



[FOR THE PALM BRANCH.]

MR. MIKI AND HIS FAMILY.

"And a little child shall lead them."

Just near our school lives a Chief of Police named Miki. He and his wife live in a small house of three rooms, of which at least two have floors, covered with straw mats, six feet by three. The little parlor is only a six-mat room, then there is a small kitchen, and the other room is used for a variety of purposes. Ordinary living rooms in Japan may easily be used as bed rooms, as the beds are merely very thick quilts laid on the floor at night, folded up in the morning and stowed away in the closet through the day. Washing of the hands and face is done out doors.

Mr. Miki's salary is small, but with small wants, he and his wife are able to live comfortably.

One only child was theirs, a little girl of nearly four years old. She was a dear little girl, bowing so politely to the foreign teachers as they passed the gate of her humble home. This little Matsuye San was most tenderly cared for and loved. The hopes of her

parents were centered in her. Gradually they had saved up money to the extent of twenty yen (\$10) to be used for her. The mother worshipped many gods

for the sake of her child. She has a great armful of gods and charms she had honored to secure good for her child. Always she thought of her that no harm might come to her. She was particular in drawing water from the well to draw just the right amount for fear of offending the god of water. In washing clothes she would be afraid of displeasing the god by throwing the water in the wrong place. During Matsuye San's illness she received some "maujie," a kind of cake often used in funerals, and this she seems to have regarded as unfortunate. She would do nothing that she thought would injure her child, and do anything that she thought would help her. She tried thus to secure the favor of the gods, and yet the child died, so she felt them useless to help her.



MATSUYE SAN.

Mr. Miki spent some time as a student in the home of a Mr. Eudo, a public notary in Kofu. When Mr. Miki married, he and his wife chose Mr. and Mrs. Eudo as their father and mother. In this part of the country it is a custom with many when they marry, even though their own parents be living, to select parents to act for them on any occasion when they need special help. Mrs. Eudo, though formerly a "geisha" or singing girl, is now an earnest

Christian women. She had invited Mrs. Miki to attend church, but Mr. Miki thought it would be time enough for his wife to go when she was forty years old, and was well up "in the things of this world," such as housewifely and social duties.

Then Mrs. Eudo suggested that Matsuye San, their little girl, go to Sunday-school. She was taken to the church Sunday-school, but in the meantime she had found her way to the little school held in the servants' quarters in our school compound. Three Sundays she attended our Sunday-school, once going to the church Sunday-school as well.

She was very much interested, telling her mother when she went home how she bowed her head on her hands (in prayer), and how she had been praised for such good conduct in so small a child.

On the evening of the third Sunday she took ill and died in the evening of the next day. During her illness, when semi-conscious, she exclaimed "Watakushi wa Ten no Kami san wo ogamse," "Bo wa, ikugo." "Sayonara." "I worship the Heavenly God." "I am going," "Good-bye."

Some of these expressions she repeated more than once. Her mother thinks, too, that she tried to sing one of the hymns she had heard at Sunday-school. Then when the night shadows had closed over the day, little Matsuye San passed away, unconscious.

Her parents were distracted with grief. Their faithful friend, Mrs. Eudo, stayed with them through the night. Towards the dawn of a new day, Mrs. Miki having at last lain down to rest, Mrs. Eudo and the heart-broken mother sat down at the "Kotatsee," Mrs. Eudo trying to comfort her. The "kotatsee" is a substitute for a stove. A square hole, prepared to hold fire, is made in the floor, and over it is placed a raised wooden frame. Over this frame is thrown a heavy quilt, and the Japanese warm themselves by putting their feet under it.

While sitting here Mrs. Miki asked, "Mother, what do you mean by God?" Then followed the glad news of comfort for the sorrowing, words which came as balm to the grief-burdened heart of the mother. She was very much comforted to know that her child would be happy forever, and, going to her husband, she told him to be at peace, that their child was not dead, but had gone to be with God.

For fourteen days after Matsuye San died the mother made a daily visit to her grave, taking with her offerings of incense and food. After that she gave it up, though some continue the custom for forty-nine days.

