

Devoted to the interests of the Mission Circles and Bands of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.


*A NEW LEAF.*

He came to my desk with a quivering lip,  
 His lesson was done;  
 "Dear teacher I want a new leaf," he said  
 "I have spoiled this one."  
 In place of the leaf so stained and blotted  
 I gave him a new one all unspotted,  
 And into his sad eyes smiled—  
 "Do better with this, my child."

I went to the Throne with a grieving soul,  
 For the year was done;  
 "O Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?  
 I have spoiled this one."  
 He took the old leaf stained and blotted  
 He gave me a new one all unspotted,  
 And into my sad heart smiled  
 Do better with this, my child.

*Selected*

**"HE SHALL SPEAK PEACE UNTO THE HEATHEN."**

 vine-covered arch stood in a shady corner of Dr. Graham's garden, and it was used by the children for a play house.

On a certain bright morning the sole occupant was a pale-faced lady doll, dressed in a pink cashmere wrapper, and about her slender waist a soiled blue shawl was tied, the ends of which had caught on a nail in the seat, and the poor thing hung forlornly in mid-air. Her troubles, however, had apparently been forgotten in sleep, and the thoughtless cackling of a number of hens, failed to cause even a quiver of those waxen lids.

Little Daisy Graham had gone across the street for her little friend Flossie Bell, and presently the two came dancing into the arbor, each with a baby doll in her arms. They seemed in no wise dismayed at beholding the dangerous position in which the pale dolly was reposing, but calmly unhooked the shawl and put her, face downward, upon the bench.

"Now," said Daisy to her playmate, "I will take

Paulina Helena out for a walk, while you tidy up the house: She seems rather restless this morning." So Paulina Helena and her little nurse walked round to the back yard to see the chickens. While they were standing there the cook opened the door, and Daisy heard her say in a cross voice, "Well, I declare, Farmer Jones is a regular old heathen; this is the second time he has sent a basket of half-bad apples with a few good ones on top—the old cheat," she added in a wrathful undertone, for she had caught sight of Daisy in the yard.

The little girl ran up to the door with Paulina Helena in her arms. "Who did you say was an old heathen, Eliza?" she asked.

"Oh, just that old man your pa buys his vegetables from, Miss Daisy."

"Where does he live?"

"I don't exactly know, Miss. Out of the village somewhere, in that old brown house at the corner, I think. Now don't you want to give these crumbs to the chickens?"

Daisy took the crumbs, and threw them to the chickens, but instead of standing to watch them being gobbled up, as usual, she walked soberly back to the arbor.

"Flossie" she said, "you could never guess who lives in the old brown house at the corner?"

"Who?" asked Flossie.

"A heathen," said Daisy, in an awe-stricken whisper. Then the little girls looked at each other in silence.

"A heathen," Flossie repeated, "who told you? Miss Mason said heathens lived in some country away way off."

"Eliza said so, and she ought to know, when she's lived here all her life."

Another deep silence, broken by Flossie saying in a solemn voice: "Well, then, you know what we'll have to do, for we promised when we joined the Band to work as hard as anything for the heathen."

"I put all my birthday money in my mit-box," said Daisy triumphantly, "and I put in the money

instead of buying a new doll, after I broke Henrietta Matilda."

Then the two golden heads bobbed together for a long time, and two little tongues went as fast as they could. When luncheon hour came they parted with very wise and important looks.

Flossie was half way across the street, when she heard Daisy calling, and saw her running down to the gate. "I've just remembered," Daisy explained, "that we unustn't tell anybody anything about it, because there's a verse in the Bible that says we mustn't."

"What verse is it?" asked Flossie. "I don't think I ever heard it," she added doubtfully.

"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," Daisy repeated proudly. "I had to learn it once, and mamma said it meant not to tell anybody when you did something good. Don't forget. Good-bye," and she slipped away.

\* \* \* \* \*

At half past four that afternoon, two queer little figures went down the village street. Miss Alvira Tomkins, who was at her parlor window, declared they were beggars, but Miss Jane, who was upstairs, assured her they were two nicely dressed children.

And no wonder Miss Alvira, whose sight was not very good, thought, for a moment, Daisy and Flossie were beggars. In one hand Daisy held an open umbrella, with two large rents in it, and on the other arm she carried an open basket, filled with strings of beads, two Bibles, a hymn book, an orange, a doll, and a little blue box, with money jingling about. Flossie was laden with a rag mat, a camp stool and another basket.

