



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

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1895.

No. 6.

### A SONG OF TRUST.

God has given me a song,  
A song of trust ;  
And I sing it all day long,  
For sing I must ;  
Every hour it sweeter grows ;  
Keeps my soul in blest repose ;  
Just how restful no one knows  
But those who trust.

I sing a song, a song of trust,  
For sing I must ;  
And soon I'll stand at thy right hand,  
My Saviour dear, my ransom price,  
And sing the song of Paradise.

Oh, I sing it on the mountain  
In the light,  
Where the radiance of God's sunshine  
Makes all bright ;  
All my paths are bright and clear.  
Heavenly lands seem very near ;  
And I almost do appear  
To walk by sight.

And I sing it in the valley  
Dark and low ;  
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,  
Pain and woe ;  
Then the shadows flee away  
Like the night when dawns the day,  
Trust in God brings light away—  
I find it so.

For I've crossed the river Jordan,  
And I stand  
In the blessed land of promise—  
Beulah land !  
Trusting is like breathing here,  
Just so easy doubt and fear  
Vanish in this atmosphere,  
And life is grand.

W. M. S. HYMNAL.

### HOPE FOR INDIA.

Recent writer speaking of India under British rule, says: "There is nothing in all history—excepting that of the Israelites—so clearly indicative of a divine purpose, and it is not

presumptuous to affirm, that the grandest opportunity—with perhaps one exception—ever given to one race to benefit and bless another, is ours in relation to India. Never since one race ruled over another, have any subject people been governed so justly, gently, and with so much mindfulness of their rights and welfare. It is sufficient however to point out that the justice of our laws, our recognition of the rights of the lower castes and classes, the freedom of religious belief and profession we allow, the humanity of our policy, and the encouragement we give to intellectual, social and moral progress, prove it. The drift of our policy is far from perfect, as the opium monopoly and drink traffic too plainly reveal, but generally speaking it is distinctly on Christian lines."

This writer might also have spoken of social problems with which Britain has scarcely begun to grapple and which bear, oh, so hard, upon the women and children. Dr. Rudisill, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal church, a church which is one of the foremost in doing good, grand work for India, in one of his stirring addresses, after a return home to Baltimore, gave a very clear idea of the state of the country under British rule ; its wonderful progress in all that relates to civilization. He dwelt especially on the perfection of its railway and postal service. He described a station in one of the largest cities as a miracle of beauty, an exquisite work of art, inlaid with mosaic and precious stones.

But he said that all this apparent refinement and civilization were but a thin veneer over wickedness, infidelity and corruption of every kind. In company with a friend he visited one of the grand temples on a special day. At the entrance they were met by a

young priest who politely informed them that foreigners could not be admitted. Remembering that gold wins its way, they offered it, and were immediately admitted inside the courts. Passing on to the interior they were surprised to see multitudes of people prostrating themselves in a perfect agony of supplication before "The goddess of the Bloody Tongue," and giving vent to all the feelings of desire and woe of which the human heart is capable. The priest had struck the strangers as a remarkably intelligent, thoughtful looking young man, quite above the ordinary Hindoo priest, and they watched to see the effect of all this superstition upon him. While the missionaries were filled with pity for the ignorant, but evidently sincere worshippers, what was their surprise to see him vigorously making a path for himself and them, through the prostrate or kneeling crowd, and with an expression of contempt actually kicking out of the way, to right and left, those who obstructed it. "Do you not believe in this worship?" they asked afterward in conversation with him. "Believe in it?" he echoed, "No, certainly not, no one of sense and intelligence believes in it now." "But are you not still a priest of the temple and a teacher of the people?" "Oh, yes, but that is a matter of business you know, and the teaching does very well for such cattle as these." They saw that this young man had utterly lost all faith in the gods of his fathers. And this was only one case of many. They saw that the religions of India were honeycombed through and through, and were tottering to their fall. Dr. Rudisill thinks that the hope of India is in the Christian press and the dissemination of the Word of God and religious literature, and he is devoting his life to the advancement of this cause. "From what I know of the Hindoos," said a traveller, "they seem to be riper for Christianity than any nation that ever accepted the Gospel."

