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HELP THY BROTHER.

MRS. CHARLES.

Is thy cruise of comfort failing?
 Rise and share it with another,
 And thro' all the years of famine
 It shall serve thee and thy brother.
 Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
 Or thy handful still renew;
 Scanty fare for one will often
 Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving
 All its wealth as living grain;
 Seeds, which mildew in the garret,
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy?
 Do thy steps drag wearily?
 Help to bear thy brother's burden;
 God will bear both it and thee.

Faint and weary on the mountains,
 Would'st thou sleep amid the snow?
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
 And together ye shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?
 Many wounded 'round thee moan;
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsams
 And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty?
 None but God its void can fill;
 Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain
 Can its ceaseless longings still.
 Is the heart a living power?
 Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
 It can only live in loving,
 And by serving love will grow.

PARSON PETE, THE BOY-MARTYR.

The shy, sweet breath of spring kissed the forest flowers a soft good-night, and blew away across the mountains to bid another world good-morning.

Within a shaded dell, where the evening breeze had found its way, and lingered lovingly; there, where the flowers closed their dewy eyes with his, and bowed their heads before a common God—knelt little Pete, an Indian boy, in prayer.

The dark face was beautiful, as, for one moment, it was raised toward heaven, and through the waning light the eyes could almost catch the sheen of angel wings.

A smile passed over the lips and the child whispered "Angels, and the pearly gato."

A rough hand on his shoulder startled the boy, and dispelled the holy vision.

"Psalm-a-singin' and a-prayin' yet, Parson Pete, ye be? A-trainin for the heavenly choir. Quit!"

It was a man's voice, and a man's face, dark, like the child's, peered thro' the evening gloom.

The hand tightened on Pete's trembling arm, and, with the little strength needed to raise such a slight form, the man lifted the shrinking child, and threw him several feet away, where he fell heavily on the moss-covered ground, but recovering himself almost immediately sprang quickly up and darted away.

Three years before in that same mountain dell, had little Pete first heard of heaven.

A minister of the town six miles or more away, returning from a visit to the Indian camp, where he had received only insult and indifference, heard, as he descended the mountain-path, a beautiful voice, clear and sweet, singing a wild Indian song.

Coming presently upon the singer, a boy, small and frail, he talked with him long and earnestly. A month later, little "Parson Pete," as his companions jeeringly named the boy disciple, was thrust roughly out of his father's hut, on a cold, dark night.

"No room for preachin' and psalm-singin' round here, Parson. Clear!" Those were the farewell words of his parent.

The beautiful voice of the 'little parson', under the minister's kind care, soon won friends for him, and many doors were open to Indian Pete. And day after day would he toil up the steep mountain side to his old home, in the hope of speaking with some one there. But the children, his former friends, followed him with stones which they threw with unerring aim, and their elders laughingly cheered them on, or even entered into the same amusement themselves.

One day Pete heard that 'Thunderclap', the oldest Indian of the camp, was lying sick and alone, in his little hut on the mountain's side.

Taking his Bible under his arm he started straightway for Thunderclap's cabin.

His path lay through the Indian settlement where the usual greeting awaited him. But today the stones were sharp and heavy, and flew swiftly from the cruel hands of jeering men and lads.

Soon the feet of the brave boy were bruised and bleeding, but still he pressed onward and upward. A stone aimed skillfully at his head, left a deep wound, that drew low groans of pain from the child, and his trembling lips were pale and dry as he murmured softly: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities."

Gradually as the path grew steeper and rougher the crowd fell back, and were soon left far behind.

The infinite peace of eventide fell upon the land, like a benediction from heaven. The west was bright with sunset tints of gold and purple, and below in the clear water of the lake they were mirrored again—the reflection of heaven's beauty upon earth.

As Pete entered old Thunderclap's cabin he found the Indian raised on his mattress, and facing the golden west — "the red man's paradise."

With his long trembling finger he beckoned the boy to him.

"The voices," he whispered weakly, "the voices are calling—calling from the Spirit land"

"Look, look, Parson," he cried faintly, and his dimmed eyes grew bright for a moment, "see, the hands beckon me, the faces smile in the west, in the great hunting ground."

One moment the old Indian gazed eagerly forward, then with a slight moan, closed his eyes again while a grey pallor spread over his dark face.

