



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

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No 7.

THE MASTER AND HIS LABORERS.

ALICE A. FERGUSON.

The Master sat on the great white throne.

The toil of the day was done,

Around him were the laborers,

And thus he said to each one :

"I have done great things for thee,

What to-day hast thou done for me?"

"I've labored hard with heart and hand,

To build a structure worthy thee,

I've borne the burden of the day,

And done it, Master, willingly."

And the Master said, "Well done."

"My voice, dear Lord, I used for thee,

And sang the story old and sweet,

Till burdened souls looked up again,

And humbly sought the Saviour's feet."

And the Master said, "Well done."

Thy word I've preached in foreign clime,

Encountered dangers without end,

Upheld the flag of truth divine,

Till heathen souls "claimed thee as Friend."

And the Master said "Well done."

"My feet on errands swift have fled,"

One smaller than the rest replied,

"My day was filled with little things,

My best in each to do I tried."

The Master smiled and said "Well done."

"Has my poor lamb done aught to-day?"

The Master asked in kindly tone,

His face with sweet compassion filled,

To one disease had claimed his own.

"Oh, Master!" humbly she replied,

"My day was spent in idleness,

I come with empty hands to thee,

Oh, pity me in my distress,

I could not work, but 'mid the pain

I smiled for thee and bore the same."

The Master's face was full of love,

"Thy deed the angels will record,

'Tis not th' abundance of work done

That meriteth the great reward,

But she the great reward may claim

Who smiled for me amid her pain."

Montreal Witness.

TWO OFFERINGS.

BY LAURA A. BARTER.

OUTSIDE, rain, fog, darkness; inside, warmth, comfort, light. Outside, busy feet trudging through the muddy streets; inside, a lady sitting quietly before a ruddy fire, her eyes fixed on the glowing embers, as if her thoughts were far away.

And so they were, although she held in her hand some sparkling jewels, and her fingers now and then gently touched others lying in her lap.

Of what was she thinking?

A few days before, a gentleman staying in her house had been speaking of the work going on among the Jews, telling how many were receiving the gospel message, and of doors being opened by God Himself for further usefulness, but funds were needed and who would give?

Mrs. Merville's heart had glowed as she had listened to the words of her friend, and knowing the Master herself, she rejoiced to hear of others receiving Him; so when the question came, "Who will give?" her heart answered at once, "I will, Lord."

Then in the quiet of her own room another question had to be considered. What could she give? and her

eyes turned to her jewel case as she recollected the treasures hidden therein,—costly, valuable gems. Could she give them? “Shall I offer unto my Lord that which cost me nothing?” Half unconsciously the question rose to her lips as she unlocked the case and drew out the ornaments one by one; and then another picture rose before her and she whispered, “A jewel on my finger or a gem in His crown?” That settled it.

“All for Jesus! yes—Lord, take them, and use them for Thy glory.”

But as we see her this evening, sitting before the cosy fire, it is not the question of her will that is troubling her; that is past, now another question has to be considered. More precious far than any of her jewels is the little maiden down stairs who calls her “mother,” and it is of her Mrs. Merville is thinking as she dreams by the fire. “They would be all Evelyn’s,” she says softly, “all her’s, after I am gone, so she has a right to be considered. “But she is old enough to have a choice, I will let her decide,” and rising, she opens the door and calls her little daughter.

A bounding step is heard on the stairs, and a child, all smiles and sunshine enters. Then catching sight of the jewels, she eagerly takes them up, exclaiming, “Oh mamma, your pretty things! Why have you taken them out tonight? May I put on this?” and she fastens a gold necklet round her throat. Mrs. Merville sat down and drew the little one to her.

“My darling, mother wants to talk to you about something to night, something very special; will you listen, for you are to choose about this thing.”

In a minute the child had scrambled into her mother’s arms, and as she nestled there, with one arm around Mrs. Merville’s neck, and the other hand clasping the necklet, the mother told the story of the Jews, God’s own people, who were receiving the message of salvation, getting God’s Word, and studying it, to learn about the Saviour. With eyes fixed on Mrs. Merville’s face, Evelyn listened, and when her mother stopped she asked:

“But why have you told me this, mother?”