Shortly after the funeral I saw pasted on the wall a slip of paper, on which was written the child's name, age and death, and on a stand beneath it offerings of rice, tea, carrots and some other vegetable I did not know.

But from the time her little child died Mrs. Miki has been most faithful in attending church services and women's meetings. She is naturally a very diffident woman, and has felt timid when she went to a public place like the theatre, but she does not feel the sa

about going to church. She is very earnest in her desire to study and know the truth. She can read only a very little, but is trying to learn. She has already come to see the uselessness of offerings of food to the dead, and she believes in her old gods no longer. She feels that God took her child from her to lead her to Himself. She is trying to learn of Him, and simply as a little child, she is entering the kingdom of heaven. She is anxious for her husband, too, to be a Christian.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise," and through one of these little ones of whom Christ said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," another soul is being led into the sheltering fold of the Good Shepherd; while we are very grateful for the inspiration it gives us in our work among the little ones.

Japan.

E. A. PRESTON.

TEMPERANCE DIALOGUE FOR THE GIRLS.

- (Fanny) "Girls, don't you think these Temperance folks
Are making a great fuss?
What in the world do they expect
From little folks like us?"
- "We can't make speeches, we've no wealth,
We're neither wise nor strong,"
- (Edna) "No, but for all that, Teacher says,
We help the cause along.
Because we pledge our influence,
And if we're good and true
We cannot tell the useful work
A little child may do."
- (Violet) "Yes, and remember, very soon
These years that fly so fast,
With all their chances will be gone,
Our childhood will be past."
And we shall then be women grown.
- (Fanny) "Yes, and what fun t'will be
When we have houses of our own
To ask our friends to tea."
- Hesitating) But then, for parties we'll want wine—
- (Edna and Violet together, turning to each other)
"Why no, we wont, will you?"
- (Edna) "A pretty way indeed to show
The good that we can do!"
- (Fanny) "I always thought it looked so grand
To see decanters shine
And sparkle on the sideboard so,
(Hesitating) But then—there must be wine!"
- (Edna) "Why, that's the meaning of our pledge
To let the wine alone,
And I shall keep it while a child
And when a woman grown."
- (Violet) "And what is more it means to help
Others to keep it, too,
So let us pledge ourselves again
To all that we can do."
- (Edna) "And if to aid this Temperance cause
The children all begin,
Who knows, the world may not be long
In putting down this sin."
- (Violet) "And what a lovely, lovely place
This earth of ours would be,
If from this soul-destroying vice
It could once more be free,

"No drunken fathers staggering home,"

(Edna) "No frightened children then,"

(Violet) "No broken-hearted mother's tears,"

(Edna) "No wretched, outcast men."

(Fanny) "Well, girls, I now am quite convinced,
You really make me think
That half the misery in the world
Comes from the love of drink.
So let us pledge ourselves once more,
Our sign, this ribbon blue,"

(Holding it up all together).

"We will to our own hearts and homes,
And to our pledge be true,
And in this Temperance cause do all
The good that we can do."

Cousin Joy.

FIELD STUDY FOR JULY.

WHAT is our Field Study this month? "The Extinction of the Liquor and Opium Traffics, and all Covetous Hindrances to Christianity." Well, that is a very important and comprehensive subject. It sounds large. Suppose we analyze it and try to find out what it means. The dictionary tells us that extinct means extinguished; to extinguish means to quench, to put out, to destroy; extinction means destruction; both words from the same root. In old days, long before you can remember, when candles were burned for light instead of the oil, gas or electricity now used, "extinguishers" were made to put out the flame—a little cap pressed down on the blaze.

