



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

A WRITER in the Outlook, for September, gives the story of Lucile Davidson, a little girl of Manitoba, whose picture you see to-day. She is the daughter of a Methodist minister, who died when she was only one year old. She is now eleven. During that first year she was a bright, healthy little child; but sickness came, and she lay in a helpless condition a long time. Then her strength returned, through the care of her loving mother, the skill of physicians and the blessing of God, and for two years she ran about like other well, happy little children. Then she was again attacked by disease, and for six years she has not been able to lay her poor little head upon the pillow, and pain is her almost constant companion. The writer says, "When first I saw her, she was lying on the carpet, playing with a ball, fastened to a string, and unable to turn upon her side or sit up—only the movements of the hands and arms indicated the remaining strength. A twinkle of the eyes and cheerful smile met me in my frequent visits. It was on one of these pleasant rambles that I learned of her deep interest in the cause of missions, and her desire to do something for the children beyond the sea. Her mother had read to her about Herbie Bellamy, and Lucile said she would like to try to do something for the heathen, too."

You know how it is, dear children, when you are working for "tables" or bazaars—all the pretty things you make—pin-cushions and needle books, pen-wipers, mats and dolls—especially dolls—how you do enjoy dressing them, to be sure! Well, while lying on her couch of pain, dear little Lucile's nimble fingers went to and fro, making these pretty things; her busy little

head thinking all the time, no doubt, of the poor children far away in heathen lands. The Sunday-school children asked if they might help her in her good work, and she was glad to have them do so. After a while a bazaar was held, and a great many people came, and they all thought it looked just like Fairyland, but what they most loved to look upon was the face of the gentle, patient little girl in the wheeled chair. They raised \$2.5,

and that money has gone to the Methodist Hospital in China, where cots for sick children have been called by her name—the Lucile Davidson cots. How happy her "little missionary heart" must be thinking of them. The bazaar will probably be held every year now. "A missionary spirit has fallen upon young and old," says the writer, "and the influence of the golden-haired Lucile is felt in other churches." You see what dear little Herbie Bellamy's life and influence did for Lucile. "Being dead, he yet speaketh." And now, in turn, Lucile's story speaks to you, dear children, who, unlike her, have health and strength, and calls upon



LUCILE DAVIDSON.

you to use them in this service of love.

Pray this month, dear young people, for the members of the Board of Managers, for they do need all the help we can give them in this way. They need wisdom and good judgment, and all that is necessary to such a responsible position as theirs. When they meet in council this month let them feel that they have the sympathy and support of the whole Society—that it is not only the Auxiliary members who have an interest in their work, but that the Circle and Band members share in it too.

## THE PALM BRANCH.

### THE FOUR SUNBEAMS.

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,  
Shining and dancing along on their way.

Resolved that their course should be blest.  
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,  
Not seek our own pleasuring all the day through,  
Then meet in the eve at the west."

One Sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door  
And played "hide-and-seek" with a child on the floor,  
Till Baby laughed loud in his glee,  
And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,  
The little hands grasping in vain for the light  
That ever before them would flee.

One crept to a couch where an invalid lay,  
And brought him a dream of a bright summer day,  
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom;  
Till pain was forgotten, and weary unrest,  
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved  
best,

Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,  
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,  
And lifted her white face again.  
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,  
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,  
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,  
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone  
On hands that were folded and pale,  
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,  
That never would gaze on the beautiful light  
Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,  
And the sun, their great father, his children was  
calling.

From his roseate couch in the west,  
All said, "we have found that, in seeking the pleasure  
Of others, we fill to the full our own measure,"  
Then softly they sank to their rest.

*S. S. Times.*

### WHY WE SHOULD HAVE A MISSION BAND.

In many of our churches, especially in country places, where the congregation is small and perhaps scattered, we sometimes find it difficult to have a Mission Band, in fact it is often thought to be an impossibility—if thought of at all. Yet if we, who profess to be interested in missionary work, are trying to fulfil our duty, in doing our part towards sending the Gospel to every nation, and are giving of our time, talent, and means towards the carrying on of this great and noble work, we shall prayerfully consider the importance of this branch, and the difficulties which seem so great will soon be surmounted.

Let us look at it from a business point of view. Firstly—Why should we have a Mission Band?

