



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

VOL. I., No. 12.

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER, 1894.

Published every month.

### THE LORD'S NEW YEAR.

Do you wish you could keep your watch by night  
 Like the Shepherds of Bethlehem?  
 Do you wish you could see a glory light  
 As it shone in the sky for them?  
 Have you kept your watch in fields afar  
 Where the heathen in darkness dwell?  
 Have you watched in the East for the rising star  
 That shall lead to Immanuel?  
 Have you seen how the gospel of God's good-will  
 Is spreading through heathen climes?  
 Have you heard how they call on the Lord, until  
 It is sweet as the angel-chimes?  
 I tell you the Christmas glory now  
 Is a thousand times more bright,  
 Than the glory that shone so long ago  
 On that first glad Christmas night.  
 The earth shall be full of the knowledge of God,  
 It is blessedly drawing near,  
 And peace on earth, good will to men  
 Shall come with the Lord's New Year,  
 —Good Times.

### WHOM SHALL WE SEND?

MRS. J. SEAY.

“WHOM shall we send?” What women shall we choose for this great work that we, as members of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church in Canada, have made ours?—this work of the Lord, sanctioned, commanded by Himself.

And first, do we not need a clear conception of the work in order to study the requisite qualifications of the workers. Is it not this: to carry—to live—the gospel of our Lord Jesus to those who do not know Him, to teach them that there is one God, whose name is Love, whose greatest manifestation of Himself is in Christ Jesus, who reveals His will to us for

our obeying through the Holy Spirit—our Father and our God! What the doing of that work has cost in the past, the lives of such men as the Gordons, Carey, Livingstone, Bishop, Taylor, St. Paul, attest. Has it not ever been carried on through “perils in wildernesses,” cities and seas; “in labor and travel, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness?” And to fit lives for such holy service, is not careful training needed, deliberate preparation indispensable? Perhaps some of the members will presently tell us wherein this preparation might most potently consist—what training schools for missionaries might accomplish, what the wise distribution of literature, might do in the widening of our borders in awakening enthusiasm and a keener sense of personal responsibility, in forming also in the mind of the volunteer missionary a more finely balanced perception of the purposes of the work and its wise administration. All this I must needs leave to others fitted by experience and thought to determine. One thing we who have felt the sacred touches of the Eternal in the shaping and adjustment of our lives, know, that *whom Jesus calls to any work He makes ready!* Have we not known the sweetness of being made ready for tiniest, “nexte thynges” in many day's simplest living?—the divine pressure of that

“Machinery just meant  
 To give thy soul its bent,  
 Try thee, and turn thee forth  
 Sufficiently impressed.”

“Prepared unto every good work.” And shall we not be sure of this same preparation for those sisters of ours whom He would send to “tell out” His message to remoter circles than those of home or country. *How* prepare? *How* call? We know not. Some-

times perhaps by sorrow, or wondrous rescue of soul or body; through joy's glad teaching, or the straitening of with-held gifts—in some supreme hour of self-sacrifice, or through slow years of self-suppression—but ever for His work He makes ready His workers. And we, you and I, have we no part in this matter? Ah, I think we have, whether we will or not! As we more nearly or more remotely follow our Lord Jesus, and keep the law of love, so must the standard of the ideal missionary rise or fall—as the missionary society, so the coming missionary. You are all, I presume, familiar with the official requirements for missionary candidates. [Refer to requirements as cited in the Annual Report of the W. M. S.]

To the woman presenting herself for service these questions and requirements must be soul-searching, yet, knowing as we must how life's standard varies with the individual view of it, is it not possible for one to conscientiously fulfil these preliminary obligations, and yet—to mistake herself! For one must not weigh carelessly the natural qualifications, the personality of the candidate. This must always be of vital importance the strong, well-controlled will, the sensitive temperament, the tranquil bravery which endures, the tactful courage which dares, and that patient perseverance which waits to obtain. For myself, I think there should be, in any life dedicating itself to this work of Jesus, two great dominating impulses—1. Unbounded confidence in the power of the message one is to carry. 2. The impelling influence of a steadfast conviction that one is SENT.

