



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

Published Every Month.

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VOL. I. No. 4.

Self-Dedicated.

"The land where Christ is needed most
That shall my country be,
No matter what the distant coast
Or washed by what far sea.
No matter whether dark or fair
The burdened people gathered there.

The life I live in Him by faith
Is life enough for me,
Though want and peril, pain and death
Be here my destiny,
I yield this life the world calls mine
To hide it in the life divine."

Margaret Johnstone's Easter Offering.

BY S. B. WRIGHT.

It was the night of the February meeting of the Western mission circle and a goodly number were assembled. Just before the meeting closed Agnes Morton, the president, rose and said "You know our next meeting will be held Easter week. I have been thinking a great deal about it, thinking of the many women and girls to whom this approaching Easter season brings no throb of grateful joy on account of the Saviour who so freely gave his life a ransom for them, because they know nothing about Him. Shall we not evidence the genuineness of our thankfulness for knowledge of a Saviour's dying love, for birth in a Christian land, for sanctuary and home privileges by bringing to our next meeting a voluntary thank-offering! If so, be the offering what it may, let it come burdened with our prayers that God may use it in whatever way he chooses in bringing some souls now in heathen darkness into the light." That was all she said, but the flush on the fair face bespoke the effort it had cost, and the dainty snow-drops which nestled in a

fold of her dress swayed and quivered long after the wearer had resumed her seat.

Simple words, but they came with the power which prayed-over words always carry, and each one present instinctively realized in them a message direct from God. One after another arose and, in solemn tones, voiced a desire to co-operate with their president in the carrying out of her suggestion and when a motion in regard to it was finally put to the meeting, there was not found a dissenting voice. Then they sang as if to fasten the thought of how much they really owed Him;

"I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?"

Among the many who crowded round the president for some parting word, was a stately looking girl, Margaret Johnstone by name, whose calm pale face gave no evidence of the inward conflict which was now being waged in her soul. She held out her hand to her friend Agnes as she said—and the carefully modulated voice did not betray her emotion—"Good night dear and thank you for what you have said, but I wish you had not asked us to sing that last piece, it was almost more than I could bear," and before Agnes could reply, Margaret left the room with hurried step, nor did she slacken her pace until she had reached her own little room. Hastily laying aside her hat and wrap and regloving her hands, she threw herself in a low rocker by the window to think. "An Easter thank-offering! What can I give? I have nothing, nothing that would bear all commensurate for the blessings I receive, the way Agnes put it. How paltry an offering of a few dollars if there was nothing behind it." Then, as if in answer to her mental query there

floated through her mind the first verse of their parting hymn, "I gave my life for thee."

In an agony of thought she fell on her knees and prayed, "Oh Lord show me just what thou dost wish me to bring." Quick as lightning's flash came the thought, "Dare I offer to Him less than he gave me, when He made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant . . . and became obedient unto death even the death of the cross." But her life, how could she promise it all to Him to be used as He saw fit? What if He should ask me"—she moaned aloud audibly now and in an agony of thought—"to give up everything, *everything*, and go to some distant land as a missionary; other girls have been so called why not I? Nol no Lord, anything but this", she murmured as thought brought to her recollection one who of late months had become dearer to her than her own life and whose love had beautified and glorified the daily routine of her quiet life as village school teacher. How can I give up dear father and mother and everybody if the Lord should really ask it at my hands. Over and over again this she questioned, and the night wore on; still she knelt there unheeding the fact that the great spiritual crisis of her life had come.

The dark sombre shadows of midnight were giving place to the gray of the early morning before the conflict lost any of its fierceness. Then it seemed as if Margaret received such a revelation of all the Saviour had done for her as to well nigh overcome her at the thought of her selfishness and ingratitude as she termed it. Lower still sank the bowed head, but the dry sobs that had betokened the keen mental anguish of the supplicant were hushed; and just as the first gold and purple streaks had flung their brightness across the eastern sky victory in the name, and through the strength of Jehovah was vouchsafed unto Margaret. As if to seal the sacred compact between her and God, she solemnly and with broken choked utterance repeated;

"Take my love, my Lord I pour
At thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee."

