



EASTER.

PERILS OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN
NORTHEASTERN INDIA.

"It was an Easter morn. Fair rose the sun,
And waked the world to beauty and to light;
But, as I knelt beside my grave, within
My hungry, longing soul it still was night.

"Where is my Lord? Where is my Christ?" I moaned,
When suddenly there fell upon my ear
A faint sweet sound, like distant angel tones,
Which every moment seemed to draw more near.

"The children, chanting loud their Easter hymn!
Outrang the clear, glad sound, 'He is not here!
Once and again, and yet again it came,
'He is not here! Our Christ, he is not here!'

"Not here! Then I can never find my Lord:
Where have they laid him? Master, help, I pray!"
The answer came, my grave seemed open wide,
As though an angel rolled a stone away.

"And, looking in, I saw no light, no life,
It was a dark, a cold, a dreary prison—
Then rose again these childish voices sweet,
'He is not here, not here: he is arisen!'

"And lifting up my eyes I saw once more
The Sun, the Day-star fair, the world's pure Light,
Blinding these tear-dimmed eyes, so used to see
Nought but the tomb's dark loneliness and night.

"'Rabboni, Master!' penitent, I cried,
'Forgive!' And still the silvery voices sang,
'But go your way, and my disciples tell.'
And I—while yet upon the air it rang—

"Obed my Master's order, and went back,
His poor to feed, to clothe; to show the way
To wandering ones, his little lambs to lead,
And so I found my Lord that Easter day."

MISS KITTY SCUDDER writes: I have quite a
thrilling story to tell you of our good Dr. Louisa
Hart.

Late one afternoon a native jutka was driven up to
our door, and a call for Dr. Hart to come at once, as a
poor woman had fallen on a sharp stone and had injured
herself seriously, and they feared fatally, unless help was
soon rendered. As Sholuopu is fifteen miles away, and
there was no time to send out and get post ponies, Dr.
Hart got into the jutka that had been sent for her, with
one of our Christian women as a companion for the night,
as it was then 5.30 p. m., and she could not return till
the next day.

Jutkas are two-wheeled carts with a bamboo top
covered with coarse matting. My brother saw to a mat-
tress being put in, ropes woven across the centre for a
back, and a rubber carriage apron tied across the end to
keep out the rain. The driver and the Brahmin who
had come to call Dr. Hart sat in front, back to back to
our good lady and her attendant, while a carriage lamp
was added to light up the way.

Dr. Hart expected to reach Sholyopu about 8 or 8.30
p. m., and find comfortable quarters in the bungalow of
the Scotch Mission. But when some few miles from the
town, they met the tappel or mail carrier who showed
wounds he had received from wayside thieves, or dacoits
as we call them here. Consultation was held, but Dr.
Hart urged the driver to go on, saying that the poor
woman was suffering and she must try to get to her. So
on they went, but took the precaution to obtain two

watchmen from the village to run ahead of the jutka, one carrying the lighted lamp.

Soon there were blows, utter darkness, and in the pouring rain Dr. Hart saw her rubber apron torn off the rear of the jutka, a hand felt her all over and ordered her out. She began speaking in Tamil, when blows from a huge leather strap were directed toward her, but fortunately most of them fell on her mattress and she was not hurt.

The brave watchmen had run away, flinging aside the carriage lamp in their fright, but the driver and Brahmin attendant showed true gallantry in remaining and defending Dr. Hart. They told the thieves to take their things but leave that lady alone, as she was going only on an errand of mercy. Their importunities not only prevailed, but called forth the latent chivalry of these two robbers, for they returned the umbrella to Dr. Hart, which was the only thing of hers they had thus far taken.

At our Christian woman's suggestion, she stopped talking Tamil and scolded them roundly in English. I suppose that sound echoed the power of Britannia's rule, and soon they departed, after stripping the driver of his turban and the Brahmin of his jewels, turban and top cloth.

Dr. Hart says she was not frightened all the time, only angry at the assault. Bravery was given her surely as needed. She even laughs as she relates one ludicrous feature of the affair, and that was, the Brahmin's begging to be allowed to keep his coat in order to be presentable before the Doctor Dorasoni (lady), and the highwaymen granting his petition.

