



WE are indebted to "Na-na-kwa" for the picture, which we take the liberty of giving you this month, hoping thereby to interest all our readers in the Kitamaat Home, which now belongs to us.

Mrs. Raley was chosen last year to represent the British Columbia Branch of the W. M. S. at the meeting of the Board of Managers in Hamilton, Ont. She says:—"I may never again attend a Board meeting, but there will often come to me happy recollections of the one in Hamilton. Turn where I would I was met with expressions of sympathy and love, and had I been a missionary of the Society, instead of the wife of a missionary of the General Society, I could not have had a kinder welcome.

It still amazes me, when my thoughts wander backwards, what intense interest there was manifested in the Indian work from Manitoba to the Maritime Provinces."

Mrs. Raley writes charmingly and pathetically about her "old friends among the Indians. She says: "You hear much about the girls and boys, middle aged men and women—but my old friends are not to be set aside. You do not know how interesting they are. My conversations with them usually consist of a few words or shakes of the head,

prolonged ahs and ohs, but in spite of the difficulties of language, I like going to see them. They are most industrious till laid aside from active duties, when they are content to spend their days beside the fire.

Some of the old people attend service on Sabbath, and especially when the younger people are away. They all seem to have faith in the "Chief of the Above;" Mr. Raley has baptized several, and there is something very touching when they receive the sacrament of baptism. One of the oldest women in the village is about to receive it, also her daughter, our renowned huntress.

They occasionally bring me some native food when they want matches, a little tea or sugar. From our point of view they have little of comfort or ease, but while they have health I believe they are happy. Some of them have days they spend grieving and crying, but no wonder, when they remember

the many who have left them in the long years, and often on their fingers counting, they tell me of their dead children. As I look at them in their homes, I am led to say, what a revelation it will be when their mortal bodies no longer rest beside the smoking logs in the old-fashion houses and their spirits are in that Wonderful Holy City."



MRS. RALEY AND LITTLE ENSLEY.

Miss Lawrence worked at Kitamaat a sower in God's field, sowing precious seed, sparing not herself, nor counting her life dear unto her herself, that she might win souls for Christ's kingdom. The people remember her with kind words and best wishes; she has a warm place in the hearts of many whom she strove to help.

The story of her work there, as told by herself, is delightful. We quote something of interest to Band workers:

Many of the little ones were saved. One little girl went home from Sunday-school, and found her grandmother making a net; she took it out of her hand and said, "Grandmother we are Christians now and don't work any more on Sunday, but go to church." A little girl about seven had been to school a few days, when she was taken sick and died. When dying she called her father and mother to her, and said "Do not cry, Jesus has sent for me," and pointing her little finger upwards, she said "The angels have come, don't you see them? The room is full, they have come for me." I said to my interpreter how did the child know about Jesus or the angels as she had only been coming two or three days to the day school, and did not understand English. He said, "God must have taught her Himself." After her happy death, the parents came to church for the first time, and her father became one of the most devoted workers I had."

SUSANNAH LAWRENCE.

### ESSAY,

#### About the Kitamaat Home

We have a large home at Kitamaat; we learn the bible and we learn much how to bake bread we learn how to sew and we have a good large home and the girls want to come to it we have kitlope girls and we have some of the hartly bay girls and some of the hydies want to come to it two of our girls is going to get marriage when I first came to the home the home was very cold time at the home the little girls sew afternoon and they go out before tea to play and before the big girls go to bed they always read the bible I love Miss Long well and Miss Walker to and we make the beds after breakfast.

ANGELINE GREEN.  
(Dumde dathl.)

#### Suggested Programme for June.

##### Hymn.

A few Bible verses in concert.

Sentence Prayers.

Hymn—one bright verse—or solo<sup>2</sup>

Business—Ro" all—Reports &c.

Recitation or Dialogue.

Field Study—Questions with map or blackboard.

Doxology—Benediction.

Short Talk by leader or visitor.

#### LITTLE JACK'S UNFINISHED WORK.

In a maze of golden glory  
Slowly sank the sun from sight,  
While upon the restless waters  
Softly gathered shades of night.

