our N. B. and P. E. I. readers.

Any subscriber not receiving the paper will please communicate with the Editor.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

We would call attention to the fact that our 2nd quarter begins in April. Now is the time for those who have not already done so to make up clubs!

Subscription price, 15 cents; Clubs of 10 or more, 10 cents.

### THE VOICE OF THE OLD YEAR.

I brought good desires, though as yet but seeds;  
 Let the New Year make them blossom into deeds.

If I gave you sickness, if I brought you care,  
 Let him make one Patience and the other Prayer.

If I brought you plenty, all wealth's bounteous charms,  
 Shall not the new angel turn them into alms?


I gave health and leisure, skill to dream and plan;  
 Let him make them nobler,—work for God and man.

If I brought temptation, let sin die away  
 Into boundless pity for all hearts that stray.

May you hold this angel dearer than the last,  
 So I bless his future while he crews my past.

Adelaide Proctor.

## THE FACE IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

 Missionary sat, one hot summer afternoon, beneath the verandah of the mission-house reading, when, suddenly looking up, she was startled to find herself being intently regarded by a pair of eager eyes belonging, it seemed to her at first, to some sort of monkey or other animal. But it was no monkey, for the owner of the eager eyes began in an equally eager voice, and in broken English, "Lady, tell poor black girl about the good God you've come over the great sea to teach about;" and the face was upturned to the missionary with a wistful, yearning look.

The lady looked curiously at the strange figure before her. Well might she have taken the girl to be an animal rather than a human being. Imagine, if you can, a little squat figure, with filthy rags of clothing hanging to it, face and hands encrusted with dirt, and the unkempt, matted hair hanging down all around so thickly as to really give one the idea of a wild creature of the woods.

And yet within the dark heart of this heathen child was a deep longing, so real and earnest that she had overcome timidity, and had come to know more of the Lord and Saviour of whom she had heard rumors from those who had been taught by the missionaries.

"Do tell poor heathen about the great God," she said again; for the missionary had sat thinking how and what she should answer.

At length she said, "Come to me to-morrow at this time, and you shall know what you wish." The child looked her thanks, and then, like a veritable thing of the woods, bounded away, and was quickly out of sight. The missionary sat there lost in thought, and soon from her heart came the cry, "O God, give me the soul of this poor heathen; teach me what I shall say to her; help me, that I may reach her understanding."

Next day the missionary awaited within the house the coming of the heathen child. At length she saw the little form timidly approaching, and could see that the child was surprised and disappointed at not seeing her beneath the verandah. She sent the native servant forth to meet the child, who told her that her mistress was within and awaited her there. As she entered, the missionary called the child to join her in an upper room, and she quickly ascended the stairs to the place whence the voice proceeded.

On her way she had to pass through a room in which hung a large mirror. The lady suddenly heard a piercing scream, and the girl rushed breathless into her presence, gasping, "Why didn't you tell me?" as

she pointed to the stairs up which she had just come. Then slowly she explained, when the missionary had soothed away her fear, how she had seen in the room below, as she passed through, a terrible-looking wild beast, which approached her and seemed ready to spring upon her. "But there's no wild beast there," said the lady; "you surely are mistaken." "No, no," pleaded the girl, "don't go," as the missionary descended the stairs to ascertain the cause of the child's terror; but, finding she still went down, the child, for very fear of being left alone, followed her.

"Where?" said the missionary, on reaching the room and looking round. "Where is that which so frightened you?" "There, there," said the girl, pointing to the mirror, wherein were reflected her face and form. "But that's yourself there," said she, "and not a wild animal at all." "Me!" was the surprised answer. "Yes, that's your own face there."

The child wonderingly drew near, and gazed at her form in the glass, and, when the truth dawned upon her, said slowly, "Dirty, horrible, ugly!" and then, turning to the missionary, "I'd like to be clean, lady."

When soon afterward, trim and clean with the long unkempt hair nicely braided up, and in place of the rags of clothing a pretty dress that the mission people had given her, the girl again stood before the mirror, she drew herself up, and with a pleased, beaming face, kept repeating, "Clean now, pretty now, neat now." "Yes," said the lady, who was an amused spectator of it all, "but only outside." Then, drawing the child gently toward her, she told her, with love in her tones, of the spiritual deformity and defilement; to all of which the child listened with earnest attention. When the missionary had ceased speaking, the girl, with tears in her eyes, said the old words, "I'd like to be clean, lady."

