

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

VOL. II.

JULY, 1895.

No. 7.

MY PRAYER.

To be more and more like the Master,
Is my longing prayer each day,
Filled with His love and good,
As I journey along life's way.

To live in Him so completely
That self shall be wholly lost;
To follow Him in all things,
No matter what the cost.

To covet His smile of approval
More than the praise of men,
Knowing that worldly honor
Does not bring Heavenly gain.

To try to follow so closely
In the footsteps of Him I love,
Keeping my eyes on Jesus,
And my treasure laid up above;

That at last when He comes to call me,
My work may be found complete,
And my golden sheaves all ready
To lay at the Master's feet.

St. John.

G. M. T.

ON THE SEPARATE SCHOOL QUESTION.

PERHAPS some of our young people nowadays may be wondering why there is so much in the papers, these few months past, upon Separate Schools. This has long been an anxious question with Roman Catholics, as their teachings are so completely in opposition to all others. The priests and clergy are much more determined in this matter than their people, who are generally in favor of a more liberal education. An instance of the instruction imparted in their schools is shown us in the

"Petite Catechism of Quebec," taught to all the children. We give but one question and answer of many of like veracity:—*Ques.* Can any one be saved out of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church? *Ans.* "No; outside this church there is no salvation." Therefore as all Protestants are outside the Church of Rome, they cannot be saved. How contrary to the words of Jesus, who says: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." St. Paul also says: "By grace are ye saved, through faith, it is the gift of God." Another book from which their young people are taught is styled "Causerie sur le Protestantism d'aujourdere." ("Talks on the Protestantism of to-day.") This book is written by a bishop, and was approved of by the Pope, who directed it to be taught by the faithful. One or two questions will suffice. "*Ques.* Who has created you, miserable Protestants, and who has brought you into the world? *Ans.* Luther created us, and brought us into the world. *Ques.* Why did he create you? *Ans.* To protest, after his example, against God, and against his church; to sin grievously, and by this means attain eternal life. *Ques.* What is a Protestant? *Ans.* A Protestant is one—it makes no difference whether he is baptized or not—who believes what he likes, does what he likes, has a hatred of the Virgin Mary, and the Pope, and the Saints, and is forgetful of the souls in Purgatory." No wonder they want separate schools for such teaching. Father Gilliaid, an Oblat priest, lecturing in Winnipeg a short time since, told the people that Protestantism originated with that beastly old Henry 8th of England. He, you see, differs from the bishop, and does not go back as far as Luther. Another little book is called the "Almanack du Purgatoire," published in Montreal in 1888. In this it would be

difficult to find one authentic fact. From the histories taught everything is excluded that refers to the true cause of the St. Bartholomew massacre and other historical facts that would bring Romanism into disrepute. How grievously are our mission schools needed to teach our children the *truth*, either secular or religious. Our youth should be taught that Protestantism is as old as the human race. God protested against the sins of our first parents; Moses protested against the sins and murmurings of the ancient Israelites; our Saviour protested against the hypocrisy of the priests and Pharisees; Wickliffe, Luther, and Huss protested against the vices and excesses of the Popish clergy, as do we against the unscriptural dogmas of the Romish church to-day. Had the Church of Christ continued from His time to obey only His own and His apostles' teaching, the churches that are called Protestant in our day would have no existence. There would have been nothing to protest against. The peculiar dogmas of the Roman Catholic church have all been added centuries after Christ and His apostles. Protestantism adheres to the primitive teaching. Which is the oldest?

C. R.

SIMON STONE.

A RECITATION.
BY REV. J. K. NUTTING.

SIMON STONE, he spied a boat.

"Oh, here is a boat!" cried Simon Stone.
"I've a mind to try if this boat will float;
I'll fish a spell, if I go alone."

"Oh, no!" said the rest, "we are going too."
"Then jump aboard," said Simon Stone.
They sprang to the boat, a happy crew.
Wouldn't you like to have counted one?

They rowed and they rowed, they sailed and sailed;
"Small luck, small luck," said Simon Stone.
They tried and tried, and they failed and failed,
Till they ached in every muscle and bone.

They dipped and dipped, and they hauled and hauled;
"Not a fin for our pains," said Simon Stone.
"Hark!" cried one, for somebody called;
"Who can be out on the shore alone?"