There is much that can be said and much that has been said in reply to this question. We will consider a few of the most important reasons. Many of us know how difficult it is often to get the members of our senior societies to take an active part in our meetings, such as leading in prayer or taking charge of a meeting. Whether this is want of confidence or lack of interest, it would not be the case had we been trained in a Mission Band when children to perform these simple acts of duty; hence it is a duty and a privilege to train and

develop the children of our church. The children of to-day are the workers of to-morrow. A well known writer has said that "Whatever is implanted on the nature of a child in the first seven years of his life, will go with him through his whole life, and never after will it be so easy to mould the mind aright and fill it with good resolves."

Thus the responsibility is great on those who have it in their power to organize and mother a Mission Band.

Secondly.—It is one of God's commands that we give one tenth of our income to Christian and benevolent purposes. We should obey this command for two reasons; because it is God's law, and, secondly, because it promotes our temporal as well as our spiritual welfare; and has been proved, by those who have made it a rule to lay aside a tenth for the Lord, to pay both in temporal prosperity and in giving peace of mind. Many of us think we cannot afford to do this, especially those of us who have small incomes and many calls on our slim purses, yet it must surely be as much a duty to pay our debts to God as a debt to our fellow creature, and God requires nothing of us that is impossible. His promises are, "With what measure we mete it shall be measured to us again." "Give and it shall be given unto you." "The liberal soul shall be made fat," and many more similar. Some may argue that it is wrong to do this with the object of reward in view, but do we not work for gain, and daily ask God's blessing on our worldly affairs that we may have more to provide for those depending on us? Also that we may have more to give to benevolent purposes, and thus for the spread of Christ's kingdom? It is not wrong to ask for temporal prosperity—with these objects in view, neither is it wrong to think of the reward that always follows doing right.

Wesley's advice was, "Get all you can, save all you can, and give all you can." We owe gratitude to God for His great gift, Jesus Christ, and the least we can do is to give of our time and means towards sending the blessed message to the millions who know Him not. Where should we begin but with the children?

Arouse their sympathy and interest for their brothers and sisters in heathen lands, teach them that by giving a part of their money they are helping to send workers among them to teach them of Jesus, and they will soon become willing workers as well as listeners, and do more for the cause when they come to be men and women than we who have not had the privilege of a Mission Band training are doing now; hence the reason our Bands should be carefully nourished.

Moncton.

(To be continued.)

E. S.

### Suggested Programme for Mission Bands—October.

Hymn—"Hark, the voice of Jesus calling."

A few scripture verses in concert.

Short prayer and Lord's prayer together.

Solo or recitation.

Roll Call.

Business, Reports, etc.

Solo or recitation.

Field Study with questions and map.

Short prayer for missionaries and all in danger in China.

One verse of "Now the sowing and the reaping."

Benediction.

FIELD STUDY FOR OCTOBER.

The Chinese Empire occupies a great portion of land in Central and Eastern Asia, and is, in itself, larger than all Europe.

It is made up of China proper, or the eighteen provinces, Manchuria, Mongolia, Thibet and part of Turkestan. China Proper is the most densely populated and the most important, and it is this part of the empire that is generally meant when China is mentioned.

Pekin, the capital, is in the northeast corner of China Proper, and is a little over a hundred miles from the Gulf of Pi-chi-li.

The people of China were partially civilized long before the time of Christ, but in all the centuries since they have not developed, because they have held themselves aloof from all other nations, being perfectly satisfied with themselves, and looking upon all others as barbarians.

The war with Japan, a few years ago, was a great shock to their self-conceit. The teaching of missionaries has opened the eyes of many, and at last China is waking up.

But as yet comparatively few are anxious to learn from other nations, and the large majority are passionately opposed to everything foreign, and wish for nothing so much as to be left to themselves to sleep a little longer.

The hatred of foreigners has increased with the years, and a few months ago a large secret society, called "Boxers," pretending to be very patriotic, determined to drive them all out of the country. The Chinese government either could not or would not control the "Boxers;" so foreign governments at once sent ships with armies to protect their people there. Help did not arrive in time to prevent the murder of some, and much suffering to many.

While we await the outcome of it all, we can only pray that God will work through the Christian nations to bring China closer to Himself.

