



THE PALM BRANCH
to the Son of David
Hosanna in the highest

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

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1896.

No. 6



THE RIOT BABIES.

THE RIOT BABIES.

HEAR CHILDREN,—I have been asked to tell you something about the riot babies. They were all born in West China and are all under two years and a half old.

Do you notice four fine lusty boys in the picture, Master Ralph and Cyril Canright and Master Frank and Baby Peat? These are our little American cousins that were in the riot with their fathers and mothers. Do you notice Baby Peat how broad he is? Such a jolly little fellow, he knows how to laugh, but when he changes his tune, you ought to hear him cry; he is one of the best in the party—he excels in these two qualities. All of these boys, with their parents, were confined for fourteen hours in a dirty little loft that looked out over their home. All day they could see those bad men carrying their things away and shouting all the time. It must have been a great trial for their parents, with Mr. and Mrs. Cady, to keep these four little boys from crying and making enough noise to let some of the mob know where they were. Some food was brought to them during the day, by friendly natives, so they did not get too hungry, and when it was very dark at night, chairs were brought, and they were all carried to this place of refuge that was prepared for us at the magistrate's yamen. You know we all think little boys and girls are sunbeams—so it proved to be, for when these four little boys came in we all stood and laughed, for such dirty little boys you never saw. We did not mind the dirt because of the joy to see them all safely delivered from the rioters.

Next, I will tell you about the babies of the Canadian Methodist Mission. I am sure you know them all by looking at the picture, Jennie, Lila and Marian Stevenson, Geraldine and Bertha Hartwell, last, but not least, Leslie Gifford Kilborn. There are four big holidays, during the year, in China, the second one comes in the fifth month, on the 29th of May, the day of our riot. All the little Chinese boys and girls are dressed in their holiday clothes. The girls have had their feet re-bound that morning and their mothers have made them little tiny red satin shoes to wear. Their hair is neatly combed, part of the hair is brought over to one side in a knot, while the rest is braided, falling down the back. It is tied with red foreign wool, while beautiful flowers, fastened with little wires, are nodding as they walk. Each little girl has long wide trowsers made of colored silk and trimmed with bright ribbon, while the upper loose gown is of some bright color trimmed with ribbon also. They wear these dresses only on feast days or New Year's day; then they are folded neatly and laid away in a box until the next big day comes. Their skin is dark, but they would like to be pink and white like the foreigners, so every little girl puts-paint

and powder on her face to make her look pretty. There is a large piece of ground, ten acres long and ten acres wide, just near our homes, where the crowd congregates. The rich people furnish money to buy plums and men throw them in among the children for fun. Mr. Hartwell lives on one side of the street and Drs. Stevenson and Kilborn live on the other side; each premises are surrounded by high walls and gates to enter from the street. I must tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Endicott, with dear little Mary, Drs. Hart and Hare, had just gone down to live at Kia Ling, a city about a hundred miles away, so they escaped the riot or we should have had another little girl among the riot babies. This afternoon, Mrs. Stevenson, when the plums were being thrown, sent for Geraldine Hartwell to come over and play with the twins. When it came time to bring Geraldine home Mr. Hartwell noticed some ugly men following them; the little girl smiled at them which drew a pleasant remark that she was pretty. As soon as the gates were closed some ugly kicks were given and a few stones came over; this was the first idea we had of a riot. All of these little children had their supper and the little Stevensons were ready for bed, with their long woolen night dresses on, and their bare feet, when a great noise was heard on the street and a lot of ugly, wicked men, that don't know anything about Jesus, began to break down the gate; then Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Kilborn took their little ones up out of bed and carried them to the back of their lot and hid behind some logs. I must tell you this premises bordered on two streets; on each street there were gates. Soon our people heard the rioters trying to get in through the back gates; they succeeded in making a large hole, when a man, that Dr. Stevenson had been treating in the hospital, came to them and said, "This is no place to stay, they will find and kill you, follow me and I will lead you to safety," so Dr. Kilborn shot off his gun and frightened those bad men away that were at the back gates. So you see how the Lord used this man, that was not a Christian, to save His servants. Dr. Kilborn assisted them through the hole in the gate, Mrs. Kilborn carrying Leslie, Mrs. Stevenson carrying Marian, Dr. Stevenson carrying Jennie and the Chinese nurse carrying Lila. They went hurrying on, this man leading them, but the nurse could not keep up, with her bound feet, and some rioters coming along frightened her, so she dropped Lila by the side of the road and ran away. The dear little girl was afterwards found by a stranger in the city, a servant of Dr. Kilborn's, a Kia Ling man, who seeing the little curly head took her up; she was crying. He went wandering about asking the way, when another patient of Dr. Stevenson's, a lady that came in to break off smoking opium, came up. She took off her skirt, wrapped it about Lila's head, and they wandered up and down until some person directed them to where Misses Brackbill and Ford lived. These ladies tenderly cared for her until mamma Stevenson was found. You can imagine Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn, Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson hurrying along and giving a backward glance to see their homes consumed by fire. You will ask where were the Hartwells? Just across the road from the fire and