"Never mind who, pull away, pull away!"
"Let's give it up," said Simon Stone;
"We have fished all night, we may fish all day;
Let's quit; I'm going ashore for one."

Then the strange voice called from the shore again.
"Listen! listen!" said Simon Stone.
And now in the dawn they see Him plain,
Walking along the shore alone.

"Boys, have ye anything there to eat?"
"Not a fin nor a scale," said Simon Stone;
"Not a crumb of bread, not a morsel of meat,
Not a thing to offer ahungry one."

"Throw the net to starboard, and then you'll find,"
Cried the voice. "Let's do it," said Simon Stone.
So they dropped the net with a willing mind.
"Heave, ho! There's a haul," cried everyone.

They tugged and they hauled, but they hauled in vain.
"Let's drag it ashore," said Simon Stone.
So they dragged and dragged with might and main.
"It's the Lord," spoke softly Cousin John.

"What?" "What?" "What?" cried the rest in the boat
"What's that you are saying?" quoth Simon Stone.
"The Lord? Why, here then, give me my coat."
In a trice he had it, and had it on.

"Why, what in the world are you going to do?"
"I'm going ashore," said Simon Stone,
As he sprang, without any more ado,
Overboard into the sea alone.

Then the rest, they looked and said with a smile,
"What a man, to be sure, is Simon Stone!
He's up to some queer thing all the while."
"How he loves the Lord!" said Cousin John.

Oh! he swam for life and he swam for love,
Till he stood on the shore with the Lord alone.
Who knows, but he and the Lord above,
How the Lord spake sweet to Simon Stone?

Now tell me, boys, both old and young.
Did you ever hear of Simon Stone?
And have you guessed the riddle I've sung,
And is it a story you've always known?

Then tell me if ever you loved like him,
If ever you felt like Simon Stone:
"Whether I run or fly or swim,
I must have a word with the Lord alone."

BIBLE READING.

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear."
"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn
unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if
thou sayest: Behold we knew it not; doth not he
that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that
keepeth thy soul, doth he not know it? and shall he
not render to every man according to his works?"
"They that will be rich fall into temptation and a
snare. For the love of money is the root of all evil:
which while some coveted after, they have erred from
the faith, and pierced themselves through with many
sorrows."

FIELD STUDY FOR JULY.

COVETOUS HINDRANCES TO CHRISTIANITY.

THE liquor traffic and the opium trade are strongly entrenched in an evil principle common to human nature, namely, covetousness—greed of gain.

It is shocking to find how completely the opium trade is in the hands of the British government. It has full control of the manufacture in India. I knew that a great revenue was derived from it, but thought it was through taxation. The whole crop is sent to the government factories in the form of juice. Here it is dried and made into cakes or balls. These are packed in chests. A fixed price is paid for it, but it is sold by auction. So it passes into the hands of the merchants, who have their profit. Charges for freight and insurance are very high for opium; and there are lines of steamers that make it their main cargo. Great fortunes are accumulated in these ways.

Much has been done both in England and India by those who realize these great evils. Through the efforts of these reformers a Royal Commission was appointed to look into the evils of the traffic. How much does our selfishness colour our decisions! They reported opium to be a benefit and blessing to the human race!

The people of India do not so readily give themselves up to the opium habit as the Chinese. Had the Commissioners held their session in some city in China, it would have been more difficult to arrive at the same conclusion. Here opium suicides are matters of daily occurrence; this not only on the coast, but throughout the whole country. Our medical missionaries in Chentu are frequently called in the night to help revive these poor creatures. Sometimes they succeed, oftener they are too late. Dr. Stephenson declared he was ashamed of being a British subject, expressing the hope that if Britain continued to force opium on the Chinese, Canada would declare her independence. All over the country it is the same story. "How can these 'foreign devils' be anything good, say the Chinese, when they compel us to let opium come into the country?"

However, we have our own question in Canada. She is not acting up to her convictions on the liquor traffic. By a popular vote, called a plebescite, four provinces have declared themselves ready for prohibition. But the laws we have are not carried out. Citizens decline to enforce them, because it will hurt their business. One and another says: "I can't afford to do this work; it will make enemies for me; I will lose custom."

