

THE PALM BRANCH
Hosanna to the Son of David Hosanna in the highest
 Devoted to the interests of the Mission Circles and Bands of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

YOU will be glad to see this month the face of our beloved Pioneer Missionary, Miss Cartmell.

Does one of the youngest of our Mission Band members ask what that large word Pioneer means? Well, the dictionary says "one who goes before to clear the way." and that is just what our dear Miss Cartmell did.

She went before to prepare the way for all the other lady missionaries of our society who have since gone to Japan.

It will be seventeen years in November since our Woman's Missionary Society was organized in a meeting held in Centenary Church, Hamilton, Ont., for that purpose.

We find by reference to an interesting sketch of Miss Cartmell, kindly sent us in 1894, that at that meeting she was much impressed with the thought and the hope that God had missionary work for her to do.

Soon after a committee waited upon her and asked her to go to Japan. Could she go? Was she chosen of God? These were the questions she asked herself. It was only after much prayerful consecration that she consented to go.

Miss Cartmell went to teach the women and children of that distant land, for the missionaries already there had come to the conclusion that only women could do really successful work among the women and children—but she did more,

"After earnest entreaty she consented to teach a class of young men English, twice a week, on condition that they attend her Bible class on Sunday. The result was that they were all converted before the end of the year, won to the Saviour by this gentle, quiet woman, whose great love for Him and the women of their land had led her across the sea.

She held Women's Meetings which were well attended and their influence was felt and acknowledged. In her first letter home she said: "I already see that there is more to be done than one can accomplish," but nobly she toiled on until others came, ministering to the sick and dying, gathering the children into her home, as a school, with native Christian teachers under her supervision, visiting the women in their homes, telling of the beauties of the life in and through Christ.

More was accomplished through these means than we can ever know or thank her for—the foundations of our work were well laid for all those who have succeeded her."

Miss Cartmell was much beloved by the Japanese.

"While she won them by her gentleness she held them by her faithfulness in all things."

After years of fruitful service in Japan, Miss Cartmell's health gave way and she was obliged to return home, only to interest others in the work so dear to her heart. After three years' rest she was asked to go to British Columbia to assist in the work among Chinese women and the Rescue



MISS CARTMELL.

Home. Here she labored successfully two years and then again crossed the ocean to resume her work in Japan, where she remained four years, rendering invaluable help to the missions there.

She is now at home in Ontario, still doing all she can to advance the interests of the Master's Kingdom. Will not her noble example be an inspiration to some young readers of these pages?

LOVE WORKS WONDERS.

We read a legend of a monk who painted
In an old convent cell in days by-gone
Pictures of martyrs and of virgins sainted,
And the sweet faced Christ with the crown of thorn.

"Poor daubs! not fit to be a chapel's treasure!"
Full many a taunting word upon them fell,
But the good abbot let him for his pleasure
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused. "Could I but render
Honor to Christ as other painters do,
Were but my skill as great as is the tender
Love that inspires me when His cross I view!"

"But no—'tis vain I toil and strive in sorrow;
What man so scorns still less can he admire;
My life's work is all valueless tomorrow
I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures in the fire."

He raised his eyes, within his cell—O, wonder!
There stood a visitor—thorn-crowned was he,
And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder—
"I'll scorn no work that's done for love of me."

And round the walls the paintings shone resplendent
With lights and colors to this world unknown;
A perfect beauty and a hue transcendent
That never yet on mortal canvases shone.

There is a meaning in the strange old story—
Let none dare judge his brother's worth or need;
The pure intent gives to the act its glory,
The noblest purpose makes the noblest deed.

ANON.

FOREIGN STAMPS.

A SUGGESTION WORTH TRYING.

A leader of a mission circle writes as follows:

"I intend to try this plan which came to me through seeing the interest one person took in a certain field through a certain foreign stamp that had been given. My plan is to have it understood that each young person who receives a stamp is to thoroughly study up the field it represents and learn all that is possible as to the missionary work done there, etc., and tell about it at the missionary meeting.

"These young people are making up small collections of stamps, mostly from our own country, and for the sake of getting foreign stamps will be willing to do this work, and in this way may be unconsciously drawn into an active interest in it.

