



CHRISTMAS QUERIES.

Do you wish you could keep your watch by night,
Like the Shepherds of Bethlehem?
Do you wish you could see a glory light,
As it shone in the sky for them?

Have you kept your watch in the fields afar,
Where the heathen in darkness dwell?
Have you watched in the East for the rising star,
That shall lead to Immanuel?

Have you seen how the gospel of God's good will
Is spreading through heathen climes?
Have you heard how they call on the Lord until
It is sweet as the angel chimes?

I tell you the Christmas glory now
Is a thousand times more bright,
Than the glory that shone so long ago
On the first glad Christmas night.

The earth shall be full of the knowledge of God?
It is blessedly drawing near!
And peace upon earth, good will to men,
Shall come with the Lord's New Year.

Good Times.

DORA BRADLEY'S LOVING.

THE superintendent hesitated before giving to Dora Bradley the recently formed class of street boys, yet on that particular Sunday it had been unusually hard to fill the place of absent teachers, and he concluded she was at least better than no one, despite the fact that her abilities were generally turned to account in the pursuit of pleasure. The young girl knew very little about the Bible, but she was familiar with that day's lesson—the story of David and Goliath—and she told it in a way that held the attention of the boys.

David's bravery excited their wonder and admiration.

"I would a ben skeered to gone agin him with jist

a few stones," said one.

"But David was not afraid, because he trusted in the Lord," answered the teacher.

Then Frank Fuller, a small delicate boy, who had not taken his eyes from her face, asked, "What do yer mean by trustid?"

"To trust is to believe some one will help you do what you can not do for yourself," she replied, wondering if he understood.

The bell rang for the closing hymn, and in a glad almost triumphant voice, she joined in singing—"Jerusalem the Golden."

She was not thinking of the heavenly city, but she was young and happy, and the music was an expression of her exuberance of spirit.

Frank left the church with the tones of her voice ringing in his ear, and in his heart the seed, though unconsciously dropped, which was to bear fruit in the future.

Only a few weeks later Dora Bradley came down stairs one afternoon and found a message waiting for her. Frank had been crushed by some falling stone, he was in the hospital and wanted to see her.

She had youth's aversion to physical suffering, and only yielded to the request because she did not know how to refuse it.

Thoughtfully she went down the avenue, through the square, bright with blooming flowers, and then stopped, almost determined to go no further. With an effort she crossed the street and went up the broad stone steps, to the great, white building. A nurse met her and took her through the cool, wide corridors into the clean, well-kept ward. At its far end, by an open window, lay the boy. She stood by him for a minute, then softly pronounced his name, "Frank."

Slowly he opened his eyes, and as he recognized her, a smile indescribably sweet, played round his mouth.

"I knowed you'd come, yer the kind as comes when sent fur."

"How do you feel, Frank?" She asked.

"I feels all right, but the doctor says I have to die, an' I sent fur you, 'cause I'm afeared."

"Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed, "I will go right away and send our minister to see you."

"I don't want no minister, I want you. The day you taught us, you said David wur not afeared 'cause he trusted, an' I want you to tell me how to trust."

"But, Frank, the minister will do it so much better than I, and he will pray for you."

His strength was failing; he spoke very slowly.

"I don't want him, I want you to pray fur me."

Poor girl, her face paled and her heart beat wildly.

She had never thought of death, except to hope it might be long and late in coming to her, and this boy who was facing it, was asking her to help him ward off its terrors. All her soul went out to God in an intensified cry for help. She kneeled by the cot, buried her face in the pillow by his and prayed: "Dear Heavenly Father, please take the fear out of Frank's heart. I am sure he is sorry for the wrong things he has done. He would have been better, if he had had the chance. Forgive him, for Christ's sake."

She was sobbing.

"Don't cry," he said, "that wur all right. Tellin' Him 'bout my havin' no chance, wur the smartest thing you could a said. He won't turn me down now, an' I ain't goin' to be afeared. He spoke with great difficulty. "Wish you'd sing 'Jerusalem.'"