“Because, darling, when I asked God to show me what I could do to send help to those poor people, he reminded me of my ‘pretty things,’ and I remembered that they are worth a great deal of money: so when they are sold, there will be more money to buy Bibles to tell these poor people about Jesus. But then I remembered my little daughter, and how she would have mother’s ‘pretty things’ some day, and now I want to know if she is willing to give up these ‘pretty things,’ to send the good news about Jesus to His own people.”

For a moment there was silence, and then, flinging her arms around her mother’s neck, the child exclaim-

ed, “Take them, mother dear, every one; and do send lots of Bibles to the Jews. I don’t mind giving up the things one bit for Jesus’ sake.”

A silent “thank God” rose to Mrs. Merville’s lips as she clasped the child still closer, and that night her husband had the jewels placed in his possession, to be disposed of for the benefit of the Jews.

The next morning, as he sat reading, the sound of anothered sobs fell on his ear, and looking up, he saw Evelyn standing beside him, her blue eyes full of tears, and her small hands clasping something with evident care.

“Why! what’s the matter, little One? he asked. Drawing still closer, she placed in his hand something, and on looking down he beheld a number of doll ornaments, made of glass beads. “Dolly’s jewelry?” he said, oh! very pretty; but what shall I do with them?”

“Take them, please,” sobbed the child; “they are for the poor Jews who haven’t heard about Jesus. Mother—gave you—her pretty things—and these—are my Polly’s—and—”

Here her sobs increased and speech was impossible, but her father understood at once, and as he gazed at the beads he wondered if, in the Master’s sight, the child’s offering was not of equal value with the mother’s gift!

My reader, of what have you denied yourself for the Master’s sake? Do you know that in India there are at least 21,000,000 widows, 1,500,000 of whom are under twenty-four years of age, 10,000 under ten years of age? That the heathen are dying at the rate of 1,000 an hour day and night? That from the open doors in India, China, Japan, Africa, the cry comes, “Come over and tell us the good news?”

Oh! do not ask yourself, “What must I give?” but “What may I give?” and if that question should lead you further still, not to say, “Why should I go?” but, “Why should I not go?” Will you now at once on hearing the Master’s “Whom shall I send, and who will go for Me?” answer quickly, Here am I, send me?”
Old Ridge, C. M., in “Wesleyan.”

WHAT CHRIST SAID.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

I said, “Let me walk in the fields;”

He said, “No, walk in the town.”

I said, “There are flowers there;”

He said, “No flowers, but a crown.”

I said, “But the skies are black;”

There is nothing but noise and din;”

And He wept as He sent me back;

“There is more, He said, There is sin.”

I said “But the air is thick

And fogs are veiling the sun.”

He answered “Yet souls are sick.

And souls in the dark undone.”

I said “I shall miss the light

And friends will miss me, they say;”

He answered “choose tonight

If I am to miss you or they.”

I pleaded for time to be given,

He said “Is it hard to decide?”

It will not seem hard in Heaven

To have followed the steps of your Guide.”

A NEW DAY.

Another page of life,
Is opened unto me;
O blessed Spirit, write thereon,
What seemeth best to Thee.

Write lovely acts of love;
Write holy thoughts of praise;
Yea, write a copy, bright and clear,
Of one of Jesus' days.

And every mark of mine,
O, wash it, wash it white;
Let nothing on the page appear,
But words that Thou dost write.

And then, lest some should miss
Whence all the sweetness came,
When Thou hast written all the rest,
Write underneath Thy name.
Times of Refreshing.

FIELD STUDY FOR JULY.

Our subjects for prayer are: The extinction of the Liquor and Opium traffics, and all covetous hindrances to Christianity.

The history of the liquor trade in Africa makes us blush with shame. Africans are weak in will power, ignorant, like grown up children, and owing to climatic influences alcohol has a most deadly effect on them.

That the duty of Christian nations to protect from evil this weaker brother is surely plain.