Onward bound, the good ship "London"  
Ploughed her steady, onward way,  
Seeking India's sunny beaches,  
Where the foam-flecked waters play.

On her deck sat one who journeyed  
As a herald of the Cross;  
He, like Paul of old, had counted  
For the Master all but loss.

And he told me, in the twilight,  
How he heard the call "Go ye  
And to India's sin-cursed people  
Tell of pardon full and free."

One—a child, whose life was ebbing,  
Lying on his couch of pain,  
Pondered much on souls that perished  
Waiting for the Word in vain.

And at length he told the doctor  
How he wearied night and day  
For his share of work unfinished  
He, so soon to pass away.

"And I listened," said the doctor,  
"With a strange pain at my heart,  
In the Vineyard of the Master  
I, too, surely had a part."

But I tried to soothe his sorrow,  
"God," I said, "must know what's best.  
You have but to bear with patience  
Stronger hands will do the rest."

"Do you mean that when He calls me  
To Himself, He'll let some one,  
Since He knows that I was willing  
Do the work I should have done?"

Thus he put the question to me,  
With an anxious note of fear;  
But the pain-dimmed eyes grew brighter  
As he raised himself to hear.

God would send some one to labour,  
Put it in his heart to go  
With the message o'er the ocean  
Doing work he fain would do.

For a while a silence followed:  
Then the weak voice whispered low,  
"Oh! if could live to see it,  
Oh! if—Doctor, could you go?"

Could I go?—my heart stopped beating.  
But the child lay waiting there;  
God's call surely had come to me,  
And I breathed a silent prayer,

Asking God just then to guide me,  
Ere I answered, very slow,  
"Little Jack, you need not worry,  
God has called me: I will go."

Evening shadows gathered darkly,  
Stars came shining one by one,  
And above them Jack was watching  
While his work was being done.  
St. Stephen

M. E. V.

## FIELD STUDY FOR JUNE.

Hospital, Port Simpson.—Kitamaat Home.

ON the Port Simpson District of the British Columbia Conference there are about 8,000 Indians, who were at one time a strong, hardy race; but within the past thirty years contact with wicked and vile white men, together with the liquor which they brought with them, has made serious havoc among the red men of that Northern coast.

For a number of years the Rev. Thomas Crosby earnestly desired and prayed for a physician who would be willing to forgo worldly prosperity and ambition, and come to his aid. In 1889, Dr. A. E. Bolton, a man full of faith, with his no less devoted wife, responded to the missionary's call, and went to Port Simpson. The discouragements were many, but there were many cheering tokens of success. Feeling the importance of a permanent hospital, a suitable building was erected in 1891, for which \$500 was granted by the Provincial Government, the remainder being provided by private subscriptions; the total cost, when completed, was \$3,000.

The next seriously felt need was a trained nurse, which was met by the Woman's Missionary Society sending out Miss Spence in 1892; afterwards Miss Lawrence was added to the staff. Miss Strycker went out one year ago to become the third worker.

Dr. Bolton says, "It is hard to imagine a field that offers greater scope for humble Christ-like work than that occupied by the nurses of the Port Simpson Hospital." He says, again, "The nurses are all in good health, and three more devoted and efficient workers it would be hard to find. They have much to try their faith and patience, and need your sympathy and prayers." They also assist in Sunday-school, League and other Christian service." Dr. Bolton's own work is also of the noblest kind, ministering to soul and body. The hospital is sometimes filled with patients. They come from near and far, often 150 miles and more, for treatment. His surgical cases are very successful. The hospital has been undergoing changes and improvements, and the doctor and his family have moved into a new "annex" across the street.

Hitherto the Kitamaat Home has been under the management of Mr. Raley, but through the recommendation of the British Columbia Branch of the Women's Missionary Society, it was brought prominently before the Board of Managers at Hamilton in October. After carefully considering the matter in all its bearings, the W. M. S. decided to take over the Home and thus relieve Mr. Raley of much responsibility. This does not mean that he withdraws any of his sympathy or interest, as the ladies have especially requested him to continue the same and to counsel with them and the staff and use his influence with the parents and children as in the past.

