



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

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1895.

No. 2.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning
 Every morn is the world made new,
 You who are weary of sorrow and sinning
 Here is a beautiful hope for you,
 A hope for me and a hope for you.
 All the past things are past and over,
 The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
 Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
 Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled
 Are healed with the healing which night has shed.
 Yesterday now is a part of forever
 Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
 With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never
 Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
 Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.
 Let them go since we cannot re-live them,
 Cannot undo and cannot atone ;
 God in his mercy receive, and forgive them,
 Only the new bright days are our own,
 To-day is ours and to-day alone.
 Every day is a fresh beginning
 Listen my soul, to the glad refrain,
 And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
 And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
 Take heart with the day and begin again.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

SADIE HART.

NOW MRS. SPENCER.

IF all the young women of our Canadian Methodism who have been called to labor in our Mission fields, none have shown more heroic self-sacrifice than Miss Hart. When Christ called she gave "The serving love which was her life's pure gold," and in the freshness and strength of her young womanhood, with the joy of perfect satisfaction, she gave herself willingly to the life of a missionary.

From her earliest years Sadie always confided in her mother. All that happened to her, all that concerned her, was lovingly entrusted to the sympathetic mother,

who so wisely and tenderly guided her young feet along the "slippery paths of youth." Our young readers will understand, in some measure, what it must have cost Sadie to leave such a mother, upon whom she had always depended for guidance. When the hour of separation came, some of her intimate friends wondered what she would do—she was such a "mother's girl."

About six years ago, an urgent appeal came from the Indian Girls' Home, at Port Simpson, for more help. With an undue strain upon her strength Miss Knight's health had utterly failed, and the needs of the Home demanded prompt assistance. Perhaps all the readers of the PALM BRANCH may not know that Miss Knight was the pioneer missionary of the W. M. S., from Nova Scotia. The appeal strangely affected Sadie Hart, who, at the time, was not quite twenty-one years old. It was indeed a testing time in her experience. Could she give up the cherished plans of her young life? The opening opportunities for what then appeared to her a sphere of higher usefulness? The contest was fierce but brief, and in the strength of divine grace, she laid her prospects for a finished education, her ambition to go to China, her home, her friends, her *all*, at the feet of Jesus; and with a noble purpose, born of true heroism, she said: "I will go to Port Simpson." Many tried to persuade her not to go—she would only waste her life among those Indians, and there was so much work she could do for Christ at home. Her answer, calm and decisive, was: "There are a great many to work at home and so few are willing to go to the Indians. If Christ left His home to come to earth to save us, why should not we be willing to leave our homes to carry the news of His salvation to those in our own land who have never heard the 'glad tidings of great joy?'"

February, of 1888, was an unusually cold and stormy month. Everywhere throughout the Dominion trains were delayed by snow blockades, and with the thermometer several degrees below zero, travelling was by no means pleasant. And yet, in one of the worst storms of the season, Sadie Hart arrived in Halifax late at night, the train being several hours late owing to the storm, and the next afternoon started on her long, lonely journey, as bright and cheerful as if she were just taking a little trip to visit some friends. Notwithstanding predictions of snow-bound trains, she never hesitated one moment, and in response to the earnest solicitations of her friends, her reply was: "If my Father needs me at Port Simpson, He will take care of me." And the wings of the Divine protection and love did overshadow that brave young girl, as she journeyed along, entirely alone, during the most inclement season of the year. The way was indeed made plain before her, and she reached her destination in good health, and with eager haste to enter upon her new work. One thing favored her very much—she was a good story-teller. When she was quite young, the other children of her family were always glad to see a rainy day, and on such days there was a chorus of joyful voices ringing through the parsonage, "Now Sadie can tell us stories." And the dear mother was so relieved when she saw the rapt attention of the eager children, as they breathlessly listened to the sister's thrilling stories—every one of which embodied some helpful lesson. And so it was in the new and strange Indian Home. Miss Knight has often written of how Miss Hart would hold the uncouth Indian girls for hours when she was too wearied to find something for them to do. You may be sure, dear girls, that the "Old, old story of Jesus and his love," was not forgotten when the story-telling hour came round.