"India, Turkey, Japan, etc., could be divided into different fields by means of different denominations of stamps from these countries, and so a large number of 'students' would be drawn in."

Why You Should Work for Foreign Missions.

1. Because missions are God's thought. He asks your co-operation.
2. Because the need is urgent. Seventy thousand die daily who never saw a Bible or heard of Christ.
3. Because foreign missions are successful. Souls were brought to accept Christ during the last year at the rate of two thousand per week.
4. Because all nations are accessible, and with more means that rate might be indefinitely increased.
5. Because your example will help others to obey the Lord's command.
6. Because a special effort is to be made during the remaining years of this century.
7. Because you will be blessed; Jesus pays back a hundredfold.—Rev. R. P. Mackay.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT JAPAN.

There are some queer things about Japan, too, as well as China. For instance, the Japanese mount their horses from the right side. They fasten the harness also on the right side, and in putting a horse into the stable they put its head where we would put its tail.

The Japanese haul their boats up on the beach stern first.

The Japanese say "eastnorth," "westsouth," instead of "northeast," "southwest."

Japanese babies are carried on the back instead of in the arms.

To be polite, the Japanese on entering a house take off their shoes rather than their head covering.

Japanese keys are made to turn in rather than out, and Japanese carpenters saw and plane toward, instead of away from, themselves.

The Japanese in building a house make the roof first; then they number the pieces, take them apart, and keep them until the rest of the house is done.

Japanese books, like the Chinese, begin at what we should call the end, and, commencing at the right hand side of the page, the lines of printing run from the top downward instead of across.

IF any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing.
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
To help my tolling brother.

—Selected.

For Mission Circle Meetings.

MISSIONARY CREED.
(In concert.)

We believe in God the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ.

We believe the heathen are lost in sin and need a knowledge of Christ.

We believe it is our duty to tell them of the plan of salvation that God has provided through the death of His Son.

We therefore engage to send them the Bread of Life by the hands of our missionaries.

We engage to pray for our missionaries.

We engage to do all in our power for the spread of the gospel in the earth that His kingdom may come.
—Selected.

FIELD STUDY FOR NOVEMBER.

Medical Missions and Deaconess Work.

Our Saviour was the first medical missionary, and we read, in Matthew's gospel, of a great multitude following Him, attracted by the wonderful cures that He had performed, and when He saw them gathered together He preached to them that sermon of blessing, the Sermon on the Mount. He emphasized the importance of this work by sending out His disciples to carry it on, commissioning them to heal and preach.

Medical missionaries have often been the means of opening the doors of the mission fields to the entrance of the gospel. Dr. Livingstone, with his medical knowledge and medicine chest, unlocked the great doors of Africa to Christianity and civilization. The dreadful cruelties practised upon the sick by the heathen natives and witch doctors, seem to fall most heavily upon their women, but Providence is opening wide the door of usefulness to the medical woman of today, from whose hands alone thousands of the sick and suffering in heathen lands can receive the healing of both body and soul. Their sufferings, because of the ignorance of medical science and scarcity of medical men, should excite our practical sympathy and self-denial.

The medical work of our Woman's Missionary Society is but in its infancy. In 1893, Dr. Retta Gifford, its pioneer missionary, arrived in China, probably the most needy country of all. In 1895, Miss Jennie Ford, a trained nurse of Dresden, Ont., followed Dr. Gifford to Chentu, and after two years of faithful work was laid to rest in a strange land.

Dr. Gifford married Dr. Kilborn, a missionary of our own church in China, and during this year has retired from our Woman's department of work.

A dispensary was opened in 1896, where 1,536 needy patients were ministered to in less than a year. One doctor and nurse are at present on the field, Dr. Maud

Killam (1897), and Miss Mary Foster (1896), both of Nova Scotia.

Dr. Anna Henry, of Markdale, has been accepted for work in China, and a trained nurse is anxiously looked for.

In 1889, when Dr. Bolton began his labors among the Indians on the Simpson district, British Columbia, he found only one other physician in a territory of 100,000 square miles.

Imagine the ignorance of the Indians as to the use of medicine, when a favorite dose was one whole bottle of pain killer, or two of castor oil.

In 1892, a hospital was built at Port Simpson, which Dr. Bolton makes his headquarters for nine months out of the year. The first patient was brought in a canoe, some seventy or eighty miles, suffering from a gun-shot wound.