The sequel was not tragic, but most uncomfortable, as all, minus the thieves of course, passed the night in a small native hut, Dr. Hart sitting or lying alternately on her mattress on the floor, but not closing her eyes in sleep, her attendants positively refusing to go on, despite her urging, as more thieves were reported ahead. At dawn, however, they were on the move again, and needed help was given the sufferer. A carriage was sent out in the early morning from here, and we expected Dr. Hart to return in it to breakfast, and were beginning to be troubled when she drove in about 1.30 with her amazing tale, and a terrible cold she had caught from exposure to rain and remaining in wet clothes.

She is better of that now, but still coughs, and I can see she has had a nervous strain, as noises at night startle her. The lamp was found on the road next day, I repaired my carriage apron on the machine, and no serious damage has been done. The police are supposed to be on the track, but I think their only trail is to occasionally interview Dr. Hart. We are thankful indeed that though "dacoited" she escaped unhurt and with no loss.

—Mission Gleaner.

Dr. Hart is a younger sister of our own Miss Lizzie Hart in Japan and Mrs. Spencer, (Miss Sadie Hart), so well-known that all our readers will be interested in this perilous adventure and, truly thankful for her escape.

CROWNS FOR KING JESUS.

EXERCISE FOR SIX.

Come with the crown of Purity
To lay at Jesus' feet,
The "Lily of the Valley," He
Shall fill with fragrance sweet
The heart surrendered to His love,
And make it fair for realms above.

Come with the precious crown of Love,
The noblest, truest, best!
To deck His brow, who lives above
Preparing mansions blest
For those that follow, day by day,
His blessed footprints in the way.

Come with the conquering crown of Power;
"All power to Him is given;"
Dark though the clouds of sin may lower,
Our King still reigns in Heaven;
The nations yet shall know His voice,
And earth redeemed, in Him rejoice.

Come with the crown of Wisdom, too,
Our King to magnify;
His are the words, so strong and true
That never fail nor die;
Like those who followed Bethlehem's Star
We'll spread His matchless name afar.

Come with the golden crown of Wealth
To deck Immanuel's brow
For He who is our "saving health,"
Shall bless our substance now.
The riches of the world shall be
Used for His Kingdom, grand and free.

Come with the sparkling crown of Joy,
Joy in redeeming grace,
And grateful, happy songs employ,
As we His mercies trace;
Rejoice, rejoice in loudest strain,
Rejoice, for Jesus lives again.

From Easter Crowns.

Twenty-five years ago no one suspected of carrying a Bible was allowed to go into the City of Rome. He must leave it with an officer who would return it to the traveller when he came back. Now the Methodists are printing Bibles and Testaments and tracts by the thousand in this same City of Rome.

A Chinese proverb says, "There would be no rich people if they were capable of feeling what a pleasure it was to give."

When Stanley made his tour of Central Africa, tons of Bibles were among his supplies. He says, "Let Christians send Bibles along with railroad lines into the interior. Wherever they go the people grow better."

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

"Break thou the bread of life
Dear Lord to me,
As thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea.
Beyond the sacred page
I seek thee, Lord,
My spirit pants for thee,
O living Word.

Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee.
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace,
My All in All."

FIELD STUDY FOR APRIL.

WHY is it necessary for us to do Mission Work among those who speak the French language in our Dominion? Because we believe them to be in error and superstition. Because the Bible is withheld from them by their Priests, and when they do have it, it is not the pure gospel like ours. They are taught to pray to and worship the Virgin Mary and to believe that she is the "One Mediator between God and man." "In one of the Pope's letters to his clergy, in 1882, he exhorts his people to look to her who is the 'entire ground of their hope.'" We believe that she was a truly good woman and a "blessed" one, as the angel said, in being chosen as the mother of our Lord, but she was not divine—she did not claim it, nor did Christ claim it for her. He said to one who invoked blessings upon her, "Yea, rather blessed are they who have the Word of God and keep it." He also said, "Whosoever shall do the will of God the same is my brother and sister and mother."

They believe that the Pope can do no wrong. "The Pope is of such dignity and importance he is not simply man but, as it were, God and the voice of God." God says, "My glory I will not give unto another."

They believe in shutting up the young men and women of their Church in monasteries and convents, instead of letting them go out and do good work in the world where it is so much needed. They believe in confessing to men instead of to God alone. They believe in a state of probation after death, and torture from which they can only escape by friends on earth paying well for masses said for their souls.

