



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

Published Every Month.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH, 1894.

VOL. I. No. 3.

The Dying Micmac.

On the floor of his wigwam an Indian lay,
And his spirit was rapidly passing away,
On his brow stood the dewdrops of death thick and
chill.
And the life-pulse, once bounding, was fast growing
still.

He spoke to his friends as they gathered around,
All eager to list to the last failing sound
Of the voice that had cheered them in council or fight
Mid the fires of the wigwam or shadows of night.

He told them his prospects, and Oh what were these?
To guide his frail bark over mirror-like seas,
Whose rippleless water no storm-surge e'er swells,
In the far distant land where the Great Spirit dwells;
Or fearless and free thro' the hunting-grounds roam
Where the elk and the deer and the bison should
come?

Ah no, but the fulness and freshness of grace,
And the power of Jesus to save their lost race,
This, this was his theme, for to him had been given
A vision of glory, of God and of Heaven!

He saw the paved streets which like burnished gold
shone,
And highly exalted sat Christ on his throne,
While angels were circling within their bright home,
And shouting triumphantly "John Paul has come!"

The Indian fell back on his skin covered bed,
And soon he was one of earth's numberless dead,
But his spirit had passed to its home in the sky,
To enjoy the full vision of glory on high!

O servant of Christ, speed thee on in thy work,
Thy mission of love and tho' danger should lurk
In each step of thy pathway, yet onward still move,
Rejoicing to know that thy God doth approve.
And oh, if e'er weary or faint by the way,
Thy footsteps from duty are tempted to stray,
Remember *one* Micmac looks down from above,
The fruit of thy labor, the fruit of thy love,
The pledge, which to thee by thy God hath been given
That the seed sown on Earth shall be garnered in
Heaven!

—E. B. S.

An Object Lesson.

We wonder how many of our young missionary workers have seen the beautiful photograph of all the Indian children in the home at Chilliwack this Christmas? We hope that every one of our members will have an opportunity soon of seeing one of these pictures, for no Christmas gift has brought quite so much pleasure and power to us—gazing with deepest interest on each face. O how thankful we feel to have had the honor of helping, in any small measure, to make these children what they are to-day! Such an object lesson for the many people we find who say "this work ought to be done *entirely* by the government. The government could give these children civilization, but what about the effects of the Gospel of Christ as taught to them—effects so plainly to be seen—even in this picture?

We are reminded of the beautiful Kaffir girl who was sent to a boarding school and carefully educated. She returned to the friends who had placed her there, but only for a few weeks. Exchanging her lovely English clothes for a savage woman's red-clay and blanket, she trudged one hundred miles or more, back to her old tribe and coarsest heathenism. Her former missionary friends said, "Can you tell me, Emma, the secret of this?" She answered, "The reason is this—I was civilized, but not christianized."

We trust that all our boys and girls will commence this year's work by assuring their hearts, from God's own Word, that it is the command of Christ *we* obey in seeking to rescue and help Indian children, so that they may always have a good answer ready to give to those who would try to persuade them that it is no part of *their* work to do so. The King's work requires haste! Millions of

earth's weary, waiting children are asking us to-day, as the old Indian asked some time ago—"why are we so long in coming with the *Book* and its wondrous story?" What answer will we send to them this year?

R. D. G.

Christ's Appearance to Mary.

AN EASTER EXERCISE FOR SEVEN CHILDREN.

FIRST.

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre, weeping, and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre.

SECOND.

And there she saw two angels sit;
In robes of white arrayed;
As if to guard the empty tomb,
Where Christ the Lord had laid,

THIRD.

And they say unto her, "Woman why weepest thou?" She said unto them, "Because they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him."

FOURTH.

She turned and left the empty tomb,
With eyes that scarce could see;
When lo! she saw her Saviour there,
But knew not that 'twas He.

FIFTH.

Jesus saith unto her, "Woman why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, said unto him, "Sir if thou hast borne him hence tell me where thou hast laid him and I will take him away.

SIXTH.

Mary! the Master's voice replies
In tones so wondrous sweet,
Master! the mourning woman cries,
And turns her Lord to greet.

SEVENTH.

Jesus saith unto her, "Touch me not for I am not yet ascended unto my father. But go to my brethren and say unto them I ascend to my Father and your Father; to my God and your God."