When the little brown house at the corner was reached, they turned in at the gate, and walked up to the door. Daisy knocked. A very tiny girl, with a frightened face, undid the bolts and peeped out.

"Is the heathen in?" asked Daisy.

"Nobody's in but me," answered the child. "Drampa's gone for the cows, and I'm getting his tea ready."

"Well, I think we'll stay out here till he comes, we can be getting things ready."

Flossie gave Daisy a nudge, and whispered, "Praps she's a heathen too." But the little girl had disappeared.

The hush of evening was settling over the land, when Farmer Jones brought home the cows. He went into the house to get the milk pails, and called out, in a harsh voice, to know when tea would be ready.

Daisy heard him, and she said to Flossie, "There's the raging heathen, gnashing his teeth and imagining vain things. We'd better begin before he gets worse."

So upon the gentle breezes stole two sweet, childish voices, singing: "Jesus, lover of my soul." The brook habbled an accompaniment, with little trills and variations all its own.

Farmer Jones rushed to the door in amazement. The singers nodded pleasantly, and when the hymn was finished Daisy said reverently: "Let us pray," and Flossie added, "Kneel down, heathen." One repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep," the other, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me," and still kneeling they sang "Shall we gather at the river?"

The sunlight fell upon the two white figures, with clasped hands, and reverently bowed heads. It seemed to Farmer Jones they must be angels, and the glowing western sky, looked like the gate of heaven. And was it the voice of God that repeated the beautiful words: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And was it His hand that poured the healing balm upon the sin-scarred heart, and drew the penitent tears from their source?

When the children arose, they saw the old man sitting on the door step, his grey head bent upon his toil worn hands, and tears trickling through the fingers.

"I think God will see to him now," whispered Daisy. "Its time we were going home."

"He doesn't seem exactly like the heathens Miss Mason told us about, does he?" asked Flossie. "Do you suppose we'd better leave the beads?"

"Well, p'raps not. We'll leave the mite-boxes, and my doll for the little girl."

\* \* \* \* \*

Nothing was heard of Farmer Jones, until a day or two before Christmas. Daisy and Flossie were sliding down the pony-pasture hill, when Dr. Graham, passing in his sleigh, called out to them.

"You dear little Missionaries, he said, as they reached the road, "Farmer Jones told the minister and me all about it. He died this morning, after a short illness, trusting in his Saviour."

"Did he go to heaven, papa?" Daisy asked.

"Yes dear, undoubtedly."

"Our Christmas present for Jesus," said Flossie softly.

Farmer Jones was laid to rest on Christmas day. Some time afterward a beautiful monument was placed at his head, bearing the simple inscription:

Here lieth the body  
Of Solomon Jones,  
Who fell asleep in Jesus  
December, 23, 18--

and underneath it had been written at his own request,

"He shall speak peace unto the heathen."

MARGARET EDNA EVANS.

### INASMUCH.

"If I had dwelt,"—so mused a tender woman,  
All fine emotions stirred  
Through pondering o'er that Life, Divine yet human,  
Told in the Sacred Word;

"If I had dwelt of old, a Jewish maiden,  
—In some Judcan street,  
Where Jesus walked, and heard His Word so laden  
With comfort strangely sweet,

"And seen the face, where utmost pity blended  
With each rebuke of wrong,  
I would have left my lattice, and descended  
And followed with the throng.

"If I had been the daughter, jewel-gimled,  
Of some rich Rabbi there,  
Seeing the sick, blind, halt, my blood had curdled  
At sight of such despair;

"And I had wrenched the sapphires from my fillet,  
Nor let one spark remain;  
Snatched up my gold, amid the crowd to spill it,  
In pity of their pain.

"Foxes have holes"—I think my heart had broken  
To hear the word so said,  
While Christ had not—were sadder ever spoken?  
A place to lay his head.

"I would have flung abroad my door before Him,  
And in my joy have been  
First on the threshold, eager to advre Him,  
And crave His entrance in."

Ah! would you so? Without a recognition.  
You passed Him yesterday;  
Or lest some woful penitent might touch them  
And calmly went your way.

You catch aside your robes, lest want should clutch them  
In its imploring wild;  
Or lest some woful penitent might touch them  
And you be thus defiled!

