



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

Dear Cousins,—Here is a good suggestion for you. “Suppose you draw your own hand and in each finger write the words we suggest, and then call it a missionary hand. Write *give* in the little finger, not because you should give as little as you can, but because giving money is the least you can do and not all you can give. In the next write *read*. No one can be interested in missions who does not read the Bible for the commands and promises, and the magazines to learn the needs and progress of the work. In the middle finger write *talk*. What we learn by reading we should give to others, and in this way you can interest others in missions. In the next finger write *work*. It will be no use to give, read or talk if we do not work. This should be a very strong finger. The last is the thumb, in which you may write prayer. A hand without a thumb is not of much use, so a missionary worker who tries to get along without prayer will not do much for the Master. When you Give, Pray; when you Read, Pray; when you Talk, Pray; when you Work, Pray.”

“Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.”

—Exchange.

One Chinese woman who used to have bound feet feels very sorry for the little girls and their mothers whose pinched feet hurt them all day and all night, and always tells them why she unbound her own feet, and why she has never made the “lily shoes” for her little girl.

Many mothers have been glad to listen to her, and have learned to make good, easy shoes that will not hurt their own feet or make their little girls cry all night.

There is another hymn the Christian day school children learn. They repeat it at home and sometimes to visitors at the school. The last line is:

“Chiang dai ga gaeng ea ko tieng siang
Co siah hong, gaeng nu ea giang.”

It means:

“We invite you to go with us,
We will walk all together to the Heavenly City.”

Dear Cousin Joy,—I wrote to you once before. I enjoy reading the Palm Branch and working out the puzzles. I send one. If it is all right you may publish it.

London.

Your loving cousin,
JANIE.

Dear Cousin Joy,—I have just been reading the Palm Branch and noticing the puzzles there. I like to make out the puzzles very much. I think I have solved the answers to the October puzzles, viz.: Majuba Hill, Gravenhurst. I send a puzzle, which you may publish if you wish.

Your loving cousin,
Main Street, St. John. CLARA LEACH.

JOHNNIE'S WISH.

“I wish I were a Hottentot, a Hindu, or a Nubian,
A Japanese, a Soudanese, a Tartar, or an Indian;
In fact, I wish I had been born in any of the places
Where boys have skin so dark that they dont have to wash
their faces.”

—Children's Missionary Friend.

PUZZLES FOR NOVEMBER.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 8, 3, 4, 5 is a frisky animal.

My 7, 9, 11, 1, 2 is not a farm.

My 4, 3, 10, 11 is the principal street in Winnipeg.

My 5, 6, 9, 7 is something fierce.

My 9, 6, 7, 10, 3, 8 is not of the earth.

My whole is a great statesman in England.

Winnipeg.

L. B.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 2, 13, 7, 25, 1 is a part of the body.

My 3, 26, 5, 19, 27 is a fertile spot in a desert.

My 8, 4, 9, 18 is a musical instrument.

My 6, 11, 17, 32, 31, 14 is what we all should be.

My 10, 7, 24, 20, 21 is what we all do.

My 34, 26, 12, 23, 24, 25, 7, 22, 33, 30 means with favour.

My 15, 13, 19, 20, 29, 14 is an elevated place.

My 16, 18, 28 is an adverb.

My whole is a command Jesus gave to everyone.

St. John.

CLARA.

MINNIE'S TROUBLE.

She had been to church and heard the missionary, and she sat on the floor at grandpa's knee and looked sber. Pretty soon she sobbed out these words:—

“It's too bad anyway! I've saved up my money for 'most a hundred years, just on purpose for a pink and white fan; and every single time I get 'most enough some man comes and tells a dreadful story about little girls who can't go to Sunday school, and who haven't anything to eat, or something dreadful,—and I think it is too real mean! I've got just exactly enough money for the fan, and I was going for it in the morning, and now that a man told about that little missionary girl just a purpose, and I don't know what I shall do.”

So she leaned her dear little brown head on grandpa's knee, and cried with all her might. There wasn't much to be done with her that night but to put her to