An old man in Calcutta was asked if he were a Christian. "No," he said, I am a Hindoo and I expect to die a Hindoo, but I am deeply interested in the Christian progress of this land, for I see that Christianity is surely coming. S. E. S.

### BLACKBOARD LESSON.

Outline given by Miss M. J., Charlottetown.

ELABORATED BY MISS M. B. S., ST. JOHN.

LEADER.—What was the last command of Jesus? All recite Mark 16-15.

Leader draws upon the blackboard a map of the world, outlining the continents, and says: This is the field.

Q.—How old was Jesus when He died on the cross? A.—33 years.

Q.—What year is this? A.—Anno Domini 1895.

Q.—Dating from the year of Christ's birth, in what year was this command given? A.—Anno Domini 33.

Q.—Then how many years have elapsed? *Subtract 33 from 1895 on the board and the answer is 1862.*

LEADER.—So you see there has been time enough to cover the whole field if all had done their part. Now I will mark on the board as far as I can the places which are christianized. *Does so.* You see they make only a few poor spots of light in the midst of the darkness. *Draws an open Bible.* All recite Psalm 119:105.

Q.—What is the secret of its power, and how can we be taught to understand it? All recite, *Jo. 14:26.*

Leader draws the form of a dove with outspread wings over the open Bible, and rays of light illuminating the Word. So you see we have the Word, and we have the promise of the Holy Spirit to explain it to us. And a great many people have begun to feel that it is high time the whole world knew about Christ, and men and women are offering to go. So now the great need of the church is what? Not men, but—All together,—Money.

LEADER.—Yes, the church wants money to send out missionaries, and to carry on Christian work, but instead of this let me show you how the money is being used. *Draws a large box or block as the foundation of a pyramid and labels it Liquor, \$900,000,000, then a smaller one upon it, labelled Tobacco, \$600,000,000, Bread \$505,000,000, Meat \$300,000,000, Education, \$85,000,000, Chewing Gum \$20,000,000, and in 1887 it was less than \$5,000,000 for Missions throughout the civilized world.* Of late years the missionary spirit has been growing, and now this fund has reached \$11,000,000. Let us thank God for that, and let us never cease to fight against liquor and tobacco, and everything that hinders the missionary cause.

When Robert Morrison started for China in 1807, he went from England via New York. As he was completing his arrangements for the voyage the owner of the vessel remarked, with a most superior air, "So, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?" "No, sir," was the emphatic reply; "but I expect that God will."

\* \*

— "The blue of heaven is larger than its cloud."  
E. B. BROWNING.

\* \*

— "He who loveth knoweth God."  
D. M. MULOCK CRAIK.

## HYMN.

RUTHERFORD.

Roll on, thou mighty ocean,  
 And as thy billows flow,  
 Bear messengers of mercy  
 To every land below.  
 Arise, ye gales, and waft them  
 Safe to the destined shore,  
 That man may sit in darkness  
 And death's black shade no more.

O Thou eternal Ruler,  
 Who holdest in thine arm  
 The tempest of the ocean,  
 Protect them from all harm.  
 Thy presence e'er be with them  
 Wherever they may be;  
 Though far from those who love them  
 Still let them be with Thee.

W. M. S. HYMNAL.

## FIELD STUDY FOR JUNE.

Our field this month is India, and a most wonderful country it is. As you know our beloved Queen is Empress of that splendid empire, and since her reign the population has greatly increased. Before that infanticide, the killing of infants, was common, and war and all kinds of oppression kept down the population. In 1891 it was 286,000,000. So India contains more people than all Europe, leaving out Russia; ten times the population of England, or one-fifth of the human race! The Province of Bengal alone contains a population greater than the United States with all British North America!