Silently beside the bed little Pete sat until the

moon had risen over the mountain top, and only the breathing of the sick man broke the stillness. Old Thunderclap was sleeping. But presently he opened his eyes and looked at the boy beside him.

Weak with the pains from many wounds, and stiff in every limb, Pete rose.

Grasping his Bible tightly, he stood by the bedside and sang sweetly and clearly the beautiful hymns he had learned at church.

The dying man listened eagerly.

"Leave, ah, leave me not alone
Still support and comfort me."

The words, born on the night breeze, reached a number of the roughest Indians from the settlement who were climbing silently and swiftly up the mountain side, towards the hut. They paused for a moment, then with awe-stricken faces and bated breath, they stole softly to the door. Within, Pete stood, his pale face raised, and his eyes closed, and beside him lay the dying man, his eyes fixed on the singer.

Without, the cowed and startled listeners, armed with stones and sticks motionless, and gazing silently upon the boy.

And the weird moonlight over all.

One moment and the eyes of the singer opened. He saw the dark faces at the door, saw the cruel stones, and trembled before them.

His eye fell on old Thunderclap. A sweet peace was stealing over the seamed face, where death had laid its hand, and the eye brightened beneath his look.

Turning bravely from the door, and thinking only of the happiness of the dying man, Pete began to sing in his trembling voice, "Rock of Ages."

Awed and subdued by this child heroism, the crowd stood and made no sound.

The hymn was almost finished before the little singer faltered. A strange mist passed before his eyes, and he grew dizzy and faint. But through the gloom he saw the eager face of Thunderclap.

With a silent prayer the child began the verse again.

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes ———"

The voice faltered.

——— shall close in death,"

Breathed almost in a whisper.

"When I rise ———"

Another pause—it was the last.

One more effort failed, the voice would not come; a low moan of pain broke the deathlike stillness and tottering forward, little Pete fell to the floor.

The same moment old Thunderclap closed his eyes to open them in another world.

The crowd, terrified and bewildered, turned and fled wildly down the mountain.

On a sunny slope in the Indian burial ground lie two fresh graves, one, small and short.

At the Indian settlement, now, the minister is always a welcome guest, and the rough voices of the men grow gentle when they speak of little "Parson Pete."

Hampton.

MARGARET EVANS'

AT CLOSE OF DAY.

MRS. C. S. SAVAGE.

What was your wish to-day?
That no life be made sadder
But the world a bit gladder,
Because you have lived to-day?

What was your thought to-day?
Did it make a heart lighter,
Or some child's eyes brighter,
Because you have told it to-day?

What was your labor to-day?
A day's simple duty,
Not barren of beauty,
Because it pleased Jesus to-day?

What was your burden to-day?
Did Jesus help share it,
Did his great love bear it,
Because of your weakness to-day?

What was your prayer to-day?
That Christ's care would hold you,
His loving arms fold you,
While working and trusting to-day?

FIELD STUDY FOR AUGUST.

AFRICA.

FROM the prayer for the destruction of the liquor traffic, we come prepared to pray for Africa—to pray for her and study her needs. These surely are not realized by Christians. The people as a whole are asleep to the terrible wrongs committed against the negro races by having liquor forced into their country. The Britain that in the early part of the century spent twenty million pounds to make all her subjects free men, will surely some day be ready for this greater sacrifice.

The evil is becoming worse and worse; and, now, probably a million lives are lost every year in Africa through drink.

Yet in spite of this deadly plague Christianity is winning its way.

The first six or seven years that a missionary spends among uneducated people are apt to be disheartening. Only absolute trust that God's "word will not return unto him void" could keep the missionary from despair. Then the harvest is astonishing. The thousands of converts on the Congo have all been made during the last ten years. The first ten were spent in foundation work—slow developing of ideas, gaining of the confidence of the natives by long patience, the seed-sowing.

It took some time to get past Stanley Pool. This beautiful sheet of water (44 miles long, and in some places as broad) was chosen as the barrier. "We will come here and trade. You must stay below. Beyond is ours." Thirteen attempts the missionaries made before they were allowed to go further.

One man worked on the upper Congo seven years without one conversion. One day he spoke from the words, "Give to him that asketh of thee." The natives took him literally and next day besieged him for gifts and he gave till nothing was left. They were impressed "This surely must be the God-man." Everything was brought back to him; and a great work began. They wished to follow the Christ, who, he told them, left all for them. Hundreds of conversions followed.