(Continued on page 7)


"GOOD MORNING ROUNDTHE WORLD."

6. Among the dark Hindus that bide in Bengal,
In Bombay, the Punjauh, in the Deccan and all,
Where rules the Nizam,
Or in ancient Assam,
They all touch their foreheads, and cry out "Salam!"
7. With his hand on his heart the polite Persian neighbor
His body inclines with the lightest of labor.
The greater his friends,
The lower he bends,
And "Peace be upon you!" the blessing he sends.

ST. NICHOLAS.

FIELD STUDY FOR JUNE.

INDIA.

UR subject this month brings before us the needs of a people who are, like ourselves, subjects of Queen Victoria. Their country, situated in the south of Asia, in form may be described as a great triangle, its base resting on the Himalayan Range, which forms a protecting barrier from the wild Tartar tribes on its northern boundary, and the apex running far into the ocean, to which must be added Burmah, on the other side of the Bay of Bengal. It is about half as large as Canada, with a population of 282,000,000, more than four times that of the United States.

In the year 1600 Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to a company to trade in the Indies. Shortly after a settlement was made at Enrat, on the west coast. In 1757, while Canada was being wrested from the French, the British conquered Bengal. They have since added one province after another and now control the whole country. However, many of the native states keep their own rulers, having at their court a British resident or advisory consul. There are over a hundred and fifty provinces and states. Ninety-eight distinct languages are spoken and a very large number of dialects. With fifteen or twenty different races, and this diversity of language, there is little national feeling. They have no name of their own for their country. India is the English name now officially adopted in the Queen's title "Empress of India." We are inclined to think of India as a land of wealth. The name suggests gold, precious stones, rich silks and muslins of wonderful fineness. In reality there are more extremely poor people than you can conceive of, who are living in a state of semi-starvation, never having enough to eat.

The British government has done much to improve the condition of the people, putting an end to the wars between the States, using means to relieve the periodic outbreaks of famine. Long lines of railroad

have been built, connecting provinces that are not likely to suffer from scarcity at the same time. These are often called "famine railways." As we write news is arriving of famine in Northern India that is likely to cause great distress. It has been the policy of the English to interfere as little as possible with the religion of the people. They have established schools and colleges, but the Bible is not taught.