Every form of religion is represented in India. All kinds of Idolatries. There are many great temples there, but the worship of their gods is one of superstition and degradation—the offerings to them are made in fear and not in love. Fear of their anger or revenge. These people have a special claim on our prayers, for God has given this magnificent country into the hands of our nation, doubtless with a view to its salvation; and yet there is not one missionary now to each quarter of a million of its people. Probably more than half the inhabitants of India have never once had the gospel preached to them. Yet there is great encouragement to send it, for India is said to be more open to Christian efforts than any other portion of the heathen world. Heathen customs are giving place to ideas and usages which, at least, lean toward Christianity. Caste, that dividing line between the classes of people, which was so strong that a high caste man or woman could not go near one of low caste for fear of defilement, is gradually breaking down under the slow spread of a Christian civilization. The condition of the child wives of India is somewhat improved by a law which raises the age of marriage several years, though in this country it would still

seem absurdly young. You have all heard of Pundita Ramabai's school for child widows; she is doing a noble work in giving an education to these poor little outcasts, and so making life brighter and better for all those who are fortunate enough to attend it. But alas, there are thousands of little widows who are still in degradation and misery. Let us go on praying for them, if we can do nothing more. We have no mission there yet, but the Methodist Episcopal church of America is doing a grand work there. Thousands are entering the church of the Lord Jesus Christ, and they have 1200 native teachers.

There are other christian schools in India. Long ago there were hardly any schools except for Brahmin boys, who sat out under a verandah and studied aloud as the boys do in China. For slates they had boards covered with sand in which they wrote their lessons. One reason why girls did not go to school then was because they were married before you would be old enough to go. The common houses have mud floors; all the cooking is done over a mud fire place in one corner. They sit on the floor and eat with their fingers. Men and women do not eat together; the wives serve their husbands first and themselves afterwards. The women of India are more fond of jewelry and ornaments than of clothes. The Bible women and lady missionaries do much good in the zenanas and homes of the women.

S. E. S.

## QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

- What can you say of India?
- Who is Empress of India?
- Why is the population increased since her reign?
- What was it in 1891?
- How does it compare with other countries?
- What is the religion of India?
- What kind of worship?
- In what spirit are offerings made to the gods?
- Why have these people a special claim on our prayers?
- How many have heard the Gospel?
- Is there any encouragement to send it?
- What is one of the signs?
- What can you tell of caste?
- What has improved the condition of the child wives of India?
- What is Pundita Ramabai doing for the child widows?
- Can we do anything for those who are still neglected and wretched?
- Have we a Mission there?
- What church is doing good work? What are the signs?
- Are there other Christian schools in India?
- Will you tell about the schools they had long ago?
- Give one reason why girls did not till recently go to school?
- What about the houses in India?
- What are some of the eating customs?
- What do the women of India delight in?
- Mention one great means of good?

## ✻ PALM BRANCH ✻

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JUNE, 1895.

**O**UR prayer subject, this month, is India. One of the most interesting countries on the face of the globe, especially so to us, because, as we have said, it is under the jurisdiction of our own Queen. It meant a happy day for India when the British flag waved, for the first time, over that vast country. And yet, when we think of the gigantic evils that still exist, many of them fostered by that very policy, so civilizing in other respects, we are apt to grow disheartened. Again we feel encouraged when we hear that the foundations of cruelty and idolatry are breaking away, undermined by the blessed Gospel of Christ. When Mrs. Dr. Butler went to India with her husband many years ago, while going up the Ganges for the first time, her attention was attracted by the peculiar appearance of the banks, and it remained a mystery until she drew near enough to see what it was. Then she saw that the banks were covered with people, lying on the ground with their feet in the water. When she asked what this strange sight meant she was told that these were the sick who had made a last request that they might be laid to die with their feet in the sacred river. Sometimes, when life was too prolonged, the nearest relatives would fill their mouths with some of the sacred mud, to hasten the end. How revolting! and what a contrast to the last hours of our own loved ones, tenderly cared for. Yet since then, even in that benighted land, to many a weary soul

"Jesus has made a dying bed,"

rough and uncouth, surrounded and distracted by all the horrid rites of heathenism,

"Feel soft as downy pillows are."

These are the stories that come to us from time to

time. Let us thank God for all that has been done and pray on for India. He only knows what yet remains to be accomplished.