Not very long after Miss Hart went to Port Simpson, Miss Knight married, and shortly after left the Home which she had so efficiently managed for nearly five years. Then the burden of responsibility was thrown upon the shoulders of this youthful assistant, and for five years she bore it with unflinching bravery—directing and controlling the management of the home, with a wisdom far beyond her years. Much of what Miss Hart endured and accomplished in these years, will only be revealed at the final harvest. Surely her name may be well added to the hero list.

After completing her term of service in the work of the W. M. S., Miss Hart returned home for much-needed and well-earned rest. But during her brief year at home she travelled many miles in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, telling to interested audiences, her thrilling experiences, and

the wonderful influences of the gospel among the Indians of the Pacific coast. Indeed she worked during the *supposed* resting-time far beyond her strength—so eager was she to awaken interest in our Society, and to arouse the women at home to a greater sense of their responsibility.

Sadie and Lizzie are the daughters of Rev. T. D. Hart, of the Nova Scotia Conference. As this honored servant of God and his devoted wife worship in the sanctuary, they doubtless hear a sweeter harmony in the songs of praise than other worshippers, for away over across the sea some girls in Japan have been taught by Lizzie to sing with the understanding, "Jesus loves me," while through Sadie's instrumentality, "What a friend we have in Jesus," finds a ready response in the hearts of many Indian girls on the Pacific coast. Truly these parents, through their daughters, are preaching the gospel to the regions beyond.

On the 25th of August last, Miss Sadie Hart was married at Port Simpson, to the Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Kishpear, Upper Skeena, B. C. Rev. Mr. Crosby performed the marriage ceremony. All her friends in the village were delighted to welcome her back, and in every way possible tried to do her honor. And now, dear readers, would you like to hear about the wedding trip? Mr. and Mrs. Spencer left Port Essington, Sept. 19th, not in a parlor car, but in a large canoe, measuring about 40 feet in length and about four or five feet across the centre. At one end of the canoe a long stout oar, 20 feet long, was secured, thus enabling the captain to steer standing. Another captain stood at the other end and paddled when he could not pole, keeping at the same time a sharp lookout for stones. On the first day they crossed to Aberdeen. It was raining, and the tide running down, so starting against it was out of the question. When they left Aberdeen on their way up river, it was still raining. Mrs. Spencer was made as comfortable as possible, but spent a most miserable night. When daylight dawned they went ashore for breakfast. The "boys" built a roaring fire, and soon a hot breakfast was ready, but just as they were going to take it, down came the rain. As they proceeded, Mrs. Spencer found there were worse things than taking breakfast in the rain. The river was all she feared it was, and worse in some places. The Indians were very anxious to make the trip interesting to her, getting Mr. Spencer to interpret for them. Every now and then they passed a place "where a canoe was upset and everything lost," or, "just here a canoe was upset and all were drowned." They pointed out a large bold point one day as the place where the people used to offer sacrifice to the river

spirit that they might have a safe passage up and down the river.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer are now settled down in a log house with four rooms—one of which is set apart as the Indians' "room." They will not receive any mails until Spring, and the nearest white person is thirty miles distant from them. They are, however, very happy in their work, and full of plans for its development.

Oh, dear girls of our Mission Circles and Bands, does not the self-sacrifice of Sadie Hart appeal to you? You who are living pleasant, sheltered lives, will you not

"Give these heroic souls kind thought,
And pray for them, for they have wrought
Perchance, sometimes, the things you ought,
Although they miss
Some love you could not live without,
They know some things you only doubt;
God blesses them, and they are blest,
And deem their own glad life the best,
So full of joy, and work, and rest"

M. W.

FIELD STUDY FOR FEBRUARY.

Our prayer this month is "for the Indians and for the Methodist orphanage in Newfoundland."

We ought all to be interested in the Indians. If you ask me why, I will remind you that at the time America was discovered the land was possessed by Indians who looked upon it as their own, and no doubt loved its forests and streams as you love your homes. But the white men came (you can read all about it in American and Canadian histories.—it is a sad story) and took possession of the land in the name of their kings. Instead of dealing kindly with the Indians and making treaties with them on good terms, the white men were very selfish and did not consider their rights at all. They constantly drove them back and the poor Indians suffered many hardships under their cruel policy. Many tribes have gradually disappeared.

Now we do not believe that God made this great country only for the Indians; in that case it would not have been discovered. He meant to give those who have great privileges the opportunity to teach those who have none, so we, in this enlightened age of the world, are using the opportunity He affords us to give the Indian children a knowledge of the one true God.