Every year there are eighty millions of dollars spent in Canada for liquor. The amount given to missions in Canada in 1891 would only pay her drink bill for *four days*. And yet Canada is one of the soberest of countries. The liquor traffic is also a direct hindrance in many mission fields; for instance, among our own Indians. In Africa whole tribes are nearly destroyed by liquor sent from England, Holland, and the United States.

While we study these evils we must not forget to look into our own hearts. Our Lord himself says: "Take heed, and beware of covetousness." Some one has said that drunkenness is the vice of the world, and mammonism is the vice of the church. She is certainly not fully awake to her privilege to serve Christ by giving. Giving is the best cure for covetousness. Not to supply our own needs and pleasures, and then, if anything is left over, give that to *Christ*. Yes, we may well pause. It sounds dreadful, put in that way. But the act is worse than the sound of the words. Let us acknowledge Christ in our giving, remembering, "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." D.

QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

- What is the cause of the liquor traffic and opium trade?
- What has the British Government to do with the opium trade?
- In what form is it sent to the government factories? What becomes of it then?
- How is it packed and sold?
- Into whose hands does it then pass?
- How are great fortunes made by means of it?
- Has anything been done in England and India to stop it?
- What?
- What was the Royal Commission appointed to do?
- What was their report?
- Which people are the greater slaves to opium—those of India or China?
- Are there any suicides in China from this cause?
- Can our medical missionaries help them?
- What good, strong language did Dr. Stephenson use?
- What do the Chinese themselves say about it?
- How is Canada behaving about the liquor traffic?
- How many provinces have declared for prohibition?
- What is the reason the Laws are not enforced?
- How much money is spent for liquor every year in Canada?
- What can you say of the money given to missions in 1891?
- In what is the liquor traffic a direct hindrance?
- How are whole tribes in Africa destroyed?
- What must we not forget to do while we study these evils?
- What did Jesus say about covetousness?
- What have drunkenness and mammonism, or love of money, been called?
- What is the best cure for covetousness?
- Must we give to ourselves first, and then to Christ?

✻ PALM BRANCH ✻

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JULY, 1895.

UR Prayer subject this month consists of a strange combination of words. The removal of "Covetous hindrances to Christianity." Is it possible that we, a redeemed race, by our extreme selfishness, and love of personal or national gain, can throw obstructions in the way of our Redeemer's onward march to the possession of His kingdom? We know that one of sound mind who obstructs the triumphal procession of an earthly conqueror will meet with the fate of a traitor. How long-suffering God has been to the British nation! Was Isaiah pointing with prophetic vision to us when he said (Isa. 26: 2,) "Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in?" If so, was he sarcastic? Did he mean that having the truth we were keeping it to ourselves? We do not wonder that Dr. Stephenson, whose own eyes look with sorrow, every day, upon the evils of the opium trade, and whose heart is constantly pained by sorrow, which he can do so little to assuage, should use strong, bold language, and say that he was "ashamed of being a British subject—that he hoped, if Great Britain would continue to force opium upon the Chinese, Canada would declare her independence." He feels that personal effort is more than counteracted by the action of a nation which should, by virtue of its professed Christian character, uphold him in all that is good. We do not accuse him of disloyalty to the British empire—we commend him for his intense loyalty to Christ! Doubtless too, he is afraid that, sharing the guilt of Britain, Canada will also share her punishment. "Shall I not visit for these things," saith the Lord. "Shall I not be avenged on such a nation as this?" Canada's own guilt, as regards the liquor question,

will, if not soon removed; involve her in the judgment that will surely come. It needs no prophet to proclaim this. Let us all be sure that we are personally righteous in every matter relating to the Kingdom of Christ, and then let us pray with all our hearts that it may come. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

There is a verse in the Bible—you will find it in 1 Sam. 12: 23—which contains these words: "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord, in ceasing to pray for you." All through the past week they have lingered in our minds as we have feared for the fate of the missionaries who have been in such peril in the Chinese empire. God forgive us if, for one day, we have forgotten to pray for our substitutes on that difficult field; for those who, in our stead, through dangers, unguessed by us, are doing noble work for Him. Now the glad news comes that though much property has been destroyed, these lives have been precious in His sight, and therefore preserved.

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

Thanks for the black-board lesson received. These lessons are always acceptable. Please elaborate as much as possible, though even the suggestions are helpful. Our young friends have done well this month, and have rejoiced the heart of the Editor. Some of the contributions she has been obliged to hold over, but that is all the better for her, as it is delightful to know that there is something to fall back upon.