To souls possessed of these two currents from the fountain of Life, I think the carrying on of the work is possible of beautiful fulfilment. Yes, there are cravings for home, the slow waiting, wearing excitement, common place drudgery, the weary tension of being surrounded by alien eyes and hearts, even the soul-sickening sense of personal failure that besets so often His nobler children—all this and the awful impotence of unsteady hands, "heavy" for lack of some Aaron, or some Hur to "stay" them! Yet, hear St. Paul's triumphant cry: "I can do all things!" May I give you a quotation from a last letter of General Gordon's written in Khartoum: "There is not the least doubt," he says, "that there is an immense virgin field for an apostle in these countries among the black tribes. But where will you find an apostle? A man must give up everything, understand—*everything*! No half or three-quarter measure will do. He must be dead to the world, have no ties of any sort, and long for death when it may please God to take him. There are few, very, very few such, but what a field!"

Ah! Whom shall we send? Who? "Who is sufficient for these things?" It was while the Church at Antioch "ministered to the Lord and fasted" that the command, which was also a definite direction, was given, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." And do you remember our Lord's choosing of the twelve as told by St. Luke? "And it came to pass in those days that He went into the mountain to pray, and He continued all night in prayer to God. And when it was day, He called His disciples and chose from them twelve."

*So He chose!* He the world missionary, who divested Himself of the Home-land, glory-garment and speech, and beauty, and "took upon Him the form of a servant." How constantly He rested on the power of His Father! How often with wistful assurance He re-iterated that golden "sent." "Sent of the Father." The divine Missionary, Who emptied Himself of that wondrous "form of God," that He might show us the Father! "And His means to that end was Love! Through the thirty-three years of His earth-life, Love dictated every step of the way." Love's patience, Love's forgiveness, Love's humility, Love's stern denunciation of sin, Love's with-holdings, Love's absolute truth—it was, it *is* His law of life; And it must be that of any other Missionary who would follow in His steps." And this is the measure of that love—He gave *Himself*, He "so marred more than any man."

"To make, you must be marred,  
To raise your race must stoop,  
To teach them aught must learn  
Ignorance———"

I have striven to trace roughly the outlines of the missionary character as its ideal has grown in my thoughts; there is need of erasing and altering from wiser hands, I know, and the daintier touches and colorings I leave wholly with yourselves.

— — — — —  
Speak a shade more kindly  
Than the year before,  
Pray a little oftener  
Love a little more,  
Cling a little closer  
To the Father's love,  
Life below shall liker grow  
To the life above.

— The prayer that does <sup>\*\*</sup>not bring us closer to God <sup>\*\*</sup>takes us farther from Him.

— There are no promises in the Bible for people <sup>\*\*</sup>who are not in earnest. <sup>\*\*</sup>

— We are not made rich <sup>\*\*</sup>by what we can get, but <sup>\*\*</sup>by what we can't lose.

*THE HAPPY BAND.*

We're a happy mission band, won't you join us too,  
 We are workers in the vineyard of the Lord,  
 Though our service may be small, yet He'll not despise it all  
 He has promised, 'tis recorded in His Word.

## CHORUS.

We're a happy band, yes, a happy band ;  
 We are toiling for the Master every day,  
 For to send the blessed gospel to the land beyond the sea,  
 To the heathen in his darkness for away.  
 Unto Him with thankful hearts we will come and sing His praise  
 For the blessings that He gives us day by day ;  
 For the hope we have of heaven, where with Christ we shall abide,  
 And He's promised He will guide us all the way.  
 Though we cannot give our millions we can bring our little mites,  
 With a prayer to God who listens to our cry,  
 That the mission cause He'll bless, that the heathen He will save,  
 And will bring them home to glory by and bye.  
 We look forward to the day when we'll send from out our Band  
 A Messenger,—A Messenger 'twill be,  
 Who will answer to the call for to speed the message on?  
 Who will say, I'm ready—Lord wilt thou send me.

Sung to the tune of "Let us hear you tell it over once again." Put two-eighth notes instead of a quarter note at the beginning of the lines and the music for the latter part of the verse does for the chorus of this. I composed it thinking we would organize a junior Mission Band, but we have failed as yet to do so. I thought probably some of your Mission Band workers might like it and if so you can let them have it.

Yours sincerely,  
 MAGGIE CREYKE.