For that purpose we have, as you know, schools in British Columbia and our own North West. The Port Simpson Home is one in which we are much interested. There were 30 girls in this school last year, all Christians but one, as late as September, and they were hoping soon to see her won for Christ.

If there was only space I would like to tell you of the conversion of one little girl called Olive. Perhaps you will hear of that again. Miss Knight, now

Mrs. Walker, was the first missionary of our H. M. Society sent to Port Simpson. She did good work for five years among the Indian children and led many of them to Christ; nursed them when they were sick and trained them when well. Her stories of the Indians in general, and especially of the Christian Indians, are very interesting. She corrects the impression that they are stoical and ungrateful. She found them quite emotional and very grateful for any kindness. When she was sick (having nursed them long weeks) two of them utterly refused to leave her, day or night, and begged her not to die.

Their memory is something wonderful. Mr. Crosby offered Bibles as rewards for scripture verses. Even the oldest would come and repeat 70 or 80 verses, so anxious were they to possess the word of God. One old woman came with a lot of beans—they were all marked to help her remember her verses. One old Indian was paralyzed; he had the Bible placed beside his bed. They asked him "why," since he could not read—He said he could put his hand on it in the night and remember that the promises were there. So you see they can't each us something too,—to value the Word of God.

In the home at Chilliwack, further south, a good education is being received by the Indian girls, so that they were able last year to take as high standing as any girls in B. Columbia in the same grade. The event of last year there, was the moving into the new Home—the old one, you remember, was destroyed by fire. A new nurse has been granted to Dr. Bolton's hospital, where good work is being done by Miss Spence, our agent there.

I hope you will all remember to pray for these Indian girls, and also for the little orphans who are kindly cared for in the Methodist Orphanage, Newfoundland. S. E. S.

QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

- What must we pray for this month?
- Why should we be interested in the Indians?
- Who came and took away their lands?
- How were they treated?
- Did God mean this country only for the Indians?
- What did He mean to do?
- What did he mean us to do?
- Where have we schools?
- What can you tell of the Port Simpson school?
- Who was our first missionary there?
- How long was she there and what did she do for the Indian girls?
- What does she say of the Christian Indians?
- What did the girls do for her?
- What can you tell of the Indian's memory?
- What did Mr. Crosby do?
- Did the old people learn?
- What about the Indian who was paralyzed?
- What can they teach us?
- What can you tell of the Indian girls in the Chilliwack Home?
- What was the event of last year to them?
- What of Dr. Bolton's hospital?
- Who must we remember to pray for?

* PALM BRANCH *

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FEBRUARY, 1895.

AND now again we are asked to pray for the Indians. Do we ever forget them? Can we forget them? Can we forget the story of their wrongs? Surely none of us can who have read them, as told by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson in her pathetic story of Ramona or the "owre true" tale as given us by the faithful historians. Many white men have added to their wrongs by giving them the "fire water," rightly named, which only leads down to deeper degradation and death. Shall we not give them the pure, blessed gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ which alone can elevate them and which has already proved in many instances "able to raise them from the death of sin to a life of righteousness." Mrs. Walker who, as Miss Knight, was our first missionary to Port Simpson is now resting among us. She has told us many interesting facts of her life there, and we hope that some time she will weave them into a communication for our pages. This month she contributes an interesting letter on the Cape Mudge Indians among whom she now has her home.

All our young readers will be interested in the sketch of Miss Sadie Hart (now Mrs. Spencer) kindly furnished us this month. Much might have been said, had time and space permitted, of her "labors more abundant,"—of the hospital work she had to do—how for long days and nights she nursed the Indian girls, all down with the measles at once—of the weariness of heart and brain till the long watched for relief came. Well, it is all written in the record laid up on high!

Some of our last year's subscribers who have not renewed their subscriptions may have received the

January and February Nos. of this year. In explanation we would say that we were late in starting last year, and think it better that some should have extra copies than that any subscriber should be missed. After this, however, the paper will only be sent to subscribers.

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

ERRATA—In Board report Dec No. for soldiers in Kofu read Tokio.

They were the Kings Daughters in connection with the Azabu school who contributed to the China mission.

Between the *newness* of a new printer and the too hasty reading of the proof, our January No. was dated December, a mistake which, we are quite safe in asserting, will not happen again.