The lot of a Hindoo woman, whether she is rich or poor, is very hard. She is not allowed to learn to read. Married before she is ten years old, if she belongs to any but the lowest caste, she is after this shut up in the zenana, or apartment set apart for the women. This imprisonment is so complete that missionaries often meet old women who have never seen a tree or a flower growing! Of the millions of gods and goddesses worshipped, the Goddess Kali is one of the seven or eight principal ones. She is, I verily believe, the most blood-thirsty and horrible character worshipped anywhere. You could not look at her picture without shuddering. She is most frequently represented as a woman having four arms, holding in one a sword, in another a human head by the hair, her tongue protruding from her mouth, with a necklace of skulls, and all smeared with blood. And this is the special deity of the women and children! Think of it this month as you put the little sisters and brothers to bed, and teach them to ask our loving Father to care for them through the night; and pray for the sad hearted mothers and the little children, that they may speedily hear the story of Jesus. They are so glad to hear it. They have been taught that the gods do not care for women, that their only hope of salvation is that after death they may live in one or another of the lower animals and at last possibly be born as men. So they exclaim, "Does your Jesus love women? Can he save us?"

E. A. D.

QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

- What is the subject for this month's study?
In what respect are its people like us?
Will you describe their country?
What of its size and population?
How did it get into English hands?
How do some of the native States manage to keep their own rulers?
How many provinces or states? How many languages?
Why have they so little national feeling?
What do they call their country? What is the Queen called?
What does the name India suggest to us?
What is the real condition of the people?
What has the British Government done for India?
What are "famine railways"?
What is the latest news from Northern India?
What has been the policy of the British government in regard to the religion of India? Is the Bible taught?
Describe the hard lot of a Hindoo woman?
Have the people of India one God or many?
Will you describe the goddess Kali?
Whose special deity is she?
What must you teach your little sisters and brothers to do this month?
Do the women and children of India want to hear of the true God?
What question do they ask?
What have they been taught to believe about themselves?

* PALM BRANCH *

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MISS S. E. SMITH,
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JUNE, 1896.

ONE who is a steward with trust money to invest is bound to consult the will of his Master as to the disposition of that trust. If he be a true and faithful steward he will seek to make the best possible use of every talent, so that at His coming his Lord may receive his own with usury.

Is not this the position in which we find ourselves to-day, as members of the W. M. S., either in Bands or Auxiliaries? Not even one talent *ours* to fold up and lay away in a napkin! not even one talent *ours* to expend on ourselves in a vain show! not even one talent *ours* to use according to our own short-sighted judgment! All under His control, whose we are and whom we serve. Money is only one of the talents to be used for God. He wants our money, humanly speaking, His work cannot be carried on without it, but He wants our personal interest too, more than all. When we urge our friends and neighbors to join our Society we often hear this remark, "Oh, yes, I will give you a dollar, if that is what you want, but I cannot promise to attend your meetings." Now, that is not what we want—it is not what the Lord wants. If that fee represents interest enough in His work to lead us once a month to attend a meeting for the purpose of discussing the best modes of accomplishing His work and for seeking to awaken in others an enthusiasm for it, then it is acceptable in His sight. Is it acceptable otherwise? Better be poor, we think, and give our mite willingly, gladly, than rich and withhold our riches, or give without the interest in His work that God demands. It is true, we may not always be able to be present at our meetings, but may we not be always there in spirit, and from month to month may not that work so lie on our hearts that we shall not only pray "Thy Kingdom come," but with all our might help it to come.

Our prayers this month must be for India—that vast country with its 282,000,000 inhabitants. India has come to a crisis in her history. The faith of the people in their religion has waned. The great throng of pilgrims, with their costly gifts, has ceased. Many still go, *by train*, to the shrines, but the spirit of their religion is not there. Many Hindoo temples are going to ruin, and lately there have not been found enough devotees to convey the car of Juggernaut back and forth through the streets. The "Missionary Review" quotes from representative newspapers in India to show that the most thoughtful Hindus agree that Hinduism must go, but they are not agreed as to what shall take its place. There is danger of their acceptance of a Christianity without a divine Christ.

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PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.—It is only to clubs of ten or more, to one address, that the paper is ten cents a year. This is the very best we can do for you.

Please renew *at once*, we do not wish to lose your name from our list of subscribers.

Subscriptions taken quarterly—April, July, October.