All these errors and many others we *protest* against and so we are called Protestants.

We believe that Mission Work must begin with the children. The stronghold of Romanism in Canada is in the Province of Quebec. There is in that province a population of 1,350,000, of whom 188,000 only are Prot-

estants. On the 21st October, 1888, the cornerstone of a Boys' and Girls' French Institute was laid in the city of Montreal, capable of accommodating one hundred pupils. This building was erected at a cost of \$50,000 for site, building and equipment. "The Woman's Missionary Society has shown its hearty co-operation by the contribution of interest on \$10,000 of cost of building, \$1,000 for finishing and their share of the running expenses." That this Institute has had a marked success has been shown by the reports each year. Last year one hundred and thirty-five applications for admission came during the term, fully one-third of which came from Roman Catholics. Of this number seventy-four entered, but there were several removals, owing to interference. The most encouraging work during the session was the increased attendance of Roman Catholics, many of whom proved intelligent pupils. Several of them showed a strong interest in the Bible-lessons and religious exercises, and ere the close of the school had publicly professed conversion to Protestantism. The outlook for this year is very promising, a large attendance of a more intelligent class of pupils than we usually have. Mrs. R. Ross is the efficient superintendent of the household.

There is also a Mission School both at the East and West End of Montreal, where the toil of the faithful teachers has been rewarded with much success. Bible readings, district visiting, mothers' meetings, and much more good work has been carried on.

QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

Why is it necessary for us to do Mission Work among the French Canadians?

Have they the Bible?

Who is an object of their prayers and worship?

What do they believe about her?

What do we believe about her?

What were the words of Christ in relation to this?

What do they think of the Pope?

What do they do with many of the young men and women of their Church?

What about Confession and Purgatory?

Why are we called Protestants?

Where do we believe Mission Work must begin?

What is the stronghold of Romanism in Canada?

What is its population? How many Protestants?

Will you tell what you know of the French Institute?

What share had our society in it?

Has it been successful?

What was its success last year?

What encouragement to go on?

What is the outlook this year?

Who has charge of the household?

What other Mission Schools in Montreal?

What good work has been done in them?

"Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call;
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all."

By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another.—John 13: 35

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

APRIL, 1898.



HIS is our beautiful Easter month! when all nature wakes up from its long winter sleep and rejoices in the balmy breeze and glowing sunshine which takes the place of wintry wind and lowering cloud.

The crocus and the trailing arbutus shake themselves free from the fetters that so long have bound them down beneath the surface of the earth, and raise their pretty heads in the proud consciousness of new life and beauty. The beaver and the mole leave their sheltering homes for the building places of the spring, and the glad earth gets ready for the song of birds.

Why should not dormant *souls* awake, shake off their chrysalis of sloth and inaction and rise up to all their glorious privilege of strength and development! Souls—which can take in, as nature never can, the glorious meaning of the word Resurrection and the immortality involved, “Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.”

“Oh, Mis’ Burton, I can’t put it inter words how I felt when I see Jacob (the caterpillar) come out o’ his very grave an’ spread his wings an’ fly round my room, nor how I cried right out loud as I see it, ‘Why not my boy too! O, Lord you can do that jest as easy as this!’”
 —“Aunt Rahdy.”

The Easter Offering this year goes to build the “Jennie Ford Home” for the little worse than orphans of China—the little waifs cast out to die. Let us give to this noble work with grateful, loving hearts.

Our thought and prayer this month are to be for our own Dominion—that God will bless French-Canadian Missions, and break the power that prevails in papal countries. Are we Patriots? Do we love our country?

Do we want to see the world free from the yoke of superstition and tyranny? God does not require human sacrifices like the gods of ancient Rome. He asks us to live for our country, not to die for it; to guard well its sacred interests and to work for its highest welfare. He asks us to tell to a lost world the story of the one great sacrifice made to redeem it. This knowledge is withheld from many in our own Dominion.

It is interesting to us as a W. M. S. that the first whose heart was touched in reference to the education of French-Canadian children was a woman, the saintly Madame Feller, who came to Canada from Switzerland in 1835. Madame Feller began her work in Montreal by teaching the alphabet to a few children and reading the gospel to all who would hear, visiting from house to house. This lasted only a few months, when, by the command of those in authority, all doors were closed against her. Driven from the city, she went to Grand Ligne, some distance from Montreal, where began the great mission of that name, under the care of the Baptist Church. This Mission has been the means of bringing thousands to Christ. An English Protestant once said to Madame Feller, “You will never convert a French-Canadian in your life.” “I fully acknowledge my incapacity in this respect,” replied Madame Feller, “but God who has sent me here will do it by the power of his Word and Spirit, and you will see it some day.”—Our French Work.