During the salmon season—May, June and July—the Indians flock to Port Essington, on the Skeena river, in and around which there are nine canneries. Here a suitable building has been erected, to which the Indians bring their sick and diseased for Dr. Bolton's treatment. Bales of bedding for these hospitals have been furnished by different auxiliaries, and two nurses are employed by the Woman's Missionary Society. They are Miss Minnie Spence, of Kingston, and Miss Lawrence of British Columbia.

Miss Spence is at home on furlough and is attending lectures at Kingston Medical College, fitting herself for future service.

There is not a busier family in all of Toronto than the one found at 28 McGill street, the Deaconess Home and Training School.

The motto of the Home is, "For Jesus' Sake." Here it is that the candidates for Woman's Missionary work spend several months in training.

A Deaconess is distinguished by a neat uniform and devotes all her time to Christian work, such as visiting, nursing and preparing nourishment for the needy sick, caring for the necessities of the poor and homeless, seeking and saving the wandering, holding meetings, and teaching in Sunday and training school and kitchen garden, and doing all that she can "For Jesus' sake."

QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

- Who was the first Medical Missionary?
- Who helped carry on this work?
- How are the doors being opened?
- What of the Medical Woman of today?
- What should excite our sympathy?
- Where, by whom, and where was work begun?
- Who was sent to assist?
- When was the Dispensary opened?
- Who are now engaged in the work?
- When and where did Dr. Bolton commence work?
- What was an Indian dose of medicine?
- What of the Port Simpson Hospital and its patient?
- What of the work at Port Essington?
- What assistance is given by the W. M. S.?
- Where is the Deaconess Home?
- Who receive training there?
- What is the work of a Deaconess?

Hamilton.

B. G.

PALM ✻ BRANCH.

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MISS S. E. SMITH,
 292 Princess Street,
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OCTOBER, 1898.

OUR work in Japan is steadily progressing. Miss Munro of Tokyo says: "Almost all our students who are old enough to publicly confess Christ are baptised; but while a girl's nearest relatives are all non-Christian, and she may at any time return to surroundings where she will have no help in reading the Bible truths she has learned, we must be careful, and not too hastily enter her name on the church roll. All we can do is so to train her that the truths of Christianity may become part of her mental and spiritual fibre. Last September a little girl, eight years old, entered our school as a boarder. A few days ago her father said to me, "When Ko entered your school she prayed to the sun every morning, and always to the household gods; but now when she is at home, she will not pray to these, but to the true God."

Miss Hart says:—"The policemen's class is not as large as it was, which is due to extra work, removals, etc. Those who come appear to be as much interested as ever in the Bible lessons, and occasionally a new one comes in. One or two young men, who do not belong to the police, have asked to join the class."

Miss Cunningham, in speaking of Shizuoka school, the Tokyo Orphanage, says: "That is the outside routine life of our little orphan family, but the real life underlies it all, and these children are learning to repress selfishness, to be faithful in their work, to be kind and helpful—in a word, to love God and honor Him in their daily living."

Miss Cunningham, in speaking of Shizuoka school, says: "The new term began April 10th, since which seven new pupils have entered. The greatest desire of our hearts is that no girl who enters our school-home may leave it until she knows Christ as her personal Saviour."

Miss Alcorn, talking of interest in Evangelistic work there, adds: "Our Sunday schools are not well attended. The public school teachers are not in favor of Christianity, and use their influence against us. The feeling is so strong, it seems impossible to stem the current; but we work in hope."

Miss Robertson speaks of a growing interest among the older girls in the Kofu school: "Already we have promise of a large increase next term. When we realize that each girl coming to us may be a centre of Christian influence, we earnestly hope that the work done may be such that we can pray, 'The work of our hands, establish Thou it.'"

For a Field Study for October we beg to refer our readers to the programme published in August-September: Leaflet.

Subject for prayer and study for this month: "Japan, Corea and the Isles of the Sea."

Wanted immediately—A nurse for China. Who will say, "Lord, here am I, send me?"

Persevere, dare to become the reformers, yea, the renewers of this generation and work on.

JOSEPH NEESIMA.

THE DEAD SEA. ARE WE LIKE IT?