O dreamer! dreaming that your faith is keeping  
All service free of blot,  
Christ daily walks your streets, sick, suffering, weeping,  
And ye perceive him not!

SELECTED.

## FIELD STUDY FOR JANUARY.

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HE promise of a baptism of fire was given by Jesus to his disciples. This, to the Jew, would bring up the scene of Sinai—the grand spectacle of the giving of the law, or the solitary awe of the burning bush—and with it, the idea of the immediate presence of God.

To obtain this baptism, Andrew and John leave their master to follow Jesus. But it does not come to them then. Years pass, and near the time of His death, Jesus speaks of it, and says that he must first go away, or the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, will not come. They do not understand Him, and do not expect Him to die, for they still think He will be king in Jerusalem. So when Christ was buried their hopes were gone.

His resurrection reassured them, and His command over nature and its laws, cleared away all doubt of His mission. From the Mount of Olives, where a cloud received Him from their sight, they returned with joy into Jerusalem; for had not Jesus promised, not many days hence, to endue them with the fulness of the Spirit. The long-expected baptism of fire was to be theirs.

Then come ten days of waiting. The one hundred and twenty gather daily, in the temple courts or in the upper room, and with one accord, watch and pray.

The eleventh day has come. The city is filled with people, come to celebrate the giving of the law amid the fires of Sinai. In that upper room, while they are praying, the fire again descends; not merely to be gazed on by the people, and approached only by the

leader, but as a token to all, anointing the brow of every faithful worshiper.

Now they go out, and tell with power that the Messiah has indeed come. They make themselves felt. An impulse moves the crowd, as they find that the story is being told in different languages, so, when Peter seeks to address the crowd, he has an audience.

What is the message he has for these Jews from all parts of the world?

"Repent—and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost, for the promise is to you and your children, and to all that are afar off."

Three thousand accepted his word, and afterwards remained steadfast. On another day two thousand more were converted, and by good authorities, the number of Christians, at the close of the first five years from the death of Christ, was at least ten thousand.

The symbol of fire, the gift of tongues, and the working of miracles, were not the essentials of the baptism of fire. Peter says of Cornelius and his family: "God put no *difference* between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith." This is the perpetual benefit to the church that every believer has the privilege of receiving, the baptism of spiritual and moral power.

Under the influence of the Spirit, weak men become strong, the feeble and timid become courageous. Ciphers by themselves are nothing, but placed at the right hand of another figure they are of great value. "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put two thousand to flight." Men and women at the right hand side of Jesus, and filled with the Spirit, will ultimately accomplish the enlightenment and regeneration of the world.

The foregoing sketch, is a partial outline of a most helpful book, on the work of the Holy Spirit, "The Tongue of Fire" by William Arthur, a noted preacher and writer of English Methodism.

This is written, with the hope that it will be an introduction to the book itself. It has been a blessing to thousands, and we pray that its work may be extended still further.

O that the still, small voice of the Spirit, might be looked for and heeded in all our Bands; that we might open our hearts, and "be filled with the fulness of God."

—D.

## QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

- What promise was given by Jesus to his disciples?
- What was it that reassured them after their hopes had fled?
- After Christ's ascension what did they do?
- How long did they have to wait for the Baptism of fire?
- What effect did it have upon the Disciples?
- What effect did it have upon those to whom they preached?
- What is said of Ciphers?
- What can men and women, mere ciphers, working with Jesus and filled with His spirit, accomplish?
- Of what book is this an outline sketch?

## \* PALM BRANCH \*

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283 Princess Street,  
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JANUARY, 1897.



HAPPY New Year to all our readers! In China, where New Year's day is a great national holiday, it is expected that all debts shall be paid before the close of December.

The idea is a good one—to take a fresh start with the new year! We believe in reciprocity, and think, that while the Chinese have a great deal to learn, much of which we can teach them, they are in advance of us in this respect, and we, in our turn, can learn of them. What an ideal world this would be, if nations and individuals, and churches, could present a clean financial record at the close of the year!

The Chinese recognize also, their moral obligations, but think their duty done when they worship at the shrines of their ancestors, and lay their offerings, prompted by fear, not love, before their gods of wood and stone.

But the enlightened members of the "Woman's Missionary Society," both old and young, realize that there is one great, sacred obligation resting upon us, which cannot be paid up at any given period of our lives, but must go on with the years—on and on, through all the ages of eternity! It is the obligation of love, not fear; the obligation to love Him, because He first loved us, and because of that love, to extend His Kingdom to earth's remotest bound.