In the fall of 1896, Miss Long, of Toronto, really became the first matron, being supported by the W. M. S. A year later the present building was begun, and is now occupied by 32 children, Miss Long and Miss Walker, the day school teacher, who very kindly assists the work by all means in her power.

The building is entirely of wood, with the exception of four chimneys which are terra cotta pipes. There are 34 windows and two fire escapes and four entrance doors on the ground floor. The greatest economy has been exercised in its construction. In style, it is quite unpretentious; we have had a single eye to strength, warmth and usefulness. The value at a low estimate is between \$2,000 and \$2,500. Its cost has been provided for by the Women's Missionary Society, which now owns the building. It is insured for \$2,000.

Na-na-kwa.

## QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

1. What is said of the Indians of the Port Simpson district?
2. What hurt them?
3. For what did the Missionary, Rev. Mr. Crosby, pray?
4. Who responded to the call, and when?
5. Will you tell of the building that was erected?
6. What was the next need, and how was it met?
7. What does Dr. Bolton say of our nurses there?
8. What can you tell of Dr. Bolton's own work?
9. What can you tell of the Kitamaat Home? To whom does it now belong?
10. Who went there in 1896?
11. Who occupy the present building?
12. Will you describe the building? Tell its value and ownership?

## MRS. THURSTON'S PAPER.

When our Woman's Missionary Society was organized it was with the object of enlisting the sympathies of the women of our churches on behalf of the women and children in heathen lands. Soon it was seen that a large party of those who do, or who shortly will, compose our church membership, were left out, and to meet this want Circles and Bands were organized—Circles, to be composed of young ladies, and Bands, of children—boys and girls—and the fee was small so that all might join if they so desired.

The question is often asked by Band workers, What can we do, so that we may interest our young people in missions? To that I would answer, get thoroughly interested yourself, so interested that it becomes a part of yourself, is in your thoughts and prayers; interested so much that self-denial for that cause becomes not self-denial but a pleasure. Let it become incorporated in your very being, a part of yourself and not a passing whim to be laid aside when something new strikes the fancy. If you are imbued with the spirit of your Saviour, if you have a love for souls and a hungering desire to see them born into the kingdom of grace, you will be able to win and interest others. But more than that is necessary to hold them. With the young especially I believe there is always a desire to gain knowledge; therefore, if you want them to be interested in

Concluded on page 8.

# PALM \* BRANCH.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH.

St. JOHN, N. B.

S. E. SMITH, . . . . . EDITOR.  
 SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, . . . . . 20 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.

St. JOHN, N. B., MAY, 1900.

"O lilies of Easter, unfold, unfold!  
 And offer to Him your hearts of gold."

"And we? Ah! we cannot, like Mary,  
 The Saviour in person now greet,  
 With odours most rare to ancient him,  
 Or weep out our tears on his feet;  
 But hearts that shed incense of praises,  
 And hearts that shed perfume of prayer,  
 Most precious to him of all others,  
 May the weakest of us to Him bear."

We cannot but be interested in the new home at Kitamaat, so lately become the property of our Society. A good, noble work is being done there among the Indians of our own Dominion, and it is right that the hands of our self-denying missionaries should be well sustained. And the results, so far, have been good.

"Na-na-kwa" says:—

"In non-Christian villages the girls are neglected and often ill-treated and tortured. They are not considered equals of men and when married become literally slaves.

Since the advent of the missionary a great change has taken place, and a good step made towards Christian civilization.

We cannot reasonably expect in a few years to bring into perfect civilization large tracts of territory which are covered with weeds, noxious herbs, giant trees representing the growth of centuries. Neither can we reasonably expect in a few short years to uproot all customs, all superstitions, habits, antipathies, tempers, the growth of centuries of paganism.

Six years ago we began work amongst the children, using as a home a dilapidated schoolhouse, and a small building of rough boards made from borrowed lumber, only one thickness of board to keep out the winter's frost."

Now, as we have seen, they have a nice, comfortable Home for the children gathered in.

We are sorry to learn that Miss W., the young lady who so kindly furnishes us with "Auxiliary Prayer subject talks," has been seriously ill. We trust soon to hear of her complete recovery. We would refer our readers for this month's subject to February and March numbers.

