

to Japan?" echoed her father, looking over his eye-glasses curiously.

"O, not that kind, papa, but the kind you spell with a 'big B,' " she explained, laughing heartily over her father's mistake." "Yes, Millie has begun the year with a 'big B,' father, so far as missionary work goes. Let's see how long it lasts," said Will.

As time wore on, however, she did not forget her "resolution," and she did help dress twelve lovely dolls for the "Japan girls;" but she did not tell any one, not even her mother, how near she came to killing the Band.—*Heathen Children's Friend*.

COUSIN JOY'S COSY CORNER.

Cousin Joy bids all the little readers of the PALM BRANCH "Good Morning." And what a morning it is, to be sure. A fine, clear, cold, Canadian winter morning. What could be more delightful?

Cousin Joy has been wondering how many little hearts and voices have been raised in thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for the gift of another day! Dear children do you know what this gift of a new day means to you? It ought to mean "One more day's work for Jesus." Does it really mean that to each one of you?

Have you noticed that grown-up folks in the family, when they have any special work to do choose the morning hours for it? That is because they know that the morning is the freshest and brightest part of the day.

So it is with childhood and early youth—the morning of life, while the heart is fresh and young and full of sunshine—that is the time to begin to work for God. Think of it, dear little Cousins.

We give a nice little letter from a St. Stephen cousin.

St. Stephen, N. B., Jan. 16th 1894

Dear Cousin Joy,—I want to tell you about my little brother, who came to us one cold Sunday morning in November, and who is just the brightest bit of sunshine that God ever sent into any home. He has not much hair, but big black eyes which he uses even now to see the light. He has a double chin, a dimple and little pin-cushions on his knuckles; his hands and feet are soft as cotton-wool.

My brother and I belong to the "Torch Bearers" Mission Band, and mother has made baby Jack a little Light Bearer, hoping that if he is spared he may either send or carry the glad tidings to those in heathen lands. We

are trying to have quite a number on the Light Bearers' Roll.

Perhaps some of the Bands will take up this gathering in of the little ones under 5 years. The enrollment Cards are very pretty and baby is going to have his hung up in the nursery. Mother hopes he will indeed "Shine for Jesus" which is the motto.

Good-bye, Cousin Joy,
Yours truly,

Aged 11.

CONNIE CHIPMAN.

[How we should all like to see this dear little brother! How sweet he must be! We are glad to welcome the little new Light Bearer, and all join in the good wish that his dear mother's hopes and prayers may be more than realized. By the way who will write us a nice little letter and explain the meaning of Light Bearers? There may be some one who does not know about them.]

Puzzle Drawer.

ENIGMA.

1. One of the oldest empires in the world.
2. A king who was granted longer life in answer to his own prayers.
3. One who walked in good company.
4. A prophet who told a king a very unpleasant truth.
5. A doubting disciple.
6. One who judges in a game.

The initial letters of these names form a new mission station.

CHARADES.

My first is a bird—alas, its tail is off; my second is a kitchen utensil. My whole is the name of a foreign country in which we are all interested.

My first is a part of the body; my second opens a door; my third is an exclamation. My whole is a part of Japan.

My first is a boy's name; my second is a member of a family. My whole the name of another Japan missionary.

Going and Praying.

I can't go out to the distant lands,
Where the heathen live and die,
Who have never heard of the children's Friend
Above the bright blue sky;
And I can't go yet to tell the news
Of the Saviour's love to man,
But I'm quite, quite sure that when God says,
"go,"
I'll go as fast as I can!

I can't give much, for I am not rich;
So I mean to collect the more,
And also give what I really can
Out of my little store;
I'll give my pennies, my love, my prayers,
And ask God to bless each plan
That is made for the good of the heathen world—
I'll pray as much as I can!

—Exchange.