Why is it that the Dead Sea is dead? Why, because it is always getting, never giving. So with us. We are dead unless we give what we get. If one take care of two talents, God will give more. If you have but a little, give it away. The Lord will give you more.—Dwight L. Moody.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT CHINA.

The spoken language of China is not written, and the written language is not spoken.

The Chinese surname comes first instead of last.

The Chinese compass points to the south instead of the north..

In China men carry on dressmaking, and women carry burdens.

In China the men wear their hair long, and the women wear theirs short.

In China books are read backward. What we call footnotes are printed at the top of the page.

The Chinese dress in white at funerals, and in black at weddings. Old women always serve as bridesmaids.

RAMABAI.

Continued from August Number.

IN America Ramabai formed friends. She studied the Kindergarten, Public School and Industrial systems of teaching—indeed everything that would prove helpful to her people. Then she made personal appeals throughout the continent for assistance in her work for Indian widows. She asked that an unsectarian association be formed to take charge of the funds given her, and to which she could be responsible. This appeal was answered in a wonderful way and the Ramabai Association was formed, with some of the best names in America on board and executive. The night of the day on which this took place, Ramabai could not sleep. When found sobbing in her room, she said, "I am crying for joy, because the dream of years has become a reality."

Soon after she went back to India and in six weeks had opened a school with two pupils—one a little widow who had three times attempted to commit suicide; this little widow is now the wife of a professor in Poona College, and a happy mother. Ramabai's success has been wonderful, and the secret of it all is her marvellous faith in God. The story of her conversion, as told by herself, is touching and beautiful. Opposition was great, but her own faith and the help of friends have carried her through all. She did not teach Christianity in her first school. She had promised she would not, but she lived out her life before her pupils. She had prayers in her own room with her little daughter, and she did not shut the door. She placed the Bible and the Vedas in the school library—and many of them embraced Christianity. Fifteen of her little widows she took to a Christian melee or camp meeting, and while there the thought came to her to ask God to square the member. Then she feared that might be presumption, but she opened the Bible at the passage, "Is anything too hard for me?" and the request was continued. It was answered when she felt herself impelled, last year, to go to the relief of the famine sufferers, and brought back 300 little outcasts to her school. "These are my own girls," she joyfully says. "I am free to bring them up to fear God. Praise the Lord! Still no one of them is compelled to become a Christian." About 90 of these new girls have accepted Christianity.

This year Ramabai came back to the annual meeting of the association, held in Boston, in March. She then presented to it the home and school property accumulated through nine years in India, worth \$60,000 and entirely free from debt! It was immediately deeded back to Ramabai as a proof of appreciation and confidence! Her school is called the Sharada Sadan (Home of Wisdom). Through it have passed 350 child-widows and girls. Fourteen pupils have been trained as teachers and are now at work; eight trained as nurses and five employed; seven assistants to missionaries and five employed; seven are matrons, two house-keepers, while ten have happy homes of their own, and were not married before they were 21. So the good work goes on and probably will through Ramabai's life.

She has faith to believe it will through all time. Her idea is a beautiful and inspiring one that God, who "takes the weak things of the world to confound the mighty," will use the little outcast widows of India for its evangelization.

Ramabai's daughter "Mano" (Heart's delight) is attending a school in New York State.

To us, Ramabai's life reads like a Fairy tale, based on a solid Gospel foundation.

St. John.

S. E. S.

Compositions of Young Japanese Ladies kindly sent us by Miss Munro.

OUR SCHOOL.—No. 3.

Our school was opened by the kind hearted ladies of the Canadian Missionary Society. Their object was not only to educate the Japanese ladies, but to teach about the true God. Therefore the ladies were sent to build the school

It is situated in Ahabu, which is a very quiet place. Behind it there are beautiful hills and the scenery is very beautiful. It is quite a large building, and there are many Japanese rooms for the Japanese, and also a few foreign rooms for the foreigners.

There are about fifteen teachers, and five of them are foreigners, who are earnest and kind hearted ladies. Lately the students became few but formerly there were over two hundred. As they are few in number, both teachers and students are very friendly to each other, so it is just like one happy family.

There are both English and Japanese lessons. At eight o'clock in the morning the lessons begin with prayers and they continue until three o'clock, save the noon hour. From three o'clock we have exercise and after we finish it some of the girls practise music.