Stanley came down the Congo in 1877, and the following year Baptist missionaries from the United States went up the river. Soon after a few were sent out from Sweden; but most of the work in the valley has been done by Americans, the new work taken up by the English being mostly in Uganda and the Lake country.

Many different societies are now represented on the Congo. Perhaps the most interesting mission is that of the Methodist Episcopal Church under Bishop Taylor. What a marvelous man he is, preaching himself in every continent, asking on his seventieth birthday for twenty more years to work in Africa!

His mission was not the first organized on the self-supporting plan. About fifty years ago in the quiet German village of Hermannsburg, the Pastor, Louis Harms, was stirred to do something for Africa. His peasant bearers had little money to give but some offered to go themselves; all prepared to help them. Some sailors volunteered later and it was their misunderstanding of the plan that decided the character of the mission—to take with them means by which they could support themselves (their tools, etc.) and a sufficient number to form a small colony. They even built the ship that was to take them.

It is interesting to note that they selected British territory, Natal. They were disappointed in not being able to begin in entirely new ground, but they persevered and as the colony grew by additions from the home land, they sent out part of their number into the region beyond where no other voice had preached the Gospel.

QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

- What is said of the needs of Africa?
- Why do you think they are not realized by Christians?
- What reason have we for thinking that Britain may one day put a stop to the liquor traffic in her empire?
- How many are lost through drink every year in Africa?
- Is Christianity at a standstill?
- What keeps the Missionary from despair?
- What is said of the last ten years in Congo?
- What of the first ten years?
- How did Stanley Pool become a barrier?
- Tell the wonderful story of the Missionary who labored for seven years without one convert.
- When did Stanley come down the Congo, and what followed?
- What country sent out missionaries next?
- Who have done most of the work in the valley of the Congo?
- Where have the English chiefly worked?
- Which is really the most interesting mission?
- What remarkable fact is recorded of Bishop Taylor?
- Was his Mission the first on the self-supporting plan?
- Who was moved to do something for Africa fifty years ago?
- What help did he get from those around him and later from the sailors?
- What territory did they choose and what was the result?

✦ PALM BRANCH ✦

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MISS S. E. SMITH,
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AUGUST 1897.



ONE of the finest men of our age, we think—indeed one who reflects glory on the age itself is Bishop Taylor, the pioneer of mission work in Africa. After a whole lifetime spent in the most laborious foreign work, amid the burning heat and innumerable perils of Africa and, just when his brethren think it wise, in view of his advancing years and the grand work that he has accomplished, to relieve him from his arduous duties that he may enjoy a well-earned and necessary rest, what does he do but declare his intention to go back to Africa to work there, he hopes for twenty years, to live, and if needs be to die there! Surely the age of heroism has not gone by—none so valiant as those who work and fight for God.

“One of the most pathetic instances in modern Christian history is the appeal of the African King Khama to the English parliament, that on placing necessary stations on the railroad that passes through his territory no spirits of any kind shall be supplied at the refreshment room. And yet it is a heathen request to a Christian government, or rather a Christian request to a government with some heathen notions still.” What wonder that we blush for our home government!

“With regard to the Jews what we need is more love, affection, brotherliness and kindness. We must not treat each individual Hebrew as if he personally and of his own deliberate device had rejected Him whom we believe to be the Messiah. Nineteen centuries of un-Christ-like treatment have made it almost impossible for him to share our faith. He has been

thrown back upon himself, and has not thought of Christianity as even a possibility. Many Hebrews in our country know absolutely nothing about Christians except that they pass their lives amongst large populations who bear the name of Christians but are no recommendation to any faith whatever. We must try to persuade the Hebrews that it is worth their while to enquire about this strong inalienable belief of ours that the Messiah did come nineteen hundred years ago.” It is encouraging to know that out of a Hebrew population in the world of eight millions there are no less than three hundred and ninety-three thousands who believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the true Messiah.

There are, it is said, three hundred thousand Jews in New York City. Workers among them hope, in the near future, to erect a ‘Christ’s Synagogue and Jewish Missionary Training School.’ Funds are being raised for this purpose. The house, when finished, will be the first of its kind in the world.

QUESTION DRAWER.

Ques—Did you mean to say in your last that one could send an order for May or August and receive the next May or August? Where does the quarterly subscription come in?

Ans—No, that was a mistake. Twelve copies are received; but a subscription coming in May will begin in April—coming in August will begin with July and end with the next July; because April and July begin two of the quarters.