And the Lord heard and accepted the offering, knowing that part of the price had not been withheld, but freely and without reservation Margaret Johnstone had given herself, her *all* to God's service.

The days wore on and another mission circle evening had again come round, and many and varied the amounts of the different offerings. The envelope containing the largest bore no name, but on it was written:

"I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be
And quickened from the dead
I gave, I gave my life for thee.
What hast thou given for me?"

And as the president with misty eyes read the inscription, she rightly guessed the donor of the crisp ten dollar bill, but she did not dream of the one looked forward to spring suit which would not now be purchased, nor yet that the bill was only the outcome of Margaret's offering, for had she not given *herself*?

Whether the future life of Margaret will be spent in unceasing toil for the Master in the home land, or labour for Him in some distant vineyard we know not; but we do know that to all such consecrated lives will come in fullest measure, broadest service; and it may be in response to the call now echoing and reechoing for more workers in the Chinese, Japanese and Indian fields among the names of those enrolled as missionary applicants may be found that of Margaret Johnstone.

London, March 2nd.

How Ellen went to Port Simpson.

HER OWN STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

The lady showed me how to hold my spoon and the knife and fork. I always used my fingers. We did not sit down to a table, like these people; but I had seen white people eating before. I wondered if they would eat this way in the school. After breakfast I went on deck; our boat was going very fast, I thought. On one side there was land, but only water on the other. By and by we went into a narrow place where there were high mountains on both sides. I played around till dinner was ready. After dinner the lady gave me some pictures to look at, and told me I could take them to my room. They were pretty pictures, but I must have gone to sleep while looking at them, for the big bell woke me again and it was nearly dark. Tea was ready and after tea I went to bed.

Next day was much the same, only the boat stopped several places. The first place looked so queer! There was a row of little houses that looked like barns, only in front of each house there was a high pole, all carved. They were built on the shore; at one end there was a very large building. The lady told me this was a salmon cannery, and the nice looking house just back of that was where the man who ran the cannery lived. There were only two or three white men on the wharf; but a crowd of Indians with long hair—they had bright red and yellow blankets around them—looked so funny. The boat only stayed a little while and we were off again. Two of the places we stopped at next day had no wharves, but the people came out to the boat in canoes. The first place looked something like the village, where the people all dressed in blankets, only the old people had such funny heads—looked as if they were drawn up almost to points, flattened before and behind. The other village where they had no wharf had pretty little houses like white people's homes. There was a nice church and another building something like it only not quite so large—the lady told me it was the school house. I wondered if the Port Simpson school would look anything like it.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)

What Can I Do for Jesus.

(Tune, Tenting To-Night.)

What can I do my love to show
For him who first loved me,
Who gave His life that I might know
Salvation full and free?

CHORUS.

Many heathen children are living to day,
Living in the darkest night;
We'll send them the Bible to show them the way
To God's own glorious light.
We'll send them the light, we'll send them the light,
The blessed gospel light.

(To be sung softly in the distance.)

Oh, send us the light, Oh, send us the light,
The blessed Gospel light.

If Jesus were on earth to-day,
As in the olden days,
How gladly, gladly would we sing,
Hosannas in His praise.

We thank Thee, Father, for our lot,
In a favored Christian land,
We'll work for those who know Thee not
In our happy mission band.

E. D. K.

Field Studies for May.