THE NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH OF THE W. M. S.  
 1882 TO 1900.

Travelling hundreds of miles to the west, and northward up one of the mightiest rivers in the world, we come to Chentu in the heart of wall-bound Western China. We stop at the door of a house, which we think must belong to the W. M. S., and ask, "is there anyone in this far-off world belonging to home—to Nova Scotia?" Two young ladies spring to meet us—they are Miss Mary Foster, of Kingston, and Dr. Maud Killam, of Yarmouth. Their work here is most hazardous and difficult. To Miss Foster's energy and oversight is due the completion of the Jennie Ford Home, and we have in Dr. Killam our first Nova Scotian medical missionary consecrated to the work of saving the bodies as well as the souls of the poor Chinese.

Other devoted and honored women from our own country, Nova Scotia, have been Miss Agnes Knight, of Halifax, who labored for five years at Port Simpson; Miss Maggie Shoults, of Maitland, who did good work at Chelliwhack; Miss Leake, of Parrishoro, now Mrs. Tuttle, who still retains her love for the work in the Chinese new Girls' Home in Victoria, where she spent several years. There was also Miss Leda Caldwell, of Summerville, who went to Port Simpson, and Miss Laura Elderkin, who went from Port Greville to Chilliwhack. Most of these last named ladies have married or retired, but leave themselves on record as faithful servants of the Master.

Let us look up the work done by this Branch at the various stations in connection with the whole W. M. S. of the Methodist Church of Canada. In Japan there are five Branches—Tokyo, Shizuoka, Kofu, Nagand and Kanazawa, and in four cities there are schools where English, Japanese and Christianity are fully taught. There is also a dispensary—a powerful factor in missionary work. The Word is rapidly spreading into new districts, and it is not too much to expect that the next century will see a Christian Japan. Here, too, we find King's Daughters, schools, orphanages, Sunday-schools, day-schools, night schools, young men's classes, policemen's classes, visiting and hospital committees; all this and very much more is done by our devoted missionaries in the twenty-four stations in Japan.

A great concession has been made to Christianity in that the proprietors of the huge silk and cotton factories now allow our ladies to visit their establishments and hold short services with the women, who stand at the whirling looms from five in the morning until seven at night. One of the chief encouragements in Japan is the altered attitude of the nobility to our schools and work. Where they once held aloof with hatred and suspicion, they now listen courteously and in very many cases prefer sending their daughters to our school instead of those of the government. Let us pray that nothing may hinder the work of the Holy Spirit in this most essential direction.

N. S.

M. R.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Shidzuoka, Jan. 25th, 1900.

My Dear Girl,—In my last letter I told you how we spent Sunday in our schools, and in this I will tell you about our Saturday.

The rising bell rings at six o'clock, which is pretty early these cold, dark mornings. The girls jump up, spread out their bed clothes to air, and go down to the bath-room to get their morning wash. By half-past six the most of them have begun the *soyi*, or great cleaning. We will go and see them at their work. We have a work time-table, which is changed every month, so there is no confusion. Each girl knows her work, and does it. In the four school-rooms you will find girls dusting—the rooms having been swept the night before by the school janitor. Two girls are in the hall, wiping the finger-marks off all the doors, one or two are cleaning the banisters of the stairs, one little girl is busy in the reception-room, another in the library, etc., etc.

At seven the breakfast bell rings. At twenty minutes past seven the girls go back to their work—the large glass windows of the upper verandah are lifted out, and all the bedding is hung out to air. Then the dormitories are thoroughly cleaned. The girls' bedrooms are very different from yours. The floor is covered with soft matting, and the furniture consists of a low, small table, and a tiny book-case for each girl. The girls sit on the floor, so that they need no chairs. They have no bedsteads, and during the day their bedding is folded up, and put away in a closet in the corner of the room. In this closet are also baskets and boxes containing their clothes.

