



WHEN THE KING SHALL COME TO HIS OWN AGAIN.

BY WILLIAM WATERFIELD.

The lilies are set in the garden high,
 They hold up their heads to watch the sky,
 They stand at their post through storm and rain
 Till the King shall come to his own again.
 The lilies are withering, one by one,
 But buds shall awake for the next year's sun,
 They shall open their hearts with never a stain,
 And the King shall come to his own again.

I am but weak, with no arms to fight;
 Great is their strength who withstand the right;
 How can I aid to burst the chain,
 That the King may come to his own again?
 I can but watch, I can but pray,
 I can but look for a brighter day;
 But I know that evil shall cease to reign
 And the King shall come to his own again.

The years may be long and I be dead;
 There shall stand up worthier in my stead;
 Worthy at last to join the train,
 When the King shall come to his own again.
 O day of days! O day most bright!
 White as my lilies' hearts are white;
 There shall be neither care nor pain,
 When the King shall come to his own again.

PRINCESS VICTORIA AND THE TRAMP

R. A. T. Story vouches for the truth of the following incident of the Queen's childhood which he narrates in the London "Quiver." She was at the time but seven or eight years of age, and her heart was set on a certain doll which she had seen in a shop window. She had to wait,

however, until she could save the price, six shillings out of her pocket-money. At last the day came and the coveted doll was paid for and received. The story proceeds as follows:

"And now, the precious treasure upon her arm, the little lady bade the shopkeeper good-afternoon, and was about to step from the door, when a poor, miserable-looking object of a man met her eye. He was standing but a couple of feet away, and seemed as though he was going to speak to her, attracted doubtless by the innocent kindness of her expression and the tenderness of her blue eyes. But though his lips moved, no sound came from them.

"He stood aside to let her pass, a mute, agonized appeal in his sunken cheeks and quivering chin.

"'Did you wish to speak to me?' asked the little lady, staying her steps.

"Encouraged by her winning voice, the poor tramp—for such he was—said, in trembling accents:

"'I am very hungry. I would not ask for help if I were not ready to sink with hunger.'

"He looked famine from his eyes.

"'I am sorry; I have no money or else—'

"His lips trembled forth a humble 'Thank you, lady,' then he shuffled on his way.

"'Stay!' murmured the little owner of the new doll. There was a quiver in her childish voice and a moisture in her eyes as she spoke. "Wait a minute, please."

"She stepped back into the shop, approached the lady behind the counter, and said:

"Oh, please, do you mind taking the doll back and keeping it for me for a few day longer?"

"Certainly I will," replied the shop-keeper; "and you wish me to return you the money?"

'Yes, if you please.'

"This was done, and the little lady, hurrying out of the shop, placed the whole of the money in the hands of the starving man.

"He was like one thunderstruck. Never had bounty rained upon him in such profusion before.

"He murmured, in a low tone, though loud enough to reach her ear:

"If the Almighty made you a queen, it would not be more than your goodness deserves!"

"Then he hobbled away to satisfy his hunger."

BAND PROGRAMME.

HAVING to prepare a programme for my Mission Band, I thought out a little story of our W. M. S. from its organization, and by using my paint brush, the plain side of old concert tickets and letters and figures from calendars and posters, prepared four sets of cards. Upon the first set of seven cards, I pasted respectively—1881 W. M. S., Montreal; Coqualeetza; Chinese Home; Port Simpson; Japan; China. The ground of these was all one color—I used pale green. The second set of cards, three in number, were dark blue. On the first was Halifax 1882, on the second the name of the place at which the last Board meeting was held, and on the third the name of the place at which our last Branch met. The third set, with ten cards, was red, and on these were the names of the different branches, viz: London, Hamilton, Toronto, Bay of Quinte, Montreal, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and P. E. I., Manitoba, British Columbia, Newfoundland. The fourth set of pale blue, also with ten cards had: London 22, Hamilton 43, Toronto 38, Bay of Quinte 34, Montreal 34, Nova Scotia 54, N. B. and P. E. I. 50, Manitoba 7, British Columbia 2, Newfoundland 1.