CHINA AND OUR CHINESE WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The population of China is said to be 400,000,000; and not one in 400,000 ever heard of the name of Christ. There is said to be one worker to every 818,000 souls. In the province where our missionaries live there are 35,000,000 of people. The ladies sent out by our society expected to arrive in Chentu, their new home, in February, so no doubt they are already hard at work. One of these ladies is a doctor, and in healing the sick and bringing comfort to bodies full of disease and pain, she will have a grand opportunity of telling of Jesus, the Great Physician. Many of the people are blind, and their lives are peculiarly sad. Filthy homes and the ignorance of their own doctors favor rather than hinder the progress of disease. The Chinese language is one of the most difficult to learn, either to read or speak, and very much time has to be spent in study, before our workers will be able to talk to the people in their own tongue. Shall we not pray that God will help them to overcome difficulties, even in their study? If we expect them to do their duty, we must not at the same time forget that they are working for us, and if we forget our prayers for them, are we not doing them an injury?

We all have heard of the cruel way the Chinese have of binding the little girls' feet. At six years of age the feet are first bound and the bandages are tightened from time to time, until the little

toes are all bent under; and in some cases they are so terribly bruised and broken that they rot away and drop off. A girl baby is despised in China and her life, as she grows up is one of drudgery. Not one woman out of ten thousand knows how to read. Every woman hopes some day to be born again as a man. The idols of the Chinese are numerous and the people lavish their wealth on their heathen temples. Twenty thousand dollars are spent in a certain month of the year in one temple alone in the Canton province. Part of their religion consists in the worship of their ancestors—their grandfathers and grandmothers who are dead. So-chuen, meaning Four Streams is the name of the province where our missionaries live. It is a fine farming country. Rice is the food of the people. Besides this, wheat, potatoes, buckwheat and tobacco are largely grown. The silk worm abounds, and gives rise to quite an industry. There are also large fields for cultivating the poppy from which they obtain the opium. We know from last month what a curse this is to China.

There has been a call for more workers for this field. Surely in our favored land there must be some young women ready to give their lives for Christ for the sake of our Chinese sisters. Let us pray earnestly that this call may be answered speedily. Even in our own country we find John Chinaman, and we are glad that as a society we are doing something for them in our Rescue Home in Victoria, B. C. Some day we trust that some of our girls will take the glad news of the gospel back to their home land. Several of the girls have married in British Columbia and are, by their Christian homes shedding a light abroad. These people pray, work and give in a very hearty manner. Shall we be behind them? Oh! no, let us strive to do more than we have done in the past and not be satisfied with the little we do.

Questions for May.

- What is the population of China?
- How many have heard of Christ?
- One worker to how many souls?
- How many people where our missionaries live?
- What can you tell of the ladies sent out, Dr. Retta Gifford and Miss Brackbill?
- Which one will have the best opportunity to tell of Jesus, and why?
- Why are the lives of the people sad?
- What do their own doctors do for them?
- Why is it not an easy thing for our missionaries to talk in the Chinese language to the people?
- What should we specially pray for and what should we not forget?
- Will you tell us about the poor little Chinese girl's feet?
- What kind of a life have they and why?
- Can women read in China? What is their hope?
- Have they many idols there?
- How do the people spend their money?
- What is part of their religion? What do you mean by that?
- What is the name of the country where our missionaries live, and what kind of a country is it?
- What is the food of the people?
- What do some of the people do for a living?
- What flowers do they cultivate and why?
- What is the call from China to-day and what must we do?
- Are we doing anything for John Chinaman in our own country?
- What do we hope for the girls in our Rescue Home in B. C.?
- Are these girls doing any good now where they are?
- How do they set us an example?
- Shall we do less or more?

Palm Branch.

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APRIL, 1894.

As we have before said our little paper differs from other missionary papers in being devoted to our own fields and workers.

This month we have a character sketch of our beloved pioneer missionary, Miss Cartmell, which cannot fail to be helpful and interesting to every young reader. We are also pleased to be able to tell them about the small house where the first representative of the W. M. S. lived when she first went to Japan, and where good work was done for the Master.

Surely we will be more interested in the work when we know something of the worker, of her character and the motives which led her to consecrate her all to such service. It will also help largely to an acquaintance with her to know of her surroundings and be able to put ourselves in her place. We hear but little of the inconveniences and difficulties which must of necessity meet the missionary in a foreign land; they are left to the imagination. One thing we have always noticed in those who have come back to our shores after years of faithful service and also in the letters which we receive from time to time from the busy workers: they do not draw upon our sympathy, they dwell less on the difficulties and dangers of the way than on the compensation which God gives in a clearer manifestation of Himself to His devoted servants.