Tremulously she began, but each line grew stronger, clearer, until the fresh young voice was heard through all the ward. Patients turned on their pillows to catch a glimpse of the sweet singer.

One old lady, almost in sight of "those halls of Zion," clasped her hands, and with uncertain, quavering tones, joined in the familiar words:

"Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect;
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect;
Jesus in mercy bring us,
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest."

A strange light fell on the face of the dying boy, his lips moved—"I ain't—afeared—I ain't—one bit—afeared."

Dora Bradley's friends wondered at the great change wrought in her. Said one, "If we had been having special services, I would think she had been converted."

Only the young girl knew that there had been a "special" service at the bedside of the dying; and that she had been converted—turned round from her careless, selfish pursuit of pleasure; turned toward a useful Christian life.—From the *Baltimore Methodist*.

CHRISTMAS IN THE MISSION BANDS.

CHRISTMAS Services for Mission Bands! And why should not Mission Bands celebrate Christmas in some special way? Surely our Bands have been organized in obedience to Christ's last, and it would seem, His most important command. It appears then most fitting that they should celebrate by a service of some kind the Birthday of our blessed Saviour.

But what sort of a service shall it be? Not having any new ideas on the subject I shall simply draw attention to a few of the methods by which a certain Sunday School, not a thousand miles away, has presented its missionary offering each Christmas, and it may be that some of these suggestions will prove useful for Mission Bands.

On one occasion a representative was chosen from each class, who took the offering up to the desk, and recited a verse of Scripture, chosen by his or her class, suitable to the missionary idea. The service may be made more interesting by each class preparing a fancy bag for the money, and having them hung on a Christmas tree placed on the platform.

At another time a large wheel was introduced, to represent the school, the spokes of which had been distributed among the classes, and on each was printed what the respective classes considered their greatest causes for thankfulness during the year. "Health," "Spiritual Blessings," "Conversions," "Friends," "Unbroken ranks" were among the subjects for thanksgiving. These were taken up, one by one, by the representatives of the different classes, and placed in the wheel, until the whole had been completed. In another case the wheel might be altered so that the spokes would represent a number of heathen countries, and the hub Christ, to whom all the nations are turning, and in whom all people are made one.

Another method was the following:—One of the senior members of the school was chosen to collect the amount raised by each class. As a class was approached, one of the scholars stood as a representative, recited an appropriate text, and handed the money to the collector. After all the classes in one row had been visited, the collector paused at the end of the room while a musical selection was given from the platform; then continued along the next row, and so on, to the end.

Feeling that I have already exhausted the time allotted to me, I will close with one more remark, and that is, that to my mind the simpler these services are made, and the more closely they adhere to the missionary idea, the more acceptable they will be to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

St. John, N. B.

G. A.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Come hither, li tle children,
Come gather round the hearth,
And listen to the history
Of your Redeemer's birth.

I'll tell you how He loved you,
And left His throne above,
And came on earth to save you,
Children, was not this love?

A little babe in Bethlehem
The Lord of all became,
To save your souls from ruin
From endless grief and shame.

But now He lives in Heaven,
And prays for you and me,
And from His throne of glory
Can little children see.

Come hither, little children,
Come bow the knee and pray
That Christ, the blessed Saviour,
May take your sins away,

May give you hearts to love Him,
And make you fit to die,
And take you to be with Him
Forever in the sky!

E. B. S.

FIELD STUDY FOR DECEMBER.

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

THE idea of Medical Missions is to combine the healing art with telling the story of Jesus—one of the most effectual ways of winning souls known to the missionary. It is only going back to methods used by our Lord and His apostles. Healing and teaching went hand in hand. When he sent out His disciples their commission ran, Go, Preach, Heal.