The same word is applied to larger fires—conflagrations. Fire is often said to be a good servant, but a bad master. When it is in danger of becoming a master, that is, when it bids fair to destroy, it is put out, quenched, extinguished. What would we think of the inhabitants of a city who would stand idly by and make little or no effort to save life or property? But you say, how does this word apply to trade—or traffic? Surely traffic must not be destroyed. It must, if it be a traffic in deadly things. Suppose a firm should claim a right to import deadly serpents and let them loose in a city. Do you think the authorities of the city or even the government would stand calmly by and say, "We will regulate, but not prohibit them; it is all for the good of trade." Dear children and young people, the liquor and opium traffics, our subject this month, are traffics in the most deadly of serpents, the most destructive of fires. Shakespeare says:

"Oh! that men should put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains."

And Shakespeare is right—in a world like this we need to be wide awake and in possession of all our senses.

Do you ask why these traffics are allowed? "We could not afford to do without them; we must have a revenue for our country," say the politicians, and so they tax and license and regulate what ought to be destroyed. There is a verse in the Bible which reads, "Ye shall be ashamed of your revenues, because of the fierce anger of the Lord." There is another which says, "Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right."

And there are many wise people who think thus, and they are striving to bring about a better day. They see that the vast amount of money spent to maintain the prisons, hospitals, poor-houses and lunatic asylums of our country, made necessary chiefly because of this curse, would be a revenue that might build up the country and bless humanity. And now they are trying to get a vote of the people to see "if the country is ready for prohibition." They call this a Plebiscite, which means the voice of the people. It is something in which we all are interested, as a Christian community. Let us pray and use our influence to bring about this better state of things. Slavery, another traffic in human life, was put down a quarter of a century ago on this continent at the point of the sword, in a terrible civil war. Let us hope and pray that in this still more enlightened age civilization and wisdom and good judgment may prevail, rather than the shedding of blood.

Anything that we love or covet more than God and the carrying out of His plan for the world, is a covetous hindrance to Christianity.—Ed.

QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

- Will you please state the Field Study for this month?
- Please explain the word extinction?
- What do you mean by the word "extinguisher?" Please illustrate.
- What is often said of fire?
- When does it become a master, and what is done then?
- What question is asked next, and how would you answer it?
- When must trade or traffic be destroyed?
- What illustration is given in reference to this?
- What question is asked, and how will you answer it?
- What is said of the Traffics which are our study this month?
- What does Shakespeare say?
- Why is Shakespeare right in saying so?
- What do the politicians say about these traffics?
- How do they act in regard to it?
- Will you give God's message about it?
- What else does He say about it?
- What do the wise people see?
- What are they trying to do?
- What is a Plebiscite?
- Can we help it in any way?
- What was done with African slavery on this continent 25 years ago?
- What ought to prevail now in regard to these other traffics?
- What is a covetous hindrance to Christianity?

PALM ✻ BRANCH.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

S. E. SMITH, EDITOR.
 SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 15 CENTS A YEAR.
 FOR CLUBS OF TEN OR MORE TO ONE ADDRESS, 10c. EACH A YEAR.

All Band reports and notes must be sent through the Branch Band Corresponding Secretaries.

All other articles intended for publication, all subscription orders with the money, must now be sent to

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

JULY, 1898.

WE are to pray this month for the extinction of the Liquor and Opium Traffics and all Covetous Hindrances to Christianity. Oh! that they were cast into the depths of the sea! for, say what we will, these are things that are hindering most the onward march of God's truth.

We are reminded of the earnest words of a well-known temperance lecturer during the last presidential campaign. Pleading for prohibition, he said there was no doubt if every church member was fully alive to his duty and responsibility, and would vote according to the dictates of his enlightened conscience, the country would go for prohibition. He gave as an illustration the taking of a photograph. How careful the artist is to keep everything out of the picture but the face to be represented there. If any foreign matter, even one little bit of self intrude the picture is spoiled. So let every true Christian keep the face of Christ in the foreground of his thought, continually asking "What would He do in my place?" and, gazing on that lovely image, he will grow more and more like Him, constantly walking "in His steps."

Ramabai says that self is the god of India. Would that we could say it is not the god of these professedly Christian countries, but in the face of mighty obstacles to Christianity, whose very foundation is self, how can we say so? What advantage is it to us that "we are heirs of all the ages," if our heritage is spoiled by the accumulated selfishness of the ages? We are ashamed when we think of the slow progress of Christianity in a world that Christ died to save nearly two thousand years ago.