Some natives seeing how their people were being destroyed by rum, tried to shut it out, but British, German, Dutch, or American traders must be protected in their rights; in other words it is a very profitable source of income to the governments, which they decline to forgo.

The Queen of Madagascar tried to protect her people by a heavy import tax, but the British Consul enforced a reduction of the duty, as it interfered with British commerce.

The pictures of drunkenness, with its results in vice and degradation, in the Congo District, and in British Africa, given by eye witnesses, are too dreadful to reproduce here. In some of the mining districts it is said "Boys and girls of fourteen and fifteen receive their wages in rum, and there are parts of the country in which there is practically no other currency." In one year in Kimberly 580 natives were picked up dead from the effects of liquor."

In one week vessels entered at the port of Madeira with consignments of liquor for Africa valued at \$5,230,000. Compare these figures with the yearly income of the Missionary society of the great Methodist Episcopal church or any other large Missionary Society.

In India there is a distillery system by which the government owns and runs large distilleries.

Some idea may be gained of their own opinion of the product, by the fact that English soldiers were not allowed to touch it, and those who dare to supply them are heavily fined.

However, a large revenue is raised, and for the same reason the opium trade is encouraged and pushed, forced on unwilling China and working such evil that her great missionary Hudson Taylor says: "Opium does more harm in a week than all our Christian Missionaries are doing good in a year."

The pitiable state of the victims who have come under the care of our Missionaries in West China, bears out this statement.

In Canada when the prospects of prohibition are discussed it is said: "If people think it is going to cost them anything they won't vote for it." There is indeed need to pay to be "delivered from the sin of covetousness."
E. A. D.

For these facts we are indebted to Mrs. Thornley's leaflet.

QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

What is our prayer subject this month?

Why should we blush for the liquor trade in Africa?

Why do the Africans especially need protection from these evils?

Whose duty is it to protect them?

Tell who tried to shut rum out of the country; what governments prevented it and why?

How did the Queen of Madagascar try to protect her people and what prevented that?

What is said of the results of drunkenness in Africa. Give two illustrations?

What was the value of one weeks consignment of liquor for Africa at the port of Madeira? Does that compare well with the yearly proceeds of our Missionary Societies?

What has the English government to do with the distillery system in India.

What remarkable fact shows the officials' opinion of it?

What does the great missionary, Hudson Taylor say in regard to China and the Opium trade?

Have our own Missionaries seen anything of this?

What is said in Canada when prohibition is discussed?

What should be our daily prayer for ourselves and for others?

At the opening of the century there were but few translations of the Bible in existence; now there are over three hundred. Its circulation is now permitted throughout the entire world. One hundred and fifty thousand copies of the New Testament were distributed to the soldiers in the China Japanese war. The Chinese version of the New Testament has been taken into the Imperial palace at Peking, and the Bible now heads the list of books sold in Italy.

* PALM BRANCH *

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

JULY, 1897.

"An English preacher once asked some British soldiers, 'If Queen Victoria were to issue a proclamation, and placing it in the hands of her army and navy were to say, "Go ye into all the world, and proclaim it to every creature," how long do you think it would take to do it? One of the brave fellows accustomed to obey orders without hesitation, at peril of life, promptly answered, 'Well, I think we could manage it in about eighteen months.'"

Is the command of our *King* less imperative? Yet nearly *two thousand years* have gone by, and today, we are ashamed to say it, there are many millions of people on the face of the earth, who have not so much as heard if there be a Christ!

If that soldier's calculation was true, or anywhere near the truth, is not the Church verily guilty before God? And, as individual members of the Church, are we not sharers in its guilt?

That calculation was made years ago, before there were facilities for travel in foreign lands; possibly before any part of the vast Kingdom of China had come under missionary influence, or Korea been opened up in such a marvellous way.

We do not wish to undervalue the mighty agencies at work for good, but oh, how slow is our progress to what it ought to be. What is lacking on our part? Is it Faith? Prayer? Enthusiasm? Money?