In Christian lands the influence of Christ has been stamped on the thought of the people. Even those who do not acknowledge him, are more tender and merciful, because of this, so we have ceased to think of a hospital as evidence of Christianity, though it is, just as much as a church. If you doubt, look for such buildings erected by the followers of Mahomet, Buddha or Confucius.

Access to a hospital is looked on as a necessity in the training of a medical student. Where these are not found, little or nothing is known of the science. It makes one shudder to read of the barbarous cruelties inflicted by *doctors*, so-called, in heathen lands.

What we cannot bear to hear, people with flesh as tender and nerves as sensitive as our own, have to endure.

Fancy curing a headache by thrusting a long needle into the ear, of course, destroying the hearing.

The ability to relieve suffering and cure disease often opens the way for the Gospel. A successful case has removed prejudice and given the missionary an assured footing. Corea was opened in this way: also many parts of China.

Li Hung Chang looks with favor on medical missions because his wife's life was saved through the skill of Miss Howard, a Canadian. He aided Miss Howard largely in establishing a missionary hospital.

God has blessed this work by the conversion of many souls. As the result of the cure of one man at Amoy, China, seven christian congregations have been formed with a membership of from 30 to 100 each and similar instances could be related.

OUR OWN WORK.

For many years our missionaries at Port Simpson felt the need of a doctor. The Indians themselves wished one and promised to do what they could toward his support (they have given about \$200 a year). Dr. Bolton went in 1889 and, largely by his own efforts, a hospital was built, and later one at Port Essington, where he spends some weeks each year. In 1892 the W. M. S. engaged Miss Spence, a trained nurse, and later Miss Lawrence. Early this year Miss Lawrence left, her place being filled by Miss Stevenson.

Of this work Dr. Bolton says:—"We have attempted more serious surgical work this year than formerly and have been blessed with good success. These operations are hard on the nerves, when one has no other surgeon with whom to divide the responsibility. But we all draw strength from our invariable season of prayer before the operation. This soothes and assures the patient, and strengthens the nerves and hearts of the operator and assistants, and who can say that a measure of our success is not due to the direct answer to prayer? We have not the appliances and do not claim the skill exhibited in the larger hospitals, yet our results would compare well with any. Let us give the glory where it belongs, to our 'Heavenly Father.'"

We have made a fresh beginning in Chentu, China. Miss Foster, M. D., went out this summer; a building site has been purchased and we hope to hear soon of our hospital going up. Miss Ford, the trained nurse who you remember arrived just before the riots, will be better fitted from the knowledge she has gained of the language.

We need to pray for this little company so far away, that they may be shielded from harm, so many dangers, known and unknown, attend them. "God forbid that we should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for them."
E. A. D.

QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

- What is the idea of Medical Missions?
- Of what are hospitals and dispensaries the evidence?
- Can you bear to think of the methods practised by doctors in heathen lands?
- What medical missionary was instrumental in curing the wife of Li Hung Chang?
- How did he show his gratitude?
- What Medical practitioner is at Port Simpson?
- Is there a hospital there?
- How much a year have the Indians given?
- What is the prospect in Chentu?
- What is our duty in regard to these workers?

✻ PALM BRANCH ✻

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

DECEMBER, 1896.