ALL, IN CONCERT.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day;
He burst the bars of death away;
He rose triumphant from the grave;
He lives on high the lost to save;
By love's resistless power.

B. W.

Rambles among our Missions.

As our Pullman moved out of Union Station Toronto, it was with a strange feeling of expectancy, mingled with very pleasant anticipations that we realized we were fairly started for a trip to British Columbia and far off Japan. Night concealed the

passing scene and it was not till morning when we found ourselves near North Bay, that we could discover the railroad winding through a great wilderness of rocks, covered for the most part with green spruce trees, and revealing, here and there, beautiful little lakes nestling among the hills.

Through all this region you would wonder if this stillness were ever broken except by the shrill whistle of our train, for here there were no animals, no men, no steeples, no settlements, and the only buildings were the little railway stations. Now winding through deep cuts we reached a high elevation overlooking lake Superior and as it lay before us we had a charming view of the shore, with its peninsulas jutting out into the lake, forming beautiful bays of all shapes and sizes. We would skirt along the shore of one of these bays, then, dashing through a tunnel emerge and coast around another bay until we ran into the little town of Port Arthur. Just a few miles beyond Port Arthur on the bank of the narrow but deep Kamenistiqua river lies the very energetic town of Fort William. Here are situated the head quarters of the C. P. R., and with its busy workshops and great grain elevators, it fails not to leave with you a very favourable impression of its importance.

Leaving Fort William behind, you feel that you are once more beyond the bounds of civilization, for all around is but a continuation of rocky hills, lakes, trees, and streams, with not a house to indicate the presence of a solitary human being. In the midst of this desolation on the shore of the lake of the Woods the brisk but scattered town of Rat Portage forms a very acceptable break in the monotony. A noisy spluttering little river with numerous falls furnishes first class water power for large grist and sawmills. As we near Manitoba through deep cuts in the rocks we pass a more richly wooded district, and then the great rocky hills give place to the wonderful expanse of prairie and Winnipeg is in sight.

Song by a "Temple Builder."

When the sunshine of the morning
Drives away the gloom of night;
When each heart is filled with gladness,
And rejoicing hails the light;
Oh! remember that before you
Lies the harvest of the Lord,
Waving white unto the reaping,
Only waiting for the word.

Every moment, as it passes,
Draws us nearer to our King;
Bids us help some needy brother;
To the weak God's comfort bring.
Let us strive with purpose earnest,
Standing firmly for the right;
In the strength of Christ our master
We shall conquer in the fight.

Easter Greeting.

May the glad dawn of Easter morn
 Bring holy joy to thee,
 May the calm eve of Easter leave
 A peace divine with thee.
 May Easter day to thine heart say
 "Christ died and rose for thee,"
 May Easter night on thine heart write
 "O Christ, I live to Thee!"

Field Studies for April.

Even if governments are Christian, they need praying for, and the more they have to govern the greater is their responsibility. They are responsible, or have to answer for, the good or harm done according to their laws. For instance, if a government determines that this liquor license shall go on, and if by this means many homes are ruined, and thousands of the young people go down to a drunkard's death, then surely the government must, in a great measure, be to blame.

But who is the government? It comes from the people and is made by the people. In a few years our present leaders will have gone, and from the youth of to-day will come the new ones, on whose shoulders will be the burdens and cares of a country, and if these evils continue to exist we know that from our youth will also come the drunkards and drunkards' wives of the next generation. Then let us commences now—we are none of us too young—to fight against this demon. If we can do no more, we can sign the pledge and keep it both now and when we are older, and if we pray to-day, for those who are ruling now, we must work according to our prayers when it comes our turn to be leaders.

But what must we pray for? First of all we must pray that the people who make the laws may have their eyes opened as to the harm liquor and opium are doing. Some foolish people say, that as a government we will gain more money by having the liquor than we could ever make by abolishing the trade. Does it pay anyone to put out four times as much money on any one article as it is worth? That is what the Canadian Government is doing to-day. In 1883, Sir Leonard Tilley said that it costs Canada 20 millions to collect her liquor revenue, which amounts to 5 millions. Her drink bill amounts to nearly 40 millions.

Opium is the great curse in China and India, and it is a terrible fact that our British government is reaping money from what is ruining, in life and death, thousands of our human race. And this deadly vice is on the increase. More opium is raised in China and less imported, and all classes so generally use it, that, even if laws are passed to lessen the trade, they are not carried out for want

of proper persons in authority. One missionary says: "there is no hope for China but in the gospel. When China is converted to Christ, then, and not till then will the opium curse be removed."