Besides this there is a Literary Society, which is held once a month, and also a King's Daughter Society.

OUR SCHOOL.—No. 4.

About ten years ago, all the girls schools in Japan were prosperous. At that time our school was one of the most flourishing schools in Japan. Many rich and noble families sent their daughters to be educated in this school. They dressed beautifully, in the most expensive silks. All the dormitories in the second and third stories were filled with pupils, and there were so many that they did not know each other very well, although they were living in the same school; but now every school has only a few pupils, and so ours also has become small, and everything is changed from what it used to be.

We cannot say that the school which has many pupils is the best. I think, although we have not so many pupils as before, if we are truly good and help Japan, our school will be counted as a great school.

We take lessons from eight o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon. The first and third Fridays are the visiting days, and some of us go home and some stay at school, and have a very pleasant time. I am always thankful for being one of the pupils in Foyo Eiwa Jo Gakko, and having many kind teachers and friends around me to make life pleasant.



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

Well, dear Cousins, this month begins another missionary year. We are to take a fresh start now and see how much better we can do this year than last for the Friend who never forgets to do for us just what we most need. This is the way in which we can show our love and gratitude. "We love Him because He first loved us." Let this be our motto for the coming new year. Here is a sweet little story for you:

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I shall give that to the missionaries," said Billy. And he put his fat hand on a little gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money box.

"Why?" Susie asked.

"Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold, and the missionaries work for Jesus?"

Stillness for a little while, then Susie said: "The gold all belongs to him anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to Him, and give Him just what He asks for?"

"What is that?" Billy asked.

Susie repeated softly: "My son, give me thine heart."—Exchange.

How many of our dear young workers have given their hearts to Jesus? Remember, He wants that first of all.—Day Spring.

A SELFISH RULE.

Said Mary to Johnny, "O dear!
This play is too poky and slow,
There's only one bubble-pipe here;
O Johnny, please, I want a blow."

"No, I'll blow them for you," said he;
"Just watch, and you'll see every
one;

That leaves all the labor to me,
While you will have only the fun."

Said Johnny to Mary, "O my!
That apple, so big and so bright,
You can't eat it all if you try—
O Mary, please, I want a bite."

"No, I'll eat it for you," said she,
"And show you just how it is done;
I'll take all the labor, you see,
And you will have only the fun."

Dear Cousin Joy:—I have great pleasure in writing to you, as this is the first year I have taken the Palm Branch. I like it very much—it seems to give me fresh courage to work hard in order to win Japan for Jesus. I belong to the Mission Band of Melgund.

Yours lovingly,

Melgund, Manitoba.

ANSIE SHILLINGTON.

Dear Cousin Joy:—I am a member of the Star of Hope Mission Band at Cape Wolfe. This is the second time I have written to you. I take the Palm Branch, and like it very much. I think I have got the answer to the second puzzle for August. It is, "Missionary Outlook." I will now close. Your loving cousin,

Cape Wolfe, P. E. I.

HATTIE L. FISH.

Dear Cousin Joy:—As we have never written to you before, we thought we would write this month. We belong to the "Pansy Mission Band." Our president is Miss Alberta Chamberlain. We have over forty members, most of them taking the "Palm Branch." Eva Empey joined when she was two months old, and is now a life-member. We meet once a month on Saturday afternoons. Last year we made forty dollars. We think we have found the answers to August puzzles: "Rays of Light Mission Band," and "Missionary Outlook." We remain your loving cousins,

Chantry, Ont.

ESTELLA CHANT.

MAGGIE BULFORD.

Dear Cousin Joy:—I have been reading the Palm Branch and was noticing the puzzles there. I am thirteen years of age and live on my father's farm with my parents. My sister takes the Palm Branch. I think I have found the answers to the puzzles in the September issue. They are, first: "The Plebiscite;" second, "Board of Management."

Your loving cousin,

Verschoyle, Ont.

IRA HARRIS

PUZZLES FOR OCTOBER.

I am composed of ten letters.
My 2, 3, 4, 7, is a girl's name.
My 3, 7, 4, 5, is an animal.
My 4, 7, 6, 9, 10, is the name of a month.
My 3, 2, 4, 1, something used at night.
My whole is the name of a missionary paper.