Our church parlor has a map of the Dominion of Canada, and on this I proposed to pin my cards, which I called flags. It also has a blackboard upon which I drew something with ten arms, meant for a tree with ten branches, on each of which were as many twigs as there are Mission Bands in the Branch represented. After opening exercises I distributed flags, pins and written answers numbered, and then we carried out the following programme which was so much enjoyed at the time that I have endeavored to help some one else who may be now in the position I was then.

Leader—Fifteen years ago last November, 1881, some Methodist ladies who had thought much about mission work felt that they must do something to help the good cause, so they met together in Hamilton, Ontario, and organized the W. M. S. (pin flag

on map at Hamilton.)

Question 1—What is meant by organizing?

Ans. 1.—Organizing means the forming of persons into a Society by electing officers and having regular times of meeting.

Question 2—How many officers has the Board of Managers of the W. M. S.?

Ans. 2.—Sixteen: President, Vice-Pres. (10), Rec. Sec'y, Field Cor. Sec'y, Home Cor. Sec'y, Treas., Asst. Treas.

Question 3—Why was the Society organized?

Ans. 3—(a) So that the women of Canada could learn the needs of the heathen world; (b) Because the women of Canada felt that they ought to do something for their heathen sisters: (c) Because these Methodist ladies felt that they must obey Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature", and that if they could not go themselves they must send those who could.

Leader—The Society grew rapidly, so that in a year's time there were twenty auxiliaries or helping Societies, one of which was organized on Jan. 12th, 1882, in Brunswick St. church, Halifax, (pin on flag). The work kept on growing, so to make matters as simple as possible, branches were formed.

Question 4—What is a branch?

Ans. 4—A branch is composed of those Auxiliaries and Bands within its prescribed limits.

Ques. 5—How many branches are there now?

Ans. 5—Nine, and some separate Auxiliaries in Newfoundland (pin on red flags).

Ques. 6—When did our Branch meet last year?

Ans. 6—Grafton St. church, (dark blue flag pinned on).

Ques. 7—What is a Mission Band?

Ans. 7—A Society of young people banded together to help the W. M. S. and connected with the Auxiliary of the church in which it is formed. When there are two Bands connected with one church the older one is called a Mission Circle.

Ques. 8—How many bands are there in each Branch?

Ans. 8—Pin on pale blue flags.

Ques. 9—At the branch meetings delegates are elected to the meeting of the Board of Managers. Where did this meet last year?

Ans. 9—Pin on dark blue flag.

Ques. 10—Where does the money raised by the W. M. S. go to?

Ans. 10—Pin on pale green flags.

Ques. 11—Give the motto of the W. M. S.

Ans. 11—Malachi 3: 10; Matt. 9: 37, 38.

MOTTO FOR JUNE—For the love of Christ constraineth us. II. Cor. 5:4.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen;
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us
 God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On her be pleased to pour,
 Long may she reign;
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the Queen.

FIELD STUDY FOR JUNE.

INDIA

The sympathy of the whole world has gone out toward India this year as she has struggled in the grasp of the twin evils, famine and plague.

The poverty of the people is excessive when conditions are favorable. The average income has been estimated at from \$3.60 to \$6 a year. If this is the average what must be the income of the poor? Forty millions are living on one meal a day.

There are no luxuries to cut off when hard times come; less food than usual means starvation.

I wonder if there is one of us who has really suffered from hunger once in her life? I went with a party on a May-flowering expedition a long tramp, and we neglected to provide ourselves with luncheon. When we reached the hiding place of the little pink blossoms we were so hungry that we thought as much of bread and butter as we did of the flowers we had walked so far to get. We reached home faint and weary and how good the homely supper tasted.

That is all we know about it, to be hungry and have our hunger satisfied. Hundreds of thousands in India go to bed hungry, every night of their lives.

For an agricultural country the population per square mile is very large. In Europe or America any large country having two hundred people per square mile implies mines, manufactures or the industries of cities: but in India six hundred is often reached in purely agriculture areas.

The average population of the valley of the Ganges where the famine is severe is five hundred per square mile.

When Elijah's prophecy was fulfilled and there was no rain in the land of Israel for three years there was famine in the land. So it is in India today.