A few weeks had passed, and the girl had had many long and happy talks with the missionary, when one afternoon she cautiously, almost with awe in her face, stood in front of the glass which had before been such a source of terror. The missionary, with joy and thankfulness to God in her heart for the wondrous way in which he had brought the little one to himself, watched. Looking at her face and figure, now so bright and clean, she repeated, "Clean, pretty, neat;" and then, while heaven itself seemed to be reflected in the sweet face, "and clean inside too."—*Gospel in all Lands.*

— The prayer of faith always counts on immediate results.

— Whenever love writes <sup>\*\*\*</sup> its name, it does it in its own blood,



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

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—Last Sabbath, in my class of boys, I was giving a short story as an illustration on the lesson, which was this: A shepherd had lost three sheep and on his return had ordered out his faithful dog. She had three little puppies, all lying cosy at the fire side; she took one long look at them and then at her master, as much as to say "Can you ask me to leave these and go out in the storm." But he had to say "go" and she obeyed. Two hours after she returned with one sheep. The master said "go after the other two." Looking up in his face and in her dumb way saying, "How can you?" the command to go was obeyed. All night she braved the storm, and returned at daylight with the other two sheep, and on the threshold, in sight of her puppies, breathed her last, thus showing that she gave her life for the lost sheep. Having described this as the Saviour giving His life for us, one little lad said, "But, how about the puppies—what place will they take?" I was puzzled for the time, but I said, "Now think—what will you do with them?" After a short time the same little lad looked up and said, "I think they will be the Apostles, for the Shepherd will train the puppies to do as the mother did, and so God will train those that are called in to work for Him." This showed that that boy was thinking of what he had heard from the lesson. This same boy put fifty cents of his hard earnings into one of our little mite boxes. I have six boys in my S. S. class who have the boxes, and they are doing for the cause early in life, which will bring a blessing to them all the way through. Doing for Christ always brings happiness. Yours in the work.

J. C. L.

Sarnia.

### PLAYING JISHIN.

Jishin is the Japanese word for earthquake. Sometimes when we go over to see our friend Clara Belknap we have great fun jumping up and down on her little spring bed, and we call this playing earthquake.

One day mamma's bed looked too tempting for anything. The spread had just come from the wash, and was as white as a plum-tree in spring-time. The shams, too, were nicely fluted, and stood up very stiff and proper, seeming to say all the time: "Don't you dare to touch me." We knew it was naughty, but we knew, too, that this big bed would be a lovely place for earthquakes. So we got our little chairs and climbed up, and then jumped up and down on the bed, and at every special bounce we would say, "*Jishin! jishin!*"

By and by mamma came in. I will not tell you what she said, but sister and I both cried and said, "Forgive us, mamma," and mamma kissed us, and we thought that was the end.

Two or three days later we were quietly cutting pictures from the *Delineator*, when all at once it seemed as though Sampson or some other giant had gotten under our house and was trying to lift it up and carry it off on his shoulders. And then the house jerked this way and that way; and the chimneys toppled over, and great clouds of soot and dust came out of the fire-places, and the tiles flew off the roof, and zig-zag cracks opened in the parlor walls, and it seemed as though we should all be crushed to death. We were terribly frightened. Do you think it was because we tumbled mamma's bed so dreadfully that God shook Tokyo so? Anyhow we are afraid to play "jishin" any more. CONSTANCE S. CHAPPELL.

### ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES

Come from Miss Edna Nixon, of Teeswater.

1. Child-widows of India.
2. Orphanage in Newfoundland.

Cousin Joy has received two letters from Teeswater, both to be published next month. Always glad to hear from our young cousins.

### PUZZLES FOR MARCH:

#### ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.  
 My 12, 17, 15, 10, 3 15, is a man who works in the fields.  
 My 8, 14, 11, 10, means fate.  
 My 1, 2, 5, 6, 4 is what we all should do.  
 My 13, 17, 7, 16 is a kind of prison.  
 My 9 is an exclamation.  
 My whole is a part of the Mission field of which we have not heard much till lately.