*FIELD STUDY FOR JANUARY.*

**W**E have no special field study given us, but we know that "Our field is the world," and our prayer this month is "For missionaries, officers, members and converts, that they may surrender themselves to God's will and direction in their work." What an important prayer this is—it takes in all the workers and those for whom they are working. We do not half realize how much the missionaries need our prayers. Away off in a strange land, surrounded by unfamiliar things, far from home and friends and all those of whom they have been accustomed to ask counsel. How important that they should surrender themselves to God's will and direction in their work." All their success will depend upon this, for it is God's work. Then the officers and members of auxiliaries and bands—they need this prayer. Their work is often of the most perplexing and discouraging kind; harder ground to break up than even foreign soil. They do indeed need help from above! And the converts, those who have yielded their hearts to the power of divine grace, they need it too. We heard a missionary say the other day, in speaking of the Indians, that when they had obtained a little knowledge of Christ they would often

say, "Now we know all about, it, we can teach our children—you can go." It is most important that they should be under the guidance and direction of the Holy Spirit—for the hope of Christianity for the world is largely centered in the native converts. Knowing their own language so well and the peculiarities of their countrymen, they can appeal to them as no foreigner can, and if the time should ever come when the doors now open should again be closed to foreigners, much will depend upon their fidelity to the Christian faith. If they are true to it Christianity will spread among them, no matter what the obstacles may be. So let us pray most earnestly for them. This prayer means for all of us a baptism of the Holy Spirit. We read in the 2nd Chap. Acts that "When the day of Pentecost was fully come they were all with one accord in one place." What a good example they set us! Do let us follow it this year. If they had not been in their own place they might have missed the blessing which came so suddenly upon them. The Holy Spirit came down and baptized them for their work. Their work was just what ours is to-day—to tell to those around them and to those afar off what they knew of Jesus, His wonderful love and power to save. What different men they were after they received that blessing! The ambitious John and James became loving, zealous, and unselfish characters! and the impulsive, timid (shall we say cowardly?) Peter became the bold, unflinching apostle. After that, it was an easy thing to "surrender themselves to God's will and direction in their work." Let us try what it will do for us.

*QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.*

- What is our field ?
- What is our prayer this month ?
- Is this prayer important ?
- Who does it take in ?
- Why do the missionaries need our prayers so much ?
- What is it important for them to do ?
- Why does their success depend upon this ?
- Why do officers and members of auxiliaries and bands need this prayer ?
- Who else need it ?
- What do Indian converts sometimes say ?
- What is most necessary for them ?
- What two good reasons for that ?
- What will follow if they are true to the faith ?
- What can we do for them ?
- What does this prayer mean for us all ?
- What do we read in the 2nd chapter Acts ?
- What good example did they set us ?
- What might have been the consequence if they had not been there ?
- What was the blessing ?
- What was their work ?
- What followed after they received this blessing ?
- What shall we do ?

## ✻ PALM BRANCH ✻

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH.

S. E. SMITH, - - - - - EDITOR.  
 SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, - - - - 15 CENTS A YEAR.  
 FOR CLUBS OF TEN OR MORE, - 10 CENTS A YEAR.

All Band reports and notes must be sent through the Branch Band Corresponding Secretaries.

All other articles intended for publication must be addressed to

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

All subscription orders, with the money, must be sent to

MISS ANNIE L. OGDEN,  
 Room 20, Wesley Buildings,  
 Richmond Street, West  
 Toronto, Ontario.

DECEMBER, 1894.



We wish all our readers "A Happy New Year."

This phrase has almost passed into a proverb now. It may mean anything or nothing, according as it comes from the heart or lips. The word "Happy" is not an expressive one to many of us. We believe that it comes from the same root as the word "happening," and we know there are no happenings in God's providence. We prefer the word "blessed," a combination of goodness and joy.

"The breast that happiness bestows,  
 Reflected happiness shall bless."

We believe in this reflex happiness and that is what we wish for all our readers. Standing on the border of the New Year is like standing on the border of an undiscovered country. Thank God He has the plan of the country, for us individually and as a society. The plan of our individual lives is wisely hidden from us. He wants us to

"Praise Him for all that is past,  
 And trust Him for all that's to come."

Only let us be sure that we do not hinder him in His plan. We know that he wants us to be "workers together with Him." His general plan for the world has not been hidden from us, and His special plan is being constantly revealed. We know that His plan for the world is, "that all men shall be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth, and that every year is to hasten on that glorious work. Just what this year will bring forth we do not know—what new fields will be discovered; what new doors will be opened; what will be the result of this war now going on between China and Japan?