GOOD CHEER CORNER.

In many countries, men and women are trained to carry heavy loads on the shoulders or the head, not only without loss of physical activity, but with increased agility, and with a beautiful poise and erectness of carriage which seem to be the direct result of their burden-bearing. There is a lesson in this for those of us who carry heavy loads. The Oriental woman with the water-jar has the air of a queen. If her burden is irksome, she gets from it a noble carriage. It is as easy to get strength out of things that are hard as to get oppression and sadness from them; everything depends upon our point of view. If we take up a burden with courage, cease to struggle against it, resolve to carry it as a part of our lives, and to gain poise, dignity and increased strength from it, that which seemed a limitation may become a new source of power. Our burden may not only contribute to our strength, to the firmness with which we stand on the ground, but also to the joy and freshness with which we take and use whatever life brings us of variety, entertainment, and delight.—*Christian Union.*

CALLED BACK TO HEAVEN.

Earth's morning dawned! and e'en in heaven, the endless day
Grew brighter, and the angel choruses more sweet,
As slowly, softly, through the pearly gateway came
A little child—white-robed—and knelt at Jesus' feet.

One still hushed moment. Then up-rose a voice sublime,
As gently on that placid brow of babyhood
A crown was placed—a harp laid in those tiny hands.
And lo! before his God, an angel crowned stood.

Earth's morning dawned! Day came again, and recommenced
His journey o'er the dreary desert of the sky.
Like fragments torn from off the dusky robe of night,
Black, weeping clouds hung low, and sobbing winds wailed by.

Amid sweet blossoms' breath, a childish figure lay.
That soon would rest, serene, beneath a grassy mound—
The soul had winged its way to heaven. We would not weep
If we could see thro' earth's dark clouds our angels crowned.
March 8th, By Margaret Edna Evans.

HOW TO HELP WEAK MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

MRS. R. B. WALT.

WE know that our æsthetic sense is developing when by our abhorrence of false articles we want the real genuine thing; so we find we are developing in missionary work when we are aspiring to the perfect society.

The secret of a good meeting is the amount of prayer and thought and painstaking work which is spent by the member before coming, so to take Christ along.

How do we go to these meetings?

As an unthinking horse rushes to battle; or do we prepare as we would if we were going to a party? Christ honors with his presence only those who honor him with pains.

Nothing will kill a meeting quicker than poor preparation. Preparation by prayer, is one of the essentials to a good meeting. A good society doesn't run itself.

No government for the church was prescribed by Christ, but to institutions as wanted; as the office of deaconship to seven chosen men. Doubtless more is gained than lost by working this principle, as the glory is to God and shames man of boasting growing perfection. If a society rests entirely on a method that has been a success, it sinks into the insignificance of being a machine. If we lack the inspiration, we cannot do the work of another simply by copying his methods or procedure. The largest of efficient work must be done in one's own way, though it may carry out rigidly the prescribed programme.

In our last Easter programme, one president said she was glad when it was through, it was so wearisome, while other societies were wonderfully inspired.

I would make a mistake if I tried to revive a lifeless society by introducing into it new machinery without arousing in the officers and members the motive power of renewed consecration and enthusiasm. In only one instance does the ball-bearing help to accelerate the speed of a riderless bicycle, that is when it is running down hill. A society that is in that direction needs no machinery to help it on.

It is not wise for country societies to adopt the successful city methods, but do its own best. It would be injurious to close in summer and we know how much force and power it requires to get brightened up and in working order again.

Rest in work is better than rest from work. A Christian's rest is found under the yoke and in the furrow. The poorest of excuses is that the president is away and that the society cannot meet without her.

The following is a letter I wrote one of our societies which was closed in the summer. I thought it might help to get them working:

MY DEAR SISTER:

Many of our officers and members have been absent from town during the summer months and now I wish you to make an earnest effort to be present on Grand Rally Day, September—. Invite and call for your neighbor to come with you; we want to have a good meeting, but I want you to help me make a better one; you can do this by having its interest in your heart; ask God before coming to give a new impulse to our work.

Unless unavoidably detained we shall expect to see you and receive your help.

Your sister,

A copy of this letter was to be sent to each member and written by the president or secretary.—*Banner.*

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

A little Jewish boy attended a mission Sunday school in New York. His mother was glad of the two hours rest it gave her from the care of the restless, inquiring mind. He became engrossed with the story of Jesus Christ, so surpassing strange and new to him, and never tired of looking at pictures of the "One who seeks the lost." The Bible Lesson pictures were of great value to him, and when he was told that he could select one for himself, his joy knew no bounds.