Interesting communications have been received from Japan and China which will ere long appear in our pages. We fully appreciate the kindness of these busy, far-away workers.

Thanks to our Sarnia correspondent. Cousin Joy has reserved her nice letter for next No.

More "Band notes" from N. B. and P. E. I. branch also reserved.

AN INDIAN TALE.

THE FIRE LEGEND.

ALD Wilt Shoon shivered and drew her shawl closer to her as she moved about the dismal little room putting away the bark mat. She had been weaving and busying herself in preparing for the evening meal. Often she went to the little window and looked far up the road, but as often she left it muttering indistinctly to herself, and shaking her head; the daylight was fast changing to twilight and from twilight to heavy thick darkness. The wind grew stronger and the rain had changed from a gentle downfall, little more than mist, to heavy raindrops that splashed harder and harder against the little window. The small house shook with the heavy gusts of wind. It was only one room and had but little to make that room comfortable. The walls were blackened by smoke; and around the chimney piece, built from the centre of the roof to form a cover over the fire in the middle of the floor, hung many dried salmon and small fish, part of the winter's food, several Indian boxes in one corner, probably containing food, three or four little benches, a small low table, two beds in different corners completed the furniture of the house.

Now the little table was drawn near the open fire, and placed upon it were three cups, a knife and three wooden spoons. Soon the old woman's quick ear caught the sound of footsteps; hastening to the door, she opened it. She was greeted by the merry voice of her grand-child, who entered, followed by the slower steps of the grand-father; both bore heavy loads of wood upon their backs. They soon disposed of their "packs," then removing their wet clothing, and rolling themselves in dry blankets, sat down to the evening meal of dried and roasted fish, followed by a sort of thick pancake, in which all shared. The meal was brightened by the merry prattle of the grand-child, telling of the day's work in the woods, and how many had carried wood to-day; but said he, "We missed you, mother. Will you go with us tomorrow?"

"I fear my child we shall all stay home tomorrow by the sound of the storm, so I hope you have brought wood enough to last."

The evening meal finished and the fire brightened, all drew near to enjoy its genial warmth, but the old man, wearied by his day's toils, soon dropped into a heavy sleep. The child, more wakeful, drew near his grand-mother, the only mother he had ever known, for both father and mother had been drowned while he was yet a babe, leaving him the sole comfort of his aged grand-parents. As he gazed into the glowing coals, suddenly he asked: "Mother, where did the fire come from; the boys were telling me to-day one of our chiefs stole it from spirits?"

Wilt Shoon laughed a low, sweet murmur. "My child," she said, "I will tell you the story as I heard it when I was a child: Long, long ago, 'tis said the Indians indeed had no fire, but never having had it they did not know its comforts,—Bill Wil-son-in-need, a great chief who they say first came into the world a woman, became a chieftain, died, was born again a man-child, and was at that time the greatest chief of our nation, and had also communication with spirits; told our people of the spirits who held the fire, and told what a blessing it was. The people talked it over, and after a time delegated certain witch doctors to get some fire. But the doctors failed to get the fire, and said the spirits told them Indians could not manage fire. It was a great destroyer and source of evil, and would prove a curse to Indians. Wil-son-in-need said it was not evil, but was good, and if the doctors could not get it, he would. So leaving the village he wandered far away to where the spirits dwelt. He brought them great presents, but they would not take his presents; they told him he was false and had not the power his people believed he had, and they would prove it by sending him back without the fire he boasted he would take. The poor chief felt very sick hearted. He feared to return to his people for well he knew