Any subscriber not receiving paper will please communicate with the editor.

Articles intended for publication must be here by the 8th of the month—that is of the previous month. For instance: contributions to the July number must be here by the 8th of June.

We are glad to note the success of our canvassers so far. Sample copies may still be obtained on application. Price of our paper is 15 cents single copy, 10 cents to clubs of 10, to one address.

QUERY.—Will any of the members of the Society furnish us with suggestions for blackboard lessons which will be helpful to the Bands?

We are sorry to lose, even for a short time, the very efficient services of the Band corresponding secretary of the Nova Scotia Branch. We shall hope for a speedy return and meantime wish her bon voyage.

### A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"THE TIGER."

**M**Y papa and mamma lived in India in a very pretty place among the Himalaya Mountains. All round us were the high mountains with their tops white with snow; but down where we lived there was no snow, but beautiful trees, flowers and green grass. A river ran near the house, that always made a roaring noise tumbling over the stones, and we could see the white foam on it a long way up into the hills, until at last it looked like a line of chalk.

Our house was in a compound—a large square enclosed by a thick fence, and shaded from the sun by trees. There was a verandah round the house; up to which you went by steps, and all the rooms in the house opened out upon it. There were several other houses in the compound besides the one we lived in. There was one house for cooking in, another for washing; two or three for the servants to live in (for people in India have a great many black servants—it is too hot there for white people to do any hard work). Then there was the tailor's house, and the shoemaker (it's a tailor who makes all the ladies' and children's dress in India). I had a black nurse—ayah they are called there—and I was able to speak Hindostanee before I could speak English. She used to take me up at four o'clock in the morning; and as soon as I

had my bath and was dressed, I went for a drive sometimes with my papa or mamma, sometimes with only my bearer, a Hindoo man, who took me out to drive and walk, and sometimes to ride on a little pony up through the hills. I was very fond of my bearer. He and I used to go for walks in the evening, and pick flowers and fruit, and sit by the river. He was dressed in a white muslin dress, and a white muslin turban round his head. He often told me stories about himself when he was a little boy. He had been a heathen—that is, one who prays to something else than God. He told me he used to pray to ugly idols made of wood and stone, and thought they were his gods; that he used to think the River Ganges was a god. He used to believe that the little white Brahmin cows with the hump on their backs were nearly gods. He said when he was a little boy in the holy city of Benares, where the cows were allowed to walk through the streets and to eat whatever they liked, the people would not turn them even out of their houses if they chose to go in, nor stop them taking anything they liked; and he told me that these poor people thought that if they could torment themselves a great deal they would please these ugly gods. So some of them would tie up their arms until they became quite useless, or put their bodies into some queer shapes, or stand on one leg until they were quite worn out.

"When I was a little boy," he would say, "I thought these men very good, and thought the gods would like them; but now, Sahib, I know better. I know the true God. I know that those nasty idols are no gods—only wood, ivory, and gold, and that they never could hear me pray. And now I pray to the true God, and He hears me and takes care of me."

"Are you afraid of God, Gunda?" I asked.

"Oh! no, Sahib, I am not afraid of God. God loves me very much. He calls himself my father, and takes care of me as your father does of you. Are you afraid of him?"

"Afraid of papa?" I said. "Oh no! Papa loves me, and is kind to me. Why should I be afraid of him?"

"Well," said Gunda, "God loves me, and is kind to me, and I could not be afraid of Him. I used to be afraid of everything when I was a heathen. Now I am afraid of nothing. I ask God to take care of me, and I know He will."

"Do you think He would take care of me too, Gunda?" I asked.

"Yes, Sahib, you must ask Him to take care of you, and He will."