Our warmest thanks are due Mrs. Hartwell for her great kindness in giving us so graphic and interesting a description of the escape of our missionaries in China from the terrible dangers which threatened them. We appreciate it the more because we know that it must be painful to recall the details of such a thrilling experience.

Our readers will all be interested in the story of "How the B. Auxiliary went to Branch Meeting by proxy!" especially when they know that the distance, going and returning, was 26 miles! and that our kind friend, the writer, has already crossed her sixtieth milestone! We feel quite sure of having a delegate from that Auxiliary to our Branch meeting *this* year.

FOR WEARY WORKERS.

"Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
 That I may speak, with soothing power,
 A word in season, as from Thee,
 To weary ones in needful hour."

GRAPHIC AND THRILLING EXPERIENCE—THE
RESULT OF SENDING NO DELEGATE
TO BRANCH MEETING!

HOW THE B. AUXILIARY WENT TO BRANCH MEETING
BY PROXY!

HAVING missed the Branch meeting, perhaps through want of thought, we would do the next best thing—go to the nearest Auxiliary and get what their delegates had brought home. We planned to have an early dinner and start at once, so that we need not be hurried. It was our purpose to call and see some friends on the way, and for that reason we thought it best that, instead of getting off together, (there were four teams) each should go as soon as ready. As it is my experience that is to be written, I will begin by telling you that I had a very steady horse, away on in her teens, but the friend that went with me has an idea that she has to come to grief through some performance of a horse! And very soon after we started our horse did cut up a few antics which made my friend think that her time had come or would be here before we got home. She was quite sure that I had attempted more than I could carry out, so after this she was on the watch that I should not do her any damage, if looking out for trouble would do any good. We got along all right until within two miles of our destination, when we found that the bridge on the main road was being rebuilt; so we had to make a detour through an alleyway and cross a bridge in connection with a lumbering establishment. My companion suddenly remembered that she had heard that some one had got his horse's leg through this bridge and that there had been almost an accident to life or limb, she scarcely knew which! so out she got and walked awhile, leaving me to get on as best I could, which of course I did, or I would not be here to tell my tale. Crossing safely, I took up my timid friend, and after crooking and turning in a lot of places, new to me, and we came out on the main road in good condition, and in a short time were at our destination. We were in time to do the calling, and then we wended our way to the vestry of the Methodist church, where, in due time, the officers and members of the Auxiliary met and gave us a very kindly welcome. I need not tell you anything of the opening services, for they are common to all, but I marked the sincerity of each one in the performance of these duties. It being the day to elect officers for the coming year it was gone through with in a most orderly way. Then came the time for the delegate to the Branch to tell her story, and we were delighted with the way in which she gave us her impression and her experience there. Then the

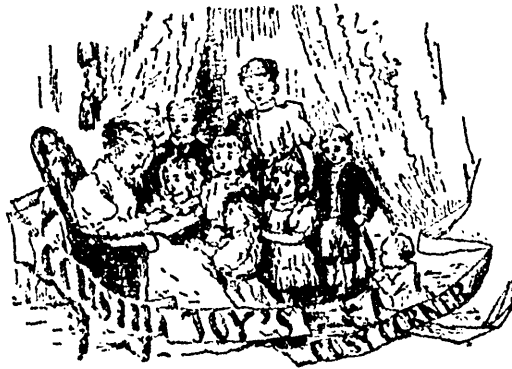
delegate from the Mission Band gave us her ideas, impression, etc., in a very interesting way. Altogether the meeting kept us not longer than we wished, for it was a very helpful meeting; but in view of our home coming that evening we began to fidget a little. When we came out of meeting, to our dismay, the sun was getting away down the western slope, and worse than that, it was so cloudy that it seemed very near dark, and two miles away that bridge had to be crossed! Then, with the usual hospitality of the friends, they each wanted all of us to take tea at their homes. We concluded to let each team go with a friend and so divide ourselves around. We had impressed on our hostess that tea must be ready as soon as possible after the services were over, so when we came home all we had to do was to sit down to our tea. In a very short time we were ready to return, but none of our party were in sight. We concluded to start (for hadn't we to cross that bridge before dark) thinking they would overtake us. Acting on our thought, we started, and got over the bridge without getting out or having any trouble. We kept right on, with nothing special to notice, only the *darkness that could almost be felt*, and when we were about five miles from home didn't we overtake a lumber laden waggon! We followed it awhile, then I thought I would ask the driver if he would let us pass. There was no answer to my request, so I waited a little longer and asked, "Which side of the road had I better take to pass?" The answer came back to us, "Whichever side you like," with no effort on his part, that we could see, to give us a chance to pass. So we thought we would follow on and let patience do her rest. Every road that branched from the main we hoped to see that team turn off, but no, it kept ahead of us until we arrived at our own homes! We came to two conclusions—one was that there was a chance to replenish our mite boxes for mercies received, and the other was, the next time we went we would take a lantern to show us the way home. The whole party got home without a mishap.