At 8 a. m. the bell rings for morning prayers. In about fifteen minutes the girls go back to their work. On Saturday morning everything is taken out of the dormitories, and the floors thoroughly swept. The closets also are cleaned and put in order, and if any of the paper on the *stroji*, or paper doors, is torn, it is neatly mended. As "many hands make light work," by nine every room is clean. At that time the Sunday-school teachers assemble in one of the school-rooms, where the lesson for the children's meeting, for the next day is taught. The girls take turns in teaching the lesson. When the leader for the day finishes, the others give helpful hints or new thoughts, and a little conversation sometimes follows as to the best way of interesting the children.

It is a rule of the school that each pupil must do her own washing, even though her parents are rich enough to pay to have it done. Each girl, also, learns to cook, and to make her own clothes, for we wish our girls to become good house-keepers, as well as good students. So, with their household duties, English studies, and sometimes organ lessons, you may be sure there are not many idle moments spent in our school. At eleven the dormitories, and, indeed, the whole building is inspected, and a girl who has done her work carelessly, receives a mark for carelessness. Such marks, however, are not often given, for the older girls

oversee the little ones, and insist upon the work being properly done.

By noon the washing is over, and after dinner an hour is spent in silk embroidery. When that is finished, the girls have two hours free. This time they spend in sewing, knitting, reading, studying, writing letters, or playing on the organ. Can you, in imagination, take a walk with me through the school at this time? In one room you will see seven or eight girls sitting in a circle on the floor, busy at work, and talking and laughing merrily. When they see us they will at once drop their work, and bow very politely. Their mode of bowing is very different from ours. You see they are sitting on their feet, and they place their hands flat on the floor in front of them, and bend forward till their heads touch the ground. They then press us to come in, but we must refuse, as we want to visit all the rooms.

J. C.

(To be continued.)

## SOMETHING TO THINK OF THIS NEW YEAR.

(Concluded).

We cannot but wonder how the Jews, when they saw prophecy so plainly fulfilled, could help believing in Jesus. But they so firmly expected that their coming Saviour was to appear with all the pomp and splendour of an earthly potentate, that they refused to accept this humble, lowly young Nazarine as their long looked for Messiah. And still the veil is on their hearts, and how many, both Jews and Gentiles, still cling to worldly pomp and amusements, preferring them to subjection to our meek and lowly Jesus, who only recognizes as His subjects those of truly penitent, contrite hearts. Christ is King only of a spiritual kingdom, and we are told that those who have not the spirit of Christ are none of His.

To go on considering Christ, during His wonderful life, His tragic death and God-like resurrection might occupy us not only throughout all time, but no doubt will be our theme through all eternity. So we will close with a few words upon His glorious ascension. His last words to His mourning disciples are full of interest. We always prize and try to observe the last wishes of our dear ones. Let us then strive to obey the last instructions of our blessed Master for all of His disciples. He led them out as far as Bethany, three miles from Jerusalem, and while they were anxious to know many things, that He said God alone could tell them, He commanded them to go to all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Then lifting up His hands towards them in blessing, He rose into the heavens, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

Our plain duty then is to do our utmost to obey this last command; to either go or send this blessed gospel to all who otherwise may never hear it. How can they hear without a preacher, St. Paul says, and how can they go unless they are sent?" If we have not done our utmost, what will we answer in the great day of account?

C. Ross.



Address—Corsets Joy, 232 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

Dear Cousins,—When this Palm Branch reaches you the sweet Easter time, with its ringing chimes, lovely flowers and glad music, will have passed away, but oh, we do trust that the happy thought born of joy and gratitude for a risen and ascended Saviour will never pass away. If we have given our offering, for love of Jesus, to those who have never heard of Him, we will have all through the year the joy of which He speaks, when He says, "And your joy no man taketh from you."

We are sure you will all be interested in the picture on our front page, of little Emsley and his mother, as well as in the poor Indians among whom they live.

Many more letters on hand—be patient, dear Cousins.

Dear Cousin Joy,—I am a member of the Glad Tidings Mission Band, and take the Palm Branch. I like it very much, especially the Cozy Corner. I am very much interested in the picture of the little Chinese of the Jennie Ford Orphanage in the March number, and remember very well when we heard the sad news of Miss Ford's death in China. I think I can do the puzzles and charades now. I am in the fourth book at school and am eleven years old.