But as individual Christians are we doing all that

we can to spread the truth? Have we, like the Macedonians, first given ourselves to the Lord, and do we now hold ourselves as stewards of His gifts and grace? If so, we are on the winning side. Let us cherish the little grain of mustard seed.

Apropos of the Plebiscite.—One of the meanings of the word vote, as given in the dictionary, is expression of choice. We all have power of choice and the power to express it, one way or another. Let us use our influence for good, whether the good prevail or not. If Pilate had listened to his wife he would have been saved a terrible remorse. She shared his fall, but not his condemnation. We know not how much of Gladstone's wonderful success was due to his faithful, devoted wife, but we know that her influence was all for good and a continual inspiration to him. Let us all, young and old, help by every means in our power to put down the evil and uphold the good. Each one of us counts one, every time, in God's sight.

"Prayer," wrote Gladstone to Lady Aberdeen, in a letter treating of political things, "we want more prayer."

And now has come the time for summer holidays, and all things bright and beautiful. Let us enjoy the good that may come to us with grateful hearts, sharing it with others. "Not my own."

We are much indebted to our kind missionary friends, Misses Preston and Munroe of Japan and Miss Cartnell of Hamilton for interesting communications.

Wanted—A well trained nurse to go to Chentu, West China.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

N. W. and Manitoba Branch.

Mrs. Bellamy of Moose Jaw writes to Mrs. Carcary, Cor.-Sec. of this branch, of an interesting Mite Box service. Our readers will all be interested to know that Mrs. Bellamy goes to this branch meeting as a delegate, and that dear little Herbie goes too.

"The Church was crowded to the door. We had all the boxes fixed up like brickwork, in two pyramids on the table, and they looked very nice. Then we had the children on a raised platform, with all the flowers we could get arranged on small tables in front.

"The children opened the meeting, singing the Lord's Prayer softly to the tune of 'Home, Sweet Home.' Then followed choruses and recitations; a dialogue by six members of the band, four in costume. One Japanese, one Chinese, one Indian, one Negro, each telling what the pennies given by the children

have done for their country. We had an original song by the band. All did well. I give you the words of the song.

We knew little of the Heathen,
Or the sorrows of their land,
When first the work we started
In the Moosejaw Mission Band.

Chorus.—We are a Missionary Band, Doing all we can.

But now we have learned of Jesus,
And his love for every land,
And we try to do his bidding,
In the Moosejaw Mission Band. [Cho.]

So that now when we are happy
We bring money in the hand,
And we drop it in our boxes,
In the Moosejaw Mission Band. [Cho.]

And though we are little workers,
We've a purpose strong and grand,
And we work our very hardest
In the Moosejaw Mission Band. [Cho.]

Cheerfully we give our pennies,
And we like what we have planned,
For we're little Missionaries
In the Moosejaw Mission Band. [Cho.]

RAMABAI.

The little Hindu maiden heard a voice amid the lull
Of singing streams, and rustling leaves, in groves of
Gungamul;
It swept along the mountain-wind down to the western sea—
Heaven whispering to the listening earth, "Truth like the
air, is free!"

That word had winged her father's feet from fettering
caste away,
To give his fledgeings liberty for flight in ampler day
Than Manu's cage-like code allowed; and so the maiden
grew
To reach of thought and insight clear; no dim zenana knew.

Child of the lone Ghats mountains! of India's wilderness!
She knew that God unsealed her lips, her sisters dumb
to bless;
Gave her the clue to lead them forth from where they
blindly grope;
Bade her unlock their dungeon doors, and light the lamp of
hope.

Bravest of Hindu widows! how dare we look at thee,
So fearless in love's liberty, and say that we are free?
We, who have heard the voice of Christ, and yet remain the
slaves.

Of indolence and selfishness, immured in living graves?