"Oh, I will take the Shepherd one. I wonder if He knows I am His lamb?" And the large lustrous eyes filled with tears.

The dread diphtheria was in the tenement where he lived. His mother did not know how to care for him. The beloved picture was pinned up by his cot where he could always see it.

"Mamma, I'm going to die, and go to the Shepherd of Israel; won't you put the picture in the coffin when I'm carried out?"

One night the Good Shepherd gathered this little lamb to His bosom, and little Jacob was at rest.—*New York Observer.*



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

Dear Cousins, I hope you are all enjoying the lovely summer holidays—the good things that God puts into our lives at this most delightful season of the year. The song of the birds and brooks ought to teach us to lift up our voices to our heavenly Father for the blessings which are ours—our freedom, our friends—and oh, above all things let us place our hope of Heaven. And do not let us, while we have so much to enjoy, forget those who have less than ourselves, either at home or abroad. We give you this month (you will find it on next page) the composition of a little African girl and Cousin Joy only hopes that you will enjoy it as much as she did. Would it not be a pity for a little girl with such a lively imagination, and one who can learn so readily, to be left to grow up in degradation and ignorance, especially of a knowledge of Christ who loved her and who died to save her just as surely as if she had the whitest skin in the world.

No answers yet to July Puzzles.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—This is the first time I have written to you. I belong to the Dawning Light Mission Band, Murray Harbor. I got the answers to the puzzles in the PALM BRANCH this month. Here is a puzzle I am sending you, I hope it will be good enough to put in the PALM BRANCH.

Your loving Cousin, Estelle F. Brooks.

Estelle's answers are correct. Puzzle next time.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—Though I have not written to you before, I concluded to do so this month. I am one of the committee of the Silver Stream Mission Band. I am very much interested in the PALM BRANCH. I now send you a puzzle and hope you will find it worth publishing.

Your affectionate Cousin, GENEVA GOSBEE,
Shelbourne, N. S.

You have not used nearly all your letters in puzzle. Try again.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the "Harbor Bell" Mission Band. I take the Palm Branch and like it

very much.

Your loving Cousin, MAUDE V. SWIMM,
Swansburg, N. S.

Maude also sends answer to puzzle.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I read the PALM BRANCH every month and like it very much. I go to the "Coquette Band" and am Cor. Sec. We are sewing now and are going to have a bazaar soon. We are very busy and perhaps that accounts for our silence, as I think you seldom hear from Charlottetown. I am sending you a puzzle which I hope you will publish. With best wishes to my many "Cousins"

I am your friend, BLANCHE LODGE,
Charlottetown.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much, especially the "Cosy Corner." I think I have found the answers to the June puzzles. They are Christ the Lord is risen today and Queen Victoria. Enclosed please find puzzle. I hope you will think it worth publishing.

Your Cousin, HARRIET F. WRIGHT,
New Annan, P. E. I.

DAAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to Sunbeam Mission Band. We take the PALM BRANCH and like it very well. The puzzle department is very interesting. I think I have found out the answers to the June puzzles. 1st, Christ the Lord is risen today; 2nd, Queen Victoria.

I remain your Cousin, S. ETHEL GLYDON,
Margate, P. E. I.

PUZZLES FOR AUGUST.

I am composed of 13 letters,
My 12, 10, 7, 4, is the ground for the tents of an army.
My 13, 3, 9, 8, is a plant.
My 6, 5, 11, 12, 2, is to throw.
My 1 is a consonant.
My whole is a universal favorite.

Harriet F.

I am composed of 16 letters,
My 16, 15, 10, 11, is not in due time,
My 13, 8, 6, was a great General.
My 7, 5, 16, 4, is a small room.
My 12, 2, 1, not familiar.
My 3, 14, 9, is to trespass.
My whole is the name of a Mission Band.

Sophie.

I am composed of 16 letters,
My 10, 15, 5, 16, a boy's name.
My 14, 8, 12, 13, a kind of bag.
My 2, 11, 16, past tense of a verb.
My 7, 6, 9, 3, found in the wood.
My 1, 8, 4, used on a floor.
My whole is the name of a prominent member of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Hamilton Branch.

Edith A. Beatty.