The methods of agriculture are such as were in use

in the time of the prophet. Even when the government has built canals to supply water for the crops many of them prefer surface wells and these depend almost altogether on the rainfalls.

The missionaries of all societies have more than they can do in giving relief as they have the means, and caring for the helpless orphans.

Two women were found dead near a mission station and at the side of each a little starving baby. The poor mothers had given the last mouthful to the children.

The missionaries are taking as many of these orphans as they can support and will give them a Christian training.

Some of the best workers in India to-day are said to be the famine orphans saved by Dr. Butler and his wife in the famine of 1866.

One cent a day will keep a native alive; so a little money has a chance to do a great deal of good. One says,— "The cause of Christ may be greatly advanced in India if at this supreme crisis the missionaries may have in their hands the means of saving the people."

"What India wants is the Gospel of Christ in men's hearts. There is no other cure for her ills; whether cholera or plague, famine or poverty all are due to superstition." E. A. D.

ERRATUM—In the May number it was stated that the only other Protestant mission in the city of Chen-tu is the Methodist Episcopal. In reality, the "China Inland Mission" has had a station there for many years.

QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

Why has the sympathy of the world gone out to India this year?

What is said of the poverty of the people?

What money do they usually make in a year?

How many meals do they have in a day? Any luxuries?

How much do we know about hunger?

What can you tell of the sufferings from hunger in India?

What about the population?

What is the difference between India and Europe or America in regard to population?

What is the population of the famine part?

What is the cause of the famine?

Do they make use of the canals made by the government?

How are the Missionaries of all societies employed?

What sad story of the famine is told?

What are the Missionaries doing for orphans?

Why may they expect good results?

How much money will keep a native alive?

How may the cause of Christ be advanced at this crisis?

What is the real need of India today?

What is the secret of all the evils that prevail today?

* PALM BRANCH *

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

JUNE, 1897.

Ever we felt loyal to our Mother country and our Queen we should "set up our banners in this year of our Lord 1897—this year of "Great Jubilee."

There is an aged man in Baltimore who loves to tell of the fact that he was in England sixty years ago and witnessed the triumphal procession which attended the coronation of Queen Victoria. He dilates on the magnificence of the pageant, but evidently with greater pleasure on the graceful carriage and youthful freshness of the young Queen of eighteen summers, who smilingly bowed right and left to the cheering and excited crowds.

Sir Edwin Arnold has also memories of her coronation day. He says he saw on that day lucifer matches, being sold on the street as curiosities at a half-penny each. At that time railways and steam navigation were practically unknown. Today great fortunes are invested in British railways. Foreign trade is four times and shipping seven times as great as they were sixty years ago. The advance in education and the fine arts is simply marvellous.

"The Queen has borne an immense personal part in moulding her age, says Sir Edwin, and the age reflects back on her name and her greatness a lustre beyond the glory of all other reigns." This is great praise and well deserved. What then is the secret of our good Queen's success. Is it not her acknowledgment of God in every event and crisis of her life, from her earliest days? "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich." Let us thank Him for the long and prosperous reign of our beloved Queen and pray that by and bye His "Well done" may be sweeter to her ears than any plaudit that earth can offer.

While we rejoice in the fact that for the most part civilization and Christianity have gone hand in hand

through our great Empire, yet the sad story of India today with its scourges of plague and famine seems to point to a selfish greed of gain strangely antagonistic to the teachings of Christ.

Sir Arthur Cotton, who is an authority, says that more than the revenue gained by the Indian government from the opium traffic with China might be obtained from irrigation works which would be a blessing instead of a curse and the best possible safeguard against famine. He says "God is now sending us a second rebuke in this terrible famine resulting from a failure of rain of extraordinary extent."

We are sure that you will all appreciate the Band Exercise kindly sent us this month.—It must prove helpful to our Band Leaders.

Our thanks are also due to the young lady in Belleville for her interesting story of our little Home Missionary.

We are very glad to have a nice letter this month from one of our far away Missionaries, who also kindly sends us a letter from one of her Japanese pupils, who might well serve as a model to our Canadian girls.

QUESTION DRAWER.

Q. Will you please tell the young folks the difference between the people of India and the Indians of our continent. I remember being very much confused on the subject when I was a little girl.

