



Ad. r. ss.—Cousin Joy, 282 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

Cousin Joy wonders how many of her dear little cousins have spent the summer weeks or months in the green fields of the country, drinking in the fresh air while the bees sipped the clover; dancing with the butterflies in the sun, shine and running races with the happy little lamb? How many of them have been climbing among the mountains, how many have been by the seashore, wading or bathing in the surf, throwing pebbles in the ocean and shouting as the waves came and went? Cousin Joy can imagine you all coming home with cheeks glowing like roses and shining like stars. She wonders how many of you while there, gave one thought to those other children who have no such good, happy times; no bright sunny childhood like yours? She has found two very sweet poems about dear little boys and girls who did think of and care for those other boys and girls and she will give them to you that you may remember and care for them too. Here is one,—the other you will find on the front page.

Looking Forward.

Down by the seashore, playing,
Katie and Ned and Sue,
This was what they were saying—
What, sometime, they would do.

"When I'm a man," Ned boasted,
"I'll go a round-the-world trip;
I'll take out Missionaries
To India, in my ship;
I'll build some schools and churches,
With bells in steeples tall,
And when more money's needed
I'll have enough for all."

"And I," cried eager Katie.
"Some girls will educate;
They'll be my orphans, and I s'pose,
Each one will be named Kate;

And every year, at Christmas,
I'll send 'em lovely things,
Maybe I'll send pianos
To every one that sings.";

Dear little Sue looked timidly
Upon the broad, blue sea;
"You've planned to do so much, you two,
There's nothing left for me;
But when Ned's ship to India starts,
With all those things, you know,
I think you'll want some teachers,—
And if you do—I'll go!"

Puzzle Drawer.

We are indebted to M. L. L., Hants Co., N. S.

ANSWER TO AUGUST PUZZLE.

Enigma.—Chinese Rescue Home.

PUZZLE FOR SEPTEMBER.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters. My 8, 3, 7, 4 9 is one of the names of our Saviour; my 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 3, is a word mentioned in the 6th Chap., of Eph., 13th verse. My 1, 3, 6, 7, 4, 9 is a word meaning dryness; my 9, 2, 3, 8 is the name of one of our missionaries in Japan; my whole is a place of special interest to N. S. Auxiliaries just now.

Our Orphanage at Kanazawa.

BY M. A. V.

I think the Mission Band boys and girls will be interested to hear something about our new orphanage here in Kanazawa. When I use the word "Orphanage," I wonder if it brings up in your mind a picture of a large building three or four stories high with very plain walls and a great many windows and a flower garden in front where the children work and play? When I was a child that is the only way I ever thought of an "Orphanage," and I thought there must be at least two or three hundred children in it, or it would not be at all interesting. Well, I know now that all Orphanages, even in America, are not just like that; but this one here in Kanazawa is so different that from the outside you could not tell it from any other Japanese house, but to me it is the most interesting one I have ever visited. This is, of course, because I know each child in it by name, and know their histories and why they are there; and because I want you to be interested in them too I am telling you this about them.

We do not expect to ever have a large four-story house here, for people do not build high houses in Japan, as the earthquakes would tumble them over too easily. We hope however some day