In Chinese, Christ's own saying, "She hath done what she could," is literally translated, "This woman in what she has done, has exerted all her strength." Dear Missionary workers, can He say this of us regarding the past? Shall it not be true of us in this new year, on whose threshold we stand? When one exerts all one's strength, allied with God, success is sure.

I am only one, but I am one;

I cannot do everything.

But I can do something;

What I can do, I ought to do.

And what I ought to do, by the grace of God I will do.

MISSIONARY RECORD.

## SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

IN 1887 we decided to set aside our <sup>of</sup>the each month, or as often as we received our salary or income. Whenever the money came to hand we put the tenth in a separate drawer. The money in that drawer is the Lord's, not ours. We do not even borrow it, except under very exceptional circumstances, and never for more than a few days. Most of this money goes to regular objects, but we like to keep a little for incidentals. This plan gives peace and rest and great comfort. But there is something sweeter and better than even this, and that is what we give after we have paid our tithe. This, of course, varies from year to year, and with the occasions. There is no regularity about this. Here we let the heart run riot. When the call comes and the tithe drawer is empty, then we draw on the family purse. I may say here, that, for the larger part of our married life, my wife has carried the family purse, and I am fully content with the result.

I wish all our people could know the peace and joy of giving in this way. Some people tell us that they hold all their property for the Lord. That is only juggling with words, so long as they spend that all on themselves. What the Lord wants us to do, is to dispossess ourselves of one tenth for his service. I believe the tithe is as old as man, as old as the Sabbath. It was in existence long before Moses or the ritual law. I believe that when God set aside one seventh of time and called it Sabbath, a rest, for his worship, he set aside one tenth of property and called it tithe, for his worship and service. Both are obligatory on all men, on man as man. That men have become idolaters, or ungodly, does not, in my opinion, absolve them from this obligation.

God requires this of man as an acknowledgement of his sovereignty over time and the earth. Man has no inherent right to the fruitful earth or the prolific sea, the flowers, the beasts and the birds, the sunshine and the rain. These are all God's gifts, and the tithe and the Sabbath are the tribute which men should pay to God for these.

The New Testament introduces a higher principle of giving, but does not abrogate the old: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' because love is more blessed than duty. Duty gives the minimum, the tithe; love gives the maximum. 'These things ought ye to have done and not left the other undone.'

It is objected that some incomes are so small, that, if one-tenth were given, the remainder would not be a support for a family. It is true that some salaries are very small, yet I fully believe that the nine-tenths with the smile of the Lord, will go much further in supporting a family than the whole without it. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

JOHN McLAURIN.

Seize upon Truth, wherever it is found,  
Amongst your friends, amongst your foes,  
On Christian or on heathen ground—  
The flower's divine where'er it grows.

ISAAC WATTS.

## THAT WOODCHUCK.

BY FAYE HUNTINGTON.

THE Carter children were enjoying their vacation more than any vacation thus far in their young lives. A pleasant old farm-house sheltered them by night; a large, roomy barn was their resort on rainy days; while the great, wide out-of-doors was their grand playground the rest of the time—and never a summer had such short nights or so few rainy days! They explored the meadows and the pastures, sailed their tiny boats on the pond, and followed the winding brook to its fountain-head, and climbed the highest hill in the neighborhood, feeling as much exultation as they will feel in later years when they scale Mt. Washington or even Mont Blanc.

Upon one of their expeditions they discovered what they were sure must be a woodchuck's hole. Such a state of excitement as they were thrown into! Only Tom, Minnie, and Sadie were of the party; Jamie had gone to the village with his uncle, but would join them later.

"We must get that woodchuck!" said Tom.

"What's the good?" asked Minnie.

"Why, everybody gets a woodchuck when they have a chance!"

"But what for—are they good to eat?"

"No, I guess not; but the skin is good for strings, —it's awful tough, and makes good, strong strings to tie things with!"

"Humph! I should think twine would do just as well for us," persisted Minnie.

"Maybe we could sell the skin. Maybe the cat would like the flesh. Anyway, we've got to get that woodchuck!"