We would call special attention to the interesting and instructive article on our first page, contributed by a greatly respected friend in Montreal. We trust it is only one of a series, which will prove highly beneficial to the young people of our church, coming as it does, with the voice of authority from one who knows whereof she speaks.

WORDS OF CHEER FOR WEARY WORKERS.

Among so many, can He care?
 Can special love be everywhere?
 I asked; my soul bethought of this,
 In just that very place of His,
 Where, He hath put and keepeth you,
 God hath no other thing to do.

A. D. T. WHITNEY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Our third quarter begins in July—a good time for new subscriptions and clubs. We are glad to note the success of canvassers, so far. Price of our paper is 15 cents single copy; 10 cents to clubs of 10 to one address,

MAY'S SACRIFICE.

MAY walked over the potato patch, where she had been talking with her uncle, picked up her school books and lunch-bag from an old stump, and started for school.

Ten years ago she had come to her uncle's, a homesick little orphan. Her homesickness gradually wore away before the kindness of her aunt and uncle and the jollity of her cousins—six boys, all younger than herself. To go to the city, thirty miles away, where she had never been, was the ambition of her heart; and after much waiting she ventured to ask her uncle. "I wish you could, May," he had said, "but you see how it is; we can't spare the money for you to go on the cars, and I never thought it a girl's place to drive in on top of a farm cart; but may be we'll be able to send you some day."

"I didn't mean for you to send me, Uncle; would you be willing for me to go if I earned the money myself? A return trip is only \$1.50?"

"If you did what?"

"Earned the money myself."

"An' how would you do that?"

"Oh, I have thought all about that, if you'll only please say I can go. Please do, Uncle," and she stroked his rough shirt-sleeve, by way of emphasis.

"An' how would you earn the money?" he persisted, hoeing the potatoes very hard to hide the twinkle in his eye.

"Why, the field daisies are all out now, and I could easily fill a basket with small bunches. You're going to town day after to-morrow; would it be very much trouble for you to sell them while you're selling the garden stuff?"

"Well now! I think not; you just go to work to-morrow and pick all you can; get out at recess if you want to."

"Oh, thank you," and she skipped away.

How slowly the next few days went by, and how anxiously she watched for her uncle's return.

"Do you think he could get a \$1.50, Auntie? The trip is only \$1.25; would it not be splendid if he did?" She set the table very carefully that night, then went out to pick a cup of strawberries for her aunt and uncle's tea. After tea her uncle put a small envelope in her hand, and hurried out to milk the cows. She paused a moment before opening it.

"Auntie, do you suppose that it's a \$1.50?" Then she broke the seal, and out fell a crisp dollar bill, and fifty-five cents.

"Aren't you glad? aren't you glad?" shouted Johnnie, capering round her, and upsetting a bowl of milk, while Dick picked up the fifty cent piece, remarking

gravely, "That would make a good end for the little engine papa is making for me; the piece of tin I got was too small."

At noon, next Monday, as the girls were eating their lunch under a tree, a horse and buggy drove up with two ladies. One the girls all knew—Mrs. Reid, a city lady, who was spending the summer in the quiet village, and was the girls' Sunday School teacher—the other an older lady they did not know.

"Girls," said Mrs. Reid, pleasantly, "can you come up to my house to-morrow afternoon and stay to tea? I want to tell you something." Then she drove off, leaving the girls in a maze of curiosity.

"What do you suppose she wants us for?"

"Who was that lady with her? She isn't half as pretty as Mrs. Reid."

"Wasn't it nice of her to ask us all together?"

"Won't we have a fine time?"

"Well girls, I suppose you want to know what I want to say to you. I don't want to say anything. It is this lady. I told her if she came out here she might find good material for a mission band, and I hope you won't disappoint her."

Then the strange lady came forward. She had a pleasant smile, that won the girls' hearts to her in a minute, and before long they were won to a mission band too, as she talked in a sweet, sympathetic way about the needs of our heathen sisters.

May sat a little from the girls by herself, and was very quiet, while all the others talked at once.

"The membership fee, only twenty-five cents, that's not much! The PALM BRANCH only ten cents, when you have a club; of course we will take that; it'll help tell what we're working for."