LAST month it was the Editor's privilege to be present at the annual meeting of the Baltimore Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, held in the Metropolitan church, Washington, D. C. It will be interesting to some of our readers to know that Mrs. A. H. Eaton, formerly Miss Hattie Smith of the Centenary Auxiliary, St. John, has been President of this Branch for some years. The meeting was opened with the communion service, administered by Dr. Hugh Johnston, formerly of Toronto, Pastor of the church, the presiding Elder and several other ministers, and was a most interesting occasion, giving a solemnity of tone not lost through all the session. Indeed the whole meeting was characterized by that intense earnestness, concentration of purpose and oneness of aim, which makes a missionary worker feel at home in any meeting of the W. M. S., no matter in what part of the wide, wide world she may chance to be. There were at least 120 delegates present. The devotional services, ably conducted, left impressions not soon to be forgotten, and the systematic way in which the business was disposed of, day after day, augured well for the future success of the Branch. The presence of two returned missionaries, Miss Bender from Japan, and Miss Ruth Sites from China, as well as Mrs. T. D. LaFetra from South America, lent great interest to the occasion. These ladies had evidently wrought their hearts into their work. Mrs. Esther Pak was also present. She is the first woman student from Korea, and is now taking a four years' course at the Medical College, Baltimore, in order to go back and teach and minister to her own people. The story of her conversion and call to the work added much to the interest of the meeting. Stirring speeches were made, and fine papers read, and once in a while an exquisite solo or duet broke into the monotony of business routine with pleasing variety. One afternoon the young people were represented by a young lady who read an excellent paper entitled "Under Orders." Another day the Band children entertained us most delightfully with "Wen Chung" and other recitations—even the babies were pressed into the service. By

the way, the "Little Light Bearers'" movement seems to have met with great success in this Society. Nothing, after all, was more interesting than the statistics read by the Treasurer, which showed that the Baltimore Branch alone had raised nearly \$12,000 during this year of financial depression, and would be able to meet all its appropriations.

Just now word comes from the Executive of the whole Society meeting in Rochester, N. Y., that \$285,770.48 have been raised this year, that "all appropriations have been met, and no foreboding debt hangs athwart the sky of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society." "This money has not come from the donations of the rich, but from the women of our Methodism from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, women who have toiled, wept, prayed and planned for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom, and never raised a dollar by any questionable method! It has come from the young people, many of whom give a penny a day, from the Bands and a thousand little-boxes distributed in the homes." We will only add in conclusion, as this letter is too long already for our small paper, that this society carries on an evangelistic educational work in Japan, Korea, China, Malaysia, Burmah, India, Bulgaria, Italy, S. America and Mexico.

Happy Christmas again to all our readers! And it is not only a form of speech, not merely a kind greeting—it does not come from the pen only, but from the heart. Our readers are all missionary workers, we take it, and they are the very ones who, unselfish in their devotion to the cause of Christ and constrained by His love, ought to rejoice in the anniversary of His birth. And they will, just in proportion as they seek to spread the knowledge of His wonderful advent and glorious mission to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Wise men were they who followed the Star, and truly wise will we be, if we not only follow it ourselves, but carry or send its rays into the farthest corners of the earth, to enlighten the millions who are still groping in utter darkness.

A CHRISTMAS SERVICE.

(Poetical recitations given by four little girls, the Bible verses by scholars somewhat older)

FIRST GIRL.—

Under the skies of Bethlehem,
 Long ago,
 The shepherds watched their flocks of sheep,
 While all the world was lost in sleep,
 Long ago.

(Concert Recitation.)

And lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid, And the angel said unto them:

(Single voice)

"Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

SECOND GIRL—

Under the skies of Bethlehem,
 Long ago,
 The wondering shepherds stood amazed
 While Angels sang, "Let God be praised."
 Long ago.

(*Single voice.*)

"And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude
 of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

(*Chorus of voices chanting*)

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
 good will toward men."

THIRD GIRL—

Under the skies of Bethlehem,
 Long ago,
 They went to seek the Holy One,
 The blessed Christ, God's only Son,
 Long ago.

(*Concert Recitation.*)

"And they came with haste, and found Mary and
 Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

FOURTH GIRL—

Under the skies of Bethlehem,
 Long ago,
 Behold a blessed, shining star,
 Scending its light afar, afar,
 Bringing the wise men to his feet,
 The Babe of Bethlehem to greet,
 Long, long ago.

(*Concert Recitation.*)

"And lo, the star which they saw in the East, went
 before them, till it came and stood over where the
 young child was. When they saw the star they re-
 joiced with exceeding great joy."