We not only "blush for shame," but feel sick at heart over the facts contained in our "Field Study" this month. Talk of sending Missionaries to heathen lands, let us send them to the governments of so-called Christian countries! Is it true that the people of our Canada refuse, on mere mercenary grounds, from greed of gain, to stand for God and the right? Then let us have a time of mourning, and not of Jubilee!

Our hope is in the young people of our land. God grant that they may so see the truth, and that it may so appeal to their hearts, that they will be ready in the

near future to come up with Holy boldness "to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

This is the time of holidays, and brightness, and sunshine—of green fields and flowing brooks, swinging hammocks and outdoor fragrance. We wish our readers a happy holiday season, and trust that they may take in so much of the pure summer air, that they cannot but breathe it out again in glowing words to fill our pages.

Just as we go to press a kind letter from Miss Veazey arrives—we quote one sentence. "We enjoy the reading of your little paper here, quite as much as the Workers do at home. I think it grows brighter and fresher each year, and I congratulate you on its growing success."

Miss Veazey also sends us an interesting contribution regarding the Kanazawa Orphanage. How can we repay these busy far-off Missionary friends, who help to brighten our pages from time to time, except by praying more earnestly and faithfully than ever, for the success of their noble work!

QUESTION DRAWER.

Q. Does a subscriber who begins in May or June receive the paper till the next May or June?

A. Certainly, twelve papers go to a year's subscription. It would be infinitely better if all subscriptions began in January. The next best thing is the quarterly subscription.

Q. Can we send manuscripts to the Editor or letters to Cousin Joy's Corner for one cent, if they are left unsealed?

A. You can if they are marked "MSS." or "Printer's copy," on one corner of the envelope, not otherwise. Please remember this important fact! Cousin Joy has had to pay double postage on two little letters lately!

Q. How far is Queen Victoria personally responsible for the opium trade in China and the liquor traffic in her own Dominions?

A. A delicate question. Queen Victoria's is a limited not an absolute monarchy. At the same time we understand that she takes a personal interest in all important questions. We believe in our Queen and think her too good a woman to allow any known public sin in her dominions, without a protest. We do not know how these special matters present themselves or are presented to her. We know that she was sound on the Slavery question. We must also remember that the Temperance Reform in England is of a comparatively recent date.

We have lately heard what is much to her credit, that she has been a total abstainer herself for some years, thus setting a good personal example. God save the Queen!

TO THE FORE.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

Move to the fore,
Men whom God hath made fit for the fray!
Not yours to shrink, as the feeble ones may,
Not yours to parley and quibble and shirk,
Ill for the world, if ye do not God's work.
Move to the fore!

Move to the fore,
Say not another is fitter than thou—
Shame to the manhood that sits on thy brow
Own thyself equal to all that man may.
Cease thine evading; God needs thee to-day,
Move to the fore.

Move to the fore.
God himself waits, and must wait, till thou come,
Men are God's prophets though ages lie dumb.
Halts the Christ kingdom, with conquest so near?
Thou art the cause, thou, thou man at the rear.
Move to the fore!

Boston,

Recitation for boys.

KANAZAWA ORPHANAGE.

HIS has been our King's Daughters' meeting which is held at the Orphanage once a month. The 18 children all belong to this Society, but as many of them are too young to understand its meaning fully, we do as other societies have done here in Japan, have active and associate members, though this changes the character of the society somewhat from its original form, I believe. It is interesting to hear the treasurer's report each month and see in what various ways these little people who possess no cent of money of their own in the world, yet manage to have something to pay in to the general fund. Sometimes it will be 1½ cents from O Teru San for ripping up some old dresses, ready for making over—one cent from O Haru San for doing some errands out of school hours—½ or perhaps 7-10 of a cent from O Mika San for some other service, for it must be remembered, that in Japan each cent is sub-divided into tenths, each of which tenths is a separate piece of money called a "rin," about the size of the cent, but having a square hole in the middle, and among the very poor in Japan, a rin means as much to the children as a cent does to you in Canada. In addition to this specially earned money, we have adopted the tithing system, and each child is allowed one tenth of her earnings during the month to pay into the King's Daughters' funds. Most of the children are only practicing at embroidery as yet, but two or three of them have become skilful enough to earn a little, so that last month O Kin San paid in 3 sen, 1 rin, as her tenth, and O Hatsu San, 2 sen, 9 rin.