We are very thankful to Miss Preston and Miss Cunningham for remembering us so kindly. Too bad that their interesting communications were just a little too late for the Japan number. We give Miss Cunningham’s now and will hold Miss Preston’s over for next month.

We are asked to give a serial story! Who will volunteer to write it?

We were much pleased to receive the handsome catalogue of the College for Ladies, Whitby, Ontario. It was a very pleasant reminder of our delightful entertainment there last October. It is beautifully gotten up, with fine illustrations.

An Example from Ceylon.

We send missionaries to convert the heathen; but after they are converted, they send examples to us. Here is an instance:

Every tenth cocoanut tree in Christianized Ceylon is marked with a sign which shows that its fruit is to be given to the Lord. From every day’s store many a Ceylonese mother takes a handful of rice for the “Lord’s box.”

HE IS RISEN!

Christ has risen! Let the tidings
Be shouted over all the earth;
Angels now should tell this story
As they once proclaimed His birth.

He is risen! With what rapture
The news should come to us today—
Jesus has conquered death, and reigneth—
Gladly we own His Kingly sway.

We fully yield our hearts' obedience,
We bring our offerings to His throne,
Joyful that He accepts our praises
And claims us wholly for His own.

Jesus, our Master, King and Saviour,
Our risen Lord, help us to be
In every thought and word and action,
True, living witnesses for Thee.

Let every word for Thee be spoken,
And every thought inspired by Thee,
And every deed, though small and humble,
Be consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

N. S.

—MARCIA B. BRAINE.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss CUNNINGHAM writes:

The enclosed letter is from one of our girls who will graduate in English next month. She graduated in Japanese a year ago, and since then has been continuing her studies in English, and also doing some teaching in the school. She is one of the brightest girls we have ever had in the school, is a little over seventeen years of age, is a Christian girl, and one of our Sunday-school teachers.

Thank you very much for the PALM BRANCH, which reaches us regularly. I want to write a letter for it, but it seems harder than ever this year to get extra letters written. The work increases so as the years go on.

Do you know that Miss Alcorn is with me this year? She is getting into the work splendidly, is rapidly making a place for herself, both in school and church, and is just the one needed for this work. She is making good progress too in the language. Her experience gained at Sackville makes her invaluable as an associate in the school work here.

Praying for our Father's blessing upon your work—

SHIZUOKA GIRLS' SCHOOL,
JAPAN, Feb. 11th, 1898.

MY DEAR MISS SMITH:—

This is the eleventh day of February, and it must be very cold in your country, but I believe you are working earnestly for God under His great care. We, the members of the King's Daughters' Society in the Shizuoka Girls' School, do not know much about your work, or about the "Palm Branch," and of course we knew nothing

of the little boy named Herbie Bollamy who, under such great difficulties, worked for Jesus. But, when we had our meeting on the second Thursday of January, our secretary, Miss Hayama, told us about him and his work, as the president was not at the meeting because she had left the school just at the beginning of January. Miss Hayama also said that it would be very nice if one of us would write a letter to him. All the girls agreed with what she said, and so I am the one that was chosen by them to write the letter. I thought I would write to him directly, but as I do not know his address, I would like to write to you, thinking he may have a chance to hear from you. The reason we wish to write a letter is, because he is working and earning money to help Kanazawa Orphanage which we are also helping, and we are very glad to know that our little friend across the sea, is working for the same purpose. I would like to tell you about our King's Daughters' Society. It was constituted in 1891. The members are about twenty five in all, but some of them are not in the school now. We had a president, a secretary, and a working committee consisting of two members, and we met once a month on every second Thursday. It is the custom to vote for the officers at the first meeting in the year, and so our officers have changed lately. Miss Ito, who was president last year, left the school as I told you before, and went to Corea, and the new president is Miss Takeuchi, our sewing teacher. The secretary is Miss Nakano, who is the matron now, and two of the girls, Take Sazuki and Tsune Koyama, form the work committee. We raise money for our King's Daughters' Society by knitting stockings, woolen shirts, caps, babies' stockings, or sewing dresses, and so on. Besides the Kanazawa Orphanage, we are sending money to an orphanage in Tokyo, and sometimes we send money to an orphanage in Gifu—Gifu is the place where there was a dreadful earthquake five or six years ago. At that time many people were killed, and many children became orphans, so some kind people established an Orphanage there. We are hoping that we will be able to help those who are poor as much as we can, and hoping also that, if we have a chance, we will be able to comfort the people who are in sorrow, and let them know about Jesus Christ.