A. The people in India are called East Indians, and also take the names of the different parts of India to which they belong—such as Burmese, Bengalese, &c. They are quite a different race from the Indians who were first found inhabiting our continent, and who lived by hunting and fishing and were constantly at war with other tribes. The East Indians are very idolatrous, being mostly of the Hindoo religion which is very degrading—"We would be very glad if some one would send us a communication on this very subject.

Q. Do you invite contributions for your Question Drawers?

A. Yes indeed we will only be too glad to have such help—and if we cannot answer the questions we will propose to find some one who can.

A missionary writing from India in regard to the power of the word says: "There is a real spirit of enquiry among the young people of India. A lad said to me recently, 'I cannot tell you why I come, because I don't want to be a Christian, but somehow I can't forget the words I hear from your book, they are such simple words and seem to have such power. Why is it? Why do you people who read the Bible so much have such bright, happy faces?' Thus the way seems prepared and paths cleared as never before for the progress of the gospel. A large preparatory work has been done, and Christian converts are multiplying.

KISSED HIS MOTHER.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine
 As I went down the street—
 A woman whose hair was silver,
 But whose face was blossom sweet,
 Making me think of a garden,
 When, in spite of the frost and snow
 Of bleak November weather,
 Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
 And the sound of a merry laugh,
 And I knew the heart it came from
 Would be like a comforting staff
 In the time and the hour of trouble,—
 Hopeful and brave and strong,
 One of the hearts to lean on,
 When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
 And met his manly look;
 A face like his gives me pleasure,
 Like the page of a pleasant book.
 It told of a steadfast purpose,
 Of a brave and daring will;
 A face with a promise in it,
 That, God grant, the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing,
 I saw the woman's eyes
 Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
 As the sunshine warms the skies.
 "Back again, sweetheart mother,"
 He cried, and bent to kiss
 The loving face that was lifted
 For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
 I hold that this is true—
 From lads in love with their mothers
 Our bravest heroes grew
 Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts,
 Since time the earth began;
 And the boy who kisses his mother
 Is every inch a man!

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

INDIA.

We are indebted for our facts to Mrs J. T. Gracey.

“HE position assigned to woman among the people of any nation is a test of the civilization to which that nation has attained.” Therefore India is very low down in the scale. There are over forty millions of high-caste women in the Zenanas of India. They are victims of a social system which excludes from all that is going on in the great world around them. They have no liberty of thought or action and feel most keenly of all the heathenism—Many of these women are naturally bright, and this is how they employ their time—Preparing the food, eating, drinking, dressing, smoking, comparing jewels; nowhere to go, nothing to see; no books, papers or magazines, no music, no pictures; only hatred and jealousy in their minds because of

the presence of other wives—this we are told, is the life of the high-caste woman of India. They are very superstitious, and worship daily their household gods, teaching their children to do the same. Perhaps it will surprise you, as it surprised me, to learn that the women of India were not always kept in this state of ignorance and degradation. In their early history such education as men had, was not denied them and some were highly cultured. Child marriage was unknown, girls even had a voice in the selection of their husbands; women were not burned alive with their dead husbands and child widows were not doomed to perpetual degradation. All these terrible things are the result of greater priestly authority and the Mohammedan conquest of India. Now, India is ruled by our own good Queen, and while there is still much to deplore, the way is opened for the Light and Truth to enter in, and the outlook is encouraging.

The first women missionaries sent to India were to the Zenanas. At first the prejudice was strong against them, but gradually it wore away and now none are received so joyfully. The medical Missionary is especially welcome to these poor women, not allowed hitherto to see the face of a physician. They bring healing of the soul and body. The Bible is also a power for good in these homes and the Bible woman most welcome. “The Bible must have been written by a woman” said one in a Zenana to a Missionary, “there are so many beautiful things in it about women” “Read over the story, for I never weary of it” said another. It is now 54 years since the first high-caste school was opened in Madras. We all know how nine years ago Pundita Ramabai opened a school for child widows in India and what a success it has been. Her own history is a wonderfully interesting one. Sunday schools have great influence there—this work is carried on in twenty five languages, with about three hundred thousand pupils, and yet there are twenty millions of young girls in India who have no such chance for education! The low-caste women in India are the ones who profit most by the labor of the Missionaries. They are really out-casts and some of them have been hungry all their lives. Think, of it, children, who have enough and to spare! We will tell you more of these low-caste women another time.

