



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

### COUSIN JOY'S COSY CORNER

DEAR CHILDREN:—Come a little closer so that I may whisper to you. Cousin Joy has had a dream! Now dreams, you know, are supposed to be the *going on* of the waking thoughts, so it isn't very wonderful that Cousin Joy should have had just the dream she did. You see she has been thinking a great deal lately about that Christmas present for Jesus, and trying to help the children think about it too, so, as I say, it isn't very wonderful that she should dream about it.

Well, it was something like this: Did you ever see a Panorama? Then you know that that means—picture after picture gliding on before you and then passing out of sight. This dream was something like a panorama. First she heard the most delicious music, or she thought she did. Heavenly music—the song of the Syrian Shepherds could not have been sweeter. Then she saw in an upper room in a Christian land a group of children and young girls. They looked very sweet and fair as they talked earnestly together and the light of a holy purpose shone in their faces as they asked for a blessing on what they were about to do. They kneeled reverently down, and—all unseen by them, the Christ-child came and stood among them.

The picture passed slowly on and another was presented to view. It was still a Christian land, but this time a poor hut or hovel of a house was shown, and on a bed of straw lay a sick and weary woman. Three or four pinched little faces pressed around her and seemed to beg for the food and fire which the cold, frosty weather made so necessary, but of which she had none to give them. A knock at the door was answered by one of the little ones, and lo, on the threshold stood three or four of the children and young girls she had seen before. They had hampers of food and baskets of fuel and clothing, and while they ministered to the sick and hungry and naked, Cousin Joy thought she heard a flutter of wings above them, and the same sweet song seemed to float

on the air. She only caught the echo of it, "In as much—unto Me."

In the next picture the scene was changed. It was a land of heathen temples and idols. There were naked savages all around. They were cutting themselves with knives and dancing and howling like demons. The women wore sad and hopeless faces, and the little children had scars and wounds and there was a sound of weeping,—woe and misery everywhere.

In the next picture there were kind faces of Christian men and women among them, and they brought one with them whom they introduced as the Great Physician who could heal soul and body. They said the children of the Mission Bands had helped to send them. Many of the men and tired women fell down before Him and rose up healed and strengthened. He went about among them, doing good. He put his hands on the heads of the little children and blessed them and their tears ceased to flow. They saw the print of the nails in His hands, and when they were told He had suffered for them they began to love and trust Him. Even the face of nature was changed, for "the wilderness began to bud and blossom as the rose." Cousin Joy felt sure she heard in that far off land the joyful sound of a Christmas bell.

The last picture was a return to our own Christian land on Christmas day, and this time it was the homes of the children who had met in the "upper room" presented in the first picture. These were not all homes of wealth and happiness. To be sure, in many of them, there was brightness and beauty, the mistle-toe and the Christmas tree, with gifts, made all the sweeter because of their own first gift. In other homes there was sorrow or little of this world's goods, but in the face of every child or young girl who had met that afternoon in the "upper room" of the Mission Band to plan how she could give her "First Christmas Present for Jesus," there was a light of love and beauty reflected from the face of the Christ-child Himself.

When Cousin Joy awoke she was glad she had had the dream.

### ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES.

First—Babe of Bethlehem.  
Second—Prince of Peace.

#### PUZZLE FOR JANUARY:

I am composed of 13 letters,  
My 13, 1, 13, 11, means not common,  
My 7, 11, 3, 13 means not far away,  
My 9, 2, 6 is a question,  
My 7, 12, 10 means not so,  
My 1, 5, 1, 4, 8, 13 is what PALM  
BRANCH is,  
My whole is what Cousin Joy wishes for  
all her young readers.