O, Ramabai—may we not share thy task, almost divine?
Thy cause is womanhood's, is Christ's, our work no less
than thine—

The power that unseals sepulchers doth move thy little hand!
The stone rolls back! They rise—They breathe! The women
of thy land.—Anon.

PUNDITA RAMABAI.

Yes, we have seen Ramabai! We have talked with her, we have heard her; and seeing her and talking with her we realize that we have seen and talked with the most remarkable woman of all the remarkable women of the 19th century, and that is saying a good deal, for it has been conceded that this is an age of remarkable women. "The only Ramabai in all India." That is what her countrymen say of her. She is a woman who would do honor to any age or any country! We will give our young readers a little sketch of her life this month, and then, as we have opportunity, tell

of her work. But first, let us see if we can describe the dear little woman. Not five feet high, round and plump, rather dark skin, blue eyes (strange to say), very dark hair, fine teeth and a charming smile. She wore an ordinary European dress, over which, in the house, was draped a light silk scarf, in eastern fashion; but on the platform she was arrayed in her own native dress, which had the effect of a large sheet enveloping her, all but the face and hands.

She was born in 1858, near the Western Ghats Mountains of India. Her father was a Bráhmín, which denotes the highest caste, and a Pundit which means a man of learning. When a boy ten years of age a little child wife was brought to his father's house, but he was much more interested in his studies than in her. He went sometimes with his teacher, a distinguished Shastri, to the palace, where the favorite wife was allowed to be taught, and hearing her recite Sanscrit verses, he got the idea of education for the women of his country, and would go home determined to teach his little child wife. But she refused to learn, and his own people were opposed to it, so he was obliged to desist. Soon after the child wife died. When a young man he went a pilgrimage to a sacred river, and there met a man with two little girls, who took a fancy to him, and asked him to marry the youngest daughter, nine years of age, which he agreed to do. He took her home, determined to educate her, and found an apt pupil. But they were obliged to leave home on account of persecution, and made one for themselves near a jungle, and the poor little child wife often lay sobbing at night, listening to the howls of the wild beasts, while her husband tried to comfort her. They had three children. Ramabai, the youngest, was named for the goddess Rama, and means bright. The mother became their teacher. When Ramabai was still very young their father lost his wealth, and they began a wandering life from one sacred shrine, or river, to another. But the lessons kept on, and everywhere the father pleaded for the education of the women of his country, that they might be raised from their degradation. Then came a dreadful famine, and they suffered terribly, hungry by day and shelterless by night, till the poor old father yielded at last and decided to drown himself in a sacred tank, which is not considered suicide in India. His farewell to his children was most affecting, especially to Ramabai. He held her in his arms and begged her to lead an honorable life, and to walk in the way of righteousness. She has no doubt that much of her success may be attributed to her poor old Hindu father's prayers to an unknown God. He did not drown himself. His son, who had always been taught to believe that no Brahmin should soil his hands with any kind of work, determined that rather than see his father die he would work for him; so he carried him some miles through a forest, but it was too late to save. They parted with all their jewelry and valuables to propitiate the gods, and when they went to a heathen temple for shelter were driven out! There was no pity for the weak and helpless. The father died of fever, caused by starvation. The mother and elder daughter soon followed, and Ramabai and her brother were left alone.

(To be Continued.)



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

There is a lovely home at Old Orchard, Maine, which is known as "Minnie's Seaside Rest, for invalids or wearied missionaries." Would the cousins like to know how it came to be called "Minnie's Rest?" Well, twenty years ago a dear little girl, Minnie Green, went up to heaven from her home in the "sunny south." She was only seven and a half years old, but she was already a little missionary, for she was like her Saviour, and loved to go about doing good. Often and often she used to say, "I want to take the tired off somebody." When God took little Minnie for one of His "own ministering angels," her dear mother, sad as she felt to say good-bye to her darling, even for a little while, began to think of what she could do to please Minnie even in heaven, for she knew it would please God too. So she founded a home for little orphan children in the south, and called it "Minnie's Rest." More than one hundred children were rescued from wretchedness then and trained to live happy, useful lives. Years after, this home passed into other hands, and then Minnie's good mother, still keeping her little daughter's memory green, decided to build a new monument in the shape of this "Seaside Rest," for tired missionaries, where they could go with little expense and be refreshed and strengthened. In a large parlor hangs a portrait of his dear child, with her own words inscribed beneath, "I want to take the tired off somebody." Dear cousins, do you feel as Minnie did? Do you want to take the tired off somebody? There are many ways to do it in this world of ours. There is the tired mother, begin with her. Sometimes a smile or a kiss or a cheerful word will help, if you can do no more.