Herbie's work for Christ makes us think that we must work more, for we are given perfect hands and feet. Will you please tell him that we very much enjoyed hearing about his work, and are hoping that he will always be a happy child working for Christ. I hope God will bless you and him in giving you good health and allowing you to work so pleasantly for Him. I shall close this letter now, and if I have opportunity to write to you again, perhaps I shall be able to tell you more about our work or about our school. Good bye.

Yours sincerely,
MARI KOSUGI.

We thank our friend Mari for her kind, interesting letter and shall be delighted to hear from her again. Herbie, too, will be glad to be so kindly remembered.



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

DEAR COUSINS:—You remember that when Jesus was here on the earth He taught much in parable. A parable is a story which, true or not in itself, may be made to teach a great truth. Even a fairy tale may be a parable. The people in the East loved to hear stories. To this day a great crowd collects round a story-teller in the streets. So Jesus took advantage of their love of stories to tell them many wonderful truths.

We give you a beautiful little parable this month about the Coral workers. It is not a fairy tale, for it is a fact that there are just such little workers in the sea, building whole islands by their united efforts. They are insects so small and with so little life as scarcely to be distinguished from plants when all together—indeed for a long time it was thought that it was only vegetable life.

Do you see the great truth taught by the parable? Is it not that no one of you is too young, too small, to help in the work of the Lord? Your individual part may be a very little one, yet if you do it faithfully and well, you will come to see, by and by, that it has had its share in building up the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—This is the first letter I have written to you. I am 11 years of age now. I go to Happy Workers Mission Band. We take the PALM BRANCH, and think it is a nice paper. I am writing to thank you for the kind letter you put in the PALM BRANCH about our Band in the February number. We are now working to support a little Chinese girl in the Jenny Ford Home at Chentu.

I am your cousin,
Summerside, P. E. I. FLORA MCLEAN.

We were much pleased to receive your letter Cousin Flora, for we remember you well. Glad too that you are working in so good a cause.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—Mother and I got the PALM BRANCH this afternoon, and after Sunday School we had time to do the first two puzzles in the February copy of the PALM BRANCH. I used to go to the Brunswick St. Mission Band but we moved and I am not near enough

to go to it now, but I go to the Robie Street Junior League and we have some very nice meetings. One time we gave a Picnic to some poor boys and girls, and one of the girls we asked could not come because she had no boots, so we got a pair for her and she came and enjoyed our picnic. The answer to the questions of February are, (1) Dayspring, (2) Loyal Workers' Mission Band. I must now say good bye.

Yours sincerely,

Halifax, N. S. RALPH P. BELL.

Glad to hear from you Cousin Ralph, you are an old acquaintance.

Cousin Pansy has sent us correct answers to two Feb. Puzzles and also one of her own.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I am going to write to you for the first time. We have a Mission Band called the Willing Workers, we meet once every month, we have a good number of members and have nice meetings. Miss White is our leader. We take the PALM BRANCH and enjoy reading it very much. My brother and I belong to it. This is all I will write for this time.

From your loving cousin,
Melgund, Manitoba. BESSIE.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—Although I am a boy I am a member of the Maggie Smith Band. I take the PALM BRANCH and like it fine, especially the puzzles. We meet fortnightly in summer and once a month in winter, and boys as well as girls are very much interested. I think I have the answers to the January puzzles: 1st—Mayflower; 2nd—New Year's Day; 3rd—Remember the Sabbath Day. I also have a puzzle which I will enclose if you think it worth publishing.

Lovingly yours,
N. S. W. MURRAY GREENE.

PUZZLES FOR APRIL.

I am composed of 19 letters.

1, 5, 3, is a small animal.

8, 10, 18, 13, is used in a barn.

6; 14, 11, 15, is a female.

2, 3, 3; is what we all do.