And what shall we say for Africa with her hateful traffic in human lives? It is something to be thankful for that no Christian Government permits the slave trade. But the Arabs still carry it on wherever possible. So we must pray and send the gospel quicker to poor dark Africa, and soon the curse will be stopped.

In India many, many girls and woman are really bought and sold, and all for wicked purposes. The government gets a certain part of this money. Surely our prayers are needed very much here.

Coming nearer home we find in our own Dominion that the authorities permit Chinese girls to be treated in the same manner. Even if we as a country do not gain money by this, yet we ought to be willing to spend money to search out the evil and punish the offenders and if our laws are such that they cannot be punished then let us pray that they may be speedily changed. —H. S. S.

Questions for April.

- Do Christian governments need praying for?
- What do they have to answer for?
- Will you explain that?
- What has the government to do with the people?
- What will happen in a few years?
- Who will take their places?
- If there are to be any drunkards and drunkards' wives in the next generation, who will they be?
- When should we begin to fight against it?
- What can we do now?
- What must we do bye and bye?
- What must we pray for?
- What do some foolish people say?
- What is the Canadian government doing to-day?
- What did Sir Leonard Tilley say in 1883?
- What is our drink bill in Canada now?
- What is the great curse of China and India?
- Has the British government anything to do with it?
- Is it getting better or worse?
- Does opium grow in China or is it brought in from other countries?
- Does anybody try to check it?
- What does one missionary say about it?
- What is the worst thing in Africa?
- Does any Christian government allow that?
- Who carry it on?
- What must we do for Africa?
- Why do we need to pray for young girls in India?
- Has the government anything to do with it?
- Is there anything like this in our own dominion? Do the authorities permit it?
- What might our country be willing to do?
- What can we do about our laws?

"The new years come,
 And the old years go,
 As swings Time's Pendulum
 To and fro;
 But the kingdom grows."

Palm Branch.

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MARCH 1894.

Prayer is asked this month for "The Indians of our Dominion. That God may bless all efforts to elevate and christianize them. That the children in the homes and schools may become useful to their own people."

We can never forget that we have dispossessed the Indians; that is, that we have taken from them the lands which they called their own; the inheritance to which they thought they were born. What shall we give them in return? Some white men have given them the "fire water" (well named) which has stolen away their senses and only served to make still darker the dark shadows of heathenism. What shall we give them? Shall it not be the pure and satisfying religion of the Lord Jesus Christ? If we give them the gospel with all its elevating influences surely it will be a blessed exchange and they will be better and richer than ever their fathers were.

The hope of the missionary is in the children! More can be done for the tribes by their own children, taught the knowledge of Christ and trained to various industries, the result being christian homes and communities, than by any other means. Let us work, let us pray for the homes where this is being done.

We are on the eve of two great anniversaries! Our world has had many grand historical events to chronicle, but only two on which its very life and salvation depend. The first was the sacrificial death of our Lord Jesus Christ, made necessary by man's departure from God. The chief priests and scribes cried in derision "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." And it was true! What they cried in cruel mockery was really true. If He had saved Himself, He could not have saved others. He did not save Himself, but "gave His life a ransom for many." What do we owe Him to-day.

Our second great anniversary will be ushered in, not with the world's "dead march" for a dead Christ, but with a triumphant hymn of praise for an opened sepulchre, a risen Christ, an everliving Saviour! Oh the joy of Easter! Are we sharers in it? Happy will it be for each of us if we can say "The Lord is risen indeed and hath appeared"—not only to Simon, but to me! Then we shall want to go and tell the good news, as Mary did.

We thank our friends and patrons for their kind words and deeds. The subscription list is coming up well and the outlook is hopeful.

Our letter under the head of Foreign Correspondence will be continued next month.

The poem on the first page, entitled "The dying Micmac" was written many years ago by one who has since "passed into the skies." It was suggested by a story told by a Micmac missionary.

SUBSCRIBERS, PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!

The PALM BRANCH year begins in January and ends in December. Subscriptions cannot be carried on from one year to another. Those who subscribe now and at a later date will receive back numbers. Please read again the notices over the editorial.

An Easter Appeal.

