



Address.—Cousin Joy, 282 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

**Luther's Cradle Hymn.**

Away in a manger,  
No crib for a bed  
The little Lord Jesus  
Laid down His sweet head.

The stars in the sky  
Looked down where he lay,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing,  
The baby awakes  
But little Lord Jesus  
No crying He makes.

I love thee, Lord Jesus,  
Look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle  
Till morning is nigh.

Now isn't that a sweet little hymn for any mother to sing to her baby boy or girl? How very close it seems to bring the dear Lord Jesus to us all, to think that He was once a little babe on this earth of ours. Your mother may not be very rich, but there isn't one amongst them all that has to put her dear little baby in the manger of a stable where the cattle are, because there is no room for it in the house. No room for the baby! Why baby has the best room in all the house. There is nothing in the house, nothing in the world too good for the baby.

"Stay by my cradle"

why of course He will stay by your cradle little darling, and let me whisper it dear little cousin,—if you are too big for the cradle or crib and have a little bed all by yourself now or share it with some little brother or sister and if you are just a little bit afraid in the dark (I used to be myself once and so know all about it) just remember that Jesus is close beside you too, though you do not see Him—smiling down upon you—and oh, such a smile! He grew up as we all grow up and went about doing good to the people and then He went to Heaven to get a beautiful Home ready for us if we have

learned to love Him very much and want to be with Him. While he was yet a little Babe the Shepherds sang His praises and the wise men brought Him gifts—we can sing His praises and we can bring Him gifts. Our gifts may be very small but if a heart full of love goes with them it is all He wants. He will accept them and they will go to tell other little children who have never yet heard of His great love for them.

**Puzzle Drawer.**

ANSWER TO OCTOBER PUZZLE,

M  
B I N  
B I S O N  
M I S S I O N  
N O I S E  
N O E

We have been asked to explain this puzzle and therefore give the explanation in this way. As will be seen the answer is Mission.

And now the answer to November Puzzle comes from Miss Bessie L. Locke, of Summerhill, Toronto. Thank you, Bessie. "Shizuoka."

PUZZLES FOR DECEMBER.

ENIGMA.

My first is a treasure for mother to hold,  
She counts it more value than silver or gold;  
My second a word in itself very small  
Is a word that we could not dispense with at all;  
My third is a town in the far away East,  
But the Bible has called it by no means the least;  
My whole is the name of the One undefiled,  
And should always be dear to the heart of a child.  
Cousin Joy.

I am composed of 13 letters, My 9, 2, 7, 1, 6 2, is correct; my 8, 11, 12, 10, is a part of the body; my 2, 1, 9, is to tear; my 5, 11, 1, is a covering for the head; my 8, 13, 4, 12, 6, is a dividing line; my 7, 4, 5, 13 is one time; my whole is another name given to the Savior.  
K.

**Leaves from the Branches.**

Dear Band Workers:—At our recent Branch meeting our attention was called to the need of making some special effort at Christmas time, by way of expressing our gratitude to our Heavenly Father for "His unspeakable gift"—the gift of His own Son. We wish, through the PALM BRANCH, to call your attention to this matter. All the blessings we enjoy, all the comforts of this present life come to us through this unspeakable gift. In no way can we better manifest our gratitude to God for His gift, than by presenting to Him our gifts, that may be the means of bringing to the little boys