It is only a few years ago that Pundita Ramabai said: “Among my countrymen the *man* is divine, and the *woman's* only hope of heaven is through her husband. Some few women are allowed to obtain sufficient education to make poetry in praise of their husbands, so that the *man* may get the full benefit thereof.”



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

DEAR COUSINS.—You will find on our first page this month a true, sweet story of a kind, unselfish little girl who did a good deed to a poor suffering fellow creature from the impulse of a brave, loving heart. That happened many years ago and the prediction of the poor man or rather the words that he spoke in his gratitude have been fulfilled, for she has been Britain's good and noble Queen for sixty years.

She did not know then that she was to wear a crown and become the greatest lady in all the land for we are told that she was twelve years of age before she learned that important fact. So she was then only a quiet little girl, living simply at home with a good mother, saying her lessons every day to her governess, praying to God and doing her best to prepare for her future life, not knowing the great future that God had in store for her. Could we wish any better model for the little girls of our Mission Bands? Will they not all try to follow their good Queen's noble example though this the year of her "Greater Jubilee?"

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—Our Mission Band which was organized a year ago last March is still thriving. We have a membership of forty-two. We meet every second and last Saturday in the month. We sew almost every time we meet. We have two quilts almost completed. We take eleven numbers of the Palm Branch. Yours truly,

Markham, Ont.

Minnie Pringle.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—The members of the Cheerful Toilers' Mission Band, were pleased at their last meeting on receiving the proceeds of a sale of dolls' clothing, candy etc., held by Minnie Robertson, one of our youngest members. Minnie is a niece of Miss Robertson, our returned Missionary from Japan.

I remain yours,

St. John N. B. Annie E. Cassidy, Cor. Sec.

We are glad to hear that little Minnie is beginning already to trade in the footsteps of her good, brave auntie.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I have never written to you before, but thought I would now. I am a member of our Mission Band which is called the "Happy Workers." Most of our members take the Palm Branch and we like it very much. I think it is very interesting and the puzzles are good. I send you a puzzle

of my composition, hoping you will find it worth printing.

Yours truly,

Edville, Ont.

Carrie Dunnett.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I think I have found the answers to the first two April puzzles. They are as follows:—First, April fools' day, second, "The Kensington Mission Band." Enclosed please find puzzle. I hope you will think it worth publishing.

Your loving cousin,

Derby N. B.

Winnie Thomas.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I think I have found the answer to the second puzzle for April, it is The Kensington Mission Band. I belong to the Onward Mission Band at Cornwall P. E. Island.

Your loving little cousin,

Grace V. Baker.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the Sunbeam Mission Band. I take The Palm Branch and find it very interesting. I think I have found the answers to the April puzzles—they are as follows—First, April fool's day; second, The Kensington Mission Band. Answers to the Bible Queries—First, Antioch, A. D. 45; second, Lydia. Enclosed please find puzzle. I hope you will think it worth publishing,

I remain your cousin,

Margate.

Lavinia M. Clair.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I think I have found the answers to the May Puzzles. The first is Maud Harrison and the second is The Sufferers of India. I belong to the Dayspring Mission Band and like it very well. We take the Palm Branch. As this is the first letter I have written to you I will now close.

Your loving Cousin,

Little York.

M. Lulu Large.

JUNE PUZZLES.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 2, 24, 20, 23 is part of the body.

My 10, 22, 20, 13, 11, 20 is a town in Europe.

My 9, 24, 5, 31, is a point of the compass.

My 33, 3, 19, 18, 5 is a garment worn by ladies.

My 7, 9, 20, 20, 25, 18, 22, 20 is a famous poet.

My 1, 4, 6, 25 is an incorporated town.

My 8, 9, 12, 23 is a large body of animals.

My 16, 14, 15, 9 is to get up.

My 20, 19, 10, 10, 17, 9 is a girl's name.

My whole is a joyful saying.

Derby N. B.