The work by which most money is earned is filling match frames from a factory near by, as even the smallest children can do this, and when work is plenty, the combined earnings amount to two yen or more a month. This does not sound like a very great sum, but it is sufficient to pay the expenses of one child's food and clothing for the month, and when the low rate of

wages is considered, and the fact that the children are either in school from eight to two o'clock, or else engaged in preparing the food, or in other household duties, it will be seen that the two yen represent a good many hours of faithful labor on the part of the children. The price paid for filling one frame, ready for the sulphur to be put on when sent back to the factory, is only 2½ rin, so that 4 frames must be filled in order to earn one sen, and several hundred of the little match sticks must be picked up and laid in even rows in the grooves prepared for them, to fill even one frame.

We have this same kind of work at our Daifime Poor School, where the children can, by working industriously at it from dawn till dark, earn from 2 to 5 sen, which they consider a good day's wages. As we consider the education of our Orphanage children more important than the amount of money earned just now, we have them work at this only out of school hours, and on holidays. With the exception of two or three, our children are all eager and ambitious students, and there is considerable good natured rivalry among them, to see who can stand at the head of their respective classes in the monthly examinations. We trust that by the education of their heads, hands, and hearts, which is being carried on together, they will grow up to be good and useful men and women, and fitted for something more profitable to themselves and the world, than filling match frames, though that makes them a good employment now.

We are glad to notice every now and then, little things which show that the spirit of thoughtfulness and kindness is growing among our family of little folks. Hurrying home one day not long ago from a sudden shower, I came upon a group of them on their way home from school. They had stopped in the shelter of a gateway, to solve the problem of making two umbrellas cover a company of six. The two older girls were tying two of the little ones safely on their backs and, with the other two to carry the books of the older ones and the wooden shoes of the two who were riding, they were ready to start out, with three smiling faces, but only two pairs of feet to be seen under each of the big paper umbrellas, and all would reach home dry and happy.

One of the smallest girls, who last winter received some paper dolls and soldiers from the little boy in America who is supporting her in school here, wished very much to send him a present, to show her thanks to him; so one day she brought me her Kindergarten book of paper-folding, drawing, etc., which she had completed last year, the one precious thing which she possessed, and asked me to take it home with me to the little boy who is saving his pennies to educate her. She looked very happy over her sacrifice, as though she had tested the truth that "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and we hope that all these children, who are now receiving so much through the kindness of the Mission Bands at home, will carry this spirit of appreciation with them through life, and, by "passing on" the kindness of others as they grow to manhood and womanhood, more than repay all that is being expended on them now.

M. A. VEZEY.

75 Hirosaka Dori, Kanazawa, Japan,

April 24th, 1897.



Address—Cousin Joy, 282 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

DEAR COUSINS.—Something happened in our school a Sunday or two ago which I must tell you. The lesson was about the tongue. Well, our minister closed the school as usual and in doing so, he talked a few minutes about the tongue—for what purpose it had been given to us; how much good and also how much harm it might do. And then he asked the children if any of them knew any one who never does any harm with the tongue, and one little boy spoke right up and said “my sister never does.” Wasn’t that sweet? We all thought so and felt like clapping that nice little boy and the minister said “I hope that sister has a good little brother, and I think she has,” we all thought so too. That little boy could not have paid his sister a greater compliment; and all the time Cousin Joy was wondering which was the happier of the two, the little sister who deserved the compliment or the little brother who was so ready to speak in her praise. Did you ever think how helpless we all would be without the tongue?

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I am not a member of any Mission Band, but I like to make out the answers of the puzzles in the “Palm Branch.”

I think you must love young people very much, because you seem to take such an interest in them.

I think I would like to be a foreign missionary,—perhaps I will be, some day.