#### CHARADE.

My first is one who lives alone.  
 My second is what a king claims for his own  
 My whole is what Korea is often called.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

— JAPAN. —

**W**HEN you looked from the north window that fine day early in May, you thought it strange to see a field of barley, yellow and ripe, waiting for the reaper, while all around the trees had on their pretty spring dresses of tender, bright green, with here and there trimmings of pink or white blossoms. You thought the soft bright greenness a strange contrast to the ripe grain, and then I told you how it was planted late in the fall and the shoots came up several inches above ground, but the frosty weather coming, nipped its leaves and discouraged its growth, till the balmy air of spring, bringing a better influence, awakened its hidden strength, and sent up those tall stalks now bending with the "full corn in the ear." Next to it and on two other sides of us are fields of tea plants, where, every spring, women and children bob about under their big hats, pulling the newest leaves while making a merry sound in the early sunlight as they gossip to each other.

What do we see when looking from the same window this chilly day in October? The tea field is the same, but its neighbor is now a field of buckwheat in full bloom. In the moon-light it reminds one of the first fall of snow. Many of the trees have lost their pretty dresses and stand bare and lonely. We do not notice them much, for many are green all through the year; one over the way is getting its new leaves now.

As we look across the plains to the hills surrounding it on three sides, we find much that is pretty. We know there are streets of dingy houses close together, built so low that little or none of heaven's sun-light enters them, but we see only the tile roofs peeping among the trees, for everywhere, no matter how poor the house may be, one sees some green thing growing near it.

A few steps brings us to the outer moat of the old castle grounds, whose heavy stone walls are crowned with veteran pines.

The mountains are our greatest delight. A ten minutes walk brings us to the low green hills near by; they rise higher and stretch off farther, range after range, till they are softened into mere shadows in the far distance. Away to the north rises old Fuji, once a sacred mountain no woman was allowed to touch, but now his scoria tracks are traversed alike by men and women whose ambition it is to say they have been to the top of the highest point in Japan. Every day in winter his tall head is snowy white; often little clouds play hide and seek up and down his sombre sides, but he, himself, is always majestic, cold and

grand. Through the summer he withdraws mostly into cloudland, sometimes never showing so much as his crown for days, what he hears there we never know till he comes out some day in the fall with a beautiful new cap on. Of all we see from our windows he is the grandest, a daily reminder of Him whose strength is everlasting and sufficient for every needy child.  
M. A. R.

## WHAT JAPANESE CHILDREN READ IN THEIR PRIMERS.

- "Girls must sew coats.  
Boys must read books."  
"Wise girls like to cut and sew.  
Lazy boys do not like to read books."  
"Good play comforts the heart.  
Bad play injures the body."  
"The boy flies his kite in the fields.  
The girl bounds her ball on the piazza."  
"Girls must not play rough plays."  
"Rice is for food."  
"You must not eat too much food."  
"Foreign houses have windows made of glass.  
"Japanese houses have paper windows."

## MISSIONARY SKETCH.

EXERCISE FOR CIRCLES AND BANDS.

A Scotchman born in Blantyre, in 1813, who thanked God that his parents were poor and pious; commenced working in the mills as a piecer, at ten years of age—was then advanced to the position of spinner. Worked in the factory from six in the morning to eight at night, allowing only intervals for meals. Self-educated. With his first wages bought "Rudiments of Latin." Says himself, studied until twelve o'clock at night or later. Became a Christian at nineteen, and resolved that he would give the cause of Missions all that he might earn beyond what was required for his subsistence. He was led to offer himself as a missionary. Chose China as his field of labor. It was ordered otherwise. Died in 1873; found dead on his knees. His remains lie in Westminster Abbey. The black slab bears this inscription:

"I can say in my solitude is—may Heaven's rich blessing come down upon every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

Give this missionary's name and field of labor.

J. H.

— God will not give us any more truth than we are willing to live.

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*NOTES FROM THE BRANCHES.*


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 TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH.
 