(*Single voice.*)

And when they were come into the house they saw
 the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down
 and worshiped him: and when they had opened their
 treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold and
 frankincense and myrrh.

THE FOUR LITTLE GIRLS—

Under the heavenly stars to-night,
 Stars of the fading year,
 Thousands and thousands of eager eyes,
 Watch for His coming from the skies,
 For His coming draweth near!

(*All the voices in concert.*)

Bethlehem's babe is now our King,
 Holy offerings let us bring.

(*Single voice.*)

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven
 with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and
 with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall
 rise first."

(*Two voices.*)

Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught
 up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord
 in the air."

(*All the voices in concert.*)

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."

MRS. C. E. FISHER.

LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

BURT and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their
 Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was
 little, but very bright and full of fun. He could
 tell curious things about his home in Scotland
 and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far ad-
 vanced in his studies as they were, and the first day
 he went to school they thought him remarkably good.
 He wasted no time in play when he should have been
 studying, and he advanced finely.

At night, before the close of the school, the teacher
 called the roll and the boys began to answer "Ten."
 When Willie understood that he was to say ten, if he
 had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have
 whispered."

"More than once," asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher,
 sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie
 that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it,
 and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate
 pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several
 such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There
 isn't any sense in the old rule; and nobody could keep
 it, nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Willie.

"Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in a heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie.
 "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we
 were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Wil-
 lie, bravely.

Sometimes when Willie Grant's mark was even lower
 than usual the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said
 no more of disgrace. Willie never preached at them
 or told tales; but, somehow, it made the boys ashamed
 of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-
 eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean
 cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt
 like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over
 and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch
 Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term Willie's name was very
 low down on the credit list. When it was read he
 had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive,
 and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last
 thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told
 of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was
 passing him without a look, when he was told the man
 was Gen. —, the great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero
 was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now,
 boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little
 gold medal to the most conscientiously 'perfect in his
 deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite," shouted forty boys at once;
 for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit
 list had made truth noble in their eyes.



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

DEAR COUSINS.—Can you tell me why we always think of Christmas as the children's day? "Oh, yes, I know," says a little tot, "its because we hang up our stockings and Santa Claus fills 'em full of good things and we go in early in the mornin' and find 'em—that's why." "I know," says another, "its becau. we have a lovely Christmas tree, that looks as if it came from Fairy land, all hung with diamonds—only there're not diamonds you know, but gifts for the good girls and boys." "I know," says a third, "its because we have anniversary, sing and speak pieces and take up a collection." "I know," says dear little Nan, the youngest of you all, but perhaps the wis-st, 'its because Jesus was once a little baby too." Yes, I think little Nan is right—it's because He was once a little baby too. If He had not been He would never have known how the little children feel; He would not have understood you so well when you go to Him with all your little troubles, as I hope you do. Do you know what He says about the grown up people? He says we must become like little children before we can receive Him. That is we must be willing for Him to teach us before He can come and live in our hearts. Jesus did not stay a little child any more than you will stay a little child. There are some people now in the world, in South America, for instance, who bow down before the picture of the Babe in his mother's arms, and think of Him as only a child still, and worship and pray to his mother instead of Him. I heard a missionary say the other day that they might as well pray to Buddha, a heathen God. If he is only a Baby still, He can do nothing for us, for babies have to be helped and cared for; but the Bible says that all power has been given to Him in Heaven and on earth, because of what He has done for us. That is what we want, a Friend who is both able and willing to save us. Pray to Him, dear Cousins, not only for yourselves but pray and work too for the many thousands of poor children who are not looking forward to any "children's day," and perhaps you will have what Cousin Joy wishes you, with all her heart, "a very happy Christmas." It will surely be so if you give the first Christmas present to Jesus.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—Though I have never written to you before, I have often thought I would like to. We take the PALM BRANCH and I think it very interesting, especially the puzzles. I think I have the answers to October puzzles: 1st. Teach all Nations; 2nd. Guysborough; 3rd. Joyous Workers Missiou Band.