they would laugh at him, so he wandered, wondering what to do, when lifting his eyes he saw in the distance a herd of reindeer. "Ah!" said he, "I will get it yet." Changing himself to the form of a deer he went back to one of the spirits' houses and began dancing. He danced so well and made the spirits so happy that some one told the chief spirit about this deer who danced so nicely. So the chief sent for the deer to come dance in his house—all the fire was in the chief's house. The deer said he would go, but said he, "my tail is sore, will you rub a little gum on the end of it." They did this for him, then he went and danced for the chief, who was very much pleased and laughed very hard at the deer's funny dancing. The fire was in the centre of the room, nearer and nearer danced the deer. All were so amused they did not notice this till he had danced right up to the fire and put his tail in, which, in a moment was all in a blaze, out he rushed before they could catch him, and as he rushed through the woods he switched his tail against the trees. In every tree he touched, he left fire. By the time he reached his native village the fire in the tail was dead and the tail was all burned off, and to make us remember that deed, the deer has never since had a tail. The chief changing back to his own form, came to the village, called his men, who followed him to the woods, felling one of the trees the fire had switched, and taking two sticks from it. The Indians rubbed them together and lo, a fire sprung up, then from this fire could they light other sticks, so this tree was divided among the people, which served as matches. From time to time, as was needed, the fire trees were cut down for the people, and by rubbing together the sticks of this wood their fire was lighted. So the Indians got the fire. It was not till the white men came that we got the little sticks to light our fires with, which they call matches."

"But, mother, where do the spirits live who kept the fire?"

"Ah! my child, this is only a story our fathers used to tell, but they believed it true and so did I for years, until I heard about the great God and His son Jesus, and even yet our old witch doctors try to make us think it true, as well as their power with spirits. But, 'tis vain, long did they hold the spell of darkness over us, and we knew not the love and light which the name of Jesus brings us. Thank God, my child, you were not born in those times, not till they were passed and the missionary here, who has come to teach us and lead us. Mark well his teaching, and remember his words, for they are wise." And now, as the old man roused from his sleep, the fire was replenished, the evening prayer was said, and soon the weary limbs were resting on the lowly pallets. Silence reigned, for slumber had closed the eyelids of the inmates.

S. H.



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

COUSIN JOY'S COSY CORNER

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—You do look so interesting in that cosy corner in our PALM BRANCH we feel like seeking admission to take part if we may in a little chat. In the first place we would like to tell you that we, of the Coral Builders Mission Band, appreciate our little paper very much, and Cousin Joy's Corner particularly. Have just renewed our subscription for 25 copies, so you see we do not wish to be without your help the coming year.

Our Band meets the first and third Saturday each month at the home of a member. The attendance is good and to see so many interested in the work is inspiring and very cheering. We would like to tell you of the pleasant time we had at our Mission Band tea the 26th of Oct. if it would not weary you. We made special effort then as our treasury was empty and we needed funds for work.

The Lord blessed our efforts, gave us good weather and a good turnout at our tea and entertainment which was given at the church. Mrs. Bascom, Cor. Secretary for Mission Bands of Central Branch, kindly came to our help, and we all fell quite in love with her; the address she gave was so pleasing and helpful. The proceeds amounted to \$9.30.

Cousin Joy, you will now accept Xmas greetings from the Coral Builders Mission Band, Maple?

We would also add our good wishes for the success of the PALM BRANCH. CORA.

Sorry this contribution was not received in time for last number. However, it is not too late. We gladly accept Christmas greetings and good wishes from this promising Band, and shall be glad to hear from it again.

“When every little hand
Shall sow the Gospel seed,
And every little heart
Shall pray for those in need;
When every little life
Such fair bright record shows,
Then shall the desert bud
And blossom as the rose.”

CONSECRATION HYMN,

Air—“JUST AS I AM.”

“Just as I am,” thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come,
For the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my Heart, I come.
I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee, I come.
“Just as I am,” young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

(M. F. in *Dayspring*).

ANSWER TO JANUARY PUZZLE.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I have just received the PALM BRANCH. I think it lovely, and have found the puzzle, “A Happy New Year,” and I wish you the same.
I am your little friend.

BESSIE LOCKE.

84 Summerhill Ave., Dec. 27th.

PUZZLES FOR FEBRUARY:

ENIGMAS.

My first is a word meaning not large.
My second is a little creature that should be bright and gay.
My third are some who have met with a loss.
My fourth is a preposition.
My fifth is a country of which our Queen is Empress.
My whole are those who need our most earnest prayers.

My first is a home for the homeless.
My second is a preposition.
My third is a syllable meaning modern.
My fourth means restored after being lost.
My fifth is not water.
My whole is an institution in this Dominion which needs help and prayer.

ACROSTIC.

C hildren of this favored land,
H appy in your Mission Band,
I could tell you how, to-day,
L ittle children far away,
D o not laugh like you and play.

W here, on India's coral strand,
I dol temples strew the land,
V ain for help the children cry,
E cho only makes reply,
S o they suffer, droop and die.