"Christmas offering, Easter Self-denial week, mite-boxes, will we have those?"

"Oh, of course! won't it be fine, just like earning one's own living. I'll clink my mite-box under Tom's very nose every time he goes to spend a cent he oughtn't to."

"I guess you'll have to get something inside of it to clink, before you do the clinking, Sally Baxter."

That night May sat alone in the quiet kitchen with her uncle; all traces of small boys had disappeared, except a pile of stockings, a blouse, and a coat, on the table, waiting to be mended. The door opened softly, and her aunt came in with May's gloves, hat, and her new print dress, on her arm.

"What are you going to do, Auntie?"

"Oh, I thought if you would help me mend the boys' things, I would mend that hole in your glove, fix your hat, and sew a piece of lace on your dress. Then you could start for the city Wednesday, and there would be no fuss and hurry at the last minute."

May turned her face away a minute; it was hard. "Auntie, you need not bother; I'll get that all done before Sunday, and—I'm not going to town."

Then she told what had been done in the afternoon, "And, Auntie, don't you think I could make that little sacrifice cheerfully, when so many are so much worse off than I am?"

L. M. R. D.

Hampton.



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

THE DIFFERENCE.

*Beauty lies within ourselves
After all, they say;
And be sure, the happy heart
Makes the happy day.*

In a cool and shady garden
Phyllis sat. The roses' scent
Fanned a face whereon were written
Restlessness and discontent.
Lilies nodded, blue-bells tinkled,
Birds sang sweetly in the trees;
Merry talk and joyous laughter,
Sounded on the summer breeze.
"Oh," sighed Phyllis, "I am stifling,"
And she raised her pretty head,
"I am sure 'tis going to shower—
"What a horrid day!" she said.

In a warm and dusty city
Janey, pinched and wan and white,
Leaned against a heated building
Longing for the cool of night.
Suddenly she spied a floweret,
Pale and slender, at her feet
"Oh!" she cried, and stooped to pluck it;
Looking up in rapture sweet
Through the crowded house-tops, Janey
Caught a glimpse of blue o'erhead;
And she kissed the little posy—
"What a lovely day!" she said.

*Beauty lies within ourselves
After all they say!
And be sure the happy heart
Makes the happy day.*

We found this fine little poem in St. Nicholas, and give it to our young readers for two reasons: One is that it will make such a nice little recitation for them; and another is, because the *moral* is so good—Surely it is true that "the happy heart makes the happy day"—And what makes the happy heart but gratitude for our own blessings and a readiness to share them with those less fortunate. If Phyllis had shared her good things with Janey, she would have lost her "restlessness and discontent," but she had not learned that secret of happiness. It is a secret which our Mission Band girls and boys know something about, however.

—COUSIN JOY has received so many letters from her young cousins this month that she does not need to say much herself. She is very glad to know that they appreciate the PALM BRANCH, and enjoy finding out the puzzles, and will always be glad to hear from them.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I received the PALM BRANCH for the first time a few days ago, and I like it very much. I have found the answer to the June puzzle to be "The light of the world. Yours truly,

VERA E. OGDEN.

184 Spadina Ave., Toronto, June 10.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I have found out the answer for that numeral enigma, in the June number: "I am the Light of the world." I think the puzzles are ever so nice, especially this kind. Yours truly,

MARGARET EVANS,

Ha.npton, June 4.

(Country Cousin.)

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I have found the answer to the puzzle in June PALM BRANCH. It is "The light of the world." We have begun to take the PALM BRANCH for our Mission Band and I like it very much.

Yours Truly,

Derham Centre, June 3.

ADA DEACON.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—The answer to puzzle for June is as follows: "The light of the world."

Yours truly,

Little York, P. E. I., June 2.

W. A. LARGE.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I have found the puzzle for June. The answer is as follows: "The light of the world." I like the PALM BRANCH better every day I read it.

Yours truly,

23 Macpherson Ave., Toronto, June 6.

ADELAIDE GRAHAM.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I like the PALM BRANCH very much and think I have found out the puzzle for June. It is "The light of the world.

Your little friend,

49 Walker Ave., Toronto, June 4.

VICKIE CROWN.