Looking over the past year with its signal successes and real progress, in spite of our failures, we feel that we can trust God with His own world. His people shall see His glory if they will only "come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Our prayer subject this month grows on us in importance—for missionaries, officers, members and converts, that they may surrender themselves to God's will and direction in their work. Let us read it again. We do not grasp it in all its importance in just reading it once over. More, let us think about it. In thinking it over one fact makes us realize its importance. We all know how, when we have become interested, absorbed in any work that we have undertaken, we are apt to consider it *our* work, our very own, and to become impatient of restraint. The strength of our own will is so great that we want nothing to come between our will and our work. We can see what a source of danger this is when it is God's work. Surely nothing less than a Pentecostal blessing will subdue our own wills and make them run in unison with God's.

Contributions must be in by the 10th of every month to ensure insertion.

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

We are very glad to have Mrs. Sealy's excellent paper to publish this month, as it is so appropriate to our Prayer Subject—our readers will find that it will repay a very careful reading.

Best wishes for our friend "The Outlook." We hope the new editor of W. M. S. department will be eminently successful in her work. We have a friendly sympathetic feeling for all our editors.

"MY WORD SHALL NOT RETURN  
 UNTO ME VOID."

It was a little parcel, wrapped in brown paper, stamped with the post mark of an English seaport, and addressed to Miss Amy Holloway, 16 Harrow Lane, — City, Canada. If you had opened that parcel you would have found a little old-fashioned, dog-eared New Testament with the same address on the flyleaf. It now lay on Amy Holloway's table, while she, with tearful eyes, read the letter that had come with it. Of course there was a story connected with that little Testament, which I shall tell you.

It was given to Amy on her tenth birthday by an aunt, who had owned it for many years. That is the beginning of the story. Six years afterwards Amy's brother, who was a sea captain, had just shipped a

crew of men, two of whom had returned only a few days before from a southern voyage. It was in the month of December; the two men had hardly any clothing, and in the shiftless way, of many sailors, had thrown overboard, when entering the harbor, all but what was on their backs. Then, when on shore, they had either wasted their pay in drink or had it stolen from them. "The fellows will freeze," said the Captain. "If we who are used to this weather are shivering, I don't know how they can stand it."

"Yes, but they deserve it," said the mate.

"Very likely; but if you saw a man drowning, even if it was his own fault, it would be your duty to humanity to save him?"

"Don't know; would'nt such a fellow deserve to drown?"

"It's not the fellow at all, it's your duty; because he's wrong you must not be."

"I see."

Amy had been listening. "Morton," she said.

"Yes Amy," answered her brother.

"There are some real old clothes of Will's upstairs, it would'nt be disrespectful to give them to some one, that is, to do some good with them, would it?"

Now Will was the dead brother's name, and the Captain and he were twins. Morton waited for a moment, until he had swallowed the lump in his throat, then answered: "No Amy, do any good you can with them."

So all that day she mended, patched and packed the clothing off to the ship. The captain gave the sailors the clothing with the request not to either sell or pawn them; because his sister had sent them for a present and had made that request. They promised they would not, and as far as the captain knew, they kept them, at least for that voyage. But Amy had been trying to put in practice lately "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." What could she do? She was not talented; she was not clever and rich like some other girls. Then there was always so much work to be done at home, that she did not have much time for church work. Well, perhaps that was where God meant her to work. She could do her very best there. When she was packing the clothing to send away, a sudden thought came to her, "Why not put something in the pockets for those two men, it would be a little bit of missionary work for God. But what would she put in them? At last she decided the only two things she had to give away were this little Testament and a small book of hymns. In which coat should she put the Testament? She put it in the grey, then on a sudden impulse changed it to the brown, putting the hymn instead into the grey.

Four years later is the time when our story opens. Amy has more time now for work, more money of her own, and has found her one talent, the use of her pen. What does the letter say?