From your loving cousin,  
Baie Verte. MARGARET HARPER

Dear Cousin Joy,—I have been going to write to you for a long time to tell you about our Band. It is the "Do What We Can" Band. We have about forty-five members. We have earned fifteen dollars this winter by selling tickets for entertainments for other branches of the W. M. S. We used to sew, but have not this year. We have seven life members.

Your cousin,  
Moncton. GEORGIE F. SHERARD.

Dear Cousin Joy,—I hope you are pretty well. I think I have got the answer of the 1st and 3rd puzzles in the January number; the first is "Miss Lottie Deacon," the second is "Love one another." We had

a Band entertainment in the hall here about a week before Christmas. We made \$16.

I remain your loving cousin,  
Little York. STANLEY B. OPIE.

Dear Cousin Joy,—You look so happy in your cosy corner that I thought I would write to you. I take the Palm Branch, and like it very much. I am corresponding secretary.

From your cousin,  
Millstream. IDNA ELLISON.

Dear Cousin Joy,—I have not written to you till now. I belong to the Mission Band and also take the Palm Branch. I think I have found the answers to the puzzles, they are both Ladysmith.

From your cousin,  
Digby, N. S. WILLIAM HAYDEN.

Dear Cousin Joy,—Will you please accept a little letter from me, instead of from our interprising Cor.-Sec., Master Lorne? I write to tell you that at our January meeting, the first meeting of this new year, 1900, our Band received another life member, the "brother" of that little "sister," of whom you heard a short time ago, Master Lorne Pierce; and, as one of our little members expressed it at the meeting, we are proud of him, but the right kind of pride, you know. We have a puzzle for May Palm Branch, if you think best to use it.

Sincerely yours,  
Delta. President.

#### PUZZLES FOR JUNE.

- I am composed of eighteen letters.  
My 7, 14, 3, 9, is what we should all do for interest of our Band.  
My 13, 14, is what we should always say when tempted to do wrong.  
My 10, 11, 12, is a Bible king's name.  
My 3, 6, 18, 11, 18, 13, is a fruit boys and girls like in rice pudding.  
My 15, 18, 5, 16, 1, 4, 8, 5, is a Mission station which will bring to mind Mr. and Mrs. Raley.  
My 17, 14, 2, 3, 13, is what the war in South Africa is causing us to do.  
My whole is the name of the first Protestant Christian in Japan.

DELTA.

- My first is in kitchen but not in parlor  
My second is in white but not in color.  
My third is in steamboat but not in tug.  
My fourth is in bottle but not in jug.  
My fifth is in ever but not in now.  
My sixth is in forehead and also in brow.  
My seventh is in lamp but not in wick.  
My eighth is in well but not in sick.  
My ninth is in yell but not in sore.  
My whole is a place connected with the present war.  
Sackville. GLADYS I. DIXON.

- My 8, 7, 10, is a beverage.  
My 1, 4, 8, 6, is cunning.  
My 5, 2, 1, 10, 5, is pertaining to a place.  
My 3, 4, 6, 4, 7, is a wlg.  
My 9, 4, 5, 4, is an African.  
My whole is the name of an Indian home.  
Charlottetown. ALICE JOST.

## MARY.

A Sketch from Life.

BY ELIZABETH ENGLISH.

IT was a cosy little house in the south-land where Mary lived,—a homey house with a vine-shaded porch and neat, sunny rooms. It stood on a hilltop and before it to the northward stretched acres of rolling pine land, with the fresh green of the young grass in the summer, the rich golden bronze of the wild oats in the fall, and always the ever-varying, never-changing pines. In the west the glorious sunsets burned behind the forest, and just at the foot of the hill ran the gleaming white ribbon of shell road straight to the town a mile away.

Mary's appearance did not indicate that she had anything in common with either the poetry of the woods and sky or the social life of the town. She was small for her fifteen years, with no graceful curve of form or outline, with a pale, plain face, and the fair hair of the Swedes. Neither homely nor beautiful she was,—just an ordinary, unassuming girl. Shy and retiring by nature, she was yet a faithful member of church and Sunday-school, and secretary of the Mission Band. So she lived her quiet, unobtrusive life.