Gunda was telling me these things one morning, when we were out before breakfast, sitting by the river; and when we had done talking, I got on my pony, and we went back to the house, where we were just in time for breakfast. After breakfast, the sun was very hot, and every one lay down to take a sleep; and all the doors were open to let in the air through

the house. I was lying on a sofa fast asleep, and my bearer was lying on a mat in the room. The only person awake in the house was the tailor; he was sitting out in the veranda working at a dress for mamma. He was sitting near the nursery-door; and the baby was left in the cradle just outside, that she might be cool. The tailor was told to mind her. He had been busy for some time, with his head down, looking at his work, when he looked up, and what did he see coming into the compound? A large tiger! It walked slowly in, as you may have seen a cat do, and came toward the house. The tailor gave a scream and ran in, crying out, "A tiger! a tiger!" but he never thought of the poor little baby, but left it out by itself in the veranda. Everybody jumped up out of their sleep, and ran to make the mats tight; for we had only mats instead of wooden doors, as you have in this country. The noise wakened me, and I was going to cry, when my bearer took my hands in his, and said, "Sahib, you must not be afraid. God will take care of us;" and he knelt on his mat, and holding my hands, said, "Heavenly Father, take care of us. Save us all from the tiger. We ask thee in Jesus' name." Just then mamma came running into the room, to see if we were safe. She saw I was there, but not baby. "Oh! the baby!" she cried; "the baby's outside!"

"Wait," said Gunda, "I'll go for the baby."

"Oh Gunda! no," cried I, "you'll be eaten," and I caught hold of him, to keep him from going; but Gunda said,

"Sahib, God will save the baby and me."

Just then some one called out, "The tiger is in the veranda." Gunda pushed aside the mat, and ran out, while I dropped on my knees, as I had seen him do, and asked God to save Gunda and the baby. I had hardly done, when Gunda ran in, holding the baby safe in his arms. The tiger was in the veranda, but never looked at Gunda; God saved him; but he had hardly got inside the mat, and made it fast, when he heard the tiger spring upon the baby's cradle and turn it over. We all stayed very quiet, until at last we saw the tiger go slowly out of the compound, as he had come in. When papa came home and heard how Gunda had saved his baby, he took his hand and said, "Gunda, I will never forget your kindness. You risked your life for my child's. May God bless you."

"Oh!" said Gunda, "it was not a great thing for me to do. I was not afraid. I knew God would take care of me. Did he not shut the mouths of the lions when Daniel was put in their den; and could he not shut the tiger's mouth, and save your child and me too?"

But we could not go out of the compound while there was a tiger near; it would not have been safe; and we thought it very hard to have to stay there always. Papa and some other gentlemen went out every day with guns and dogs to look for the tiger, and at last they came home one day and said they had shot him. They got him skinned, and laid the spotted skin on the floor, where it looked so pretty, and very often poor little baby sat on it, but little thinking how nearly she had been eaten by that same tiger, only that God took care of her. METHODIST.



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

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—When I read so many of the nice letters written you by the mission girls, it makes me want to write you too. I take much pleasure in reading the PALM BRANCH; it is a dear little paper, and every one whom I have ever heard speak of it says so too. Our Mission Band is going to have an entertainment, I do hope it will be a success. We have the banner to use, which we have never had before. Mr. Cassidy, the returned missionary from Japan, was here a few weeks ago. He preached on Sunday and lectured on Monday evening. He told us a great deal about Japan and its people. The children were interested very much, especially the small ones. I think you must enjoy reading so many letters from different societies and hearing how they are getting along. I would like to ask a few questions but I guess I had better wait till next time. I am treasurer of our Mission Band, have been for two years. I remain your mission friend

Teeswater, April 8th, 1895. SUSIE BACON.

DEAR COUSINS:—There is a little boy named Frankie, four years old, that Cousin Joy knows and loves very much. By the way, there are a good many little boys and girls too that Cousin Joy loves very much. She isn't quite sure that she doesn't love all the boys and girls in the world. Well, this little boy went to "say his prayers" the other night. That is, he was told to say them but he didn't want to. After a while he consented, but he said "Anyway I don't want to say 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

"Would you believe it, I have known two or three Gran'mas who never went to bed at night without saying that dear little prayer! That was because they had learned it when they were little children and loved it. But Frankie didn't feel that way just then, so he was told he could change it for something else if he pleased. Well, he prayed for himself and his friends; and right in the middle of his prayer, what do you think he said? "And please don't let me have to pray any more!" Now I think that dear little boy felt tired, and just a little bit cross, don't you? He's very good and sweet most of the time, but then, you see, he has a little will of his own and does not want to be made to do things. God gave him that will to

want to do right with; but if his will goes a different way from God's it will make a cross for that dear little boy to carry. If you do not understand that as Cousin Joy tells it, won't you ask one of your grown up friends to explain it to you by making a cross and showing how your little will can cut across God's. It was this sin of disobedience and wanting to have our own way that made Jesus have to die on the Cross.