Your loving cousin,

W. MURRAY GREENE.

La Have Islands, N. S.

Nellie Van H. Young, of Parbar Westward Mission Band, and cousin May, whose card is postmarked London, Ont, also send correct answers to October puzzles.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the "Lavinia Clarke" Mission Band. I take the PALM BRANCH and I like it very much. I think I have found the answers to the second and third of the November puzzles. They are, Montague Bridge and Miss Blackmore.

Your loving cousin,

P. E. I.

BEATRICE GAY.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the "Olive Branch" Mission Band. I have taken the PALM BRANCH for about two years, and I find it very interesting. I think I have found the answer for the last question in the November puzzles. It is "Miss Blackmore."

Your loving cousin,

Fergus, Ont.

EDITH A. BEATTY.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—We have found the answers to the November puzzles. They are: Minnie A. Robertson, Montague Bridge and Miss Blackmore.

Your loving cousins,

PEARL VANIDERSTINE.

Montague.

MARJORIE MCCANN.

Several puzzles on hand that might be used if the Editor were only smart enough to guess the answers and so be able to judge of their fitness.

DECEMBER PUZZLES.

Here is a little Christmas charade—just for the little ones—no one else must guess it:

My dear little children, just lift up your eyes
Some very dark night to the far away skies
My first there will please you, but will not surprise,

My second's a very small scrap of a word,
You often have seen it, and often have heard,

My third is the last, but not really the least,
Tho' small, tis a wonderful town in the East.

My whole—it is something which shines very bright,
Let us seek to illumine the world with its light!

COUSIN JOY.

NUMERAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters,
My 19, 6, 7, is a conveyance,
My 3, 7, 19, is animal food,
My 4, 10, 18, 12, is what Missionary children ought to love,
My 8, 14, 23, 16, belongs to an animal,
My 13, 10, 11, God meant to be like Him,
My 20, 17, 7, 2, 9, is one of our faculties,
My 20, 1, 22, 15, 9, is something new which every girl and boy should take with the new year,
My 5, 17, 18, 2, 21, is what God expects us to do under all circumstances.

My whole is what Jesus calls Himself.

Cousin Joy.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MISS ALCORN, TOKIO, JAPAN.

OUR welcome here was unique. The Japanese Christians, with those teachers who are left, had been praying to God to send some one to help them in the school, and the girls too had been praying. Last year the work was hindered by lack of workers. So as I rode up the lane in my jinriksha Miss Munroe came running, crying for joy. Nearly all the workers have passed through Tokio since I arrived, so I have had the privilege of meeting them. Miss Preston has been here sick, also Miss Crombie. Misses Blackmore, Munroe, Belton, Hart and myself live in the school. Miss Belton is an earnest, spiritual Christian. She is in the evangelistic work, also Miss Hart. Then Miss Munroe, Blackmore and myself fit into the school work. As I expect to be in the evangelistic work, I am studying hard at the language. My daily "Bible class" understand English, so between studying and teaching my time is fully occupied. For the first year the older ladies advise great care, until one has grown accustomed to the climate. I can feel the change. We cannot walk here as at home, the air is enervating. Everything goes like clock work in the school. The girls are all very agreeable, and are all one in the interests of the work. And to know of Mrs. Large, you would have to be in the school. There are girls here who pray every day that she may be sent back. Every day unfolds some new quality in the discipline—in the wonderful foundation of this W. M. S. work here. It is Christian to the core. The teaching of the Bible is compulsory. Every girl who enters is taught Scripture, and girls come here four, five, and some six years. Every graduate from the school has been a Christian. Some have criticized our ladies for making Bible study compulsory. They have thought there would be more girls in attendance if this were not enforced. But Mrs. Large said, regarding this school, *quantity* was not the point, it was *quality* we wanted. So the home workers may know what they are making sacrifices for. In the morning and evening at prayers, attendance is compulsory. The girls read in turn with the teacher. The girls of the school are doing good work by going out as Bible women and interpreters. I have not been here long enough to see any of the work done outside in the city; but I hear them speak of a school called the *poor school*. It seemed to me I never again could really get into a work as I did at Sackville, and I often wondered how it was. I was haunted by this thought, until I left it. But I find myself settling into the work here and loving it. Once, the sense of utter loneliness came over me, but after a struggle I thought, God leads and cares for us every step of the way. He is a satisfy-