Your loving cousin.

Eunenburg, N. S.

Cocoa-nut.

We are very glad indeed to hear from this dear cousin who also sends us a puzzle and the correct answer to one. There is only one fault to find with her. She ought to belong to a Mission Band who thinks she would like to be a foreign missionary. May God give her the honor.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the Maggie Smith Mission Band of La Have Islands. I take the Palm Branch, and like it very much for its puzzles, nice readings and recitations.

Your loving cousin,

La Have Islands.

Lizzie Halfield.

Cousin Lizzie also sends correct answers to the puzzles.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—We belong to the Mission Band of Lakefield and think it is very nice. My sister takes

the Palm Branch and I always read Cousin Joy’s Cozy Corner. I send you a puzzle which I hope you will print.

Yours etc

Lakefield, Ont.

Rose Paul.

Mabel Morrison

No answer to your puzzle.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I think I have found the answers for June puzzles, the 1st. “Christ the Lord is risen today” 2nd, Queen “Victoria.” Your little Cousin, Little York.

Amy R. West.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I have never written to you before but I thought I would like to. I am a member of the Nightingale Mission Band. We meet once a month on Sunday afternoon. Our President is Mrs. Walt. I take the Palm Branch and like it very much. As this is the first letter I have written to you I will now close.

Your loving cousin,

Castleton, Ont.

Lulu Mullett.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I enclose a puzzle, which I hope you will think worth putting in the Palm Branch.

Your loving Cousin.

Fergus, Ont.

Edith A. Beatty.

Cousin Edith also sends correct answers to puzzles.

JULY PUZZLES.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I thought I would try to make a puzzle and if it is good enough would you please put it in the PALM BRANCH.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 3, 7, 12, is a man’s name.

My 6, 7, 5, 3 an animal.

My 2, 4, 9, strange.

My 1, 2, 12, 10, single.

My 5, 8, 11, 5, an open surface.

My whole is a well known man in Canada.

St. John:

Florence U. Harding.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 4, 12, 1, 6, 3, is the seat of life.

My 4, 5, 10, 9, 13, is a large lake in North America.

My 7, 9, 10, 11, is a string.

My 13, 9, 10, 3, 4 is a point of the compass.

My 8, 12, 2, 3 name of a boy.

My 12, 1, 10, 3, 4 is what is inhabited.

My whole is the name of a missionary.

Shelburne, N. S.

A. B. Gosbee.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 12, 6, 8, 4, 14, 16, is something we learn.

My 13, 15, 2, 5, something we sleep in.

My 7, 10, 11, part of the ocean.

My 1, 9, 3, 7, 2, 14, 16, Christian work.

My whole is the name of a missionary.

Margate, P. E. I.

Lavinia Clair.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 9, 14, 7, 18, 9 is what we should do when we are in trouble.

My 1, 24, 1, 9, 7, 19 is an odd plant.

My 23, 8, 24, 22, 1, 2, 13 is a girl’s name.

My 15, 17, 25 is something wrong.

My 26, 5, 4, 10, 26, 3, 25 is a town in Ontario.

My 6, 10, 11, 12 is how we should serve the Tempter’s power.

My 16, 20, 19, 3, 14 is one who hoards money.

My 21, 2 is an exclamation.

My 6, 12, 13, 24 is a very small animal.

My 11, 22 is a preposition.

My whole is the name of a Mission Band whose report was in the Palm Branch a short time ago.

MADGE'S PLAN FOR HER NEW YEAR.

IT WAS an evening in the early spring and the Delbrooke family looked very cosy as they sat around the open fire place in the pretty little sitting room. Mr and Mrs Delbrooke sat on either side of the glowing fire.

Close to the lamp, and intent on the pages of a new book, sat Harry. Madge "the restless," as her brothers called her, moved about the room apparently in search of something to do. Frank and Arnold sat talking to their mother and father.

"Oh dear," Madge suddenly cried, sitting down on a low chair at her mother's side, it was Madge's birthday tomorrow. "Oh! dear, if only some one would think of something new; something that I could do tomorrow as a fit beginning for my new year."