PUZZLE FOR JULY:

NUMERAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 19, 7, 3, 13, 15, is a noble woman whom we all love and honor.
My 10, 18, 29, 13, is the staple food in China and Japan.
My 8 4, 20, 16, 23, is an elevated place.
My 1, 14, 12, 5, 21, 17, 3, is a very young animal that lives in the water.
My 2, 25, 24, 9, is a swift-footed animal.
My 8, 11, 15, is the highest kind of animal.
My 16, 6, 26, 27, 13, 22, means not to agree.
My 12, 28, 3, is what we must all do.
My whole are things which ought not to be.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

A true missionary friend in Nova Scotia kindly sends us recent letters, from which we give interesting extracts.

COQUALEETZA INSTITUTE,
CHILLIWACK, B. C., March, 1895. }

We are having a delightful Spring, and have commenced farming. Yesterday we set out some cabbage plants. My school hours at present are from 9 to 12, and from 1.15 to 3.30. After school I often visit the school room, and find some plodding away, and can't resist staying too, for it is only a pleasure teaching such anxious ones. I have been teaching the small ones music; they pick it up very quickly, and some of the smallest can carry a tune. In my last letter I mentioned three particular boys—Peter Smith, John Smith. (the sick boy) and George. Dear John, aged ten, passed away Feb. 2nd. He had been here nearly a year, and was a dear, good boy. He was ready to go, and said, "I know I am saved." He suffered much at the last. This makes the first death at the Institute. After his death Peter, (his brother), who was very miserable, was allowed to go home to Vancouver, for a change, but as he did not improve went into a hospital. We are all fond of him; he is a fine character, and, if spared, will be a good worker. He returned to us on Tuesday. Speaking of his brother Thomas, who had been converted, he said, "I know God sent me home to help Thomas." So you see Peter has begun his mission work. He has the simple child-like faith. He will not stop till his father and sister are converted, and not then. Soon after Peter's return, I found him and George in the school room, George reading the Bible to Peter. This is our prayer meeting night; I always look forward to it with pleasure. I am leader of the girls' class, which meets Tuesday morning. I enjoy it so much. Two weeks ago one of our big girls was converted, and has been testifying since of God's presence with her. Quite a number of the children read their Bibles, and pray three times a day. It is cheering to see the little ones coming to Jesus.

Rev. Mr. Woodsworth, Supt. of Missions in the Northwest, gave us a call last week. He was much pleased with our Institute. I am sure, we hope, that from it many will go forth to teach and preach among their own people.

I am so happy these days, watching the children going forward in their Christian life, as I see they are doing.

Later—I must tell you of God's blessings to us—We have had such a blessed week. Last Sunday one boy of 15 was converted. I will enclose a copy of

his first composition. He is now in the 2nd primer. On Monday two more were brought, one a boy of 14 and the other one of my class girls only 8 year's old. She calls her conversion "getting into the light." Her name is Amy. She has been at the school over four years and was always a sweet child. She makes a wonderful prayer. On Tuesday she complained of the girls teasing her for being a Christian. So on Thursday evening, when seeing them to bed, Miss B. called the culprits into her room and talked very seriously to them. She told them to go and ask forgiveness of Amy. Miss B. waited till she saw them safely at Amy's bed, then she left them. Over an hour afterwards they stopped at Miss B.'s door, and with beaming faces told her that Florence was converted. Miss B. called me down and there were the dear little things, runing over with love. Amy says, "After Florence went back to her bed I went in, and we talked about Jesus, and we prayed; then Florence got converted. She "thought the sun was shining in her room." They are both very pretty half or quarter breeds, and in their night-gowns looked to me sweet enough for angels. May God keep them from the evil that is in the world, or rather from falling. More again.

M. S.

INDIAN BOY'S LETTER.

MARCH 22, 1895.

MY DEAR TEACHER:—I am very glad, 'cause I know Jesus been with me all this week; then I say my pray in the barn. I found Jesus last Sunday, but I been trusting Him from last Sunday till this day. My dear Miss S., I wish you to pray for my father and mother (Catholics), to make them strong all time, and I do stay in this home three years. I write this letter for Miss S.

