



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

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleet.

No robin but may thrill some heart
His dawning gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

—Selected.

Dear Cousin Joy, Would you like to hear from a little boy who puts in his cents for the good Lord to send the Missionary to the mothers of China, to tell them not to sell their little girl babies, but let them stay and be told of Jesus, who died to save them?

It was through reading that leaflet where the men go every morning and take all the little girls that are not wanted and sell them, or give them away. His little heart was so touched that he cried out, "Can a little boy like me do anything?" and I told him, "Yes, here is a mite-box to put in pennies and pence." So he said, "I earned a cent to-day and I will put it in." Holding the cent for a moment, he said, "Lord Jesus, bless this cent and send the Missionary to tell the mothers, away in China, not to sell their little baby girls, but keep them for Jesus."

Oh, for a simple trusting faith like that of a little child! And the little mite-box is still receiving the cents in the name of the Lord Jesus; the blessing is always given with the cents. His other little brother gives also. They earn the money they put in.

SARNIA.

God bless this dear little boy in Sarnia, and multiply his cents a thousand fold. We are glad to print just such letters.

Puzzle Drawer.

We are indebted for this part of our Corner this month to M. L. L., Burlington, N. S.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

Enigma.—Dr. Livingston(e).

Charade.—Brackbill.

PUZZLES FOR JULY.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters. My 9, 7, 3, 4, 5, 9, is a mark to aim at; my 9, 5, 2, 3, is a drop of liquid; my 6, 7, 9, is an article of clothing; my 1, 7, 4, is to walk slowly; my 8, 7, 4, 5, means anger. My whole is the name of a Mission Band in the N. S. Branch, organized in '91.

Helps for Public Meetings.

For Five Girls and One Boy.

INDIA.—HINDU GIRLS.

No. 4. The Hindus believe that the god Brahma made all the people out of himself. The first were made out of his mouth, and they are supposed to be the holiest, and are called Brahmins; everybody pays them great respect, although they are often very bad men indeed. Second, the Chutree or military caste, made from Brahma's arms and shoulders. Third, the merchants, made from Brahma's thighs. Fourth and lastly, the servants, made from Brahma's feet. Should a Brahmin eat with one of a lower class, he loses his caste forever and is treated as an outcast; his friends will not eat with him or cook anything for him, so he is turned out of house and home, cared for by none. When a girl is born in India, the mother says: "The gods must be very angry with us, or they would have given us a son." Nobody takes any notice of her, and she is treated more like a dog than a baby girl. We grow up living with our mothers, seldom seeing our father and brothers, spending the time either plaiting our mother's hair, adorning ourselves with jewelry, or listening to some tale she will tell us. Sometimes our mothers will let us go to a Christian school, and we are taught reading, writing and singing such hymns as these:—

HINDU HYMN.

To be sung just as the words are written, to the old familiar tune
"Come to Jesus Just Now."

1st. Verse.

Yay coo bay shair, yay coo bay shair, Yin dray
Yin dray, yay coo bay shair, yay coo bay shair
Yin dray.

2nd Verse.—Un boo koo var, Yin dray.

3rd Verse.—Num bee var rain, Yin dray.

No. 5. We are also taught to read the Bible by some kind Christian lady. At home our mothers