



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

DEAR COUSINS.—Can you tell me why we always think of Christmas as the children's day? "Oh, yes, I know," says a little tot, "its because we hang up our stockings and Santa Claus fills 'em full of good things and we go in early in the mornin' and find 'em—that's why." "I know," says another, "its becau. we have a lovely Christmas tree, that looks as if it came from Fairy land, all hung with diamonds—only there're not diamonds you know, but gifts for the good girls and boys." "I know," says a third, "its because we have anniversary, sing and speak pieces and take up a collection." "I know," says dear little Nan, the youngest of you all, but perhaps the wis-st, 'its because Jesus was once a little baby too." Yes, I think little Nan is right—it's because He was once a little baby too. If He had not been He would never have known how the little children feel; He would not have understood you so well when you go to Him with all your little troubles, as I hope you do. Do you know what He says about the grown up people? He says we must become like little children before we can receive Him. That is we must be willing for Him to teach us before He can come and live in our hearts. Jesus did not stay a little child any more than you will stay a little child. There are some people now in the world, in South America, for instance, who bow down before the picture of the Babe in his mother's arms, and think of Him as only a child still, and worship and pray to his mother instead of Him. I heard a missionary say the other day that they might as well pray to Buddha, a heathen God. If he is only a Baby still, He can do nothing for us, for babies have to be helped and cared for; but the Bible says that all power has been given to Him in Heaven and on earth, because of what He has done for us. That is what we want, a Friend who is both able and willing to save us. Pray to Him, dear Cousins, not only for yourselves but pray and work too for the many thousands of poor children who are not looking forward to any "children's day," and perhaps you will have what Cousin Joy wishes you, with all her heart, "a very happy Christmas." It will surely be so if you give the first Christmas present to Jesus.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—Though I have never written to you before, I have often thought I would like to. We take the PALM BRANCH and I think it very interesting, especially the puzzles. I think I have the answers to October puzzles: 1st. Teach all Nations; 2nd. Guysborough; 3rd. Joyous Workers Missiou Band.

Your loving cousin,

W. MURRAY GREENE.

La Have Islands, N. S.

Nellie Van H. Young, of Parbar Westward Mission Band, and cousin May, whose card is postmarked London, Ont, also send correct answers to October puzzles.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the "Lavinia Clarke" Mission Band. I take the PALM BRANCH and I like it very much. I think I have found the answers to the second and third of the November puzzles. They are, Montague Bridge and Miss Blackmore.

Your loving cousin,

P. E. I.

BEATRICE GAY.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the "Olive Branch" Mission Band. I have taken the PALM BRANCH for about two years, and I find it very interesting. I think I have found the answer for the last question in the November puzzles. It is "Miss Blackmore."

Your loving cousin,

Fergus, Ont.

EDITH A. BEATTY.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—We have found the answers to the November puzzles. They are: Minnie A. Robertson, Montague Bridge and Miss Blackmore.

Your loving cousins,

PEARL VANIDERSTINE.

Montague.

MARJORIE MCCANN.

Several puzzles on hand that might be used if the Editor were only smart enough to guess the answers and so be able to judge of their fitness.

DECEMBER PUZZLES.

Here is a little Christmas charade—just for the little ones—no one else must guess it:

My dear little children, just lift up your eyes
Some very dark night to the far away skies
My *first* there will please you, but will not surprise,

My *second's* a very small scrap of a word,
You often have seen it, and often have heard,

My *third* is the last, but not really the least,
Tho' small, tis a wonderful town in the East.

My *whole*—it is something which shines very bright,
Let us seek to illumine the world with its light!

COUSIN JOY.

NUMERAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters,
My 19, 6, 7, is a conveyance,
My 3, 7, 19, is animal food.
My 4, 10, 18, 12, is what Missionary children ought to love,
My 8, 14, 23, 16, belongs to an animal.
My 13, 10, 11, God meant to be like Him.
My 20, 17, 7, 2, 9, is one of our faculties.
My 20, 1, 22, 15, 9, is something new which every girl and boy should take with the new year,
My 5, 17, 18, 2, 21, is what God expects us to do under all circumstances.

My whole is what Jesus calls Himself.

Cousin Joy.