One who *thinks* she would give more
if she had it to give.

MISSION BAND WORK.

Always send a delegate to the Annual conventions and District conventions. If possible pay their way. If we send a live energetic delegate, it will be money well spent in missionary work, for she will come home nred with zeal for the work, and in nearly all cases with a great deal more missionary education than she went away with. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, as you will find if you try it. A. B. C.

(To be continued),



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

Cousin Joy thinks you will all be much pleased this month to see the faces of so many dear little children looking up at you from our first page. "Riot Babies!" What in the world do those words mean? Cousin Joy looks in the dictionary and she finds that the noun *riot* means "uproar, tumult"—the verb says, "to make an uproar." Surely these dear little babes, looking so quiet and peaceful, are not so much worse than other babies that they must needs make a riot that all the world shall hear and be sorry for! No, indeed! Just read the inreresting story of it all, that Mrs. Hartwell has so kindly written for us, and you will find that, instead of rioting themselves, these dear little babies, "all under two and a half years old," were kept very quiet, in the midst of awful danger, in a riot made by the cruel Chinese, whose only excuse is that they "did not know anything about God." How would any of you like to be chased from your home and have to hide away from "ugly and wicked men?" But God heard prayer and saved them all, even dear little Lila Stevenson, whom we all pity so much because her Chinese nurse dropped her by the roadside. We pity the nurse too, for how could she run with her poor bound feet? Well, God saw baby Lila crying by the roadside and He felt sorry for her, and He knew how her poor mother's heart would ache if she never saw her again, so He sent kind friends who gave her back to her parents. You see, dear cousins, how God cares for every dear little child that comes into the world—if He did not how many of us would be here to-day? Perhaps He has some Mission band work for little Lila to do for Him some day. When the riots were over the good missionaries did not say "We will not stay in China, where we may be robbed and killed at any time." No, they all wanted to go back, for they loved the poor Chinese, and some have already gone. When you pray, every night and morning, for yourself and friends, pray for all these dear children, that they may be safely kept, by "our Father in Heaven", and may grow up to be His servants. Pray also, this month, for the little girls in India who have no happy homes, no schools, no holidays! nothing but drudgery and sorrow. God does hear and answer prayer.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I am the president of "Perseverance Mission Band." I take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. The answer to the first puzzle in April is, "Junior Star Mission Band," and the third

is "Friendly Workers," I think. I have a puzzle which I am sending to you. It is the first puzzle I ever made or solved and I do not know whether they are correct or not, and would like to see the puzzle in print when you have the space in your paper.

I remain, your loving cousin,

Bedeque.

CARRIE BOWNESS.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much, especially the puzzles. Our president gave us a prize for the puzzles last year, and this year it is for the Field Study. I have a puzzle to send. Do you think it worth publishing? I also send the answer to the first puzzle in the April PALM BRANCH. It is "Junior Star Mission Band."