WINNIE.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I tried to do this puzzle to see if I could do one; if you think it is nice enough you can put it in the paper.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 9, 3, 13 means a plant or an infusion of it.

My 11, 2, 5 to move quickly.

My 1, 2, 7, 9 is to leave.

My 8, 10, 9 something to live in.

My 4, 13, 11 a spike of corn.

My 6, 12, 11, 9, 2, 4 moral goodness.

My whole is a woman greatly beloved.

St. John

Yours truly,
JOY NEVIOUS.

Correct answers to April puzzles are also sent by consins Van Pearl Iderstein, Sadie and Alberta Martin and Marjorie McCann of Montague, Lousia A. Howard of Highfield and M. Arlo West of Little York, P. E. I. Sorry there is not room for the nice little letters. There are lots of puzzles on hand which will surely appear in time.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY MRS. MARY TENFON.

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire—
A little thing; but her mother smiled,
And banished all her care,
And a day that was sad,
Closed bright and glad.
With a song of praise and prayer.

'Twas only a little thing to do
For a sturdy lad like Ned
To groom the horse, to milk the cow,
And bring the wood from the shed.
But his father was glad to find at night
The chores were all well done.
'I am thankful,' said he,
'As I can be,
For the gift of such a son.'

Only small things, but they brighten the life,
Or shadow it with care;
But little things, but they mould a life
For joy or sad despair;
But little things, yet life's best prize,
The reward which labor brings,
Comes to him who uses,
And not abuses,
The power of little things.

HOME MISSIONARIES.

EDITH A. ANNING.

WAS walking down town one rough March morning when the wind seemed lurking as if with design at every street corner, to make fierce sallies at the passer-by. Everyone felt mother nature was in a bad humor and it was wiser to stay in the house and keep out of her way, but marketing must be done, whatever the weather, so I turned up my storm-collar and stepped briskly along. The usual busy people were abroad, all bent upon their affairs for the day, but yielding themselves—or it seemed so to me—mentally as well as physically to the inclemency without. The few greetings I received were principally "rough weather;" or "good morning," in such a tone that it struck one as a new mode of address.

Suddenly, as I turned the corner, I saw a group of little boys running gaily with the wind. As they came towards me one of them looked up, his blue eyes blinking, and the merriest bit of sunshine spread over his face as he shouted a happy "Hello".

I had only time to say "good morning, little man," and they were gone, but they changed the whole day with me.

The next Sunday our lesson was on Missions, and after we had talked about them for awhile I said, "Children, do you know we have a little missionary in our class?"

Everybody looked very much surprised. They all knew they brought coppers for the Japanese and Chinese children, and the little Indians of the Northwest, and sometimes their mended story-books and toys for the boxes sent to near stations, but they thought that was all little children ever did,—only big people went away to be missionaries.

"But this little boy," I said, "has never been away as a missionary, and I hope he won't go for a very long time, because we need him here so much."

"Benny, come here, please," and Benny with his weather-beaten little face and big blue eyes came towards me.

I put my hands on his shoulders and turned him to the others and said, "Children, this is the little missionary."

They looked at him a moment and then one of them said, "Why, that's Benny Foster," and others laughed good-naturedly to think their playmate was so illustrious.

"Yes," I said, "it is just Benny Foster," and I told them what a dear little missionary he had been on the rough, windy morning.

They listened with the greatest interest. This was a new aspect to them. Big folks were missionaries to little children to teach them that Jesus loved them and they could help with their pennies as they had done before, but little people could be missionaries to father and mother and Sunday School teacher and everybody they saw every day, by just giving their love in the happy word and smile.

Belleville.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

JO GAKKO, KOFU, MARCH 24th 1897.