DEAR MISS AMY:—I am a nurse in one of the Liverpool hospitals. Not very long ago, a seaman, Joseph Martin, was brought in here hurt unto death. He was looking after some work on board his vessel when some of the tackling gave way. He might have saved himself but four others would have been killed had he done so. He saved them rather than himself. The doctors at first thought they could help him; but bad symptoms set in from the fact of his being at one time a hard drinker, and after being here three weeks he died. Through his delirium he kept saying: "Little Amy, little Amy; who saves his life shall lose his soul." At the last he was conscious; then he told me his story. He had been brought up respectably by Christian parents. He was led astray by evil companions, which ended in his running away to sea. He had led a bad life. Four years ago he was in—city, Canada: and being almost destitute of clothing, you, the captain's sister, sent him and another sailor something to wear. In the pocket of his coat was a New Testament—the one I'm sending to you with your address in it. It was the means of changing his life, though he was not yet a Christian. He thought by abstaining from all evil and doing good he would be doing all that was required of him. He found his own strength was insufficient for this, so at last he gave himself up to Christ completely. He said it was only a moment he had to decide in at the time of the accident; but that verse: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," made him do it. "Perhaps God would accept it as a reparation for the many years of evil he had lived." "God bless little Amy," were his last words. It was his desire that I should write to you and return the Testament, which I do; and I also say, "God bless little Amy." I hope you are still at your old address, and that nothing may go amiss, so you may learn of the fruits of your labor. It is not always granted to us to know them; but we are assured that "My word shall not return unto me void."

HELEN EBERS,

— Hospital, Liverpool, G. B.

And now the book lies upon Amy's table, while her heart is full of joy and thanksgiving. Never again will she repine about the littleness of her work; for God can use the least service or weakest person to do His greatest work. "And who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

SIDONIE ZIL ..

Halifax, N. S.



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

### COUSIN JOY'S COSY CORNER

DEAR CHILDREN:—Come a little closer so that I may whisper to you. Cousin Joy has had a dream! Now dreams, you know, are supposed to be the *going on* of the waking thoughts, so it isn't very wonderful that Cousin Joy should have had just the dream she did. You see she has been thinking a great deal lately about that Christmas present for Jesus, and trying to help the children think about it too, so, as I say, it isn't very wonderful that she should dream about it.

Well, it was something like this: Did you ever see a Panorama? Then you know that that means—picture after picture gliding on before you and then passing out of sight. This dream was something like a panorama. First she heard the most delicious music, or she thought she did. Heavenly music—the song of the Syrian Shepherds could not have been sweeter. Then she saw in an upper room in a Christian land a group of children and young girls. They looked very sweet and fair as they talked earnestly together and the light of a holy purpose shone in their faces as they asked for a blessing on what they were about to do. They kneeled reverently down, and—all unseen by them, the Christ-child came and stood among them.

The picture passed slowly on and another was presented to view. It was still a Christian land, but this time a poor hut or hovel of a house was shown, and on a bed of straw lay a sick and weary woman. Three or four pinched little faces pressed around her and seemed to beg for the food and fire which the cold, frosty weather made so necessary, but of which she had none to give them. A knock at the door was answered by one of the little ones, and lo, on the threshold stood three or four of the children and young girls she had seen before. They had hampers of food and baskets of fuel and clothing, and while they ministered to the sick and hungry and naked, Cousin Joy thought she heard a flutter of wings above them, and the same sweet song seemed to float

on the air. She only caught the echo of it, "In as much—unto Me."

In the next picture the scene was changed. It was a land of heathen temples and idols. There were naked savages all around. They were cutting themselves with knives and dancing and howling like demons. The women wore sad and hopeless faces, and the little children had scars and wounds and there was a sound of weeping,—woe and misery everywhere.

In the next picture there were kind faces of Christian men and women among them, and they brought one with them whom they introduced as the Great Physician who could heal soul and body. They said the children of the Mission Bands had helped to send them. Many of the men and tired women fell down before Him and rose up healed and strengthened. He went about among them, doing good. He put his hands on the heads of the little children and blessed them and their tears ceased to flow. They saw the print of the nails in His hands, and when they were told He had suffered for them they began to love and trust Him. Even the face of nature was changed, for "the wilderness began to bud and blossom as the rose." Cousin Joy felt sure she heard in that far off land the joyful sound of a Christmas bell.

