



Address—COUSIN JOY, 232 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

Dear Cousins, Do you want to learn the Secret of Happiness?

There is a certain old lady who lives in a little old house, with very little in it to make her comfortable. She is rather deaf, and she cannot see very well either. Her hands and feet are all out of shape and full of pain because of her rheumatism. But in spite of all this, you will find her full of sunshine, and as cheery as a robin in June, and it does one good to see her. I found out one day what keeps her so cheerful.

"When I was a child," she said. "my mother taught me every morning, before I got out of bed, to thank God for every good thing that I could think of which he had given me—for a comfortable bed, for each article of clothing, for my breakfast, for a pleasant home, for my friends, and for all my blessings, calling each day by name; and so I began every day with a heart full of praise to God for all he has done and is doing for me."

Here is a secret then of a happy life—this having one's heart full of praise; and when we do as this dear little old lady does, that is, count our blessings every day, in a spirit of thanksgiving for them, we shall find many reasons why we should praise God—*Buffalo Christian Advocate*.

It is easy to see that the dear Cousins are away (many of them, we hope) on their holidays. We judge so because so few letters have reached us and so many puzzles remain unanswered. But that will be all right when they come home again and settle down to books and work, better and happier for the good time they have had. I hope they will all enjoy the season as much as Polly—Here is her letter:

Dear Cousin Joy,—I am so happy! I'm just having a lovely time in the country. No lessons to learn—nothing to do but enjoy myself, and I know how to do that. The sunshine is so bright and the grass so green and everything so beautiful. I think God has given us a lovely world to live in. Don't you? Your loving cousin,
N. S. POLLY.

[Yes, indeed, Cousin Polly, and if earth is so beautiful what will Heaven be? You say you are learning no lessons—not from books perhaps, but from all the lovely things you see and hear you must be learning lessons—perhaps you can tell us some of them by and by.]

Dear Cousin Joy—Our Band is still increasing in membership, we have 28 members. We have lost our beloved Mrs. Deinstadt who took so much interest in us, but under the leadership of Miss Smith, of Berwick, I trust we shall do very well. I will send you what I think are the answers to Mr. Kirby's questions, which he said we could answer if we liked. 1st Jacob; Gen 32d Chap, from 24th to 30th verses. 2nd—Benaiah; 2nd Samuel, 23rd Chap., 20th verse. 3rd—The love of money is the root of all evil. 4th—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, etc., etc.; Eccles 12th Chap, 1st verse.

If these are not the right answers I wish Mr. Kirby or someone else will tell us the correct ones. I guess Mr. Kirby wanted to give us an inspiration to search the Bible when he offered the prize.

From your loving cousin,

Snider Mt

EDNA A. KEIRSTEAD.

MISSIONARY PENNIES.

Where did my pennies come from?

Let me count them—one, two, three, four.

"One" is for always remembering

To shut the pantry door;

"Two" is for minding the baby—

Our dear, little, cunning Ted;

"Three" is for not interrupting

What the grown-up people said;

"Four" is what Uncle John gave me

When I bumped me and didn't cry—

If some of you think it was easy,

I only wish you would try.

What shall I do with my pennies?

There are candies and toys, I know.

And the children can always tell

How quickly the pennies go.

But this mite-box seems always saying,

"Give your pennies to me, my dear,

And send them across the ocean,

That the heathen God's word may hear."

I know they are only pennies;

Now they are few and small;

But I'll send a wee prayer along with them,

And the mite-box shall have them all—*Exchange*.

PUZZLES FOR SEPTEMBER.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 31, 21, 22, 14, is what we can all mostly do.

My 14, 15, 16, is the only one we all should worship.

My 17, 21, 16, 6, is something we all love to do

My 7, 25, 21, 16, 8, is something wrong.

My 14, 29, 28, 10, 11, is a girl's name.

My 2, 9, 4, is something we do every day.

My 1, 6 3, what we usually see in an empty house.

My 5, 8, is a pronoun.

My 25, 23, 24, 22, 16, is what the world is.

My 13, 20, 27, 30, what we stand on.

My 26, 9, 19, 19, part of a house.

My 12, 18, 30, is not in.

My whole is what every one of us should do.

Fred'n.

KATHLEEN.

Have you had a Birthday Party in your Mission Circle when each child brought as an offering as many pennies as it was years old? Then now you can try a "Height Party," each one who is below a certain height (say forty inches) bringing five cents, and every one measuring more giving a cent additional for each inch over that.