Then began the discussion of plans. Sadie was for digging the animal out—she had brought her spade, and she was sure that it could be done; but after they had all taken a turn at the hole, they gave that plan up as impracticable. Tom said:

"We'll have to smoke him out! We will wait until Jamie comes, and then we'll try that plan," and Tom seated himself on the top rail of a neighboring fence to wait the arrival of his brother.

"You needn't wait for Jamie," said Minnie. "He won't help."

"What's the reason he won't help?" asked Tom.

"Because he is a Band of Mercy boy, and he will say we ought to let the woodchuck live."

"Nonsense! he will be just as ready for the fun as the rest of us," insisted Tom; but, truth to tell, he was not so sure in his heart as his words implied.

Presently Jamie came running across the field, and was soon made acquainted with the state of affairs.

"If you'll stay here with the girls and watch the hole, I'll run back to the house and get matches, and we'll soon have the old fellow out!" said Tom.

"I don't see any sense or any fun in that," responded the newcomer.

Thereupon a lively dispute followed, a good-natured dispute, but a dispute nevertheless. The girls went over to Jamie's side of the question, and

Tom, finding he was to have no supporters, abandoned the scheme of smoking the woodchuck out of his hole. Then Jamie exclaimed:

"I almost forgot—Cousin Sue is waiting for us to go after cat-tails; but I must take a look at his majesty's mansion!" and he ran across the field to the spot that the others had indicated.

Taking off his hat he made a low bow, saying: "Good morning, Mr. Woodchuck! Why don't you ask me to walk in? Don't you know that I have saved your life, and can't you show a little gratitude!" But as Mr. Woodchuck did not respond to the friendly overtures, Jamie rejoined the others, and they were soon telling Aunt Mary about the woodchuck, and Tom was inclined to be vexed at the others because they would not fall in with his scheme.

"Don't you think it would have been good fun, Cousin Sue?" he asked.

"You boys make me think of a story that is told of Daniel Webster and his brother," said Cousin Sue.

"Will you tell us the story?" said Minnie.

"It is something like this:

"The brother had caught a woodchuck and was intending to kill it, but Daniel begged and pleaded for the animal's life. Not being able to come to any agreement, the boys referred the matter to their father, who told them that they might each argue their cause before him, and that he would be the Judge, and would decide which had the best of the argument. The brother began. Pointing to the poor, frightened, shrinking little prisoner, he set forth the reasons why the animal should forfeit its life. He told how it injured the clover and the cabbage patch, and dwelt upon the value of its skin for domestic purposes. It had now been caught and imprisoned, after considerable trouble, and he asked: "Would it not be an act of folly to let any sentimental weakness hinder the course of justice?"

The Judge listened to the clear, ringing tones, the cool, logical utterances of his elder son, and thought that he had made out a pretty strong case against the prisoner. Then it was Daniel's turn. In a voice that

trembled with emotion, he took up the cause of the woodchuck. He said that life was God given, that, when once taken, it could never, never be restored. He argued that, except in cases of stern necessity,

man has no right to deprive even a woodchuck of life, he pictured the essential meanness of the thought that superior intelligence or superior strength could be lawfully used for the destruction of the weak. He

scouted the idea of harm done to the crops by a few leaves being nibbled to sustain life, and coming back to this theme, the right of every creature to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, he pleaded so eloquently the cause of the woodchuck, that, in the middle of his pathetic appeal, the Judge, forgetting all the dignity of the office, started up with the tears rolling down his cheeks, and cried out, "Zeke, Zeke, you let that woodchuck go."

"I think," added Cousin Sue "that Daniel Webster was a Band of Mercy boy!"

Tom was still for a few minutes, then he said, "Cousin Sue, I am glad we did not smoke out the woodchuck."



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

"She who loves you makes her bow!" That is what a young Christian girl in India wrote to her absent teacher, and it seems to Cousin Joy, a very pretty and polite way in which to begin a little talk with her dear Cousins, in this first Palm Branch of the new year. Of course you all spent a delightful Christmas day, in giving and receiving the little gifts which help to make it the brightest, happiest day in all the year. Cousin Joy would not like to think, that even one of her little friends was forgotten by Santa Claus, the spirit of love, or that any home, to which her little messages go, was darkened on that glad day by the shades of sorrow. She does hope, that in your own happiness you have not forgotten the poor around you, nor the poorest of all in distant lands, who have never yet even heard of our One great Christmas Gift!