Dear Cousin Joy:—My home is in Prince Edward County, but I am visiting here at the Methodist Parsonage with my Auntie. They have a nice large Mission Band here, which I attended last Sunday. I like the Palm Branch. Yours sincerely,
Gravenhurst. MAGGIE WRIGHT.

Dear Cousin Joy:—I am a member of the C. M. Tate Mission Band. I take the Palm Branch and think it a very nice paper. I am an interested reader of the

Cozy Corner, but I don't know how to work out the puzzles yet.

Your loving cousin,
West Dublin, N. S. BESSIE L. SPERRY.

Cousin Joy wishes she was there to help you, Bessie.

Dear Cousin Joy:—This is the first I have written to you, but I take great pleasure in calling you "Cousin." I am Secretary of the Sunbeam Mission Band. I have been taking the Palm Branch for over two years now
Tweed, Ont. Your loving cousin, MARY LOGAN.

Dear Cousin Joy:—I am a little boy, twelve years old, and belong to the "Willing Workers" Melgund Bission Band." We raised \$7 this past year, which I think was not bad for our first year. I am going to raise potatoes this year to get money to put in my mite box. My sister, "Nora," and I belong to it.

From your cousin,

Melgund, Man. WILLIE DOUPE.

Dear Cousin Joy:—This is the first letter I have written to you. I am a girl 12 years old. I belong to the Blackmore Mission Band of Ritcey's Cove. I take the Palm Branch and think it a very nice paper, especially the puzzles. We met every fortnight, summer and winter.

From your loving cousin,

SUSAN CREASER.

Nearly all these writers send correct answers to puzzles.

Dear Cousin Joy:—I have never written to you before, but thought I would now. I am a member of our Mission Band, which is called the "Happy Workers." Most of our members take the Palm Branch, and we like it very much. I think it is very interesting and the puzzles are good. I send you a puzzle of my composition, hoping you will find it worth printing.

Yours truly,

Edville, Ont. CARRIE DUNNETT.

What is the answer to your puzzle, Carrie?

PUZZLES FOR JULY.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 1, 2, 11, 12 is a weight.

My 3, 8, 10, 6, means gentle.

My 9, 4, 2, 7 is a bird.

My 5 is a vowel.

My whole is the name of a missionary.

Bedouque.

ANNIE LORD.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 6, 10, 12 is the nick-name of a girl.

My 1, 2, 11, 4 is a sovereign.

My 8, 7, 13 is a verb.

My 9, 2, 3, is a wrong doing.

My 14, 2, 11, 4, 5, ornaments.

My 15, 2, 11, 1, is to go down.

My whole is the name of a band.

St. John.

ELLIE.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 13, 12, 20, 4 is a gust of wind.

My 5, 16, 8 is a small animal.

My 15, 7, 9, 11 is proud.

My 3, 19, 17, is a number.

My 15, 14, 1, 13 is something ladies wear

My 2, 7, 9, 13 is part of the hand.

My 20, 1, 10, 6 is a large animal.

My whole is the name of a paper for Sunday School Workers.

TO MY GIRL FRIEND.

By Mrs. J. H. Knowles.

Could'st thou but once in happy vision see,
The purpose high God's thought for thee hath meant;
Thou never, never more could'st blindly be,
With any lower aim or thought content.

Called into service which the angels share,
To fellowship with Christ's own ministry;
Joint heir with Christ! this for thee my prayer,
Lord, open Thou her eyes that she may see.