We are to pray, this month, for Christian Governments,—that they may recognize their responsibility in regard to the liquor traffic, opium, the African slave trade, reform of the social evils in India, and the traffic in Chinese girls in our own continent.

Surely Satan himself is the author of such a combination as this! Surely if these governments were truly Christian such evils could not exist. These are the obstacles which meet the foreign missionary

at every step. We have to blush at the thought that our own English government first forced the opium trade upon China; that the ships which carried missionaries to their shores with the Bread of Life, carried also the seeds of decay and death. We do not wonder that the Viceroy of Northern India sarcastically said in a recent interview with missionaries that, "as we were sending out missionaries to convert the Chinese, we might try to convert our own government."

The African slave trade, the social evils in India and the traffic in Chinese girls on our own continent are gigantic blots on the record of the nineteenth century. And what shall we say of the liquor traffic, whose evils are so wide-spread in our own land? We have found two little stanzas so exactly to the point that we must give them. They show that the Japanese understand very clearly the dangerously progressive character of the drink habit.

"At the punch-bowl's brink,
Let us pause and think
What they say in Japan:

"First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink,
Then the drink takes the man!"

"Blessings shared are blessings doubled." Will each one of you who reads our present number of PALM BRANCH pass it on to some one who has not yet seen it, and so increase the circulation.

SUBSCRIBERS, PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!

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

Our Pioneer Missionary, Miss M. J. Cartmell.

"He means me!" "He *does* mean me!" "How can he know of my heart-prayers for those poor women, my, yes, *my* sisters through Christ."

This was the heart language of a dark-eyed, sweet-faced young lady in the public meeting held in Centenary Church, Hamilton, Nov. 8th, 1881, to organize the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church in Canada.

The late Senator John Macdonald was picturing, in thrilling language, the condition of women and children in Japan, and then made an appeal to the women present for some one to go over and help them; some consecrated woman who would leave home and friends to carry to these Japanese sisters the news of a better life here and hereafter.

Whose heart was it that so throbbingly responded to the call? Why! our own, dearly beloved pioneer missionary, Miss Cartmell. For sometime previous her thoughts had been led along missionary lines, but being of a retiring disposition she had in no way given expression to these thoughts, and during this address and that of Rev. Dr. Sutherland she was moved to tears and deep longings that God, sometime in the future, would use her in this great work of "the women of the world for Christ," little thinking that He had already marked her for His own and shown to others her fitness for this work.

Early in December of that year a committee waited upon her and asked her to go to Japan, but only after much prayerful consecration could she consent, not that she was unwilling for the work, but oh! was she fit, was she chosen of God? These past eleven years of rich abundant harvest in the Master's field have given an answer like unto a benediction from on high.

It was not till nearly a year had passed that arrangements were perfected for her journey to and residence in Japan, but every step was made clear and smooth by her Father's hand.

Her arrival was hailed with delight by the three missionaries of our church then in that land, Rev. Dr. McDonald, Rev. Dr. Meacham and Rev. Dr. Eby, for they had been thoroughly convinced that women alone could succeed with the work amongst the women and children, but to their surprise the Master had even more than that work for his hand-maiden.

After earnest entreaty Miss Cartmell consented to teach a class of young men English twice a week on condition that they attended her Bible Class on Sunday. What was the result? They were all converted before the end of the year, won to the Saviour by this quiet gentle woman, whose great love for Him and for the women of their land, had led her to make her home amongst strangers in a strange land to tell them the story of the Cross.

Her women's meetings were well attended, their influence felt and acknowledged as will be seen in the following extract from a note of Rev. Dr. Eby's. "Isujii has declared itself a self-supporting church to-day. This is the direct outcome of my lectures and Miss Cartmell's women's meetings and Bible Class. . . . This is a step in the right direction, and we rejoice that the first missionary of the Woman's Society had a share in bringing it about."