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A largely attended Union meeting of City Auxiliaries was held in Wesley church, Dundas St., Toronto, on Feb 12th. An hour was devoted to the young people. A paper on "Mission Circle Work," was on the programme, but the author was prevented by illness from attending. A second paper, "Missionary work in the Epworth League," was read by Miss Breckon. It was crisp, interesting and very good. A question drawer, presided over by Mrs. Hamilton, Parkdale, brought out much information, and the hour was most profitable and entertaining.

West Toronto Junction Mission Band held an entertainment on the 10th. of December, the admission to which was a toy, or its equivalent in money. The toys were sent to Rev. W. A. Elias, Wallaeburg, to aid a Christmas tree there. An interesting programme of missionary readings, dialogues, and music was rendered.

Hamilton Conference Branch, Grimsby, "Lawrence" Mission Band thinks as it will soon be a year old, it is time it made itself known to PALM BRANCH. Organized last March, it now reports 26 members, besides two honorary, and one life member. A box of clothing, bedding, etc., was sent to Christian Island.

A. M. B.

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*BAY OF QUINTE BRANCH*


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The quarterly report cards have not all been returned, but those heard from, indicate interest and progress. Albert college, Belleville, reports 7 new members and 2 volunteers for the foreign field. University church, Belleville, has 9 additional members this quarter.

Port Hope circle, while preparing a box for Muncey Mission, met every two weeks and had a five o'clock tea at close of meeting.

Hopewell M. B. Metcalf St., Oshawa, tells of forty-three new members and expectations for a good year's work.

Happy Helpers, Claremont, met on Sunday afternoon, with an attendance of forty members.

New Band organized during quarter.

Smithfield Jan 20th, with 27 members, Pres. Miss Suland, Cor.-Sec. Miss Jessie Smith.

Contreville "Children of the King," Feb. 4th, Miss Jennie Patterson, Pres., Miss Edna Hinch, Cor.-Sec.

M. G. H.

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— To know that God loves us, is to know something glorious.

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*N. B. AND P. E. ISLAND BRANCH.*


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Mrs. Nickerson writes :—A very successful service was given by Perseverance Mission Band, in the Bedeque church on Christmas eve. An interesting programme delighted a large and appreciative audience. The children showed by their bright, happy faces, that they entered fully into the spirit of the Christmas hour, and acquitted themselves most creditably. At the conclusion of the entertainment, each member of the Band was given a bag of fruit and candy. The collection and Christmas offerings amounted to twenty dollars.

G. C. C. writes :—The X. L. Mission Band, Fredericton, N. B., met November 20th., 1894, with an enrollment of 16. A special feature, each day, is a drill about our missionaries and their fields. We united with the Junior League of our church, and gave a Christmas entertainment. It consisted of Christmas carols, missionary selections, and the Christmas exercise, "How the Story Was Told." The congregation not only gave the best of attention, but also a very generous collection, amounting to \$10.12. We trust we have only made a beginning in this work. The PALM BRANCH is very much appreciated. I. T.

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*N. S. BAND NOTES.*


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The "Wayside Gleaners" Circle, Annapolis, after their first year's work, report themselves much interested and helped by their meetings, and evidently intend to "go on to perfection." The interest of their monthly meeting is well sustained by a faithful programme committee. Their concert, referred to in last PALM BRANCH, was given before a crowded house, and proved a grand success. Although Annapolis has no organized Mission Band, efforts are being made to instruct the children, by having them meet weekly to sew for one of our homes, when interesting missionary items are read to them. We hope the result before long will be an organized Band. Nearly every member of the Circle takes the PALM BRANCH, and all appreciate the paper very much. A. F. B.

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*WESTERN BRANCH.*


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Wilsonville Thanksgiving Band. Our Band is still on the onward march, and slowly but steadily growing. The meetings are well attended and very interesting. We have started the Watch Tower plan in our band. One member watches for items on Japan, and tells us of them, another watches for China, &c. We find it very interesting. We sent in December last a box of clothing, &c, valued at \$18.50, to the Muncey Indians, under the care of Rev. W. C. Vollick. He sent a very kind reply saying that every thing was useful to them, and wishing us all success. We are taking 15 copies of the PALM BRANCH, and like them very much.