4, 17, 19, is 2,000 lbs.

7, 9, is a conjunction.

10, 7, 19, is a place to keep things.

12, is a consonant.

My whole is the name of a married missionary.

West Cape.

ROY D. STEWART.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 3, 11, is the name of a parent.

My 4, 9, 10, is not a part.

My 12, 8, 9, 7, is a nourishing liquid.

My 6, 2, 8, 9, 10, is an exercise.

My 1, 2, 5, 3, is a musical instrument.

My whole is the name of a beloved missionary.

N. S.

MURRAY.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 7, 4, 11, 6, is a light.

My 10, 8, 9, is a color.

My 12, 5, 2, 3, 4, a liquid.

My 1, is a vowel.

My whole is a Christian festival.

P. E. I.

ROY T. LOWTHER.

THE CORAL WORKERS.

A Missionary Parable for the Little Ones.

IN the Pacific Ocean there were long ago many empty spaces without any land. The ocean was blue and beautiful, but there was no eye to see it. The sun shone brightly, but no flowers or trees could grow beneath its rays. The seeds that fell from other countries into the water, floated by, but there was no soil where they could stop to rest. The Master saw that if there was only some islands there might be lovely homes for men and animals.

"My little builders can do this," said He

So He called for the coral insects, and told them to build three islands in one place, five in another, seven in another, and so on. The little workers were so taken by surprise that they popped their heads out of their windows and looked at each other in astonishment.

"We!" they exclaimed. "We are not bigger than pin heads. We never could build one island, to say nothing of a whole oceanful."

"If the whales would only try it! A whale's work would amount to something," said the Astra.

"But the whales have their own work to do," said the Master Builder; "and if they come down here to make islands, who will keep the North Pacific free from sea-weeds? I do not ask one of you alone to build an island. Think how many of you there are."

"But we do not know how to shape the islands; they will all be wrong!" cried the Madrepora.

"I will take care of that," said the Master, "only see that each one builds one little cell."

So the corals divided the work among themselves. Some began to build the middle and some the outer edge. Very busily and patiently they wrought. The islands grew higher and higher, until they came up to the top of the water. Then the waves and wind did their part by bringing sand and weeds and leaves to make soil. The nuts and seeds that had fallen into the water, and were so tired by bobbing up and down all the way from India and South America, found a nice bed to sleep in for a few days. When they got rested they got up and grew into thorn trees and bushes and cocoa trees. Long vines began to creep across the sand, and sweet flowers blossomed; men and animals came to live there, and little children ran about and played beside the ocean. The islands were called the Friendly Islands, the Caroline Islands, and so on.

"Who would have believed we could have done it!" said the little corals, as they saw the result of their efforts. "The whales could have done no better! And to think that it was all done by our making one cell apiece!"

They felt so proud of their islands that they put a lovely fringe of red and white and pink coral around the edge. —Leaflet of the American Presbyterian W. F. M. S.

Recitation.—EASTER MORNING.

O happy Easter morning!
To hail thy dawning rays,
We join with all the ransomed
In songs of grateful praise.
The weary night is ended;
The heavy shadow fled,
Since Christ the Lord ascended
In triumph from the dead!

O holy Easter morning!
Thy glory shines within,
And calls our souls to hasten
Eternal joys to win.
Since we with Christ are risen,
We triumph in his grace,
And press to that dear country
Where we shall see his face.

O blessed Easter morning!
No more in hopeless wo,
We see our loved departing,
And know not where they go.
The light of Christ's awaking
On every tomb is shed,
And bids us seek our living
No more among the dead.

O glorious Easter-morning!
O dawn of Christ's glad reign!
Spread wide thy blessed radiance,
Shine on our sea and plain.
The nations wait thy fullness,
The prisoner longs to see
The Christ of God anointed
To set the captive free.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

DOING ERRANDS FOR JESUS.

"Mamma," said a little five-year-old boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should have liked so much to have done something for him."

"But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you have done for the Saviour?"

The child hesitated for a few moments, then looked up into his mother's face and said, "Why, mother, I could have run all his errands for him."

"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here are some things I was going to send to poor old sick Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them instead, and do an errand for the Saviour; for when upon earth he said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, . . . ye have done it unto me.'"

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH.

The Toronto Conference Branch please notice!

A Banner will be given to the Mission Band having the largest increase in membership during the year.