In her first letter home she said "I already see that there is more to be done than one can accomplish," but nobly she toiled on, looking wistfully at the "open doors" on every side, ministering to the sick and dying, gathering the children into her home as a school with native christian teachers under her supervision, visiting the women in their homes, telling of the beauties of the life in and through Christ. More was accomplished through these means than we can ever know or thank her for, the foundations of our work were surely and truly laid for all those who have succeeded her.

Reinforcements were sent in 1884, but to those to whom she ministered there was, and is, no one like Miss Cartmell, her personality was of that kind that while she won them by her gentleness she held them by her faithfulness in *all things*.

It was not till one school was well established, the evangelistic work which was her direct charge

bearing rich harvest, that her strength gave way and she was obliged to return home, but ah! her heart was with the people to whom she had given her strength, and in her public addresses she made you feel the same ardent desires for them and the work, that had so sustained her.

After three years rest in Ontario, during which she visited many auxiliaries much to their profit and addressed several public meetings, Miss Cartmell was asked to go to British Columbia to assist in the work amongst the Chinese women and that of our Rescue Home in Victoria. Her strong determination to do battle for the right, resting in the numberless promises of the Father, made her a power in the rescue work, while gentleness and full consecration to the work of winning souls for her Master gained her an entrance into the homes of the women in China town, a work much the same as the Zenana work. Here she laboured for two years when there came a strong call for her return to Japan, and once again leaving her native land she crossed the Pacific to what has indeed been to her the "Flowery Kingdom," rare flowers of blood washed souls springing from the seed sown by her loving gentle faithfulness.

God's ways are mysterious yet plain if we could only see the end. Just five years before when she had been obliged to yield her work to another equally well suited for the winning of the hearts and souls of our Japanese sisters, Miss Lund, and just when that dear one is returning for her much needed rest God strengthens Miss Cartmell to return and take up the threads of this most important work.

"What have you written this imperfect sketch of one of God's chosen hand maidens for?" you ask as you glance at it carelessly or carefully, as your heart is in the work, and I answer prayerfully, "Not for Miss Cartmell, but for you personally, each one, every one." "She hath done what she could" have you?

Very timid, trusting much in the love of others, gentle almost to a fault, conscientious in the highest degree, apt to underrate her own abilities, yet willing to trust one whom she called "my Father in Heaven" even so far as to go alone and begin in a strange land, with a strange tongue, the battle of winning the women and children from the darkness of heathen superstition, from depths of sin and misery that we cannot comprehend to the light of our glorious gospel.

Did I say "alone," no not that, but surrounded by an innumerable host of witnesses, under the command of One who is more than all that can be against us.

The work is easy now to what it was then, but oh! where are the workers? Are there not some—a score are needed—who read this sketch that have had the call but put it off for another time, giving it over to some one who is stronger, braver, more self-reliant, more fully consecrated while the harvest is ripe, waiting for the reapers?

What would have become of the Japanese stars in Miss Cartmell's heavenly crown if she had done as you are doing? What kind of stars are you winning for your crown?

The harvest is white, the open doors are many but where are the labourers? Dare you answer "I do not know?"

"If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!
How all the dark places would brighten,
How the mists would roll up and away;
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness
To hail the millennial day!"