I am composed of 19 letters,
My 11, 10, 15, is what God hates.
My 1, 4, 17, 2, is a water bird.
My 9, 13, 2, 19, is what we think with.
My 4, 17, 12, 8, is an insect.
My 16, 17, 15, 17, 18, 17, is a tropical fruit.
My 5, 3, 14, 6, is an entrance.
My 7, 15, is a preposition.
My whole is the name of a Mission Band mentioned in a late PALM BRANCH.

No name to this puzzle. Send your names.

SUNBEAMS.

When the great round sun above us,
In the ages long gone by,
Glowing in his dazzling brightness,
First began his course on high.
His great heart was filled with pity,
When this vision met his sight,—
Worlds on worlds, above, beneath him,
Wrapped in dense and cheerless night.

So he marshalled forth an army
Of young workers, brave and strong,
Sent them on a glorious mission,
Bade them labor hard and long.
And this host of tiny sunbeams
Through the years and years gone by
Have been fighting gloom and darkness,
Giving gladness, light and joy.

We are oftentimes called sunbeams,
(All unworthy of the name),
Yet we've learned we have a mission,
And to fill it is our aim.
We have learned of other countries,
Far across the surging wave,
Where are millions of dear children
Whom our Saviour died to save.

Yet those lands are wrapped in shadows,
Deeper, darker than the night;
And a cry comes wasted to us,
"Send, oh, send the gospel light!"
Will you help us, Christian workers?
Blessed so richly with the light,
To be shining, cheering sunbeams,
For those countries veiled in night?

—MARY MILLER MCKINNEY.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S CONVERSION.

That children can and do apprehend the essentials of salvation, and are adopted into the divine family, receives fresh demonstration in almost every season of religious awakening. The possibilities of child conversion have been illustrated many times, but perhaps never more forcibly than in the case of the late Professor Drummond, of whom the Rev. E. P. Hammond, writing to "The Examiner," says:

"In the spring of 1860 I received a letter from Peter Drummond, founder of the well known Drummond Tract Society, inviting me to come from Dunfermline, where I was holding meetings to his residence in Stirling.

The day after my arrival his parlors were filled with a company of children that I might tell them the story of Jesus and His love. Some of his nieces and nephews were there, and among them little Henry Drummond, who listened with tearful eyes as I explained how Christ loved us and gave Himself for us.

When Professor Drummond was in this country a few years ago, he told the students in Amherst College that it was in that meeting in Stirling that he experienced a change of heart, and began to live the new life "which is by the faith of the Son of God,

who loved us and gave himself for us."

He was a believer in the conversion of children. No doubt one reason was that he had in early life seen the simplicity of the way of salvation through Christ's sufferings and death on the cross for us.—*N. Y. Adv.*

COMPOSITION ON JONAH.

Composition of a little African girl (who was taught in a Mission school.)

"History, as you know teaches what is happen in the past event. Geography where the thing has happened at. History tells us that Adam was the first man that was created, and geography shows us where the garden of Eden is, which continent, which division.

History tells us that Adam was the first man that was created and while he was sleeping, God took out one of his ribs and made Eve. After a while Eve went out to walk among the trees of the garden of Eden. Conversation took place between her and the devil, the devil told her to eat some kind of fruit which God had told her and Adam not to eat. She took it and ate it, and also took some for her husband. When Adam saw it, he did not take no time to ask her where she got it from.

History, geography and the earth, just do to go together. One tells about this, one tells about that, and so forth. Histories are interesting to read, indeed they are. It tells us about the whale. The whale is the largest animal in the sea. Whales is spoken of in the bible. God had sent Jonah to Ninevah to preach to the people about their sins. Jonah refused to go. He went into a ship with some people. He just went in there to hide from God, but God caused a storm to take place and the ships went from this way to that way. The people was afraid indeed and began to cast lots and the lot fell upon him so they up and throwed him into the sea. While he was going to the bottom of the sea he met with this animal, so the whale said: "My friend, where are you going?" Jonah answered and said unto him, "I have disobeyed my God and I am trying to hide from his face." The whale said "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Don't you know that neither you or I can hide from His face?" Jonah said, "Oh whale, I am so afraid, I do not know what I am doing or saying." The whale said the idea of your running away from God, you got to bear the consequence, that's all I got to say." Jonah said "Whale, I think you had better swallow me because there is no use in talking." The whale said "Jonah put your head in my mouth and get ready for your life." At the same time he did swallow him up. Jonah thought the whale's body was his end, therefore Jonah offers up a prayer for his sins. If he should die before he gets the shore, if it was God's will to carry his soul to Heaven. The whale did not rest day after day or night after night.