O h dear children of the light,
F or Christ's sake dispel their night!

I n your daily thought and prayer
N ever let them fail to share!
D ark and hopeless and afraid,
I n a land of gloom and shade,
A re you hastening to their aid?

—COUSIN JOY.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

CAPE MUDGE MISSION.

NOT much has been heard of the Eucla-taw Indians for the reason that no missionaries have been settled among them until quite lately—that is no Methodist missionaries. There are many reservations set apart for these people, the most southerly being Cape Mudge on Valdy Island, the most northerly Alert Bay, which has been for some years a Church of England mission. For many years the Cape Mudge Indians were quite unwilling to have a missionary settled among them, being perfectly indifferent to Christianity and quite satisfied with the old ways. At last they began to see they were making a great mistake and were missing many temporal blessings, if nothing more, so they sent a request for a Methodist teacher to be sent them. They have been very kind and friendly to us and attend school and all religious services regularly. Still they are unwilling to give up the old ways and would rather we would not talk against their heathen practices. Last winter an old chief whom we call Captain John, told us of a large potlach or feast that a neighbouring tribe intended to give. We told him the feast was bad and we wished them to give it up. "What! isn't the potlach good" he exclaimed, "do you think it is bad?" "Yes," we told him, it is bad, we want you to be strong hearted for God and give up the old ways." Then he said thoughtfully, "you had better call the chiefs and old men together and tell them what you think about it." So we called them together and the missionary talked it all over with them, explaining why the old ways were bad, but they maintained that they were not evil and said at last "we dont want you to have two words in your mouth, tell us about God and His way, but dont say anything against the potlach." Then as if fearful, tho' unwilling to yield, the spokesman added: "But do you really think Jesus will not be with us if we keep on the potlach." We told him decidedly that Jesus must have their whole hearts or He could not abide with them, and if they kept on the old ways it was no use for us to remain. That alarmed them and they said we must stay to teach the young people, the old people couldn't give up the old ways, but we must try and teach the young people our way. Although they hold on so closely to their own beliefs and customs, we are not discouraged, for we know the power of the Gospel of Jesus is great enough to break down all such barriers, and we work on in His strength, knowing that in His own time we shall reap if we faint not. Will you not dear readers of the PALM

BRANCH help us in our work among the Eu-cla-taws by prayer, and if you have time and energy to spare, perhaps there may be other ways in which you can strengthen our hands and hearts. Our dear friends away in the east little know how much we are helped and encouraged by their prayers and interest. Sometimes, long ago, letters would come to us from members of different Auxiliaries or Mission Bands, telling us of the great interest they took in our work and how they were praying for us; our hearts would be so cheered and we felt renewed strength and courage had come to us for future work. Dear friends, pray for the missionaries more, and help on the answer to your prayers by renewed efforts, and the Lord of the harvest bless you.

A. K. WALKER.

"God gives what He gives. Be content!
He resumes nothing given, be sure!
God lend? when the usurers lent
In his temple, indignant He went
And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not, but gives to the end
As he loves to the end. If it seem
That He draw back a gift, comprehend,
Tis to add to it, rather,—amend,
And finish it up to your dream.

Or keep, as a mother will toys
Too costly tho' given by herself,
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
And the children more fit for such joys,
Kept over their heads on the shelf."

MRS. BROWNING.

THIS LETTER SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

Since our darling Harry left us for his heavenly home we have, on each anniversary, sent an offering to the hospital work in China, and as upon enquiry we found it might go to the same object through the Auxiliary of the W. M. S., we are glad to send it in that way. \$5.00 was contributed by a dear little boy named Willie Tait. Hearing of Harry's offering, he told his mamma that he should like to do something like that for Jesus, so a Miss. box was given him, and through the rest of his short life, only about three months, he took great delight in saving and getting all he could to put into it. He had a very sweet face and it would be fairly radiant when he saw anything dropped into that box. Shortly before he passed away he asked his papa and mamma to make it \$5.00 and give it to me to put with our darling's. So the two glorified spirits are in partnership in this little work of love for the suffering Chinese. I trust that the partnership will continue through all the years, and that they may have the joy of welcoming to the heavenly home, some soul saved through it.

M. A. H.

N. B. AND P. E. ISLAND BRANCH.

"Cartmell" M. Band, Point de Bute, N. B., reports many difficulties in the way but a willingness to do what they can for the Master.