Perhaps some of you would like to know what kind of a house Miss Cartmell lived in when she first went to Japan. Well, it was a tiny little doll-house of a place, but very neat and pretty. There was a parlor on one side of the hall and a dining room on the other. The largest room in the house was on the right of the dining room and was called the chapel. In this room the present Kobikicho congregation had its birth, and though only a few of the first members are on the church roll now, the scattered ones have nearly all proved faithful. There was a very small kitchen and some little pantries and closets at the back, Upstairs over the parlor was the study and over the dining-room the bed-room. From the windows of the upper rooms could be seen the waters of the Bay; across the garden belonging to the larger house now occupied by Dr. Macdonald, beyond the wide roadway, flowed the Sumida River. Could your eyes have seen the junks that floated upon the river, the nearest single mast, fluted sail, and high stern, would have held your attention long enough to make a lasting impression. These boats were built more than forty years ago and are very clumsy, though picturesque. The open sterns make it unsafe for them to venture far from shore and whenever a stiff breeze blows they hoist sail and fly for shelter, always glad, like the chickens to get their tails turned from the wind. It is a pretty sight when the river is full of these, packed closely with bows turned to meet the waves, and at night their lamp add to the beauty. The view of the street from the lower windows was almost hidden by the fences of Dr. Meacham's garden and lawn, thus making the little house quite secluded. The walls of the rooms were covered with very pretty Japanese paper, blue with a white sprig in it, for the study and bed room; the hall was white; the dining room green; the parlor a neutral tint very pretty. The floors were covered with fresh matting, and the furniture, though second hand, was in good condition. The carpenter who had been putting the house in repair made her a present of a nice little set of shelves to hang on the wall, and when Miss Cartmell had put up the lace curtains and lambrequins that she took with her, and the various little knickknacks and photos that reminded her of home, we can imagine how snug and cosy the little house looked. There was a flower plot in front to delight the eyes and a nice organ in the parlor, with the latest improvements which must have been a source of real pleasure to the lonely missionary who had left home and friends so far away. Here she studied the difficult language here she taught the coveted English and here she sowed, as opportunity offered, the good seed of the Kingdom.



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

Dear Cousin Joy.—You said you would like some one to tell you about the Little Light bearers.

Perhaps I don't know much about them but I will tell what I do know. The reason is I've been reading about them lately in some leaflets: one was "The dawn of the Little Light bearers," and I found out the idea. It is to give the little bits of babies a chance to help in the great missionary cause! Isn't it a nice idea to give them a start in the right way from the time they first come down to this world!

There's such a lovely card! They call it the enrollment card, there's a big globe on it and on one side there's a procession of the sweetest little white children you ever saw, each one holding a torch to light the poor little dark children who have'nt any light at all. Well, this is the way they do. Somebody belonging to the auxiliary or mission band goes to the baby's mother or friend, shows her the card and asks her if she wants that baby to be one of the Little Light Bearers? If she says "yes" and will pay 25 cents that baby's name is put right down on the card, and it is hung up in the nursery where Connie Chipman's mother hung her baby's. Next year and next year and next year it is 25 cents more. If she has no baby but a little girl or boy four years old she pays \$1.00. After the child is five years old it can't be paid any more but must join a mission band or have a mite box. Sometimes the mother buys a card for the little baby that has gone back to heaven! I couldn't help wishing while I was reading about it that it had been the fashion when I was a baby! It would be so nice for me to look back and think that I had always helped to carry the light but I couldn't very well, you see, because it was only begun two years ago. Now there are more than 12 000 Little Light Bearers in the different churches. Your affectionate cousin,

JESSIE.

Puzzle Drawer.

ANSWERS TO MARCH, NO.

- Enigmas.—1. Crosby Girls' Home.
2. Rev. George McDougall.
Charades.—1. Chilliwack.
2. Glad Tidings.
3. (Miss) Veazey.
Conundrum.—Wickett.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 16 letters. My 1, 6, 8, is a lawless crowd; my 3, 9, 7, 11, is on the seashore; my 16, 2, 4, 15, is what you do in the morning; my 12, 5, 10 is something used to fasten; my 16, 13, 14 is what you do on a door. My whole is what you all ought to take.

CHARADES.

My first is a boy's name; my second is a member of a family. My whole is the name of one of our Japan missionaries.

My first is what the PALM BRANCH goes through before you see it; my second is a heavy weight. My whole is the name of another Japan missionary.

Rambles among our Missions.