COQUALEETZA INSTITUTE,
CHILLIWACK, B. C., Feb. 26, 1895. }

DEAR FRIEND.—My teacher asked me to write to you this morning, while I am in school; half of us go to school in the morning, and the other half of the children go in the afternoon. The boys wash their own clothes this morning, as it is Monday, and in the afternoon I and some other girls, who are in school this morning, have to be in the laundry; we will do laundry work for two weeks, and the other half of the girls all go in the sewing room with Miss Burpee; they sew in the morning, and in the afternoon they all go to school. When we get up in the morning we ask God to help us with our work, and do as the teachers tell us; and we are all getting along nicely. We are all very comfortable in this new building

Every Saturday morning Miss Smith gives Elizabeth, Catharine, and I our music lessons; we are very anxious to learn how to play. I am in the fourth book, and I try to study hard. One of the big girls left us last Saturday; she went home for a few holidays, she will be back this week. We have been having good weather these last days. I am well and strong; there are about eighty children here now. I am fifteen years old. I am trying to love Jesus with my whole heart. I send my best regards to you. I haven't very much to say now. I hope you will receive this. I'll close my letter with my love to you.

Your little friend, NELLIE TAFFANDALE.

How many of our Canadian girls are "trying to love Jesus with the whole heart?" Don't let this Indian girl rise up, by and bye, to condemn you, who have had so many more advantages. We are sure you will want to hear more from this interesting school.

HYMN.

TUNE—SEYMOUR.

Christ to-day is giving thee
Harvest work beyond the sea;
White already is the field,
Fruit eternal it shall yield.

All the fields of earth are white,
Hosts are crying "Give us light."
Spread the truth, and ceaseless pray,
Christ will haste His promised day.

Send forth laborers, Holy One,
In all the lands "Thy will be done."
With Thy glory let earth be
Filled as waters fill the sea.

W. M. S.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

WESTERN BRANCH.

WOODSTOCK, June 1.—The Cross and Crown Circle of the Central Methodist Church was organized in February, 1893, with a membership of twenty-five, which has been steadily increasing ever since. We meet every second and last Tuesday of the month, and though we do not have very largely attended meetings, we take great interest in the work, and hope that in time our seed will yield a fruitful harvest.

Perhaps some of the readers of the PALM BRANCH would like to know how we raise our money.

After we organized we held a very successful Japanese "At Home" at the residence of Mr. James Lund, the home of one of our beloved missionaries, whose work on earth was finished, and whom God saw fit to call home to glory. A year ago last Spring, a large number of our Circle agreed to earn what money we could to increase our treasury. We held an Experience Social, after a month's earnest work, and each of a dozen members told how the money had been

raised. Since then we have held several little socials in the church, which have been equally successful; and last winter we gave a New England supper, which proved very interesting. The menu consisted of pork and beans, brown and white bread, cake, coffee, and pickles. A nice programme had been arranged, and an enjoyable time was spent. From this social we realized a little over \$40. Last winter we supplied a number of poor families with baskets of provisions. We each have our mite-boxes, and have pledged ourselves to earn what little we can during the summer holidays. With the consent of our Women's Auxiliary we want to take our funds to support a cot in some missionary hospital. At our meetings we enjoy listening to numerous selections read from the PALM BRANCH. Our hope for the future is, that we may do more for the advancement of our Lord's Kingdom in foreign lands than we have done in the past.

EASTERN BRANCH.

MONTREAL.—Miss M. H. Jordan, Cor. Secretary of Douglas Mission Branch, writes:

"We are pleased to report an increase in interest and enthusiasm in our Band this year, and under the leadership of our energetic President, Mrs. Phillips have been seeking a deeper knowledge of what has been and is being done on the Mission Field, as well as assisting with whatever funds we have been able to gather. Various plans have been adopted for raising money, such as self-denial and thank offerings; and we formed ourselves into the Missionary Department of the Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, introducing the "two cent a week plan," and endeavoring to spread a missionary spirit through the whole society. We have been holding an evening meeting once a quarter, at which we have had one or two interesting debates, and have thus been enabled to reach quite a number who could not attend the afternoon meetings. Although the past year has been a prosperous one, our earnest prayer is, that in the future we may feel a greater responsibility, and be more alive to the ever-increasing work around us."

N. S. BAND NOTES.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—Miss Lois Bain, Cor. Secretary, writes:

"The Cheerful Toilers' Mission Band, of Carmarthen St. Church, held a concert and sale at the residence of our Treasurer, Mrs. E. M. Robertson, and realized about \$14. As there were other attractions that evening which interfered with the attendance, we were well pleased with the result."