And now the New Year, 1897, has come! You have all read what a great day "New Year's day" is in China—the grand holiday of the year. One missionary calls it "China's great Sunday." All work is put aside, and people and children dress in their very best, which you would think very gay and fine indeed. The Chinese houses have wide strips of red cloth over the entrance, to show that it is a time of rejoicing. You might envy the richer children their beautiful silk dresses, only you know how much happier you are than they, in your Christian homes. One little girl, taught in the Mission school, said to her mother: "What ugly little feet you have mother! Did God make them so?" "No," said the poor woman, with tears in her eyes, "your Grandma bound them when I was a little girl like you. Do you want to have yours bound?" "No, no," said the child, with a look of fear in her eyes, "I want to have big feet," and she was allowed to have them, because her mother had learned of better things.

Cousin Joy, hopes that all her young Cousins will ask help in the new year—that it may be the very best year, because of the good done to others.

A dear child in India prayed, "Make me such that people will not see *me*, but only Jesus Christ in me," think of that for a little girl just rescued from heathendom. How pleased Jesus will be, if His image is reflected this year in all the girls and boys of the Mission Bands! How they will shine for Him!

Dear Cousin Joy.—I belong to the "Wayside Helpers" Mission Band, of Delta. I take the PALM BRANCH and I like it very much. We have twenty-three names on our roll. We have had a Public meeting, and we made over six dollars at the meeting. I think I have found the answers to the November puzzles. They are, Montague Bridge and Miss Blackmore.

Your loving Cousin,  
LIZZIE McCUE, Cor. Secy.  
Delta.

Dear Cousin Joy.—This is the first time I have claimed you as cousin. I take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. We have a small Band, and last day we tried the November puzzles. We think we found the answers of two. The first one, Minnie A. Robertson; and the last one, Miss Blackmore.

Your loving cousin,  
LILA BARNES.  
Maccan.

Dear Cousin Joy.—I do not belong to a Mission Band, as there is no Band here; but I take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. I have found the answers to the December puzzles. The first is, Star of Bethlehem, the second, The Bright and Morning Star.

Your loving cousin,  
WINNIE THOMAS.  
Derby, N. B.

Dear Cousin Joy.—We made out the puzzles in December number in our Band. "Star of Bethlehem" and, "Bright and Morning Star," we also made a puzzle, which we hope you will think worth putting in the PALM BRANCH.

Maccan Station. WINNIE B. HOEG.

### JANUARY PUZZLES.

I am composed of 14 letters,  
My 1, 6, 6, 10, a measure of distance,  
My 4, 2, 7, 10, a glutinous substance,  
My 11, 10, 12, 14, something we all appreciate in cold weather,

My 8, 10, 12, 5, is earnestness,  
My 13, 9, 3, 10, origin,  
My whole is one of our missionaries.  
Maccan Station, N. S. WINNIE B. HOEG.

I am composed of 14 letters,  
My 9, 2, 8, 12, was an important person mentioned in Genesis.

My 1, 10, 11, is a piece of land,  
My 4, 11, 12, 7, 1, is a girl's name,  
My 5, 5, 1, 11, belongs to electricity,  
My 8, 13, 3, 7, 14, is an adverb,  
My whole is a commandment.  
Bedeque, P. E. I. CARRIE BOWNESS.

I am composed of 18 letters,  
My 8, 16, 13, is what God hates,  
My 11, 2, 18, 7, is a measure of time,  
My 3, 12, 17, 5, is a mocker,  
My 4, 10, 7, 9, is a measure of cloth,  
My 15, 6, 1, 9, is a very useful member,  
My 14, 4, 1, 9, 11, is what all children love,  
My whole is a good time for some people S. E. S.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. ESTHER PAK, OF KOREA.

**T**HE young readers of the PALM BRANCH would all be much interested in this brave woman, if they could see her, we know. As you have already heard, she is the first woman to come to America from Korea, as a student. She is taking a four years' course at the Woman's Medical College, Baltimore. Esther has left a husband and little babe, now ten months old, in New York. We talk of sacrifices, dear children, but what are our sacrifices compared with hers? It is not safe to speak to Esther of the husband and baby left behind, for the homesickness of the heart swells up to the eyes, and threatens the loss of self-command. And for what has she made this sacrifice? That she may get an education, and go home to Korea to minister to the bodies and souls of her own people; that she may follow in the footsteps of her Master, "going about doing good."