ing portion—and thus I rest. We need to pray. We also need the prayers of the home friends, for the darkness is oppressive. We hear Japanese sermons, Japanese prayers, and the mind wanders —.

I have been at several temples, and it gives me a queer feeling to see those stone images, worn smooth by being worshipped. The nose of one of them was almost rubbed off, the people having worn it away by washing the face of the idol to cure their headaches. But I must close.

COQUALEETZA INSTITUTE.

MY name is Louie Taylor, and I am 14 years old. I have just been here one year, and when I came I did not know anything about Jesus or anything about the Bible. It was Miss Burpee that first told me about Jesus. I was so glad to come to this nice Home, because I have no home; I am an orphan, I have no father or mother. My mother died when I was a little baby, and my father died when I was 8 years old; so it was pretty hard for me out in the wide world, and not knowing anything about Jesus. But now I am so glad that I know a little about him, and he showed me the way, so that I am fully trusting in Him and I want to grow stronger.

I think it is so good of you people, sending out teachers to teach us the right way. I like our teachers very much, they are so good to us, and I am trying my best to do everything to please them. Miss Burpee teaches our Sunday School class, and she is very good to us. Miss Smith leads our class-meeting. There are quite a number of girls who are trusting in Jesus.

We had a very sad home not very long ago; one of our dear little playmates has gone to heaven to live with Jesus forever. Her name was Eliza. She was such a dear little girl. The day she was dying, she said to me, sing "I am Jesus' little lamb," and I sang it for her. Afterwards I said to her, "Are you Jesus' little lamb?" and she said, "yes". When she said that, I felt as if I ought to be drawn nearer to Jesus, so that I could do more for Him.

On missionary Sunday every one of the children gave something. I didn't have much, but I gave all I had. I wanted to give all, for I knew that I was giving it in Jesus' name.

I am going to tell you friends a little about my work. For this month I have been in the sewing room. I was making a shirt, but I finished it, so I guess Miss Burpee will start me at something else. This is our last week in the sewing room, and next week we will change our work, and then I will be a laundry girl, or perhaps a kitchen girl.

I am in the second reader, and I like to study. I am going to study hard this winter and see how far I can get on with my books. I have often thought to myself that I would like to be a school teacher, and I think it is going to be my trade.

We have ninety-two children in the Institute, and I think it is quite a large number for an Indian school. I think I will close my letter now, as I can't think of nothing else. May God be with you all, so Good-bye from your

Truly friend,

Chilliwack, B. C., Oct. 14, '96. LOUIE TAYLOR.

**REPORT OF BOARD MEETING HELD IN
BRAMPTON, ONT., OCT. 1896.**

Total raised by auxiliaries, \$35,714. This is \$400 more than the Auxiliaries raised last year.

The total amount raised from all sources was \$38,747.

The Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Strachan, read a report upon the progress of the work in the various mission fields. In Japan severe illness among the workers had cast a shadow over the missionary work. The increase of pupils in the three boarding houses and a number of conversions are thankfully referred to. The day school, for very poor children, in Azabu, has been maintained, throughout the year, by the King's Daughters, but with diminished resources, and an appeal was made for assistance. Two orphanages in Tokyo and Kanazawa, sheltering 30 children, have been in operation at small expense and with good results. A new building has been completed at Shidzuoka, adding to the efficiency of the school. The industrial work in Kanazawa has made satisfactory progress. The evangelistic work has been carried on vigorously, and has resulted in the baptism of 35 women during the year, and others are being instructed with this end in view.