And one morning her broken-hearted father brought word into town that Mary was dead. Only a week had she been ill. It was all so sudden. The family was terrified, bewildered, stunned with grief. The dear old deacon who hastened to the home found the house full of friends, lamenting noisily. He gathered the family in a room alone for prayer. "Why, where's Mary?" exclaimed the elder sister, so unreal did it seem that she was gone. The storm of grief that followed was hushed by the deacon's prayer, which brought to those distracted souls the peace they needed for those trying days.

After that, the beauty of the young life came to light. Never strong in body, unable to share in the harder tasks of the home, Mary had yet been its light, its beauty, its poetry. "We can't go into a room but we see something her little fingers made," said the mother, with her quaint accent. "She was always in a hurry, seems if, from the time she was a little baby,—always hurrying. Everything that nobody else found time to do, she did." That mat on the table, and this on the mantelpiece, Mary made. It was Mary who arranged the flowers in the vases, and the potted plants were Mary's too. It was Mary who doctored her brother's throat every night for a year. She and her brother had rarely congenial natures. Whatever he thought, she thought; whatever he liked, she liked; whatever new idea he had, she had just the same. He, poor fellow! missed her sorest of all. "There's only half of me here," he said.

Outside her home, unexpected glimpses of Mary's life were found. "Please take some of this asparagus fern for her," one lady said. "Cut it down to the ground; it came from her house." "Mary ——— was the one that first got me started comin' to church."

said a rough looking young man, now a church-member. And these are only glimpses, accidentally discovered. What may be the unknown influence of that quiet young life? There are words lovingly spoken of another Mary, which belong to her also,—“She hath done what she could.”

The new secretary of the mission band had been looking over the roll-book. “We each of us had a flower-name, you know,” she said, with a touch of reverence in her voice, “and Mary’s was Morning-glory.”

[S. S. Times.]

## A CRY FROM THE CONGO.

BY G. P. TURNBULL.

The following lines were suggested by a story told by Rev. P. Cameron Scott, a missionary in the Congo Free State. One day, when Mr. Scott was preaching to a group of natives, an old chief approached him and said: “Why didn’t you tell this story sooner? Why didn’t you let us know?”

“Why didn’t you tell us sooner?”  
The words came sad and low;  
“O ye who knew the Gospel truths,  
Why didn’t you let us know?  
The Saviour died for all the world,  
He died to save from woe;  
But we never heard the story—  
Why didn’t you let us know?”

“You have had the Gospel message,  
You have known a Saviour’s love;  
Your dear ones passed from Christian homes  
To the blessed land above.  
Why did you let our fathers die,  
And into the silence go,  
With no thought of Christ to comfort,  
Why didn’t you let us know?”

“We appeal to you, O Christians,  
In lands beyond the sea,  
Why didn’t you tell us sooner,  
Christ died for you and me”  
Nineteen hundred years have passed  
Since disciples were told to go  
To the uttermost parts of the earth and teach:  
Why didn’t you let us know?”

“You say you are Christ’s disciples;  
That you try his work to do:  
And yet his very last command  
Is disobeyed by you.  
Tis indeed a wonderful story  
He loved the whole world so,  
That he came and died to save us,  
But you didn’t let us know!”

“O souls redeemed by Jesus,  
Think what your Lord hath done!  
He came to earth and suffered,  
And died for every one.  
He expected you to tell it,  
As on your way you go;  
But you kept the message from us!  
Why didn’t you let us know?”

“Hear this pathetic cry of ours,  
O dwellers in Christian lands!  
For Africa stands before you,  
With pleading, outstretched hands;  
You may not be able to come yourself,  
But some in your stead can go;  
Will you not send us teachers?  
Will you not let us know?”

## LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

## Montreal Branch.

Miss T. E. A. Stanley, Iroquois, writes:—The Mission Bands of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches united to give a novel entertainment in the Town Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 23rd. Part of the programme consisted of readings and instrumental solos and duets, which were well received, but the unique feature of the concert was a flag exercise, given by the members of the two Bands. The audience was delighted with the exercise, which was partly of the nature of a drill, but perhaps more like a cantata. Interesting missionary sketches and statistics were read by the larger members and these were interspersed with lively choruses, duets, etc., in which the flags were used with very pretty effect. The singing of the choruses was very hearty and worthy of special mention. Altogether this marks a new departure in Mission Band work in Iroquois, and one which may profitably be followed up by more of the same character.