Then after a moment's thought she said, "I've an idea." Here Harry looked up from his book long enough to say, "actually Madge?"

Not heeding this interruption Madge continued, "We're all awful grumblers in this house, except Mamma."

"Speak for yourself miss," said Arnold. "Well," she went on, only throwing a scornful glance at her brother, "no one denies that we are a set of grumblers."

"You did not give us a chance, Daughter," laughed her father, "but let us hear your plan."

"Well, we'll get a box, and every one who speaks a grumble must pay a cent; now who says 'yes?' A number of voices responded and at length practical Frank asked "What's to be done with the money?"

Oh, I didn't think of that," said Madge.

"Now its my turn, dears," said Mrs Delbrooke, "how many would like to put it in a certain very much neglected Mite box?" She got no further, however, for Madge fairly shrieked, "Oh Mamma, how perfectly delightful; what a lovely plan, I guess the poor heathen that get the Bibles out of the money will be glad"—here she paused and her father said, "I do not see what the heathen have to do with it." "Why papa, the money will go into my Mite box and then the heathen will get Bibles out of our grumbles, almost." "Oh, well!" said Mr. Delbrooke, "your plan is a very good one and I have an idea that Madge's Mite box will have more in it than usual." After some more talk the mite box was brought out and placed on the mantel. The "grumble box," as Madge calls it, is still in existence and besides helping on a good cause, it is teaching one family to be more cheerful in their speech.

St John.

G. T. L.

A STORY ABOUT MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

A gentleman once met in the street a little girl whom he knew, and asked her where she was going with the

books and papers she held in her hand. "I'm going to my Mission Band meeting," was her reply.

"What do you go there for?"

"Why, I b'long to the concern."

The gentleman smiled at this big word, and said, "What, pray tell me, is the 'concern,' and what is it doing?"

"Why, it's missionary; my teacher said it was the American Board, and she calls it a 'grand concern' and children can b'long. I like to; we can help send missionaries to people who have never heard about Jesus."

"How can children help?"

"Why, you see, we study about the countries and we give money. Don't you b'long?"

"No," said the gentleman, laughingly shrugging his shoulders, "I can't say that I do."

The little maiden looked up in real surprise. "Don't you? I'm so sorry. I think it must make people very nice! my auntie has been a missionary for ever so long, and after she came home she went to a missionary meeting at Toledo, and I heard her say to mamma, 'I just wished that everybody who doesn't care about foreign missions could have seen the beautiful faces of the men and women I saw there.'"

Children, the reason this gentleman was not more interested in this great missionary "concern" was because he knew so little about it. Some one has said, "If we want to be interested in missions we must know the story of missions." And not only must we know about the work our missionaries have done, and are doing, but about the missionaries themselves.

Dayspring.

OUR OWN GOOD QUEEN.

One incident I have never see in print, was given when I was home, as having transpired in one of the London hospitals, Her Majesty was visiting the wards, and it was not considered wise for her to go into the fever ward. However, she did go and the first patient was a little girl, who was bitterly crying when the Queen entered.

Her Majesty stooped down and said, "Well, my dear, what are you crying for?"

"Please, marm," said the little one, "I want to see the Queen, and the nurse says she won't come in this ward. I know if I could see her I would get better." And she sobbed as if her little heart would break.

The Queen stooped down and kissed the fevered brow of the child and said, "There, my dear, now you have seen the Queen, and she has kissed you. Now make haste and get well."

A Londoner.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

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

The members of Perseverance Mission Band have to record the death of our dear sister, Millie Black, which was the first death that has occurred since the band was organized. She passed peacefully away on the 27th. of November 1896. She was an earnest and sincere worker, but last year was unable to attend on account of ill health. Though absent her heart was in the work and she left our band an offering of five dollars. While we sincerely mourn our loss, we would not wish her back for we know by her Christ-like life and death that she has left our band of workers here below to join the glorified circle above, where stand those who have washed their garments white in the blood of the Lamb.