DEAR BAND MEMBERS.—The general board of our W. M. S. have requested the auxiliaries to hold public Easter services and thank offerings; the proceeds to be devoted to the establishing of a Hospital for women in Chentu, China.

The great need of such an institution is shown by Dr. Stevenson in a letter lately written.

He and Dr. Kilburn were called to visit a woman with some affliction of the eyes, besides other ailments. They were expected to treat this poor woman without seeing her. Finally, they were allowed to look at her eyes through a hole in a curtain, and to feel her pulse, her hand being brought from behind the curtain for the purpose. So small was the knowledge they could thus gain, that they dared not treat the woman. And so she was left to her sad fate. You will see, then, the great need of women doctors, and a place where these poor Chinese mothers' sisters and daughters may be properly treated.

Would it not be a grand thing then, for all our band members to practise some self-denial between now and Easter to swell the contributions which come up from the auxiliaries for the starting of a Woman's Hospital in Chentu? How many are willing to do this? How many Presidents will bring this before their bands?

A. J. H.

Story of a Penny.

I am only a penny, not very big, and not worth much, and yet I have been God's little messenger to some who live far away from here, and who knew nothing of Jesus and his love for all.

One day, when I had just come from the mint fresh and shining, a gentleman put me in his pocket-book, took me to a store and had a hole bored through me and then put a piece of blue ribbon through, and carried me to his home.

"Here Dolly," I heard him call, "see what I have for you."

A sweet little girl, about seven years of age, came dancing up, her face aglow with interest to see what treasure papa had brought.

"O, what a shining penny!" she cried, "I'll put it round my neck and wear it always!"

I saw and heard many things in that home. I soon found that they were all interested in missions, and Dolly was a worker in a band called "Little Gleaners." One day she went off to her band with more than usual interest, for a lady, named Mrs. Pratt, who was a missionary among Indians was going to talk to them. Very quietly the girls sat while she told them of the poor red children who had never heard of Jesus, who never even heard of Christmas, and who had so little joy in their lives. Then she asked if any girl would like to give something to help carry the glad news of Jesus and His love to these little ones. I felt Dolly's heart throb, and her little hand went up and held me fast, and then went down again, and then, with a great effort she choked back her tears, took off her neck the blue ribbon and, with me in her hand, went to the lady and said, "Mrs. Pratt, here is my new penny, please take it and give it to some Indian girl, with my love, and tell her Dolly Marlowe wants her to love Jesus." Mrs. Pratt kissed the dear little face as she thanked her, and told her God would surely bless her penny.

Well, I lay in Mrs. Pratt's purse for a long time, but at last she took me out, and I found we were in a strange land. The people who lived there were of a copper color. They had long, black hair, in which they stuck feathers, and they painted their faces until they looked terrible. They did not live in houses, but tents, called wigwams, made of dressed buffalo skins sewed together, with twenty or more poles to keep them up.

Mr. and Mrs. Pratt soon gained the hearts of some of the people by giving them bright beads, and other things, and they helped build a wooden house for them. One morning Mrs. Pratt saw a little girl, just about Dolly's age, playing near one of the tents. She could speak the Indian language, so she went up to her, and put the ribbon round her neck and asked her to come and see her and she would tell her a nice story. After she went away, the Indian girl, whose name was "Koka," which means "The Antelope" went into her home and showed me to her mother.

Koka had a baby brother, such a funny little red baby, and such a funny cradle! It was a flat board, and the baby was bandaged to it, his feet resting on a hoop, passed over his face was another hoop, and on it were placed all sorts of little toys and charms. When Koka's mother went to work—and she had

all the work to do, for the men only fight and hunt and smoke—she carried the cradle on her back.

Koka often went to hear Mrs. Pratt tell Bible stories, but her mother would not go, though she always asked her little girl to tell her what the "white faced" lady said.

But one day the baby took ill, and in a short time died. How sorry the poor mother felt, for she loved her baby just as dearly as a white mother loves her little one. She did not put away the empty cradle, but put a big bunch of black feathers where her baby used to lie, and carried it on her back and talked to it as she used to when her baby was there.

The Missionary felt very sad when Koka told her that her little brother was dead, and one day she came and told the poor mother that some day she would see her baby again. Oh, how Koka and her mother listened as Mrs. Pratt told them of Heaven and Jesus who was keeping the baby safe and well till they came too. They had never heard such news before! After that Koka's mother went to hear the lady talk, and then some of the other women went, and by and by the men went also.