ESTELLA AND MAGGIE.

CHARADE.

My first is an article.
My second is one who cares for God's little ones.
My third is a preposition.
My fourth is a wonderful old country.
My whole is something much needed right away.

ONE TO CARRY.

I've learned to put together
The figures on my slate;
The teacher calls it "adding,"
And I like it first-rate.
There's one queer thing about it,—
Whenever you get ten,
You have to "carry one," she says,
And then begin again.
That's what we do with pennies;
When I have ten, you see,
I "carry one" to Jesus,
Who's done so much for me.
—Children's M. F.

FOR THE CHILDREN.—*Continued.*

THE boys and girls who read about the Zanpan children in Japan will be glad to hear that some of them had one good meal of rice and soup and vegetables during Christmas week. The missionary families who live in Sendai gave the money, and tickets were given to two hundred and fifty of the poor people, who had nothing to eat but the Zanpan slops. The Baptist Girls' School at Nakajima cho opened its house, taking out the big sliding doors that separate the reception rooms, making one large room, where all could be entertained at once.

The pupils of the school prepared and served the supper. They all worked very hard, even the little ones doing what they could. There were bags and bags of rice to wash and cook, bushels of vegetables to prepare, gallons of soup to make, besides all the dishes to wash and arrange, water to draw, charcoal to carry and fires to attend. But they worked untiringly all day, and at four o'clock, when the families began to come, they were ready. It was such a ragged, pitiful looking crowd of people. There was one widow carrying two little ones on her back and leading the third, which was hardly more than a baby. There was a woman with a husband, who has become idiotic, and six little children, and no one to provide food for them all, but herself. There were old, lame and blind, and poor starved little children; oh, so many of them.

How we did enjoy seeing them eat! They were seated in circles of ten, and the school girls flew in and out among them, refilling the rapidly emptied dishes. There were two great heaping tubs of steaming rice in the middle of the room, and five or six were hard at work all the time, dishing it up as fast as they could, as the waiters kept bringing empty bowls. They all ate and ate, but especially the boys. They emptied bowlful after bowlful, but at last, with long sighs, were compelled to stop, still looking longingly at what was left.

After the supper was ended each child received a little gift, and all, old and young, received pretty cards (some of the cards American children have saved and sent out to us), and then the lights were extinguished and Mr. Jones showed them some magic lantern pictures, and told them about our dear Saviour.

This ended their happy evening, and they had to go back to their dark, cold, dirty homes again. But they will always have one bright thing to remember, and they have heard once, at least, that Jesus loves them; and we hope they will want to know more about Him and come to our Sunday school to hear.

Not a little of the money for this supper was given by the missionary children. One family of four had received five yen for a Christmas gift. That meant a great deal for them, for, you know, missionaries do not have much money; but instead of spending it for themselves, three of them gave all of their shares for

the supper, and the fourth gave half of hers. You may be sure that they had happy hearts as they watched the poor people eat that night. We are all happy to think that we could do this one thing for the poor, but the two hundred and fifty who were fed that night are not a quarter of the poor people in Sendai, and the cold winter has but just begun. So we are all giving a little each month, and a committee is at work, seeking out the starving, freezing, suffering ones and giving them what aid is possible, in Jesus' name.—"The Japan Evangelist."

(Miss A. S. Buzzell.)

Our Canadian Methodist Church has no work in Sendai, but for several years the missionary ladies of our Azabu school have given a feast to the poorest of the poor among the old people, in addition to the Christmas entertainments in all the Sunday schools.

Last Christmas, invitations were extended to one hundred by the Japanese Evangelistic workers among them and the children. But fifteen others, who had had invitations the year before came, too, thinking that would make it all right for them to come again.

Truly this philanthropic effort is most touching. What do I mean by "philanthropic?" I mean, doing good to the bodies of men. This is interwoven into all our work—as a means to an end—and that end is the people's salvation from sin, by teaching them to know Christ. Many of the Japanese boys and girls are learning to love Him. Surely our Canadian children will not withhold their love!

M. C.

A SUCCESSFUL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

YOU would not have supposed she would cry; but she was curled up under the old willow sobbing woefully, when her four sisters entered the gate from school.