E. S. BAILEY.

## Nova Scotia and Newfoundland Branch.

**SOUTHFARMINGTON**—The "Picquet Guard" Mission Band meets fortnightly on Wednesday evenings at the home of some of its members. We have an average attendance of 20. Our chief work and aim is the providing of means to support one girl in the Coqualeetza Home, B. C. This we have successfully done for about four years, and all seem to take a deep interest in this work. We subscribe for twelve "Palm Branches." Our meetings are interesting and business is interspersed with a literary programme. The "Field Study" is taken up in our Band.

**HILLSBURGH**—The "Rope Holders" Band held a sale of useful articles and home-made candy on Dec. 19th, '99, at which we realized the sum of \$5.59. We have a membership of twenty-one, eight of whom are faithful and enthusiastic workers. Every first Friday we have a programme distinctly missionary. Alternate Fridays are sewing meetings. Since our sale in December we have dropped our sewing meetings; but have taken them up again. We are at work on a quilt and hope to realize funds for our next quarter. An Easter service is in course of preparation.

**YARMOUTH**—This morning's mail brought word that one of the members of our "Earnest Gleaners" Band had gone "Home to Jesus." She will be missed from our Band.

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

**BATHURST**—Miss Maud Dobson writes: "The 'Try Again' Mission Band held an entertainment in February. There was a good audience, and it was considered very successful. The collection amounted to five dollars. We intend having a social sometime during the spring."

[We are sorry to hear that this secretary is moving away from Bathurst.]

**RICHIBUCTO**—The "Love and Light" Band, at Upper Mill Creek, was organized Feb. 8th by Mrs. Law-

son. President, Mrs. John Mundle; Cor.-Sec., Miss Mundle. This Band is small; but very promising.

**PLEASANT VALLEY**—The "Happy Gleaners" Band was organized March 24th, at the parsonage; membership fifteen. President, Mrs. J. Dystant; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Katie Bertram.

**MADDOCK**—The "Willing Workers" Band was organized early in the year by Mrs. A. E. Chapman, but has not before been reported. It has sixteen members, has held a public meeting, and has been doing successful work during the winter.

**SUSSEX**—Miss Jean E. White, secretary, writes of the organization of a Circle in Sussex. We want to hear more of it.

E. E. COULTHARD.

MRS. THURSTON'S PAPER.—*Concluded.*

missionary work teach them about the countries where our workers are, the habits and industries of the people and any bit of information that may be picked up in your general reading, and see how interested they will become.

There was a time when I thought that all that was necessary for a good meeting was to have a story read that the members enjoyed. Now my aim is to have a meeting that is instructive and profitable. I do not go to the other extreme and discard all stories, but they are not brought into great prominence, and are always given just before the benediction.

I find that children are interested in people—live people—and so any item I find about our missionaries and their work I tell at our Band meetings. What sympathy was felt and expressed in the faces of our little people when told the sad story of the leaving home and sorrowful return to it of our dear missionary who is now in Japan, Miss Hattie Jost!

Give a few minutes, not more than two or three—do not weary your listeners—at a meeting for a short, practical talk on such subjects as "Prayer," "Giving," "Love," etc.; teach the children the value and power of prayer—that God wants them to ask that they may receive, and, if possible, call for sentence prayers. A little private, personal talk on the subject will do much good. Do not be discouraged if they do not respond as readily as you, with all your years of experience, think they should, but try again and again. Do not fail to teach the names of our workers. Take a station at a time, and if you find that through the efforts of Miss Brackbill or Miss Munro, or any of those self-denying women, a soul has been won for God, tell it in an enthusiastic way as if it were something to rejoice over, as indeed it is. Picture the influence that one may have on others and then impress on the young minds that they have had a part in the winning of that soul for Christ.

Next month we hope to give our readers the picture of the Japanese girls washing at the well, so kindly sent by Miss Cunningham; also her explanation of it.