"Forest Home" M. Band, Tetegouche, N. B., reports a willingness to prepare a Xmas service. Difficulties have to be overcome but they are anxious to work and improve each opportunity for doing good.

Cornwall, P. E. I., Onward Mission Band, reports seven new members added to their number and an increased interest is manifested by the members. Preparation is now being made for a Christmas service.

Margate, P. E. I., Sunbeam M. Band is sending out its beams of light. Encouraged by their success last year, they are working to do even better this year.

Miss Maggie Vincent, Cor. Secretary of the Jessie Chipman Mission Band, St. John, N. B., writes: "A successful concert was held in our church on Thanksgiving evening. A programme consisting of readings, recitations, dialogues and choruses was well rendered by different members of the Band. At the close, ice-cream and refreshments were served. Monthly meetings are quite well attended. If possible we intend organizing a sewing circle to aid our work.

Centenary Church, St. John, N. B., King's Messengers M. Band meets every two weeks. The little girls bring Missionary pieces to read, recite or sing. Sometimes one of the ladies belonging to the W. M. Society meets with them and talks to them about the children of heathendom. These talks are much enjoyed by the members and increase the interest in missions.

Miss Inez Perkins, Cor. Secretary of the Centreville, Carleton Co., N. B., Mission Band, writes: We have a membership of thirty-eight and expect four more to join at our next meeting. We hope that our efforts will not only increase our funds but also our love for the Master and our interest in missions.

Sackville, N. B., Miss L. Hart, writes: "The Juvenile Mission Band held a very interesting public meeting on the 18th Dec., in the basement of the church. The exercises were varied, and great praise must be given to the young president, Miss N. Cope; and organist, Miss E. Trueman, who trained the children to perform so well their part in singing, recitation and sewing. The fancy articles were both pretty and useful. After the meeting closed these things, and home-made candy were sold. The entertainment was well attended and much enjoyed. The collection, offerings and sale realized a total of \$18.00.

Mrs. Alva White, Upper Keswick, N. B., writes: "Our Band held a parlor social at the home of our President, Mrs. Alex. Colter, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 18th. The programme consisted of music, vocal

and instrumental; recitations, readings, dialogues and speech by President. Sandwiches, cake and coffee were served. Collection amounted to \$4.60. The service was closed by singing, "The whole wide world for Jesus." Our Band is in a prosperous condition. Two new members were enrolled at last meeting.

Star Mission Band, Exmouth St., St. John, reports being unable to have a public Christmas service as the Auxiliary and Sabbath school each held services, but they provided provisions for some fifteen or twenty families and endeavored to carry the Xmas joy to the poor at home. The president elected was unable to fill her office, owing to illness, but at the last meeting Miss Cochrane decided to take the office and the outlook is more encouraging. Seven new members were enrolled at last meeting.

Wesley Mission Band, Charlottetown, P. E. I., held their annual social on Dec. 18th, which was spoken of by the "Press" as the most successful social ever given by Wesley Mission Circle. Every member felt an individual responsibility in making all present feel at home. Much credit is due to Mrs. Campbell for her enterprising ideas to make the social a success. Amount realized, \$26.00. I. TURNER

N. S. BAND NOTES.

Although all the Quarterly Report cards have not yet been returned, there are indications from those received that much interest is being taken and good work done. We hope to hear soon from every Band. The following from North Sydney speaks for itself: "On the evening of November 29th, our little Mission Band appeared before the public for the first time. The entertainment was of a purely missionary character, and was highly appreciated by the audience. The dialogue, 'How some little dollies came to be missionaries,' gave special pleasure. All the children were enthusiastic and acted well their parts. A good audience greeted us and the receipts were \$16.10 for the evening."

Yarmouth's Band of "Earnest Gleaners" send a very encouraging report. They tell of an increased membership and a deep interest being taken. From a concert in November, they realized \$24.00, and from their Christmas Thanksgiving, \$6.00.

The "Cheerful Workers" of Port Greville, are reported as doing good work, and the "Little Helpers" of Barrington, who were idle for a time, are now re-organized, so we shall hope for good news from them soon.

"Wayside Gleaners" Circle, Annapolis, held a concert during the last quarter, of which we expect to hear particulars later. A. F. B.