N. B.

E. E. C.

QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Where is the Chinese Empire?

How does it compare in size with Europe?

What are its great divisions?

Which of these is most important?

What is generally meant when China is spoken of?

What is the capital? Where is it?

Tell what you know of the people of China.

By what means have some of them been aroused?

How do the great majority feel toward foreigners?

How has their hatred of foreigners lately been shown?

What have foreign governments been compelled to do?

What may we do for China at the present time?

"THE BOXERS."

The boys and girls of this age should read and watch carefully the current events, as the results of what is now going on in our new possessions, in South Africa and China, will be of much interest and perhaps of great responsibility to those who will be men and women in a few years. Towns, rivers and people whose names were unknown a few years ago, are now becoming familiar, and in the latest developments in China we are asked to read names that we never tried to read on the tea-chests and the wrappers of the firecrackers.

Let us learn how to pronounce Tien Tsin, Wei-Hai-Wei, Hankow and Shanghai, and then ask God to teach us the lesson He would have us all learn from the disturbed condition of so many countries.

Rev. W. O. Elterich, Chefoo, China, in the Presbyterian Banner, gives an explanation of the Boxers' society, which, we think, will interest our readers. It is a secret society, the members of which go through a drill in which they invoke certain spirits by incantations, and then beat their bodies with a brick to harden the body until they can endure pounding by knives without injury. This drill gives them the nickname of Big Knife. They call themselves "The Society of United Boxers," and are supposed to have an incantation of 19 characters. Those who know eight, can fight ten thousand men, and those acquainted with seventeen or eighteen, can pull down foreign houses as easily as they can move a tea box. They try to make the people believe all this by allowing friends to fire guns at them, but which they manage so as not to injure. Their motto is, "Protect the dynasty, exterminate aliens." Now the reason these men are becoming so dangerous is because the sympathy of the Chinese government is with them, and the lives of the missionaries are in great danger. Pray every night dear children, that they may be protected and that God will restrain these evil men and teach Christian nations to come to the rescue without fear.—[Junior M. M.]

TO OUR READERS.

Now is the time to order the Palm Branch, for those who have never yet ordered it, and for those who began last October, to renew. Please send your orders right away and do not fail to remember that the price is twenty cents a year for single copies, and twenty cents each for any number of copies under ten. The very best we can do for you is to give you the paper at the rate of ten copies a year for one dollar. Surely if it is worth anything to you it is worth that. We might add that the advanced rate on single copies is because of the postage imposed the last two years.

Please remember, when sending orders, to mention the name of the Conf. Branch to which you belong; for instance, the London Branch, or Montreal, or Hamilton Branch, and whether it is a renewal or new order. Also the name of the one who received the papers last year. These are important matters, and attention to them will save an infinite amount of trouble.

# PALM \* BRANCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER, 1900.

An editorial in the *Woman's Missionary Friend* for September says: "It was a happy design that made the close of our W. F. M. S. one with the natural harvest-time. What better hour to reap the spiritual harvest of the prayers and endeavors of a year's labor than when the earth is giving back in plenitude of thanksgiving."

Have we of the W. M. S. of the Methodist Church of Canada anything for which to be thankful?

Are we reaping any spiritual harvest from all the seed-sowing of the past year, in home and foreign lands? Has God been good to us in sparing the lives of all our beloved missionaries in the fields, notwithstanding threatened dangers and actual perils? Has He blessed the efforts of these faithful missionaries to rescue souls, made to glorify His name, from the blackness of sin and the dire results of ignorance and superstition; to raise lives sunk in degradation and misery to the happy level of Christian civilization? Have we anything for which to be thankful in the experience which must have come to our home-workers in richer, fuller lives, broadened out in the noble service which, more than any other, has a blessed reflex influence upon those who serve? If so, why not thank God and take courage for another year?

Miss Hodgkins, editor of the *W. M. Friend*, on her return from "around the world" experience, speaks thus lovingly to her readers:—

"Your editor ends a notable journey, covering more than ninety thousand miles, and filling her head with spiritual kodak films that it will take the remainder of life to develop."

Many former opinions have suffered change, many previous convictions have known qualification, but there remains the unalterable belief, a thousand times intensified, that Jesus Christ is the one and only salvation of a lost humanity."