Suppose Jesus had answered that little boy's prayer out loud, and said "No Frankie, you need not pray to me any more; you need not thank me for all that I have given you, I will not listen for your prayer any longer." I think, after a while, he would feel about as sorry as if his own dear papa had said to him, "You need not speak to me any more. If you do not love me; if I have never been kind to you; if I have never given you what you wanted; I will not listen to hear you speak to me!" What would a boy do in such a case? Wouldn't he be very unhappy if he loved his father? Would he rest till he had made friends with him again?

Well, now, Jesus is our best Friend. He has done more for us than even our own dear fathers and mothers could do. He has thrown wide open the gates of the beautiful city of Heaven and invited us to come in and live with Him when we leave this world, as we all must do some day; and if we get acquainted with Him here and talk to Him every day as we can by prayer, when that time comes we shall not feel that we are going to a strange country, but to our own beautiful Home to meet our friends.

And while we are praying for ourselves, let us not forget to remind Him about those little far-off children in India, China and Japan, for He has invited them too, only some of them haven't got the invitation yet - How shall it come? Through you?

#### ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—The answer to puzzles for May are as follows: First Miss Jackson, Miss Anderson; second is THE PALM BRANCH.

Yours truly, EVA CROWN.

27 Summerhill Ave., Toronto. May 8.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I have just found out the puzzles for May. The first one is Miss Jackson, Miss Anderson; Second, THE PALM BRANCH, I like it better all the time.

Your little friend, BESSIE.  
94 Summerhill Ave., Toronto. May 7th,

#### ANSWER TO MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

Exercises for Circles and Bands in March No., David Livingstone; In May No., Robert Morrison.

#### PUZZLE FOR JUNE

#### NUMERAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters,  
My 18, 15, 4, 17 is what little girls love to play with.  
My 6, 9, 4, 18 is what the world goes mad after.  
My 14, 3, 13, 18 must be rooted out.  
My 10, 5, 6, 12, 8 is what we must all do against sin and Satan,  
My 16, 5, 6, 2, 11 is what we must all stand for.  
My 1, 7, 5, 6, 3 is part of the body.  
My whole is what Jesus says He is,

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

## KISHPIAX—HEATHEN VILLAGE.

do not suppose any of the readers of this paper could guess the meaning of the name of this village, Kishpiax. I will tell the story connected with it; how true it is I could not say, but the people believe it

A long time ago, so the story runs, a man from a village near the mouth of the river, killed one of his friends. The village people in revenge determined the man should die for the deed, but before they could take him, he got away and kept himself hidden. He wandered in the woods till he reached this place. In his wandering he found a wife, they settled here and formed the first family of a tribe. The whole village claim descent from this family and are called the "hidden people" or Kishpiax, after their founder "the hidden man." So we are living among the "hidden people." Sometimes one feels as if this was hardly connected with the outside world at all, we hear so little of what is going on outside our own village. We are two hundred miles from the coast. The river has a fall of 845 feet, so is a very rapid dangerous river to navigate. The people go up and down in canoes. The Hudson Bay Company have built a steamboat to travel on the river, but they make usually three trips during the summer, and often have very hard times to get up and down the river.