DEAR PALM BRANCH:—I send you a letter written by one of the graduates of Kofu school to one of her teachers—You can use it for publication if you wish. Her name is Shige Amemiya. She is the only child and heiress of wealthy parents. She is an earnest Christian girl and is doing a good work for Christ in her home and village. Several lecture meetings have been held lately by the Japanese pastors in her village and she has worked hard to make them a success, afterwards entertaining the speaker over night in her home. She started a Sunday School for the children, and keeps it going at her own expense. I am sure she is sowing good seed among the little ones, only God can measure the results. When she was a student of this school, she taught in one of our Sunday Schools among the poor, and thus received some training for the work. She has a nice organ of her own, a most unusual thing for a Japanese girl to own in that country. She can play on it nicely too. She would like very much to return to the school for post-graduate study, but evidently thinks it may be her duty to remain home. The noble Christian life this young girl is leading is a great encouragement to us all. It is difficult for our young girls surrounded by those who care nothing for and may even oppose Christianity to keep their faith, and it is a great joy when on leaving us, one becomes such an earnest, aggressive worker. Yours sincerely E. A. P

ICHIG, MURA, March 9th, 1897.

MY DEAR TEACHER,—Do you know it is now nearly three weeks since I have visited you. You will wonder what is the cause of my strange silence. I should have written you long ago, but I have hardly had a quiet moment. There are many things that I must do during the daytime, and at night I study *something* which I cannot tell you because my progress is so poor.

Many thanks for your kindness shown me when I was at school. You allowed me to stay so long, and I had a very nice time. I often thought about you all and your kindness and thanked God that He gave me so many dear friends. I think you have heard from Mr. Kobayashi about our last "enzetskai" lecture meetings, which we had on 26th of last month. The people did not come as much as before but many women came. We will have it again about the end of this month. I hear that there are some people say many bad things about us; but for my Master's name I bear these detractions most gladly and willingly. Please pray for me that I can work for him.

My father did not hear my request about the Baptism but the time is coming nearer and nearer every time.

I'm trying to tell the Gospel to my grand-parents. I read the story of "Titus" and Pilgrim's Progress" for them. Yesterday they asked me to read "The Life of Christ" but I have not the book.

My grandfather is little sick so I'm trying to be as kind as can. He is a very nice old man but he is irritant when he is sick.

I heard that Mr. Wada is ill. O Tomo San must have very hard time. I hope he will soon be better. Please give my kind regards "yoroskiku" to them when you see them. and also remember me kindly to all teachers and students. At the end of last month I drew cold and I am not quite well yet.

Last night I had very bad headache and this morning I was in bed till ten o'clock. Did you hear about Otsugi San? I am very anxious to hear about her illness. I heard once from Yuki San, but there was no news in the letter, it merely announcing her safe arrival at school.

It will soon be the time of examination and you will be busy. I think "Examination" and closing exercises "heikoshiki, always makes me think about my past school life again. But perhaps I can have once more. You know, I am the only comfort and solace of my family. So when I think about their love I cannot do as I wish. Self denial is very hard thing to do. My Sunday school is growing; we get great strength in many ways. Every Sunday I have over 30 children. I have two different classes and so Saturday night I'm very busy to make ready the lessons.

Ever your loving girl
SHIGE ANEMIYA.

MY DEAD.

I cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are His, and here or there
Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

—Frederick L. Hosmer.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

N. B. AND P. E. I. BAND NOTES.

The cheerful Toilers' Mission Band of Carmarthen St. Church has been called upon to mourn the loss of another of its members. This is the second time during the year, that death has entered our Band. This time it has robbed us of Mary Lowrie, one of our oldest and most attentive members. Mary joined the Band when it was first organized in April 1893. She was always faithful in her attendance and took a deep interest in all the workings of the Band. For one year she served as Rec. Secy., did her work faithfully and well. last year she was appointed Cor. Secy. which office she held at the time of her death.

Her illness was of a tedious nature, and at times the pain was very severe, but she was very patient through it all, and was always bright and cheerful when her friends visited her. She thought she would like to spend Easter Sunday with her loved ones. God permitted her to do so, and on Thursday April 22nd He took her to himself. We feel our loss keenly and miss her from our meetings, but we know that our loss is her gain, for she has joined the white robed company who surround the throne of God, to sing his praise forever and ever.

NOVA SCOTIA BAND NOTES.

The Secretary of Buds of Promise Band writes:—"In January Mrs Woodburn had an At Home for the Mission Band. We held a concert Tuesday evening March 23rd. It was a grand success made \$32.50." They report ten new members for the last quarter, and an average attendance of thirty-five.

Though "Harbour Bell" Band of Little Harbour is small, each one is trying to do her best.

M. E. B., COR, SEC.