Pownal, P. E. I. Your cousin, ADA CAMPBELL.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the "Wayside Helpers" Mission Band of Delta. I take the PALM BRANCH and I like it very much. I think I have found the answers to the May puzzles. The first is, "Willing Workers," the second is "Jesus Wept," the last is "Happy Workers." There are 14 belonging to our Band. We are preparing now for an open meeting, which will be held the 15th of May.

Delta, Ont.

Your cousin, LIZZIE MCC.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I am a member of the "Willing Workers" Mission Band. I take the PALM BRANCH and find it very interesting. I think I have found the answers to last month's puzzles. First, "Willing Workers," second, "Jesus Wept," and last, "Happy Workers," and the answer to the Pied Text, "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

Maccan. Your loving cousin, LEORA HARRISON.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the "Earnest Workers" Mission Band. We take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. Enclosed you will find a puzzle, the first I ever made. I hope you will think it worth publishing. I think the answers to the May puzzles are. 1st, "Willing Workers," 2nd, "Jesus Wept."

P. E. I.

DAISY PICKARD.

JUNE PUZZLES.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 10, 11, 12, is an ornamental seat.

My 3, 2, 6, 8, 17, 7, 13, is a dealer in furs.

My 18, 14, 15, 16, means 'be it firm' or 'so let it be'.

My 9, 12, 4, 5, means free from danger.

My whole—Fellow Christians in a foreign land.

Marysville.

S. ETTA HANDLEY.

I am composed of 14 letters,

My 7, 13, 6, 9, 11, is a color.

My 3, 2, 4, 1, 6, is an inscription.

My 14, 3, 12, 8, 5, 10, is a girl's name.

My whole is a band in Sackville.

Sackville.

LUCY DOUEL.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 9, 3, is a part of the verb to be.

My 6, 8, 6, 7, is a Latin word.

My 12, 13, 1, is a kind of meat.

My 12, 13, 7, 11, means to suspend.

My 13, 8, 7, 13, is a girl's name.

My 5, 13, 2, 10, is a Bible name.

My 4, 6, 14, means amount.

My whole is the name of one of our missionaries.

Canso, N. S.

ANNA WHITNEY.

listening to all this shouting, sitting up on the back wall, resting on the roof of a little building, watching it all. We had two ladders, one up to the wall and the other lying across the top, so if the rioters came we could get over at once. Geraldine and Bertie were eating cookies to keep them quiet; as soon as they got tired and wanted to cry they were given a cake. Two of our men servants never left us, but held the little girls, trying to calm my fears and care for me. And our little school boys were with us, they were afraid to go out on the street to go to their friends. About eleven o'clock Mr. Hartwell found a kind Chinaman who said he would take us into his home just over our wall; he himself assisted us down the ladders and tried to make us comfortable. The rioters got tired at midnight and went away. Just as it was coming daylight Mr. Hartwell said we would go back to our home, that all was quiet. But we were not in our place twenty minutes until the rioters came back. Mr. Hartwell quickly hired a chair and sent me away with the children, about a mile, to Miss Brackbill's. Again the Lord led us, because I had only gone ten rods from our home when the rioters broke down our gates and destroyed our property; Mr. Hartwell only having time to jump over the wall with the aid of the limb of a tree, and these kind natives protected him. When the children and I came through Miss Brackbill's gates we found little Lila Stevenson; the nurse was just taking her over to her mother, about half a mile away, at the English Mission. In a very little while we heard the rioters were coming; we quickly put up a ladder and fled over the back wall, got some people to hire some chairs, then Miss Ford, Miss Brackbill and the two little Hartwell's, with their mamma, went over to the English Mission; here we were all united, excepting Mr. Hartwell and the American friends. We all, with one accord, fell upon our knees, committing each other to the Lord's keeping. We were given food to eat, and managed to secure a few tins of condensed milk for the babies, which we tied up in a bundle. The crowd grew greater at the gate; in the distance could be heard the howling mob coming; six chairs were enabled to get out the gates, while the people were clubbed back to let them pass by; each chair was guarded by two soldiers; six people and four babies escaped in safety to the place of refuge. As the last chair turned the corner the mob broke in and the rest of the party escaped over the back wall, Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn with their precious baby, Mr. Vale of the English Mission, Miss Brackbill carrying Geraldine Hartwell, and Miss Ford carrying Jennie Stevenson. They sat all day in the little straw house, on the little native bed, with the mosquito curtains well drawn in, listening to that mob until they carried everything from their happy home. We all gathered in at twelve o'clock, from our different hiding places, that night, a happy band of missionaries, praising God we had all been preserved from death. What a wonderful way each one had been led?