After spending a couple of hours in Winnipeg, away we sped westward, until Winnipeg was but a little blue line on the horizon and we found ourselves in the midst of a fine farming country. The houses were almost invariably surrounded with stacks of grain, or perhaps there would be as many as seventy stretching out in a straight line from the dwelling.

At many of the towns through which we passed, there would be little groups of Indians at the station presenting their work and curios for sale.

These are the real, original, Indians, and doubtless many of the readers of the PALM BRANCH would be inclined to laugh at their grotesque appearance; some with faces painted yellow and red, others decorated with their feathers and beads, and all extremely dirty.

Yet, we must remember that it was for such as these Christ died, and we must earnestly pray that God may give us some part in bringing the heathen of our own land out of their midnight darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel.

The Woman's Missionary Society is carrying on a most successful work among the Indians at Chilliwack and Port Simpson of which I will tell you something later.

On reaching Calgary, the ground rises perceptibly and as the Rocky mountains are already just in sight, it is not long before we are in the midst of scenery so surpassingly beautiful that it quite baffles description. There were the majestic mountains whose lofty peaks pierced the clouds, and sometimes overtopped them. Away down beneath lay the quiet, picturesque valleys, and everywhere might be seen numerous trickling cascades, fast becoming noisy torrents, as they descended to meet the mighty rushing river.

The words "Marvellous are thy works" often came to mind and what looked like "everlasting hills" showed by their formation that at some period, they had been contorted and twisted by a mighty upheaval, reminding one of His power

who "weigheth the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Very impressive also, is the power and skill manifested by man, "made in His image and likeness.

The construction of the railway is something marvellous, winding and twisting, creeping around the slope of immense hills or tumbling through them, crossing numerous bridges or gliding through forty two snow sheds, down to quieter waters at Yale, nestling so cosily under the beetling cliffs, we reach the head of steamboat navigation. The Fraser widens here and the country becomes more open, but very shortly we again enter a wild, rocky, district and when we again emerge into the open, we are skirting Burrard Inlet, and on down we go along its shore toward the sea, to the city of Vancouver.

The Wisdom-System of the Buddha in Comparison with the True Wisdom of the Christ.

BY FLORA SAWYER, MONTREAL.

According to statistical tables there are in the world, three hundred and seventy millions of Buddhists who have "gods many and lords many."

They have shrines dedicated to the Pearly Emperor, the Shang Ti of the Sombre Heavens, the five night Spirit Rulers, the Sailor's God, the Dragon God and so on, until the number of their divinities almost equal the number of their temples.

Buddhism is divided into sects, and in this one respect resembles Christianity. There is Northern Buddhism, Southern Buddhism and Buddhism in Siam, Ceylon, Nepal, China, Japan. As these are all growths from the one parent stem, the father of which is Sakya, there is a family resemblance between the various phases of the faith. It is one of the most ancient oriental religions, consequently during the ages all accumulation of legendary history has entwined itself around the original thought of the founder and is very different now from what it was in its primitive state.

Buddhism can scarcely be called a religion, as it is theoretically, purely atheistic in its belief, ignoring the existence of a supreme deity. It is a mass of metaphysics, having an indulgent philosophy, nevertheless the moral code of this peculiar system is one of the best in the world. Buddha is not a deity in any sense of the word, but simply a human being, who having learned to subdue his body and control his mind, professed to have arrived at the knowledge of the truth. By long meditation and force of thinking he discovered the causes of change in human life, by which

knowledge and fear was removed. This exalted state might be attained by any one who would undergo the discipline and practice certain virtues.

The basis of their moral code is what the Buddha called the virtues. (1) That pain exists. (2) that the cause of pain is attachment to existing objects. (3) That pain can be ended by Nirwana, which is extinction. (4) The way that leads to Nirwana. This way to Nirwana consists of eight parts:—right faith, right judgment, right language, right purpose, right practice, right obedience, right memory, right meditation.