It is wonderful!—the great good that is being done by missionaries, even in China. Do not listen to the story that the real enemies of Christ have tried to circulate—that the missionaries are at the bottom of all this disturbance in China. Those who know, say that if missionaries had been sent long ago, and more of them, this disturbance might never have been. We have been much interested in the letter of an American

missionary in "Shanghai, the wealthiest and wickedest city of China." He gives a vivid picture of its activity in trade, but also in wickedness. He says "there is an open door for the fiend as well as the saint to enter the land." He has "been repeatedly told, in the distant interior, that Chinese pastors, in narrating the story of the Prodigal Son, do not say that he went to a far country, but that he went to Shanghai, and there spent his substance in riotous living! Its repute for wickedness is even more widespread than its reputation for trade." But he also tells us of a wonderful work done there within the past six months. Of a Chinese businessmen's association organized, which includes the features of the Young Men's Christian Association in this land. Bicycle club, tennis club, evening classes, religious meetings, Bible classes and informal lectures. It has already 162 charter members, mostly college graduates. An able Chinese secretary has been secured. There are other associations and altogether in China 512 members.

Thanks to any kind friends who have helped us by contributions during the past year. Still remember us! Thanks, too, for all kind words sent us during the year.

## Our Chinese Home in Victoria, B. C.

I will try to give you my recollections of our Chinese Home in Victoria, as I saw it in the summer and autumn of 1898. There have since been several changes in the management.

One hot, lovely day in August we turned from the queer streets of Victoria's Chinatown and in a minute or two found ourselves in an apparently different locality; not many houses, and in rather a large field, with a tree or two, the Home we read about in our "Outlook" and Leaflet. It is a large, old-fashioned dwelling—might be called colonial style—is sunny and bright inside and out, and if, as some fancy, the mental and moral tone of an abode can quickly be detected, then that of our Home is cheery and wholesome. At this, our first visit, found Miss Morgan in charge; Miss Bowes had taken several of the girls for a day's excursion.

Miss Morgan shewed us neat bedrooms, parlor, schoolroom and kitchen; then proposed that we accompany her and the Japanese girls for a walk, she shewing us the Chinese shops. As Miss Morgan was evangelist among the foreign residents of this locality, her offer was an excellent one for myself and daughters, and a very delightful chaperone did she make.

In our wanderings that afternoon we found for sale just such articles as our great grandmothers might have bought, though, of course, not in Victoria, as it numbers but forty years of existence. The odd China was very attractive, but so, too, were the Canton crepe shawls, handkerchiefs and embroidered ties and scarves—perhaps the same patterns as those used in the long ago, but the quality of the textures may have deteriorated. We strolled on, Japanese girls ahead,

so that Miss Morgan might have an oversight.

Another day I went to Mission Band meeting at the Home. Besides the girls, there were some few former inmates, married now and bringing little children with them. Also one or two boys, or young men, these probably from the evening school. Prayers and addresses were in Chinese and Japanese; some were translated by Miss Bowes. After the closing prayer (which was in English), was the collection for funds of our W. M. S.; next the benediction, but all remained for a treat of watermelon. That day the most noticeable child was a girl of about 12 or 14 years; she acted as doorkeeper, and in many other capacities; certainly amongst them as one who served, and proud to do so, but she had a sullen air. She was a rescued girl, but oh, so hard to rescue from herself. When she grew tired of the restraint of those who were striving to save her, she fled to one of the trees, and nobody could coax her to descend; threats, too, were useless, and so strong was she that no one, nor all of the teachers could master her. When she elected to perch on a bough, instead of being snugly tucked in bed, poor Miss Bowes would sit up possibly till morning dawned, waiting till this prodigal daughter felt pangs of hunger or remorse and so returned to the house, which she knew stood with wide open doors for her. The final step taken for this erring child had really seemed to end much of the trouble. Miss Bowes had sent her as an ordinary day scholar to the public school, and she seemed to find her uplifting environment.