But some tender-hearted little girl will ask, "Why must she leave her little baby in New York?"

Why? Because it would draw away its mother's attention from her difficult studies. You know the tricks of the little babies—how they fill mind, and heart, and hand, and leave room for nothing else. Esther knew this, so she made her great sacrifice, which Christ will count as done to him. But we will let her tell her own story as she told it, in her own native way, a few nights ago, in the Branch meeting in Washington.

Esther said: "I am very glad to see all these ladies in America—they have been very kind to me. I have been in Mission work eleven years. We have many people in Korea, but few teachers, only sixty or seventy missionaries. Very few of my people go to God's Worshipping House, but many go to places of idols. Many native doctors are no good; there are no surgical doctors; the ladies there like women doctors best. There is a nice hospital there for patients; one trained nurse from Baltimore—doing wonderful work teaching the Bible. Miss Lewis and Dr. Howe were sent out—the Dr.'s health failed, then they wanted me to come into the hospital. I said, "If the Lord wants me to do that work, I will do it." I went in at 14 years, and read the Bible and catechism—I prayed to God and He gave me the chance. Two years ago Dr. Hall brought me to America. When I reached America I felt homesick, but I went to God and asked Him to give me a brave heart. When I was 18 I was married. Young ladies cannot go out in my country, even to do good. After I was married I could go out and carry the blessed Jesus doctrine." Esther then told of some threatened persecution for Christ's sake.

Next month we will give the story of Esther's conversion as told by herself.

## THE STORY OF BANBEE.

**L**ITTLE BANBEE was a heathen girl who had been taught to pray to an idol that was in her home. It was a very dreadful looking thing, with long, stiff hands, crooked legs, and a face that made one want to turn away from it at once. But notwithstanding the idol was such a fright, little Banbee prayed to it and gave it food and some of her few little treasures. Often when very hungry the poor little girl would offer all her dinner to the god, thinking it would do her soul good.

One day she hurt her hand with a piece of glass, and when the blood flowed she became frightened, and ran to the idol asking it to help her. When her hand grew worse, she laid it on the stiff wooden fingers of the god, expecting every moment the pain would be gone. But the pain increased, and poor little Banbee cried, but still, through it all, she did not lose faith in the god.

At last Banbee's arm began to look red, and sharp, cruel pains ran up and down from her shoulder to her finger. This new trouble the little girl showed to the idol, but the great, dull eyes just stared on and never noticed her. At this time a good missionary was going home from visiting some sick people, and hearing some one moaning, she went to the hut where Banbee lived, and there she saw a little child, thin and suffering, sitting close to an ugly idol, begging him to stop the pain in her hand. She would hold her little brown hand in the well one, and then lift it close to the great staring eyes, saying words little folks in this country could not understand—for Banbee lived in India—but which meant, "See, see! help poor Banbee?"

The missionary had medicine with her in a case, for part of her good work was to heal the bodies of the poor heathen as well as to care for their souls. She went into the hut, and, taking the poor, aching hand, said, "Little girl, I am your friend."

Banbee was not afraid, for she had seen "the clean mamma," as they called the missionary, going through the village a number of times. She watched her with interest when she opened a bottle and bathed very gently the wounded finger and then the whole hand in a cool wash. And as she bathed it and the pain lessened, Banbee listened to the story of Jesus' great love for little children: how he came to earth to save just such little ones as Banbee. And then the lady told the little girl how useless it was to pray to anything made out of wood, which had once been a senseless tree, standing unnoticed in the forest.

It was a wonderful story for Banbee to hear, and Jesus seemed just the friend she needed, for the little girl had not many friends. But it was quite a time before Banbee could entirely give up her wooden god. She would often, after talking with her new friend (the kind missionary), creep into the room where it was and pray to it. But at last Banbee took Jesus for her best friend, and used to say she loved the far-away Christians, because they sent "the clean mamma" to tell her of Jesus.

A SERMON BY A CHINESE TAILOR.

