

Dear Cousin Joy,—As our secretary has gone to Boston, and there has been no account published in the Palm Branch of the good work done by the Coqualectza Mission Band this year, I thought I would tell you about our "Mite Box Opening," which took the form of a garden party at the home of our president, Mrs. R. C. Goff. A very pleasant time was spent in playing games, tilting, swinging and other amusements. Recitations in the afternoon. Cake and lemonade were served on the lawn. When the mite boxes were opened they were found to contain \$7.00, which, when added to the amount we had made during the winter, by the untiring efforts of our beloved president, Mrs. Goff, and her able assistants, Miss Moore, Miss Jost and Miss Weggington, was found to make a total of \$76.00  
Charlottetown. ABBIE E. LEPAGE.

### WHAT ROBIN TOLD ME.

"How do robins build their nests?  
Robin Redbreast told me.  
First a wisp of fragrant hay  
In a pretty round they lay,  
Then some shreds of downy floss,  
Feathers, too, and bits of moss,  
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,  
This way, that way, and across,—  
That's what Robin told to me—  
That's what Robin told me.

"Where do robins build their nests?  
Robin Redbreast told me.  
Up among the leaves so deep,  
Where the sunbeams rarely creep—  
Long before the winds are cold,  
Long before the leaves are old,  
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see  
Baby robins—one, two, three—  
That's what Robin told to me—  
That's what Robin told me."

—PRESTON STONE.

### How Old Must I Be?

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you, I do now, and I always shall; but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered; "but tell me what I want to know." And she put her arms about her mother's neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older."

Her mother said: "You can be a Christian, now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered: "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and in her prayer the mother gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be his.—[Judson.]

### GRANDMA'S STORY

(MISS LAVINA BRUFF.)

"O do tell us a story, Grandma!" said Grace and Ruth in chorus, "mamma says it's too stormy for us to go out, and one of your good old timers will just be the thing for a day like this."

"You both know how to get around me for story-telling," said Grandma, seating herself between them, "and here's one I don't think you've ever heard before."

"Once upon a time, there lived a little girl who went by the name of Crosspatch, because she was cross and disobliging; whenever she was asked to do anything her reply was always 'No,' she was selfish, too, and never gave a cent to Sunday schools or Missions but one day something happened, and after that Crosspatch became so gentle and loving, people were ashamed to call her a name like that and changed it to Sunbeam."

"Why is it Crosspatch is so different, mamma?" said Jessie to her mother. "She used to snarl every time she was spoken to, and now she's so pleasant the girls all love to have her with them; Miss White says, 'She's a regular little missionary, and Sunbeam is just the right name for her.'"

"Jessie," said her mother, "Your little sister is not doing all of this good by herself, she carries the Christ Child around in her heart, which is the happy secret of all good things."

"Sunbeam lived to be an old lady. Homes were brightened by her coming, and whenever she was asked what made her life so happy, her reply was, 'Because I always carry the Christ Child in my heart.'"

There were tears in grandma's eyes when she finished, and Ruth, throwing her arms about her neck, exclaimed, "O Grandma, it's too bad the story made you cry so, I'd never tell it any more if I were you." "It always brings back such pleasant memories," continued Grandma, "Sunbeam was my mother and the story of her life-work has induced many a little girl to cultivate a spirit of gentleness, and carry the Christ Child in her heart."—[Juniors' M. M., Pa.]

Mrs. Deacon, of Stanstead, Que., who had the pleasure of superintending its first presentation, writes; "The juniors gave the Flag exercise on Saturday evening; it was beautiful—everyone was charmed. We wished the juniors only to take part, and, as suggested, the recitations were cut down. The little folks did nobly; I wish you could have seen them. I had no idea that forty children from four to fourteen years could be trained to do so well. One lady remarked: 'It is not often children have so much religion taught them for a public exhibition.' We are requested to repeat it, and will probably do so soon. If you prepare any more exercises I shall want to try them."