Now, dear children, I could go on telling you of many interesting things that took place in the following days, but I think I have told you enough for this time.

LILLAS HARTWELL.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

HAVE you read the wonderful story
Of what happened so long ago,
Away in the Rhenish country,
In sight of the Alpine snow,—

How thousands of little children,
With scallop and staff in hand,
Like Peter the Hermit's pilgrims,
Set forth for the Holy Land?

From hamlet and town and castle,
For many and many a day,
These children had seen their fathers
March to the East away.

"Why do they go?" they questioned
Of the mother who watched and wept:
"They go to wrest from the pagan
The tomb where the dear Lord slept."

And the thought in their young hearts kindled,
"Let us do as our fathers do,—
Let us wear the cross on our shoulder,
And help in the conquest too.

"The strength of a child is nothing;
But we'll gather in one strong hand
The strength of ten thousand children,
For Christ and the Holy Land."

And so, as they tell, these children
On their strange, wild mission went;
But the Saviour, who would not lead them
In the way He had not sent,

Lifted them up in His pity
(Misguided, and yet his own),
And, instead of the tomb they sought for,
Sent them to find his throne.

Now, what is the tender lesson
Wrapped up in the story so?
And what can we learn from the children
Who perished so long ago?

For the sepulchre's sake where only
Three days the Redeemer lay,
They were willing to face such peril
As wasted their lives away.

For a temple that is eternal,
Where the living stones are piled,—
Each stone of the costly building
The soul of a heathen child,—

Are there ten thousand children,
Over this land so broad,
Willing to work,—their shoulder
Wearing the badge of God?

Are there ten thousand children
Filled with a zeal intense,
Ready for Christ to offer
Their labors, their prayers, their pence?

For the gifts and the prayers of the children,
Gathered in one strong band,
Could conquer the world for Jesus,
And make it a Holy Land.

MRS. M. E. PRESTON.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

N. B. AND P. E. ISLAND BAND NOTES.

Mrs. T. P., of Charlottetown, writes: I have charge of the "Earnest Workers" Mission Band, in connection with the auxiliary of the second Methodist church. I thought I would like to tell you about a very enjoyable time spent last summer. I think it nice to have a pic-nic for the children. We were wondering where we should go to have our nice time, so decided to ask Mrs. Wm. Heard to allow us to go on her grounds. She very cheerfully told us we could hold our pic-nic on her beautiful lawn. Feeling a little timid lest the children might do some harm to the trees, I scarcely knew how to accept the offer. Mrs. Heard, however, assured me that there was no danger, so we could not refuse, seeing it would please Mr. and Mrs. Heard. I write this hoping some other ladies will follow her example, now that the beautiful summer is drawing nigh. The day being fixed upon, about thirty children came, and two ladies of the Auxiliary to help me. We arrived on the grounds, and such a hearty welcome we shall never forget. Mrs. Heard amused the children with games brought from the house. Some were singing, some playing ball. The older girls were invited to go into the garden to pick berries for our tea. About 5 o'clock we spread the large table that stood on the lawn, Mrs. Heard kindly lending us dishes and also the use of her cook stove. We had the pleasure of Mr. Heard's company to tea, of which the children and larger folk were very proud. Tea over, dishes washed and packed, we formed a procession and marched to Mrs. Heard's parlors, singing as we went

"Onward Christian soldiers."