The last picture was a return to our own Christian land on Christmas day, and this time it was the homes of the children who had met in the "upper room" presented in the first picture. These were not all homes of wealth and happiness. To be sure, in many of them, there was brightness and beauty, the mistle-toe and the Christmas tree, with gifts, made all the sweeter because of their own first gift. In other homes there was sorrow or little of this world's goods, but in the face of every child or young girl who had met that afternoon in the "upper room" of the Mission Band to plan how she could give her "First Christmas Present for Jesus," there was a light of love and beauty reflected from the face of the Christ-child Himself.

When Cousin Joy awoke she was glad she had had the dream.

### ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES.

First—Babe of Bethlehem.  
Second—Prince of Peace.

### PUZZLE FOR JANUARY:

I am composed of 13 letters,  
My 13, 1, 13, 11, means not common,  
My 7, 11, 3, 13 means not far away,  
My 9, 2, 6 is a question,  
My 7, 12, 10 means not so,  
My 1, 5, 1, 4, 8, 13 is what PALM  
BRANCH is,  
My whole is what Cousin Joy wishes for  
all her young readers.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Part of a letter recently received from Dr. Retta Kilborn, China:

**A**LL the money coming in now will probably be used in purchasing land and in building or repairing. Each one who assists us in this work may consider himself or herself a share-holder in the hospital for women in Chentu. I believe it is the duty of each share-holder in any undertaking to do all he can to advance the interests of such work. I know the share-holders in this hospital will not fail in their duty. It is the Lord's work, you are share-holders. God will bless each one as he does his part.

I will try to give you some idea of what has to be done. First, land has to be purchased. If the buildings on the place are good ones we will renovate them so that they will be habitable; board floors will have to replace floors of mud or stone; glass windows, paper ones; doors re-hung, ceilings and partitions built, ventilation provided for, and dirt and filth cleaned out everywhere. Very few people can form any idea of the dirt in Chinese houses; you have to be brought face to face with it. If the place should not have buildings that would pay for repairing, then we would have to build new ones. After the buildings are ready for occupation comes the furniture, consisting of beds, tables, benches, dishes, bedding and hospital clothing. The beds used in hospitals in the interior of China are very simple affairs, just smooth boards, the proper length, placed upon benches. The bedding will consist of a mattress of straw, on top of this a comfortable, or as it is called in China, "Pu Kai," then a pair of cotton sheets, and outside of all another "Pu Kai." In addition to the bedding we must have night-gowns and warmer gowns for those who are allowed to get up. It is out of the question to think of allowing patients to bring their own bedding or wear their own clothing in the hospital if we wish to have the wards free from vermin, and it is absolutely necessary that hospital wards be kept clean. In thus putting our patients into clean clothing and compelling them to be clean while with us, we are teaching them lessons of cleanliness which, we hope and pray, may remain with them after they leave us. If we would teach them to lead pure lives and go to Jesus for soul cleansing, we must also teach them to keep their bodies clean.

Suitable cotton for making bedding can be purchased here at a very reasonable rate, but towels we have either to send home or to the coast for. How thankful I shall be when we have a hospital ready to receive patients. It is so hard to have to turn away people who come for treatment with these words, "I

can do nothing for you because we have no hospital for you to come into."

Thus far the greater part of my time has been spent in trying to master this difficult language so as to be able to carry on my work. I hope very soon to be able to carry on regular dispensary work. My heart thrills at the thought of being able to relieve a little of the suffering we see around us, and of sowing some seed for Jesus in these sin-sick souls.

Dear children, each one of you, who helps us here by giving of your means is also doing a share in relieving the suffering of the women and children of China.

FROM MISS BRACKBILL,  
Chentu, China.

Doubtless you have been receiving reports concerning the war between China and Japan. As it takes from one month to six weeks for the news to reach us from Shanghai, you would hear all concerning it before we did. So far it has not affected us who are so far in the interior, scarcely at all and we are in hopes it will not.

## JAPAN LETTER.

**W**E give extracts from a Japan letter recently received. The facts contained in it may serve to make us all truly thankful that we live in this land of Christian liberty, and lead us to pray, more earnestly than ever before, for those who are exposed to bitter persecution for Christ's sake and the Gospel's.