Centreville,

Carrie Bowness, Cor. Sec.

HAMILTON BRANCH.

P. S. Biggar, Rec. Sec. of Niagara Falls S. Mission band writes:—A very interesting entertainment was given recently by the Niagara Falls South Mission band, and though the night was very rough and blustery, the attendance was large and appreciative. Two little maids sat at the door holding little baskets which were so pretty that many dropped in five and ten cent pieces instead of the penny, as was expected. A good programme was furnished by the members. The most pleasing feature of the evening being the report of two little girls who had six months before taken five cents as "talent", money to trade on, and as each responded to her name when called, and told how she had made her five cents into forty or fifty cents she was greeted with rounds of applause. The reports of all proved so interesting, sometimes causing smiles, sometimes tears, it has been decided to try the experiment again at an early date.

Receipts of the evening over seven dollars.

[There was a mistake made in the date of this interesting report which accounts for it having been overlooked.]

LONDON BRANCH.

Cor. Sec. of the Mission Circle in Sarnia writes:—We are very much delighted at the pleasant and helpful year that has past and gone, in our Circle work. There seems to be more interest taken in the work than ever before, and, now we are looking for a still greater blessing this year. Our prayer is that God will give us more of the Missionary spirit and we know that he will. How surprised and delighted we were when we learned that we had won the Banner by 165 per cent from St. Thomas Circle, not trying for the Banner we were indeed surprised. We have made some quilts and given them to the poor of our town. Money raised during

the year \$28.00. members 52. The Circle join us in wishing all the readers of Palm Branch a prosperous and happy Year.

BAY OF QUINTE BAND NOTES.

The secretary of Hapiness Mission Circle writes:—The Mission Circle and Mission Band of the Eastern Methodist church held a successful contata, entitled "Easter Joy" on Good Friday evening. The contata consisted of recitations, choruses, quartettes, duetts &c. which were given mostly by the children of the Mission Band, the Mission Circle taking the responsibility of training them. The evening was pronounced by all a most enjoyable one, the children acquitting themselves with great credit. The sum of \$13 00 was realized.

Mellville, "Glad Tidings" Mission Band has held five o'clock teas once a month with good result. Meetings held fortnightly are interesting. Orono Mission Circle held a successful Easter entertainment. The young people are greatly interested in missionary work. Meetings are well attended.

M. G. Hawley Cor. Sec.

CANSO LETTER.

I dare say all the boys and girls who read PALM BRANCH, have heard of our missionary, Miss Cunningham, and it is likely quite a number have seen her, and listened to her interesting stories of Japan and its curious people. But I wonder if many of you know that there is a Cunningham Mission Band. If you look in the W. M. S. Report you will find Cunningham Mission Band, Canso; A few years ago it was only a small fishing village at the extreme Eastern point of Guysboro Co. but by and bye the great Western Union Telegraph Company established an office there, and strangers began to come in until it became quite a town, with several fine public buildings, including one of the finest Methodist churches in the province. This church is called St. Pauls. It has a nice large prayer meeting room, and in it we hold our Band meetings which we greatly enjoy.

We had an experience social last fall and some of our experiences were very funny. One tiny boy got so frightened when he got up to tell his experience that he forgot what to say until our pleasant superintendent said, "well, dear what did you do?" and then he told us he had hauled kindling wood on his sled to earn money, and when he put down his five cents I think we all felt like cheering him. And now I will just tell you our names, and some other time I may write again.

Cora, and Lillian, and Lulu, and Bess,
Anna, and Clemmie, and Martha, I guess,
Gertie, and Laura, and Leah are here,
Mrs. Hart is a member kind and sincere.
May, Lu and Mabel are waiting their turn,
for Flo, Blanche and Nettie are still to come,
Annie, and Ida, and Eva I'll call,
But without Mrs. Whitman we would not have all,
And still I've not finished, there's Eva and Jess,
Lec, Etta and Hattie, I must confess.
There are Gerald and Arthur, Franks one and two.
And all with kind wishes, bid you adieu.

Canso, Nov. 1896,

J. T. J.