W. M. FRIEND.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Toyo Eiwa, Jo-Gakko,
14 Torizaka, Azabu, May 5, 1898.

Dear Miss Smith:—

The enclosed papers have been handed in by one of our classes, as an exercise in English composition. On reading them over they seemed to give a picture of the school from the pupils' standpoint, that might be of interest to our Mission Circles, so I send them to you. Will you ask our Mission Circles to remember that these exercises were not written with the object of being sent to Canada. The girls have given me their permission to send them, because they enjoy coming in direct contact with the Christian girls of Canada as much as the Canadian girls enjoy coming in touch with the Christian girls of Japan.

These school exercises are not allowed to cover more than a page of letter paper, so are very short.

You may be disappointed to receive a letter from Japan containing nothing about the work, so here are a few items.

We have ten new pupils, all but one of whom are boarders.

The day school for poor boys, which is mentioned in the March report, has been opened. Three attended the first day and six since. It has only been opened four days: It is held from four to six every evening, in the building in which our school for poor girls is. Our poor girls' school is large. About 50 are in daily attendance, so one-half come in the morning at 8.45 and stay until 11.15. The rest come at one and stay until half past three. The room is then swept and dusted and aired, and the boys come at four and remain until six. Reading, writing, arithmetic and the Life of Christ are taught; also singing, the Commandments, etc. The children and teachers have had a rather hard time this week, as other children who do not attend school have been acting very rudely, but the police are keeping all straight now.

Pray for "our girls" that they may be good and followers of that which is good; for "our school," that its influence may broaden and deepen; for us, that we may be taught of God.

Your friend in the work,

J. K. MUNRO.

OUR SCHOOL.

If you start from Vancouver and cross the Pacific ocean to Yokohama, and from there take the train, you can soon reach Tokyo. In one part of this Tokyo our school is situated, and its name is Toyo Eiwa Jo Gakko. It was built more than ten years ago, by the Canadian Methodist Woman's Missionary Society.

Once there were many pupils in this school, but gradually they became fewer in number, till it reached this condition. Although the pupils are few, they are so kind and warm hearted that we are very happy, and it seems like the "Lily of the Valley" in this low valley of Azabu.

We have our lessons from eight o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon. At night from seven o'clock until nine we review our lessons, and at nine we go to bed.

On Sunday, morning and evening, we go to Church, and at noon we have our class meeting.

Besides this there are Wednesday meetings, prayer meetings and the King's Daughters' Society, and in this Society the members work to help the poor and the suffering.

OUR SCHOOL, No. 2.

John Howard Payne, the poet, has said:
"Home! home! sweet home! There's no place like home!"

Yes, there is no place happier than home. And I want to say that the school is the happiest place next to the home. Because, there are our kind teachers, who lead us with true and kind hearts, and our dear friends, who love us so much. I always think that the school is my second home. It seems to me that our school is especially good, because its object is different from that of the common schools—not only to make many highly educated men and women, but to make good and faithful servants of God.

The big girls love the little ones, and they obey their elders, thus we form one family. So there is a close union in the school, and we are always very happy.

Our Japanese lessons begin at eight o'clock in the morning, and in the afternoon we take our English lessons. And after three o'clock we take our exercise and also practice our music. At night, from seven to nine, we review our lessons and prepare for next day. All these are in regular order, and we practice them according to the rules.

I always thank God because He allows me to stay in such a school. And I am praying to Him that our dear sisters, who do not see the Sun of Righteousness, may also come to our school.

The writers of these exercises are young ladies, Sunday-school teachers and Christian workers.—Ed.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

CAPE NEGRO.—"Our band is quite small, but we have had six new members this year. On Easter Sunday we held our Easter service in the church, which was prettily decorated with evergreens and potted plants, the centre of the platform having an arch to represent "the tomb." Members of the W. M. S. assisted us to carry out our programme, "Light from the Tomb." A collection in aid of the "Jennie Ford" Home was taken up at the close, amounting to \$3.39.