**H**EAR children of the PALM BRANCH. Did you think I had gone to sleep, gone abroad, or gone to oblivion? Dear me, how full of zeal we do start out, and how soon we get cooled off. It reminds me of trying to light a fire with shavings; you will get a big blaze, and put on your coal and shut the stove door, and go away to get ready for breakfast, and then come down to make the coffee, and behold! the fire is out! That's the way sometimes with Christian work, and workers; and sometimes even with Mission Bands. Somebody says, "Let's start a Mission Band." "Yes," says another, and the match of enthusiasm is struck, and the shavings of good wishes begin to glow, and blaze, and burn, and warm, and some little sticks of encouragement begin to crack, and splutter, and flare up too, and the church says, "It's getting warm I believe," and the preacher says, "I guess I'll go and see this little fire of missionary enthusiasm," and he decides to go to the first meeting which comes round. He arranges his plans for that day, alas, it rains a little, and the day is chilly and cheerless. But he says, "I must go to-day, I have no other chance for some time. The burning zeal of the leader will take her there, and those little girls are just overflowing with zeal, they will be there, I am sure." And he gets to the church and he looks round, and behold! What! The fire is out. Put out by a chilly rain storm.

Do you ask if that was what stopped me writing to PALM BRANCH? No! But I was otherwise engaged, "as the cat said when she was playing with Rover, the barn dog, instead of looking out for the mice."

But what about the Chinaman's Sermon? Well here it is: "A man had fallen into a pit and stuck fast in the mire. Buddha came along, and hearing great crying, drew near and called to the man, saying: "If you could get up a little way so I could reach you, I would help you out." Confucius came along and said: "Why what a fool you were to get into that pit; when you get out, never fall in again." Our Saviour came along and, stooping down low enough to reach his hand, lifted him out."

"Why," you say, "what a short sermon; that's the kind of preaching I like."

Well, yes, it is short, but it is very deep and practical, and above everything else, it shows how much better Christianity is than Buddhism or Confucianism. "But what are they?" you ask. Well, they are — never mind. I won't tell, because I think your Mission Band leaders might ask one of the girls or boys to write a short paper on, "What is Buddhism?" and another on, "What is Confucianism?" and why not a third on, "What is Christianity?" If you cannot find out yourselves, or from your leaders, write to Cousin Joy, and tell her to ask me, and I will tell you some other time; that is if it becomes a puzzle.

Now for regular Band meetings all winter, good times, good programs, good meetings, good children, good leaders, good, good, well—good everything—good-bye.

Yours etc.,

Charlottetown, Oct. 14, '96.

W. J. KIRBY.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH.

We are glad to report a new Band. "Ray of Sunlight," was organized at Port Maitland the seventh of last August, with a membership of twenty-five. Their monthly meetings are well attended, and much interest is sustained. They intend having a public meeting this quarter.

The "Gleaners," of Halifax, held a concert recently, from which they realized a small sum.

M. E. B., Cor. Sec.

Annap. Co., N. S., Dec. 5, '96.

The "Silver Stream" Mission Band, held a bazaar on the 3rd and 4th of this month. The Sale consisted of fancy goods, refreshments, and candy. The proceeds were \$23.

During the last four months we have had four new members. Wishing great success to the PALM BRANCH,

I am yours truly,

Shelburne, Dec. 7, '96.

JEAN R. ALLEN.

Cor. Sec. S. S. Mission Band.

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

NOTICE.—The basis of competition for the Banner this year is the greatest number of subscribers obtained for PALM BRANCH. Which Band will be the winner? All try.

Sample copies sent to those who wish to canvas.

We learn that Miss Alcorn's letter from Tokio in our last, was not intended for publication, but we are sure she will be glad of the added interest it lent to that number.

The Ed. of PALM BRANCH thinks Mr. Kirby's suggestion a very good one; and would like to have the pleasure of printing some clever articles on the different forms of religion, written by the boys and girls. Get the boys to join the Mission Band by all means.

A few weeks ago a steamer left Vancouver carrying back to China the great Chinese statesman Li Hung Chang. Upon the same steamer sailed two American missionaries, returning to their work. They were accompanied by a young Chinese woman, who had been in this country some time. The Viceroy had an interview with her and asked her many questions. He then sent his secretary to talk with the missionaries, saying that Lady Aberdeen wanted him to appoint a Chinese delegate to the world's congress of representative women, to convene in London in 1898, and he would appoint this young woman if she were willing. He said, however, that she was too young to go alone and ought to be accompanied by some one, so they suggested the name of Dr. Hu King Eng, of Foo Chow, to accompany her. It will be a novel and inspiring sight to see two Christian young women, educated by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, representing the womanhood of China in meeting in London.