We have only 10 Circles and 13 Bands this year. Many of our Bands and Circles have united with Epworth Leagues. Some of these Leagues still contribute for Missions through the W. M. S. The Sunbeam Mission Circle, Parkdale, writes: Interest increasing. Attendance larger than last year. China our country for study.

The Buds of Promise Mission Band, Newmarket, writes: We sent four quilts this year to the Norway House for the Indians, and we are still making blocks. We have decided to take PALM BRANCH.

The Busy Bee Mission Band had an entertainment in the Flesherton Methodist Church on Thanksgiving evening. Our collection amounted to \$5.00. We have thirteen subscribers to the PALM BRANCH, and find it a bright, useful little paper. We have a membership of 40, and we generally have an addition of one or two names to our roll each meeting. Some of the smaller children are taking Mite Boxes.

The Sunbeams' Band, Brampton, sent a box of toys and useful things to the Indian School at Brandon.

The Cheerful Givers' Band, Uxbridge, writes. We are taking 20 numbers of PALM BRANCH.

LONDON BRANCH.

Mrs. F. Ward, Cor. Sec. writes:—The Askin Street Mission Circle wishes to report that during the past year it had a membership of 79, including 10 life members.

We were pleased to hand \$71.55 to the Treasurer at the close of the year.

This term we have a Scrap Bag into which the members are asked to put anything they think would be useful to the Supply Committee. This we have only just commenced so cannot say anything about its success.

We also hope in the near future to have a Junior Mission Circle, then doubtless we shall require more PALM BRANCHES. In the meantime kindly send us fifty same as last year we all enjoy reading this little paper very much and wish it every success.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH.

CANSO The secretary of "Cunningham" Band writes: "We have twenty five annual members, and meet once a fortnight. We have a Mite Box in our own Band, and each one tries to earn something during the fortnight to put in at the next meeting. On the Tuesday between

our regular meetings we sew on a quilt we are making for Miss Cunningham, for whom our Band is named.

AMHERST.—The "Rays of Light" Band reports an average attendance of sixteen, with a membership of twenty-five. They meet fortnightly in the Church parlour. Although the programme is generally prepared by the president, yet two meetings lately have been left to the members, one to the boys, the other to the girls, and very good programmes they had. A successful apron and fancy sale was held in December, netting \$38.00. Ten copies of PALM BRANCH are taken. There is much better attendance and more interest in the work than last year.

AVONDALE.—The "King's Own" Band reports an average attendance of ten. Two more copies of PALM BRANCH are taken this year. For the last few meetings they have been learning the names of the different missionaries, and in what part of the world they are stationed.

The "Rays of Sunlight" Band, Port Maitland, have had five new members this quarter, and "Picquet Guard" Band, South Farmington, six.

MARCIA C. BRAINE,
124 Tower Road.
Mission Band Secretary.

N. B. and P. E. I. BRANCH.

Miss Ella Burpee, Cor. Sec. writes:—On Dec. 6th, 1897, the Ella Dobson Mission Band, Woodstock, N. B., held a Japanese Festival and Sale, in the basement of the church. An admission fee of ten cents was charged.

Three members of the Band, dressed as Japanese ladies, served refreshments from small tables in the class room which was prettily decorated with ferns, screens, lanterns, etc. With refreshments for which twenty-five cents was charged, a dainty cup and saucer was given as a souvenir. In the larger rooms were two tables well filled with home-made candy and another with fancy articles for sale—all found ready purchasers.

The sum of \$33.00 was realized and a very pleasant evening spent by all present.

Our President Mrs. (Rev) Dr. Chapman, as ever, was indefatigable in her efforts to make everything successful.

SACKVILLE, N. B.—Our Mission Band has met with a great sorrow in the death of Miss Letta Fairley. She was one of our life members, and although not able to attend our meetings regularly was always interested in our missionaries and what they were doing for the cause of Christ. We shall miss her bright, cheery face, but we know that she loved Jesus and that she has only "gone before."

H. S. S.

A Mission Circle called the "Vineyard Workers" has been organized at Milltown, N. B. Forty names have been enrolled. Miss Young is President, and Master John Smiley, Corresponding Secretary. Great interest is manifested upon the part of the members. Miss Veazey was present at one of their meetings and told them of the work being done by our missionaries among the boys and girls of Japan.

I. T.