A young girl had been placed by her parents in a M. E. mission school in Tokyo, and was converted. Soon after her parents heard that, they wrote for her to return home to prepare for her marriage. But when she reached there, she learned that no arrangement had been made for that. She was commanded to give up Christ or be turned away from her beautiful home. She chose the latter. She reached Nagasaki, and the pupils there, hearing of her troubles, told their teachers, who offered to receive her into the school. She went gladly, and soon won the love and admiration of all by her earnest faith. After a very short time her brother, a student in the Boys' Mission School, called and asked for her. The matron was given permission to take her to see him. Before speaking to her he struck her, and then said she must go home at once with him. Nothing could prevent him, so he took her right away to her home. Her father was not at home, but the mother and brother were very cruel to her, making her a servant in the house and requiring the most menial work from her. During one holiday season some of her school friends tried to see her. They did not dare to call and ask for her, but walked through the large

garden in the shade of the trees, and around at the well they saw her, drawing a pail of water, but could not speak to her. They were surprised to see the change in her appearance, not only in her clothes, which were the poorest, but in body—she looked weak and sick.

Not very long after that the pupils received a letter from her, telling them she knew she was soon going on a long journey, never to return; but they were not to grieve for her, as she would then be at rest and with her Saviour—that she was happy and glad to go. A funeral was seen to leave her home, but her mother would not acknowledge that she had died—but said she had gone away. I asked if there were many of the Christian girls treated like that in their homes. The reply was, "No, I don't think many are, because most girls yield to the parents, and do just what they say: they have not such strong faith as this one, who died for Christ."

I wonder how many of our dear Christian girls could bear the same test of their love and faith?

I must now hasten to a close. The people in Tokyo and elsewhere, are most certainly, deeply interested in the war. But there is none of the tumultuous demonstration you might naturally expect. Immense numbers of soldiers are sent from Tokyo forward to the seat of war, and their places filled from the interior. But very little is seen of their movements, except their quiet marching through the streets while at exercise. New Stations on the R. R. have been opened for the embarking of the troops. Special days and trains are taken, but no private persons are allowed there at that time, and many leave during the night. Every effort is made to prevent excitement among the masses and successfully.

When news of the victories come men run through the streets crying, "Gomai" (extras) which are readily bought. The city is soon gay with flags flying from every house, and all the street cars waving their silent joy. There is plenty of quiet boasting, no doubt, yet the nation is to be commended for the modest way in which she bears the honors of the day.

The contrasts between the treatment accorded the Japanese prisoners taken by the Chinese, and that given to the latter by the conquering army speaks volumes for the civilization so readily received instead of Japan's former ideas of military patriotism—if feudalism can be called by a name that embraces country and not clan.

You may be sure that every thought of home is connected, these days, with thoughts of God and His power. Truly "He is our refuge and strength." May He be glorified!

### LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

"Nellie Hart" Mission Circle, Picton, Ont., held its first public meeting in connection with the First Methodist Church prayer meeting on the eve of Thanksgiving Day. The Pastor, Rev. T. M. Campbell, read and expounded a portion of scripture very ably, emphasizing the importance of mission work, etc.

The President then gave a report of what had been done since its organization in August, as well as an invitation for others to join the circle.

Much interest was manifested in the work; and the thank-offering given was accompanied by scripture texts, the variety and beauty of which were marked. The offering amounted to a little over \$7.

### N. S. BAND NOTES.

We are glad to learn that another new Mission Band has been added to our list, organized by Mrs. Ainsley, Oct. 27th, at Ritcey's Cove, Lunenburg Co., with a membership of 16, which has increased to 18. It is to be called the "Blackmore" Band, after our missionary. Instructive and interesting meetings are reported. May they be continued, and may the "Blackmore Band" be a grand success! A. F. B.

35 Carleton St., Halifax.

— The following comes from Burlington, Hants Co., N. S., and contains a lesson for those who are failing to keep up their Bands because so few attend:

"The Large Hart" Mission Band is still alive although we thought for a time there was little prospect of keeping it up. On getting together we found that we could rely on six members, and now with two or three honorary members we number ten. Some are very young and not able to do much. However, we will keep together even if we do not accomplish much financially."

A. F. B.

"A child a penny gave  
With it a tract was bought;  
By this a heathen chief  
Was to the Saviour brought."

A little church *he* built;  
Men turned from idols cold,  
Till many kindred souls  
Were gathered it its fold.

How many *they* shall lead  
In joy with Christ to dwell,  
The fruit of this small seed,  
Eternity must tell.