After another month or two we again visited Victoria, and turned our steps to 101 Cormorant Street. Miss Churchill was at work in her morning class, which consisted of girls of the Home and a few day pupils. During this visit my daughter secured some photographs, and I got from Miss Churchill an excellent primer for instructing the Chinese in our language. As, probably you know, nearly all domestic servants in Victoria and Vancouver are Chinamen; they earn from ten to thirty dollars per month. Some are excellent servants; most of them tidy and clean. They come to work every day about 7 a. m., perform house-work and cooking till after luncheon, go out for a walk and return in time to prepare dinner. After all is again put in order they go to the little room they call home, perhaps to gamble away their earnings. Some mistresses prefer Chinamen who do not profess to be Christians; but by evening schools, Sunday and other services, our societies and those of the different churches are striving to make the China boys more than nominal Christians. Miss Churchill's evening school is finely attended, and Sabbath evening service, held in a little church, and conducted by a Chinese Methodist missionary, is far from neglected.

Miss Churchill, in the evening, took me there, and for one and a half hours the Chinese audience listened most attentively. It was principally composed of men, and probably most of them servants in English households. One seldom sees Chinese women. Of all days spent in Victoria I most enjoyed a Sabbath afternoon at our Home. First Miss Bowes and I had a chat in her little room. She told me some of her joys and sor-

rows, her trials with the stubborn Chinese temper, etc. One instance arose at house-cleaning time. A strong, capable girl laid down what should have been her weapons of warfare, but took an attitude both offensive and defensive, stating she would now be neutral in the great cause. There was nothing to be done and Miss Bowes meekly submitted and finished the toil. On the afternoon of which I write, I met, besides the ladies of the Home, a veteran missionary and his wife; for years they had labored amongst the Indians; they loved their work and longed to return to the settlements together away. The wife had taught, planned and struggled, had even helped build the little, rough home, carrying stones and placing them. Life was dear to this unselfish couple, but only as it gave them opportunity to help these ignorant Indians. For the present they had charge of work near the coast cities. Indian settlements are quite common in these parts, and besides helping them, the missionary often has an opportunity of aiding some unfortunate white man, who has so far fallen that he is content to live in such quarters. Probably life has gone hard with him, life in the camps is cheap, so he drifts there. A helpful word or act may yet reach and rescue him, but unless there is somebody to visit, the word remains unspoken.

Wish I could remember the name of my fellow-guests; they were pioneers and employed by General Board. Plain, unassuming people, but when one thinks of them comes also the thought of the great hereafter and of those who will shine for ever and ever.

Miss Bowes is no longer matron of the Rescue Home, but is always interested in all its work. Miss Morgan, I think, is at the head of affairs; a gentle, sweet mannered woman, who attracts one. I last parted with her in Vancouver, and will never forget her. Miss Churchill, I judge, still earnestly labors amongst the race she longs to help; her China boys learn lessons of many kinds from her—a strong, reliable woman.

Whatever desires these consecrated women may have, they yet make all subordinate to duty; accept the position assigned them, do faithful work and always find and speak of the great reward daily found. When next I cross the continent I hope to reach several of our other missions.

N. S.

Faithfully yours, A. B. BLACK.

#### THE FINISHED WORK.

When from eyes bedimmed with weeping  
Every tear is wiped away;  
When in hearts unused to gladness  
Shines the light of endless day;  
When the wandering ones are folded  
Closely to a Saviour's breast,  
Then, our blessed work all ended,  
We shall enter into rest.

Many willing feet may falter,  
Ere the holy task is done;  
Many hands may drop the burden;  
God shall count them, every one.  
Still the faithful host shall gather,  
Other hands the burden bear,  
Till our Christ shall reign triumphant,  
Crowned Redeemer everywhere.

Berkley, Cal.

W. M. F.



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

Dear Cousins,—Do you ever thank God that your home is in the Dominion of Canada, and not in China, where life is so hard, especially for the children? If not, begin to thank Him to-day, and as you read and hear about the troubles there now, you will find more and more cause to thank Him.

“Boys are taught to read and write, but it is only in the mission schools that any attention is paid to girls. There they are also taught to sew, and better still, they are taught about Jesus who loves them as well as he does boys.

Chinese children are not very fond of sports, except in a quiet way. The boys fly kites with great skill, but the little girls among the higher caste cannot run and skip and play, for, as you know, they have their feet bound when they are six years of age, and it takes about three years to make them the fashionable shape, which is about three inches long. The little girls who are poor and live on the river are happier in one respect, they do not have their feet bound and can run and play.