The missionaries in West China have been permitted to return to their fields of labor, with brighter prospects than before the riots. Indemnity has been paid for material losses, and negotiations for the purchase of a very desirable property have been completed. Twenty little girls have been gathered into a school, and it is hoped that before long a boarding school may be established. One new worker has gone to the Chentu mission, but at least two more are required. At the Chinese Home, Victoria, B. C., two members have been married to Christian Chinamen. Improvement is noticed in the character and manner of the girls, and also in the building and grounds. At the Indian Girls' Home, Port Simpson, B. C., la grippe caused the death of two girls this spring. Two others have left, leaving a membership of 23. An increased fondness for reading is observed. At the Chilliwack Indian Institute 97 pupils have been enrolled, with an average attendance of 85. The results of the work have been highly satisfactory. An increase is reported in the attendance at the French Institute at Montreal.

There are now nine branches in the Dominion and three Auxiliaries in Newfoundland. In the 661 Auxiliaries there are 13,863 members, which, with 786 life members, brings the total membership up to 14,649, an increase of 724. The Mission Circles and Bands in general have continued most zealous and active, now numbering 286, with 6,750 members.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH.

I wish to say to the Mission Band workers, through the PALM BRANCH, that I thank you personally for the degree of co-operative help you have given. Our mutual efforts have just closed one of the most successful years in our history. But let us not be weary in well doing. May the good things we have done in

the past, by God's help stimulate to better things for the future. Let us stand for God in the worlds mad strife, and tho' there may be and will be discouragements, trust in God and fear not. Let us work during the year, just beginning, in such a way as to make our success in the past year but as the first wave of an advance of the highest and best success, that of winning souls for Christ.

M. EDITH BROWN, Cor.-Sec.

The newly elected Cor.-Sec'y of the Lone Star Mission Band, Bermuda, in a pleasant note to the Editor writes: "Although a small Band, and the only one in these Islands, we have been very successful in all our efforts to raise money for missionary causes. Our last entertainment was in every way a success, and we are now busy preparing for another. We find the PALM BRANCH very helpful indeed, and we have got so to look for it every month, that I don't know what we should do without it."

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

I am Secretary of the Excelsior Mission Band, of Queen Square church, this year. At the first meeting we were called upon to record, in our books, the death of little Gertie Stephenson, one of our dear little members, who was always in her place and ready to do her part. Her dying request was that our pastor would tell the girls that she wanted them to meet her in heaven. She was not afraid to die as she was a devoted little Christian, and though we deeply mourn her departure, we feel that "Our loss is her gain!" The first meetings of our Band were not very well attended, so we had a Crusade Day, on which we went and invited old members to return and new ones to join us. As a result we have now enrolled 27 members, having started this year with only 14 members. So far eleven of our Band have subscribed for the PALM BRANCH, which we prize very highly. I am afraid, dear cousin, if I make this much longer you will not be able to publish it, but I had so much to tell you of that I could not make it much shorter. Hoping you will be able to find room for this in your next issue,

I remain yours,

MAGGIE TAYLOR.

TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH.

NOTICE.—Mrs. James Hales has been appointed Branch Band Cor.-Sec'y instead of Mrs. Bascom resigned. Address Mrs. James Hales, 226 Seaton St., Toronto.

TAKE NOTICE.

The Basis of Competition for the Banner this year is the greatest number of new subscribers to PALM BRANCH! Now who will win the Banner and at the same time work for the general good?

WANTED.—Short missionary stories, missionary items, and news from the Circles and Bands.

Now is the time to renew subscriptions as well as to begin.

This is the last PALM BRANCH of the year. A good way to celebrate the dawn of the new year will be to get as many new subscribers as possible. We would that all our subscribers could begin with the new year.