Mrs. Heard then played several pieces as the children sang. Mr. Heard led in prayer and we then went out in a very orderly way, shaking hands, and many of the dear children kissing Mrs. Heard and expressing their thankfulness for the pleasant afternoon. Who would not give the dear children such a treat, knowing that not even a cup of cold water shall lose its reward.

On the 7th of April, at Bedford, P. E. I., Mrs. (Rev.) C. H. Manaton met the young people at the home of Mrs. Ed. England and organized a Mission Band, with a membership of 32. Miss Edith England was elected President and Miss Maude Hayes Cor-Sec. The name "Sadie Spencer" was chosen for the Band.

The "Ella Dobson" Band, Woodstock, N. B., held a most successful Birthday Party early in March. Proceeds amounted to \$28.00. J. T.

MONTREAL CONFERENCE BRANCH.

L. Elliott, Cor-Sec. of the Mizpah Mission Band, Winchester, writes: Our Band is still working away as usual. We now have a membership of forty, eleven members being added since January. We hold "At Homes" occasionally, hoping to reach some in that way. We think if the members would rally and take a greater interest, and come to the help of the President, who is very energetic, our Band would make better progress. We hold our meetings once a month, and

besides the regular routine of business take up the "Watch Tower," and have a short programme. The funds raised last year were over \$35, which went to support a Chinese girl. We have not decided how we will dispose of funds this year, but we will try and send them where they are the most needed.

W. S. Cor-Sec. writes: "Daybreak" Band, Cornwall, Ont., celebrated its first anniversary by giving an entertainment Friday evening, April 24th. The programme, which was given entirely by the Band, was a most pleasing one. A collection was taken amounting to \$9.78. This is only the second public meeting we have held, but we feel quite encouraged, as there seems to be a growing interest in the Band work. We started with about 40 members and now have 60 names on the roll. We take 30 copies of the PALM BRANCH and feel that we could not do without it.

This report is a very cheering one. Our Montreal subscription list is not large. Could not our young friend, who has done so well, inspire others with his own enthusiasm? We still lack over 200 of the desired 300!

BAY OF QUINTE BAND NOTES.

Miss Myrtle C. Fitzgerald, Cor-Sec, writes: Dear PALM BRANCH,—As you have never heard from the "Cheerful Workers" Mission Band, Lakefield, I thought I would write to you to let you know what we are doing. As we have only been organized since October last we haven't had much time for work, but we have not been idle. During those few months we have made an autograph quilt, some scrap-books, and some pocket-handkerchiefs, and we also sent some clothes to Hiawatha. We held a very successful open-meeting in March, and we sent \$18.00 to the Branch Treasurer. We have many willing workers in our Band, and with willing hands and prayerful hearts our Master's work will make progress. We remain one with you in that work.

N. S. BAND NOTES.

F. C., Halifax, writes: The Mission Circle of Charles St. church was organized about a year ago with a membership of 14. Since then the interest has steadily deepened; at our February meeting 23 members were present. About 20 copies of the PALM BRANCH are taken, and we find it very helpful. Since October, 1895, we have returned \$29.05 to the treasury. We expect to hold our first public meeting in May, when we will be able to report further. The Circle feel deeply grateful to our pastor's wife, Mrs. A. C. Borden, who is the President, and to Mrs. J. Wesley Smith, for their kindly interest in us.

N. S. Cor-Sec. writes: "Stepping Forward" Band, Gabarous, held a social in the winter, at which they raised \$9.25. They have also organized a sewing circle.

"Parbar Westward" Band, Middleton, writes: At a Fancy Sale held first of the quarter the sum realized was \$13.63. Take 17 copies of PALM BRANCH, find them very helpful and enjoy the paper very much. We are now preparing for a public meeting to be held in May.