In China parents have absolute control over their children and sometimes in anger beat them to death, drown them, or sell them as slaves.”

Dear Cousin Joy,—We are getting on very well with our Mission Band, and we raised \$42 this year. I found out the puzzles for this month's Palm Branch; they were Kimberley and Coqualectza. Some of our friends told us that they saw my letter in the Palm Branch for March. I have two puzzles, if you think they are good enough please put them in. L. B.  
Winnipeg.

Dear Cousin Joy,—This is the first time I have written to you. I belong to the Sunshine Mission Band, and take the Palm Branch. I think I have found the answer to one of the puzzles for this month. It is “Herbie Bellamy”

Your loving cousin,

Digby, N. S.

MARY M. LETTENEY.

Dear Cousin Joy,—I have never written to you before. I belong to the Blackmore Mission Band. I take the Palm Branch, and think it very interesting.

I think I have found the answers to the first and third July puzzles. 1st, Palm Branch; 3rd, Herbie Bellamy. No more at present.

I remain your loving cousin,  
Ritcey's Cove. MAGGIE A. MYRA.

Dear Cousin Joy,—This is the first time I have written to you. I take the Palm Branch, and like it. The youngest in our Mission Band is Frank Fawcett. We have about forty members in our Mission Band. I read a lot in the Palm Branch. This is all for this time.

I remain your loving cousin,  
Upper Sackville. HAZEL GEORGE.

Dear Cousin Joy,—This is the second time I have written to you. I go to our Band meeting every month, and take the Palm Branch, which I like very much. We have quite a large membership in our Band, of which my sister is president. I think I have found the answers to the August and September puzzles, viz.: The United States, Dear Cousin Joy, and Pretoria. Hoping this is not too long, I still remain

Your loving cousin,  
Margate, P. E. I. LUCRETIA DURANT.

### THE GOOD SHIP “SNOWDROP.”

(ORIGINAL.)

Onward sails the good ship, “Snowdrop”,  
On her steady, onward way,  
Seeking China's vast interior,  
Where the heathen children play.

Seeking the great India, also  
Where the dark eyed people stay,  
Who are waiting for the scattering  
Of the Bibles there some day.

Seeking many, many Islands  
Of the Empire of Japan;  
For the spreading of the Bibles,  
To help all they really can.

Seeking all the other nations  
Who in heathendom now are,  
So as to scatter Bibles over,  
Every place though near or far.

Pleasantvale, N. B.  
July 26th, 1900

—F. M. C.

### PUZZLES FOR OCTOBER.

I am composed of 10 letters.  
My 5, 6, 9, 10, is something that will bounce.  
My 7, 2, 9, is a boy's name.  
My 3, 2, 1, is something that small boys like.  
My 3, 2, 8, 10, is a place of confinement.  
My 7, 4, 5, is part of a wheel,  
My whole was a victory for the Boers.  
Winnipeg. S. B.

I am composed of eleven letters,  
My 7, 3, 9, 5, is a small animal.  
My 5, 3, 2, is part of the body.  
My 4, 3, 11, is another name for a tub.  
My 1, 6, 3, 11, is a fly.  
My 8, 9, 6, a vessel of various forms.  
My 10, 3, 4, 5, is to keep.  
My whole is a town in Muskoka.

Pringer, Ont.

MAGGIE WRIGHT.

## A LETTER FROM REV. MR. LAWSON

My dear Band Workers:—It is long since I was asked to write you by my very dear friend, "Cousin Joy." "Well, why didn't you?" Because my loving companion in arms, Rev. W. J. Kirby was talking to you so well for so long, and I am stealing his space. Now I am a firm believer in all true "saints" of any church and age, but not so much in canonized saints—hunt up that word and you will never forget it—set up in special spots for worship by man as in "All saints." In all places, for every day in the year, saints in shoes, in all the ways of life. As you are missionaries I will tell you of a sailor missionary, of whom we used to read, called "St. Brandan." We peep at him on the pages of Scottish Church history—a history full of thrill! The bright lights which flash upon that somewhat dark page shine the more brilliantly by contrast with the gloom. The ideal of Christian life was in those days, even of the most sincere and earnest souls, that of the convent, monastery or cloister as Kingsley's "Hermits" shows. Well was it that such places in those far-away days were holy places; not like vermin holes of the middle ages. All who wished to live above the world tried to go out of it, instead of living in it by the power of God. But they had three grand purposes—the study of the Holy Scriptures, which they really revered; cultivation of the missionary spirit, and a self-denying life.