Their belief is that all are under the control of "a chain of linked processes" which continually recur with uniform regularity. The Buddhist believes that he has existed in many myriads of previous forms, and may have passed through various states of being from the lowest to the highest, and that he is now under the influence of all that he has ever done or been in his previous existence.

It is said that the Buddha himself lived the life of an ascetic eighty-three times, of a monarch fifty-eight times, religious teacher, twenty-six times, and so on until he inhabited upward of fifty different life forms. He was often a serpent, a cow, a jackal, a rat, a dog. At length having passed through these various forms of existence he came as Buddha—the enlightened.

By much meditation and practices of great austerity he claimed that he had found the truth. Having found the treasure (as he thought) he was filled with the desire to make it known to the rest of mankind, so he began the preaching of his new faith and met with great success. Buddha possesses a wonderful power for proselyting, which doubtless arises from the universal brotherhood which it inculcates.

Leaves from the Branches.

WESTERN BRANCH.

The western Busy Bees send greetings to their friends in the noble work of missions. Heartily we are entering into the work for the honor and glory of the Master's cause. Under the leadership of our president, Miss Royce, new members are being added and all are becoming quite enthusiastic in the service of the Lord. Great pleasure has been enjoyed during the past quarter while making scrap books for the children's hospital and the littlest tot helped. The next venture is to be a patchwork quilt, all are required to bring pieces of their dresses and help put them together. We have had many draw backs, but are looking forward to a bright, fruitful future and trust that each worker will be unselfish, faithful and busy as a bee, that she may hear the dear Lord say "Well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH.

Brampton:—Grace Church Mission Band. The motto by which we have been trying to shape our work this year is the "In-as-much" one, and the children find the pleasure of doing kind deeds much greater because Christ accepts it as done unto Him. Our attendance averages somewhere between 25 and 30. Miss Neeland, our Vice-Pres., came home from the Central Branch held in Toronto last fall, with many new and helpful ideas, one of which was that of dressing dolls for the Indian schools. The children seized upon the idea with enthusiasm and each one who could, took one home to dress. Two little boys asked for them, too, and of course they were given them to dress. We are proud of those boys! Two of the doll's hoods were crocheted by a blind girl. A quilt was pieced by an old lady 82 years of age. Some of our boy members filled a scrap book. We are now preparing for an evening's entertainment, the exercise given in the Jan. Outlook. We pray that God may bless our efforts to do good.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH.

Annapolis has sent for the Easter song service, the band intends preparing and giving it.

"Wesley Centennial" band of Cheverie, is now engaged in making up holders and in the near future we shall have a "Holder Sale and Tea" from that quarter to report.

The following are some items of interest in connection with the "Earnest Gleaners" of Yarmouth: Membership, thirty-five; Object, the support of a girl in Crosby home; method of raising money, entertainments, bazaars and teas. The sum of \$18.40 was realized from an entertainment held January 14th. M. F. BROWNING, Cor. Sec.

N. B. AND P. E. I. BRANCH.

Miss Bessie Durant, Sect'y of the Margate P. E. I. band, writes:—The new year has opened favorably for the Sunbeam mission band. We have a membership of 27, an increase of 4 over last year. Shortly before Christmas, this band held a public meeting, at which a highly interesting programme was carried out. Rev. R. Opie, president, in the chair. The choir of the church kindly assisted, with Mrs. Opie at the organ. Proceeds, \$6.00.

Miss Relenza Eddie, cor. sec'y of the Bathurst N. B. band writes:—We have a nice society here and expect to increase in numbers after holidays. On thanksgiving we gave a concert, which proved quite a success. Recitations, songs, and dialogues, delightfully entertaining, as well as instructive, were carefully and intelligently rendered. Proceeds, \$13.28. This band owes much to the energy of its president, Mrs. (Rev.) Jos. Sellar. Parents and friends gladly note that as we labour for the good of others, we, ourselves, are mentally and spiritually improved. The PALM BRANCH, of which we take 14 copies, is liked very much.

Feb. 15 1894.

A. J. H.,
Band Sec.