## A GRAVE YARD IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

Just back of the village lies the grave yard, looking like a town for little people, for instead of graves and tombstones, there are numerous little houses scattered all around. As we get nearer we find some of the houses are not all boarded in, but have, what looks like a high fence without a roof over it, while others are all enclosed except the front, or a large window, which perhaps may have a curtain in it or may not. We are near enough now to look into one of the houses. We see a pair of little boots hanging from the inside of the roof, a little broken rocking chair and various broken dishes, show that this is the grave of a child. A little further, we find inside a house a table set, and behind it hang two looking glasses, besides several dresses, so this is a young woman's grave. Opposite this we find a man's outfit hung up. Near that, in another little house, we find a table with the remains of a broken doll and various articles of clothing belonging to a child. Every little while we pass places where there have been fires, often several sticks of charred wood remain—these have been where bodies have been burned. But what is that strange object in the next house? As we draw nearer we find it meant to represent a bear. It is carved of wood, the head and claws painted most hideously, the body covered with a bear skin. So in every house we find many of the things used by the person, while living, which friends have placed on their graves after death.

SADIE HART SPENCER.

Kishpiax, Upper Skenna, B. C.

## JAPAN.

Last Friday our girls had their regular "Literary evening." These they get up so well, always something new. A dialogue last Friday gave a very practical lesson and showed how well their teachers' efforts were understood.

Three of the girls represented a mother and two daughters. The two girls sat at a table studying. The little one asked a question but was petulantly answered by: "There you are talking again, did I not tell you I was studying my Sunday school lesson?" Silence. Soon the little one timidly murmured, "Please help me." "Be quiet, I tell you, I am studying my Sunday school lesson," and the frowning face emphasized the words. "Mary, Mary," called a voice from the hall. No answer. "Mary, Mary." "Yes, mother, I'll go there," but she sat still. "Mary, Mary," came the call again. "Yes, mother." "Come and help me get the parlor ready; did I not tell you we are going to have company for tea?" "I am studying my Sunday school lesson, I'll go soon." Then she began studying out loud: "Then Peter began to sink and he cried out, "Lord save me," and immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand and saved him." "Immediately, immediately Jesus saved him, what lesson must I learn? Immediately. Peter was in difficulty and Jesus helped him immediately."

K-san closed her book and turning to the little one at her side said, "I will help you now, don't cry any more, now that is all right. "I must go and help mother." She hurries off, and O I-san enters with a towel on her head and sleeves tied back in true Japanese style, broom, duster and all. "Mary, Mary," she calls in a severe tone. "I am coming mother, I am sorry I did not go when you first called, but I was studying my Sunday school lesson. I learned that Jesus helped Peter immediately, and then I was sorry I did not go to you at once." "I am glad," said O I-san as they both shuffled out of sight. C.

## AN OPEN LETTER.

Our missionaries scattered abroad throughout Japan, China, British Columbia, the Northwest and Province of Quebec:

"Grace unto you and peace be multiplied. We give thanks to God always for you all, making mention of you in our prayers, remembering, without ceasing, your work of faith and labor of love and patience of hope." And so, thinking of you all, and praying for you all, and remembering that you are our substitutes on those distant fields, we sympathize with you in every disappointment, in all the complications and difficulties that arise, and rejoice with you in each success that crowns your efforts. We delight to read your monthly letters from the different fields, as published in our leaflets, and when it comes still nearer home and you gladden our hearts and brighten the pages of our own little paper with the varied details of your daily life and surroundings, we are drawn more closely to you, and realize how kind it is of you to pause, for our sakes, in the midst of your arduous toil in the service of the Master.

And yet this too is service for our Master! You know not how many young hearts may be stirred by the thought of your self-denying efforts; and the facts for which you can vouch, coming as they do under your own observation, will certainly appeal to them with the freshness and vigor of present reality, and so make a deeper and more lasting impression than any information elsewhere gained. We feel sure that they will bear fruit in larger knowledge, truer interest, greater liberality, and perhaps, one day, in active service on those same distant fields.

If the readers of the PALM BRANCH would speak they would surely tell you of the eagerness with which they look for the "Foreign Correspondence," from month to month and their great enjoyment in the delightful descriptions with which we have already been favored.

We saw, recently, some of your names on our subscription list, and we would say that we shall be glad to send you our little paper free, only asking in return, that, once a year, you each send us some "good news" from your "far country." If only a few lines they will be most acceptable, and will merit our warmest thanks.