What lives of devotion can we find even now surpassing those of the "Sailor Monks," among whom we find our hero? Columba and his comrades in Iona; Columbanus, or Columba, "The younger," who shone as bright stars in that dark night, and as brighter suns in that dark day? The world knows far too little of such lives and workmen, who wrought so well to make Europe Christian.

St. Brandan seems like "Saul, the son of Kish," head and shoulders above his brethren and his sailor companions were of no mean moral stature. St. Cormac, a great navigator, in a voyage of 14 days was carried northward by a south wind without changing his course and it was thought he reached Iceland.

We read in the "Life of Columba" that "in this voyage a multitude of loathsome creatures covered the sea in swarms and struck Cormac's poor boat so violently that it was like to be destroyed." They may only have been a shoal of jelly fish crowding the handles of their broad oars, but their sting was very painful. At any rate there was often need for concern for these brave souls in frail vessels, consisting "simply of hides fastened over a frame of wood."

(To be Continued.)

## LETTER FROM REV. MR. KIRBY.

Dear children of the Palm Branch:—I have been thinking and thinking, and thinking about you, and wondering whether you have been thinking about me.

If you have I would not wonder if you have been saying to yourselves, "Well, he must have forgotten us."

No, indeed, I have not forgotten you. I would feel mean enough to hit myself if I forgot you. What an awful thing it would be if all our friends were to forget us! Forget to write to us if they were away; forget to pray for us when they pray! Oh! how I love to think of those words, "He careth for you." If you were so unfortunate as to be compelled to say, "Nobody cares for me," the Bible would say, "Yes, One cares for you, Jesus." We sometimes sing,

"He ever lives above  
For me to intercede,"

and it is a precious thought, that Jesus prays for me.

Tell me who it was to whom Jesus said, "But I have prayed for thee," and with what result. Then I am glad others pray," and sometimes, when I hear the members of the church praying in the prayer meeting for God to bless our dear pastor," I feel very thankful that I am not left out of the prayers of the church. Last night I heard a prayer, and it made me write to you to-day.

"Oh Lord, we would not forget the Mission Band, bless them when they meet on Thursday, and when they go out on Saturday to enjoy themselves in their picnic, bless them and give them a good time." Who do you think offered that prayer?

"The minister," I hear someone say. No.

"One of the women of the W. M. S.," I think I hear another say.

No. We have none in that prayer meeting.

"Oh, I know," someone says, "one of the officers of the Mission Band." No, again.

I must tell you, it was the superintendent of our Sunday School, a brother who prays quite often for the Mission Band. Does the superintendent of your Sunday School pray for you? Does he pray for you when you go on your picnic?

Oh, dear me, I have known some superintendents who always forgot to announce the meeting of the Band, unless you reminded them so often that you feared annoying them. But we must not be hard on them, for there may be many who pray for us in the home circle, or in the church, and we never hear of them.

I am glad to tell you of the one who remembers us in prayer.

Dear me! I've wandered off and forgot what I was going to write about.

Never mind! I will wait till next time. I think I will close with the prayer of the little quaker girl—she had been so long in the quiet meeting of the Society of Friends one day she would not keep quiet any longer, so she just prayed herself and said, "O Lord make us gooder and gooder till there is no bad left in us," and I just say Amen, amen.

Your friend,

W. J. KIRBY.

The cousins will all be glad that Mr. Kirby has not forgotten them. We welcome him back very cordially. Glad to hear from our good friend, Mr. Lawson, too.

## LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

## A TYPHOON.

Miss Lane, Cor. Sec., Anderson, writes:—"We are still persevering in our work, looking to God for strength and guidance.

## BAY OF QUINTE BAND NOTES.

**BRIGHTON.**—Jessie Munro Mission Band reports an average attendance of twelve, with a growing interest in the work. A box of dolls, toys, books and scrap-books has been sent to the Deaconess Home, Toronto. This Band is at a disadvantage at present, owing to the indisposition of the president, Miss Annie Wilson, in labors so abundant in missionary work—who is in Alaska for her health.