Very soon I began to see a great difference in the village. The people no longer daubed their faces with paint, and tuck feathers in their hair as they used to. Many of them built neat little houses and tilled the land. The men no longer made the women do all the heavy work and carry great burdens. By and by a nice little church was built. Koka and her mother and father and many others were baptized and Koka's name was changed to Mary.

At the end of two years Mr. and Mrs. Pratt were called to visit another tribe, and a young man came to take their place, so the Indians would not be left all alone.

One day Koka went to Mrs. Pratt, and taking the blue ribbon off her neck said, "Dear Missionary, I want you to tell Dolly that I do love Jesus. I used to listen to all you told about him, and then when I went home, before I would lie down to sleep, I would touch this shining penny and think that the little white girl sent it to me 'with her love,' and was asking Jesus to help me love him, and that *did* help me to love him; and now, would you please take the penny and give it to some girl in the tribe you are going to to-morrow, and give her *my* love, and tell her Koka will pray every day that she, too, may love Jesus."

That night the missionaries said good-bye to the people who loved them so dearly. Mrs. Pratt held me up and told how two years ago little Dolly had sent me to them "with her love," and how, through me she had gained Koka's heart, and how Koka had brought many of the children to hear of Jesus; and then how Koka's mother in her grief had come, and how other women and men, too, came to hear the glad story, until now nearly all the village loved Jesus.

"And now," she said, "Koka sends the penny with her love, to another tribe. Will you pray that it may do as much good there as it has done here."

Then they all knelt down and prayed, and after that, amid tears and sobs, said good-bye to the loved missionaries. I was very sorry to leave Koka and yet so glad that I had been used by the dear Lord, and feel sure that the prayers of those

Indians and dear little Dolly will be answered, and that in the tribe where I am going I shall win many hearts for Jesus.

LOUIE HUNTER,
Montreal.

COUSIN JOY'S COSY CORNER.

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

Cousin Joy gives her address this month because she thinks the girls and boys will want to know where to send the answers to the puzzles or any little letters they may please to write for the Cosy Corner. She hopes they will find much help in these pages for their Easter services. Easter should be the most joyful season in the year. Can any little girl or boy tell why?

A Nova Scotia band would like to ask Cousin Joy how she would interest the uninterested?

The writer of this question does not say whether she means in the band or out of it.

If she means those who belong to the band, come to it and yet feel no interest in it we will only refer her to the little letter which we publish in our column to-day in which the writer speaks of the help her band gets from the study and questions of the month. We are glad to hear this from her and from others. That is what our little paper is for—to help the bands in every way possible. It is all missionary. The band notes are suggestive, and the study and even the puzzles and conundrums can be used to fill out a programme, if need be.

If the writer of this question means, how to interest those outside and bring them in, well—that is a harder question. It seems to us that the old saying applies here. "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain." If they will not come to the band take the band to them. If the band members could go out from their meeting with faces shining with the love of Jesus to tell others of the joy of helping Him by praying and working for the children whose lives are dark while their lives are bright, surely that would have its effect. Each child may be a home missionary in this way! Talk about it—talk is a good thing in its place—we all know how the tongue, which God has given us for this very purpose, goes wiggle waggle over very small matters. Let us use it for the Master! Give the uninterested ones some startling fact to think about, give them a leaflet to read, or what is better, read it to them. If such leaflets as "Who will send Ling-tee?" or "If they only knew," do not awaken an interest they are hopeless cases. A missionary tea or social to which outsiders are invited is an excellent way of gathering the uninterested. When they are

gathered in make them fully acquainted with the needs of the work and give them something to do.

Other answers are invited.

Dear Cousin Joy:—I have just read Trixie's letter in PALM BRANCH for Jan., and would like to send her a "Song of welcome" which has never been sung for it was written after reading her letter. Here it is.

A SONG OF WELCOME. TUNE, WEBB.

We come, we come with glad hearts
To bid you welcome here,
A thousand, thousand welcomes
To one we hold so dear;
Who for the love of Jesus,
And heathen far away,
Left home and friends and comfort
To teach the narrow way.

We come with happy voices
To praise our God above,
Who all the way has led you
And kept you by his love,
Who in the hour of darkness
Has ever been your light,
And in the time of danger
Protected by His might.