"What can be the matter?" they cried, and all swooped down upon her, telling her they were sorry, and asking what could be the trouble.

"It's all because of that bad, wicked old grandma." came the tearful answer.

"W-h-a-t?" in varying tones of astonishment.

"It's about a wicked old grandma who threw a little baby girl out for the dogs to eat."

"Avis Sweet, what are you talking about?"

Avis sat up, and dried her tears to tell her story.

A letter just came from Miss Ellis, telling mamma about a cruel old China grandma who took a little baby, just as soon as God sent it, and threw it out for the dogs; and one of the mission people found it and brought it in. And mamma is going to ask our church to adopt it."

Well, they won't," said Violet, grimly. "If there is anything this church is absolutely hardened upon, it is the subject of foreign missions."

Violet was right. To all Mrs. Sweet's pleading they turned a deaf ear,

Deacon Coldstream was most emphatically against it; and he was the most influential man in the church except Mr. Grace, who was very wealthy and well liked. But he was a very quiet man, so Deacon Coldstream usually had his own way.

"Oh—oh—oh!" wailed Avis, to whom the little waif seemed strangely near and dear. "I am just going to take care of her myself."

"So you shall, darling, and we will all help you," said Dot, hugging their pet.

After a great deal of planning with father and mother the five girls actually assumed the responsibility of providing for the little "China baby," as Avis called her.

Violet was seventeen, Dot fifteen, the twins, Ruth and Rose, thirteen, and Avis eight.

Quite an undertaking, truly.

"Another begging society," said Deacon Coldstream.

Dot shut her teeth with a little click to keep the funny, saucy answer that rose to her lips from flying out.

"We will not beg one cent," she said.

"No," said Violet, "we will save what little we can. The rest we will earn; but how?"

(To be continued.)

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

Nova Scotia Branch.

Bridgetown—The corresponding secretary writes: "The Alcorn Mission Band is holding its meetings regularly, with a good attendance. At present we are practicing for a public meeting. We received a very nice letter from Miss Alcorn, for whom our band is named; also a photo of her class in Japan. At our last meeting we had visitors from the youngest band in Nova Scotia, the "Veazey" Band, Granville Ferry. Some of our members went as delegates to the district convention, and had the great pleasure of hearing Miss Veazey speak of her work in Japan. We esteemed it a high privilege to listen to one who for five years has done such work for Christ. As we listened our interest grew, and we feel we know the workers much better, and that our prayers will be more fervent. At Easter we held a tea with the auxiliary, and raised ten dollars.

New Germany.—The "Try Again" Band is meeting regularly, though the attendance is small. One fancy sale and a public meeting have also been held.

Riteev's Cove.—The "Blackmore" Band reports increasing interest, good attendance, and three new members.

Woodlows "Workers" are pushing the good work. Large attendance and four new members.

MARCIA B. BRAINE,
Band Secretary.

124 Tower Road, Halifax.

RECITATIONS.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

A little bird with feathers brown
Sat singing on a tree—
The song was very soft and low,
But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by
Looked up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody
That ever they had heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,
For birdie was so small,
And with a modest, dark brown coat,
He had no show at all.

"Why, papa," little Gracie said,
"Where can this birdie be?
If I could sing a song like that,
I'd get where folks could see."

"I hope my little girl will learn
A lesson from that bird,
And try to do what good she can,
Not to be seen nor heard.

"That birdie is content to sit
Unnoticed by the way,
And sweetly sing his Maker's praise
From dawn to close of day.

"So live, my child, all through your
life,
That be it short or long,
Though others may forget your looks,
They'll not forget your song."
—Selected.

REMORSE.

I killed a robin. The little thing,
With scarlet breast on a glossy wing,
That comes in the apple tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there,
I only meant to give him a scare,
But off it went—and hit him square.

But as I watched him I soon could
see
He never would sing for you or me
Any more in the apple tree.

Never more in the morn'g light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Trilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day,
How never, never I can repay
The little life that I took away.

—Sydney Dayre, in *Youth's Companion*.

The Japanese understand very clearly the dangerous character of the drink habit,—

"At the punch-bowl's brink
Let us pause and think,
What they say in Japan,
First, the man takes a drink,
Then, the drink takes a drink,
Then, the drink takes the man!"