



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

SELFISH AND LEND-A-HAND.

“Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying up and down the land.
On Lend-a-Hand the sunshine smiled;
The wild flowers bloomed for the happy child;
Birds greeted her from many a tree;
But Selfish said, ‘No one loves me.’”

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying home across the land.
Miss Selfish met with trouble and loss;
The weather was bad, the folks were cross.
Lend-a-Hand said, when the journey was o’er,
‘I never had such a good time before.’”

Which was the happier girl of the two? Which
one would you rather be? Which one *will* you be?

COUSIN JOY'S CORNER.

WELL, Little Cousins, you must all congratulate
Cousin Joy to day, because she has so many
contributions for her “cosy Corner,”—so many
she is not quite sure she can get them all in—
so many nice letters from her dear little girl cousins,
and one nice poem—just to think of it!—from one
of the boys! Perhaps you would laugh sometimes if
you could see how anxiously Cousin Joy watches at
the front door, after the postman’s ring is heard, to
see if any letters drop into the box—but it’s no laugh-
ing matter to Cousin Joy. Sometimes she says to
herself “Oh, dear, no letters to-day;” but lately she
has quite frequently remarked, “Well, the girls and
boys have not forgotten me, at any rate.” And then
when she reads the little letters, and finds out that
they like the PALM BRANCH so well, and are working
so successfully at the Puzzles, she feels cheered up to
go right on with the work. So you see what a help
you all are.

DUNVILLE, Aug. 2, 1895.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I see so many of our mission
workers writing letters. I think I will write one too.
I have just found out that the puzzle for August is
“Africa, the Dark Continent.” I like the PALM
BRANCH paper, because it has so many nice stories,
recitations, and puzzles.

Your Mission Worker, ETHEL RICKER.

MONTAGUE, Sept. 2, 1895.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I think I have found the answer
to puzzle for September. It is, “The whole wide
world for Jesus.” We take twelve copies of the PALM
BRANCH in our Band, and like it very much.

Yours truly, BESSIE ANNEAR.

MONTAGUE, P. E. I. Sept. 2, 1895.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I think I have found the an-
swer to the puzzle in the PALM BRANCH for September.
It is, “The whole wide world for Jesus.” I get the
PALM BRANCH, and like it very much.

PEARL VAN IDERSTINE.

ST. MARY’S, Sept. 7, 1895.

COUSIN JOY.—I am a member of the Junior League,
and take the PALM BRANCH. The answer to the
enigma for September is, “The whole wide world for
Jesus.” Yours affectionately, ELLA REESOR.

MONTAGUE, P. E. I., Sept. 2, 1895.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I take the PALM BRANCH, and
like it very much. I think I have the answer to the
September puzzle. It is, “The whole wide world for
Jesus.” Yours truly, NOVELLA MARTIN.

184 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO., Aug. 29, '95.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I have been away for the sum-
mer, and on my arrival home to-day I found the PALM
BRANCH waiting for me. The puzzle for September
is, “The whole wide world for Jesus.”

Your loving Cousin, VERA E. OGDEN.

P. S.—I enclose a puzzle. Do you think it worth
putting in the PALM BRANCH? V. E. O.

Certainly. We are glad to put it in, Cousin Vera.

PUZZLE FOR OCTOBER:

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 17, 1, 12, 2, 5, 14, is a place of instruction.
My 12, 9, 10, 11, 14, 7, means to touch.
My 15, 9, 14, 3, is a kind of tree.
My 6, 4, 8, 9, is a girl’s name.
My 12, 16, 13, is a color.
My whole is the cry of the heathen.

MITE-BOX OPENING DAY.

Down the street came the girls and boys,
Bright with smiles and beaming joys.
With loud hurrahs and a joyous shout,
And sayings of “What’s this all about?”
The truth and the reason were simply this:
There was nothing wrong, there was nothing amiss.
They were not a noisy crowd at play,
But it was mite-box opening day!
After the opening of boxes was o’er,
The children out from the church did pour.
And into the fields to romp and play,
And chase the fleeting hour away.
And away it went with merry glee,
Until the time had arrived for tea;
The serving of cakes and coffee and milk:
“Too bad,” when spilt on the dresses of silk!
Now only one thing remained to be done,
When the happy little ones got home;
To relate to their friends the jolly fun,
The laughs, the talks, the occasional run.

Ritcey’s Cove, Sept. 7, 1895, NORMAN J. RITCEY.