**MELLEVILLE.**—Albert College Mission Band has just closed a year of successful work, with \$75.00 sent to Branch Treasurer to be used for the support of three little girls in Chentu, adopted by the Band.

**DEMARESTVILLE.**—Sunbeam Circle is continuing its good work amid discouragements; returned a thank offering of \$22.00 to Branch Treasurer. The members are devoting themselves to quilt making.

**HASTINGS.**—Friendly League has re-organized with a new staff of officers—Miss Ina Watson, Cor. Sec. M. G. Hawley.

## NOVA SCOTIA and NEWFOUNDLAND BRANCH.

Dear Friends,—As this will probably be my last letter to you for the year, I must thank you for your great kindness to me in writing me so often. During the past year I have received much help and benefit from the Bands and Circles themselves. Our motto "All for Christ," has been taken up by a large number of our Bands, and I trust that it will not be only a motto for one year, but for all time. Again thanking you for your kindness and wishing you a most prosperous year,  
Yours truly,

ANNIE M. BRAINE.  
Band Cor. Secty.

[This came just a little too late for publication last time.]

## N. B. and P. E. ISLAND BRANCH.

Now is the time to renew your subscriptions to Palm Branch and to get new subscribers. Do not neglect it.

In August the "Welcome" Band was organized in Gibson, with a membership of thirteen, which has since been increased to seventeen. This Band begins work with an excellent staff of officers. President, Miss Grace Peters. Cor.-Secretary, Miss Effie Pond.

Are we thinking of a plan of work for the year? Let us give this matter careful attention at our first meeting in October. If mistakes have been made during the past year we must not repeat them. We can gather hints from many sources, especially from the Branch meeting, and whatever promises real helpfulness can enter into our plan of work.

Having made it and asked God's blessing upon it, let us proceed earnestly and faithfully to carry it out.

E. E. Coulthard,

Last week, from Tuesday until Saturday, it rained almost continuously night and day—"dull, and dark and dreary."

On Saturday, October 7th, about noon, my wife said to me: "Just go outside and notice how warm the air is." It was more than warm, hot, a marked contrast to the cold air of the morning. I at once went through all the house, closing and fastening tight all shutters and doors, for we knew that this hot air was precursor of a typhoon. The wind began to rise, and gradually increased in velocity: The boys of the college say that they saw clouds sailing over the tree tops and knew that an unusual atmospheric disturbance was at hand. At four o'clock, in pelting rain and in wind so violent that an umbrella could not be open a minute, in an old hat and long rubber coat, I went over to the school building.

Soon after entering I heard two crashes at the same time; one was a glass pane, a large one that had not been taken out whole, but simply broken by the force of the wind, and through the large opening the rain, which was not falling, but was being driven horizontally, drove in.

The other sound was from the tower. Some years ago an earthquake shook the stone tower down, and since then it has been temporarily covered over. The typhoon, for the wind was now so strong as to deserve that name, tore off tin and iron and boards, and carried them long distances away, and left that part of the building open to the elements. Outside the building hedges were bent over, large trees uprooted, and a fine large cedar near our house broken off, about eight feet from the ground.

Suddenly the rain ceased, the storm became a calm, and in the west shone out, what I think was the most perfect and beautiful double rainbow I ever saw. The air was soft and balmy, and the cloud effects something we rarely see, and peaceful nature seemed to say, "I have not been doing anything naughty, have I? See how good I am!"

And what had happened outside our compound? The new building of the girl's school of the Canadian Methodist Church at Azabu (Tokyo) in course of erection, was blown down and many other buildings of Tokyo were in part or wholly wrecked or flooded with water. Along the sea coast at Hunaru in one direction and Chuba in another, huge waves came rolling over high dykes and inundated large sections of country and destroyed many lives. Near Nikko, about 80 miles north, a train, while crossing a large iron bridge, which spanned a river, was blown off into the surging, swollen stream, and nearly all of the eighty passengers perished.

The typhoon itself, the very strong wind, only lasted about ten minutes, but in that time it wrought havoc, which cannot be described, over hundreds of miles of Japan.

B. CHAPPELL.