We praise our Heavenly Father
For good that you have done
For words of comfort spoken
And souls to Jesus won.
On you his choicest blessings
Forever more abide;
And the angels bid you welcome
At last to Jesus' side. —E. D. B.

Puzzle Drawer.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY NO.

Enigma.—Port Simpson.
Charades.—1. Cart-mell.
2. Cunning—Lam.
3. Katie Spencer Large.
Conundrums—1. Large.
2. Because she is all Hart.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY NO.

Enigma.—Chentu.
Charades.—1. Ja(y)-pan.
2. Toe-key-o. (Tokio)

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 11, 3, 5, 15, 9, is what Peter tells us we ought to be. My 1, 13, 4, 6, is what Cousin Joy's Corner is. My 7, 2, 8, 14, means fierce. My 12, 3, 10, 6, is what we must be before we can go to Heaven. My whole is the name of a mission station in which we are all interested.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 2, 8, 15, is good to eat, when fresh. My 11, 6, 18, 12, means not warm. My 17, 16, 7, 4, 9, is the name of a Missionary lady. My 10, 13, 3, 5, is what many do in the spring. My 1, 14, 4, is made and used in eastern countries. My whole was a pioneer Indian missionary.

CHARADES.

My first is a country in South America; my second is a smart blow; my whole is the place where one of our Homes is situated.

My first means cheerful, happy; my second is what we want to receive of absent friends; my whole is something that goes on missionary errands.

My first is pronounced like a letter of the alphabet; my second is pronounced like a letter of the alphabet. My whole is the name of a Missionary.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the name of one of our missionaries that reminds you of a gate in Pilgrim's Progress?

HAMPTON STATION, Feb. 5, 1894.

Dear Editor:—We were very much pleased with the PALM BRANCH, for last month, it helped to give us a very pleasant meeting. Slips of paper with the questions on the subject for the month, were given to each and as the numbers were called the questions were read and answered.

LILLIE M. R. DUKE,
Cor. Sec. of Day Star Mission Band.

Historical Dialogue.

LITTLE GIRL.

Roman Soldier, tell me true
What sort of a watch on guard were you?
The sepulchre sealed safe at night,
How came it empty at morning light?

SOLDIER, A LARGER BOY.

Why, Peter and Andrew, James and John,
They came by night, removed the stone,
And long before the break of day,
They stole His body far away.

GIRL.

Roman Soldier, tell me then
Why slew you not those thieving men?
Were a few unarmed Jews too hard
For a veteran Roman guard?

SOLDIER.

Oh no, you Jews we never fear,
But we had no chance for sword or spear,
For up so softly they did creep
While we were all of us fast asleep.

GIRL.

Roman Soldier if you were
All fast asleep, as you declare,
How could you know, or see or say,
Who 'twas that took your Lord away?

SOLDIER.

Old Annas and Caiphas told me so;
The truth they wished that none should know,
They gave me there fine silver and gold,
To tell the story I have told.

GIRL.

Roman Soldier, tell no more
The stories you have told before,
Too foolish to deceive our youth;
But tell us now the simple truth.

SOLDIER.

Little girl, the truth I'll tell:
An earthquake rolled the stone away,
Half dead with fear we Romans lay;
While, like full sunrise at midnight,
Christ rose, and glided from our sight.

GIRL.

Roman Soldier, your own eyes
Have seen our Lord and God arise:
Bars and seals were no avail
Christ (looking upward) Thou Conqueror! all hail!

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Leaves from the Branches.

BAY OF QUINTE BRANCH.

Peterboro, Charlotte street, has the honor of being the first mission Band organized in the new branch.

Smithfield has a Circle of sixteen members working in connection with the Epworth League.

Lindsay Excelsior mission Band has undertaken the education of a girl in the Chinese Home in British Columbia. —M. G. H.

Napanee.—A mission circle was organized in the Eastern Methodist Church on December 18th, 1893 with seven members. On Jan. 2nd, 1894. the circle gave an entertainment in the basement of the church. The collection at the door amounted to \$13.00. With this money flannel was purchased and made up into useful garments, two fine tie downs were also made. All this was done, the box packed and shipped to Supply Committee in two weeks' time. The circle had received word of the urgent need of these articles to some of our missionaries' families hence the dispatch. In two weeks from time of organization our membership increased to sixteen, nearly all of these have subscribed for the PALM BRANCH. If any circle can give a better report we would like to have it published in our official organ. We are now beginning a study of departments assisted by the W. M. S. We meet fortnightly.

TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH.

On Jan. 15th a mission band consisting of 25 girls was organized in Ocellia, Ont. by Mrs. W. R. Barker, wife of the minister there. The officers are as follows: Pres., Miss Cameron; vice Pres., Misses Smith and Vennor; Secy, Miss Eva Whiston; Treas Miss Laura Curran.

Brampton mission Circle did not take up work until December on account of revival services being held in the church, conducted by Revs. Crossley and Hunter. As a result of their labors 200 have joined the church, and the circle is going to work with renewed vigor, expecting a large number of young people to join with them in missionary work.

Brampton mission Band reports 12 new members making in all 49, with life members. Each member of the band has taken the name of a Missionary and when the roll is called answers to this new name with a verse of Scripture.

Toronto, Carleton St. mission circle spent a pleasant evening at the home of their president, Mrs. Hough, on Jan. 29th. The evening was very stormy and there was some disappointment as to speakers. Missionary readings were given, and the social feeling promoted by partaking of light refreshments. This band sent a box to Trout Creek and a letter of thanks was read from the pastor in charge.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH.

For many reasons mission band correspondence has been almost at a stand still of late, but we hope and believe that the work has been carried on none the less faithfully, and trust that soon every band will be heard from. Those letters which have come in give evidence of continued interest. It is rumored that we may expect to hear of a new band at Springhill before long. We hope we may not be disappointed.

Nictaux has an increase of members to assist in holding the ropes.

Truro band which has a junior and senior division gave in December, a "Light and Darkness" entertainment, which, with the sale of ice-cream and home-made candy at its close, netted \$26.00.

Bear River band was entertained recently by a tea at the home of Mrs. W. G. Clarke. The members with commendable enterprise each earned five cents, paid for their tea, and thus added seventy five cents to their treasury. The interest of this gathering was further enriched by a letter from Mrs. Alexander of Japan.

Annapolis was organized within the last few months and is reported as being in good working order.

In order to insure a successful year, a good rule for us to follow during the remaining months is to "pray as if everything depended upon God and work as if everything depended upon ourselves."

M. F. BROWNRIGG,

Bridgetown, N. S.

Cor. Sec.

How Ellen went to Port Simpson.

HER OWN STORY.

One day I was on the street in Vancouver playing, where we girls often played; I did not always live on this street, because I did not have a home like the other girls. Sometimes I lived with Mary Ann, but she used to drink and then she was cross; often she would beat me, and shut me out of doors. If it was day time I did not mind, but at night I had to hunt about for some place to sleep. I liked better to live on this street with Aunt Jane, only she was often sick and then we did not have much to eat. When she was well, she went away all day, working I guess, but I could play and go where I wanted to. We girls were having a great game when Aunt Jane came out where we were and calling me to her said to a strange man beside her, "This is the child." The man spoke very kindly to me, and asked me if I would like to go to school? He said he had a Home where there were a number of girls like me, who went to school and besides learned many other things. I had never been in school but had heard one of the girls tell of a school she had gone to for a while, and she liked it so I thought it might be nice to go. So I said "Yes I would like to go." I had only a few clothes, Aunt Jane made them into a bundle and I went with the missionary.

We went on board a large boat that goes to Victoria. It was a very grand boat, but I did not see very much of it as the man told me I must not run around, I was very tired keeping still and it was almost dark, when the missionary said we were at Victoria. The boat had stopped so we got out and went to a house where we had tea. It was a very nice tea, nicer than ever I had before. After tea we went to another boat, not quite so large as the one we came over in, but almost as nice. The missionary said this boat would take me to Port Simpson where the school was and there was a lady on board the boat who would look after me. We went on board, met the lady, she showed me a little room with 1. clean beds in it and told me I had better go to bed, I was glad to go to bed for it was quite late and I felt very tired.

I did not wake till next morning, after day light I heard a bell ringing so jumped out of bed, found the boat was going, I put on my clothes and peeped into the cabin. Just as I did so the lady came out of her room; she asked me if I was "all dressed?" I said "yes." "Oh!" she said "you did not fix your hair, did you wash your face?" I said "no I forgot" so she made me wash very clean and helped me fix my hair. When this was done another bell rang, the lady said breakfast was ready, so we went out to the table. There were a lot of people at the table but my seat was at the end next to the lady's.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)