DARTMOUTH.—"The Buds of Promise" Band has a membership of 66, and an average attendance for this year of 45. For the last two years, from May to October we have supplied the Church with flowers every Sunday. In March we held a concert, at which we realized \$30.00. The Palm Branch has been taken in our hand for two years, and we are delighted with it."

BERMUDA.—The "Lone Star" Band reports an average attendance of twenty-six, and a growing interest in the cause of missions.

MARCIA B. BRAINE,
Band Secretary.

124 Tower Road, Halifax.

BAY OF QUINTE BRANCH.—We are pleased to report a new M. Band organized at Davis Church, Demorestville Circuit, named "Day Star," Cor.-Sec., Miss Jennie Fritz. Albert College M. Band reports a new life member, Miss Lillie J. Joice. Simcoe Sa., Oshawa, M. Band reports two new members.

M. G. HAWLEY.

MONTREAL CONFERENCE BRANCH.—Mrs. Reynolds, of Winchester, Ont., writes:

The Rosevier (juvenile) Mission Band, under the able management of Mrs. J. A. Challies, is in an encouraging condition. With the reduction of the fee we find our membership largely increased, and the average attendance for the present year is twenty. On Easter Monday evening we gave an entertainment, the members of the band furnishing a part of the programme, music and recitations, etc., after which Miss Spence gave an address on the work in B. C., and the choir gave selections. A collection amounting to \$10.72 was taken, in aid of the Jennie Ford Home

LONDON CONFERENCE BRANCH.—Miss Mary M. Robb, Cor.-Sec. of the West London Mission Circle, writes:

Dear Editor,—This year we report 43 members, five life members. During the last quarter we have been raising money for the Jennie Ford Home, by talent, self-denial or thank offering, and are pleased to report \$30.89. The success has more than crowned our efforts, and we have decided to continue to work in this way for the mission.

HAMILTON BRANCH.—Miss J. M. McGreary, M. B., Cor.-Sec., writes:

I am so glad to be able to give a most encouraging report of the Mission Band and Circle work in this branch the past quarter. Good news comes from every direction. Two new circles have been organized in the Paisley District. This makes three new circles organized this year, the first having already fifty members. The Easter thank offering for the Jennie Ford Orphanage has been a wonderful source of inspiration, and a great deal of interest has been aroused all over the branch. Several volunteer subscriptions from individuals and from Epworth Leagues have already been received for the same cause. Following are a few selected items from reports received from various bands and circles:

Port Dover Mission Band.—Sixty members, great interest in work. Every member, even four year olds, taking part in meetings. A certain sum requested for Easter offering, and four times the amount received.

Guelph Mission Band.—President writes: "Through the ten cent fee have been able to instruct twice as many children, and bring missionary work and literature into many more homes than could otherwise have been done. We are already planning for a new line of work in September, and are aiming at the support of a girl in one of the schools.

Waterford Mission Band.—Average attendance, fifty; much interest. President subscribes for a number of Palm Branches and distributes among children. Fees collected in mite boxes.

Many others have to be withheld which are just as encouraging and satisfactory. We are also very thankful to find that mission band work was given a place on many of the District Convention programmes.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

N. B. and P. E. I. Branch.

Miss Maud E. Hannah, Cor.-Sec., write:

The Star Mission Circle of Exmouth Street Church, St. John, held a musical and literary entertainment in the school room on May 17th. We consider the concert was a success in every way; and we were able to increase our financial standing by at least \$25, the proceeds of the entertainment. Another entertainment of somewhat different character is at present under discussion.

Miss Jean Clark, Newcastle, writes: "Our Mission Band was reorganized by Mrs. Thos. A. Clarke on Nov. 19th, 1897, under the name of the "Newcastle Mission Band of United Workers." We began with twelve members, and now have twenty-nine. We formed a "Watch Tower," which is very instructive, and take ten copies of "Palm Branch. Our meetings are held fortnightly. The officers are Miss Annie McLeod, Pres.; Miss Georgie Harrison, Vice-Pres.; Annie Clarke, Treas.; Bessie Crocker, Rec.-Sec.; Jean Clark Cor.-Sec."