#### NOTES FROM THE BRANCHES.

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

MURRAY HARBOB, P. E. I.—The Dawning Light Mission Band a short time ago enjoyed a pleasant social evening at the home of their Pres. Mrs. W. H. Prowse. About forty were present. After tea was served the children were entertained with games, music, etc. All felt grateful to Mrs. Prowse for the pleasant time and hoped she may never lose her zeal for missionary work, and that the Band may prosper as it has during the past.

Benton Mission Band held their annual Easter concert on Sunday evening April 14th. Collection \$4.00. Monthly meetings are quite well attended, but hoping for an increase in membership during summer months.

HAMPTON, N. B.—"Day Star" Mission Band reports prosperity in all their work. A parcel was sent to the Supply Committee for the Methodist Orphanage, Newfoundland, (Mt. Middleton Mission Band contributed three quilts). With collections from their Christmas entertainment and an ice cream social held in April, together with the proceeds from a self-denial week they are financially ahead of this time last year. Their monthly meetings are well attended. The field study in PALM BRANCH, twelve copies of which are taken, afford them a subject for study and as they deposited fifty cents with Miss Ogden they receive a monthly leaflet, which assists in making their meetings both interesting and instructive.

I. T.

#### N. S. BAND NOTES.

A very successful concert and "holder sale" is reported from "Happy Thought" Mission Band at Milton, Yarmouth. The programme was composed of recitations and singing, by the children, with music by some of their older friends. Holders in the shape of hens, parrots, pansies, and plain ones were sold in the audience, and \$4 90 was the result, while the amount realized from the concert, to which 15 cents admittance was charged, was \$19 67. This Band has a membership of twenty-four, and four life members. Twenty copies of PALM BRANCH are taken.

Port Greville's Band of "Cheerful Workers" has not been idle altho' we have heard nothing from them for some time. Some of their members are trying the talent system as a means of raising money for their mite boxes. On Easter Sunday the Band, assisted with an Easter service, and missionary entertainment, at which the children acquitted themselves very creditably. The collection on this occasion amounted to \$6.50. Ten copies of PALM BRANCH are taken.

The "Coraline" Circle, of Halifax, had an interesting Easter service to which they invited the members of Halifax South Auxiliary. The thank-offering amounted to about \$20.

"Willing Workers" Band, mentioned last month, is at Maceau, Cumberland Co.

A new Band has been recently organized at Charles St., Halifax, from which we would like to hear.

Band corresponding secretaries will please remember hereafter to address all correspondence to Mrs. Whiston, 297 Brunswick St., Halifax, owing to the absence from the province of the present Cor.-Sec.

A. F. B.

BAY OF QUINTE BAND NOTES.—New Bands have been organized as follows: Castleton Dec. 15th, 1894, President, Miss M. Richards; Cor.-Sec., Miss Jessie Knapp. Tweed, "Sunbeam," Feb. 12th., membership 25, President, Miss Annie Wilson; Cor.-Sec., Miss Annie Frost. Bayside, "Bayside Workers," membership 25, meet second Saturday in month, President, Mrs. H. B. Gilbert; Cor.-Sec., Master Ernest McMaster. Our public meeting held by the Band realized \$4.00. An Easter Cantata was given by the Mission Band of Eastern Methodist church on the 11th of April. The participants—with the exception of the president, Mrs. F. S. Richardson; the musical directress, Mrs. Dr. Wartman; Mrs. L. Hall, organist—were all boys and girls, ranging from five to twelve years of age, and members of the Band. The little ones were tastily arrayed and their sweet faces were the personification of intelligent innocence. Their rendering of readings reflected credit on the president, and the chorus singing drew many encomiums for Mrs. Wartman. Miss Hall was indispensable in the support supplied at the organ. After the opening prelude Master Arthur Gibson read an address of welcome, giving incidentally interesting information as to organization, numerical strength, aims, etc., of the Society. Then followed the Easter Cantata, "Day of joy," etc. All the little ones acquitted themselves most creditably, making the hearts of many parents expand with pardonable pride. Proceeds \$r8.9c.

M. G. H.