After three days the whale went to shore and vomited up Jonah."

"Jonah was like a drowned rat."

MISS. REVIEW.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH.

We are glad to report Charles St. Circle in a flourishing condition. It numbers forty members. A missionary concert was held May 31st consisting of music, recitations and a most interesting Chinese exercise. Collections amounted to (\$9.36) nine dollars and thirty-six cents.

The members of "Buds of Promise" Band, Dartmouth are going to supply the church with flowers from the first of July to the first of November. They are making scrapbooks for the hospitals.

The Easter offerings, from the members of the Coraline Circle, Halifax amounted to (\$28.00) twenty eight dollars.

M. E. B. COR. SEC.

It is a nice thing for the "Buds of Promise" to show their love for the Church by decking it with the flowers which Christ loved and used as illustrations in his talks with his disciples. but we would not have our readers think for a moment that any part of the missionary money collected for the purpose of telling the heathen world of the Christ who alone can save is used in this way.

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

Mrs Seller, Centreville, N. B. writes:—I have much pleasure in reporting that I organized a new Band in Bloomfield on May 10th. As the day was raining the attendance was not very large. The name "Mayflower" was chosen. We hope this band may prove a great success, for really it was a pleasure to meet so many bright, interesting and earnest workers as there are here.

"Star" Band Exmouth street, St. John reports:—Interest is on the increase, members are more on the alert. We are inviting prayer and effort for a successful year's work.

"Hiraiwa" Band Centenary reports one new life member this quarter.

Kensington Band writes, Our band is in a good condition, and our numbers are increasing.

"Cartnell" Band, Point de Bute, held a birthday party in May and realized \$29.23.

Charlottetown. — The "Coqualetza" Band has closed for the summer, after a very enjoyable and successful year. We have had a weekly average attendance of twenty-five. An autograph quilt was made by the members.

I. T.

Mrs Turner's address will now be Gibson, York Co., N. B.

Banner Competition for N. B. & P. E. I. Branch.

This competition will close September 1st. As you all know its basis has been the largest increase in PALM BRANCH subscriptions—and we are proud of our Branch.

BAY OF QUINTE—BAND NOTES.

It is with pleasure that we report a Simcoe Mission Band organized at Castleton, called "Nightingale."

The "Dayspring" Mission Band of Campbellford held an open meeting on Thursday evening last. A very interesting programme was furnished by the children. Those who attended were much pleased with the entertainment. A collection of \$6.32 was taken. Preparations are being made for a similar entertainment in July. Membership sixty-seven with a very good attendance.

Albert College Mission Band reports sixty-one members with an average attendance of sixty. They have raised \$59.86 during the year. They intend sending two little girls to the school at Chen Tu, China. Oshawa, Simcoe St. Mission Band continues its good work. Time of meeting, first Friday in the month.

M. G. HAWLEY.

LONDON BRANCH.

Miss Flora Ware Cor. Sec. writes:—Ours is the Shizuoka Circle in connection with the London West Methodist church, and was organized in August 1893, with a membership of twenty-three; since then we have doubled that number.

We have sent clothing, quilts, etc., each Christmas to some of the needy missions and are trying with God's help to shine in our corner of the Master's vineyard. We hold our meetings once a month at the homes of the different members and find them very helpful. We take the PALM BRANCH and find it a very interesting paper.

AN AFRICAN CONVERT'S SACRIFICE.

We smile when we read this from Eastern Equatorial Africa, written by Rev. Douglas Hooper, but it helps us to see what it costs to be a Christian:

"You will be glad to hear of our Christmas at Jilore. Petro Vuko's wife and four bairns were baptized, and the next day a man, not of the village, but who had been a catechumen for some years, came and said he was prepared to part with two of his wives and live with only one—the senior. You may be sure it came to us as a blessed Christmas remembrance from the Master.

Of course this means a much reduced income, amongst other things, as the wives hoe the fields which yield the maize, which is the only source of income the man has. He is sending his children to live on the station, that they may be the better taught, this means the loss of sixty goats (\$120) for each unmarried girl, the money paid as dowry by the bridegroom."—*Missionary Review of the World.*