



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

Cousin Joy thinks she cannot do better for her young cousins this month than to give them this little story she has found, with the prayer that it may find its way to their very hearts:

WHY YOU NOT COME SOONER?

Lying on her little cot, a heathen child turned to her Christian teacher and asked, in her quaint, broken English, "Teacher, what for Jesus come?"

"Oh," replied the teacher, "he came to save us, and to take us when we die, to heaven."

The little thing lay silent for a while, and then looked up and said, "Teacher, what you mean when you sing?"

"Every fear and pain gone by
At the portals of the sky?"

"Oh," answered the teacher, "I mean that in heaven they are very happy, and they never weep and suffer any more."

"Never weep again? Shall I never weep again?"

"No, never."

"My head, he never ache again?"

"No, never."

"Never be sick again?"

"No, never."

"Teacher, who told you this?"

"My mother."

"Who told her?"

"Why, I suppose her mother."

"Teacher, all white mans, he know this?"

"Yes, all white men know it."

"How long white man he know it?"

"Oh, a long time," and the teacher tried to tell how many centuries since Jesus had died.

The little thing thought awhile, and then with wondering eyes, she looked up and said, "Teacher, what for you not come sooner?"

Oh, Christian children of this enlightened land, can't you hear them asking, "What for why you not come sooner?"

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?"

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—As I have never written to you before, I thought I'd write a little note this month. I am Corresponding Secretary of Cheerful Workers' Mission Band, at Walsh. Twelve of our members take the PALM BRANCH, and think it very interesting. I think I have the answer to the December puzzle. It is "The bright and morning Star." Enclosed please find a puzzle, I hope you will think it worth publishing.

Your Friend, JESSIE WATTS.

Walsh, Ont, Dec. 8, 1896.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—We are all very much interested in the PALM BRANCH, especially in the Puzzle Department. I have worked them out for this month, and find that they are as follows:—First, Miss Lizzie Hart"; second, "Love one another"; third, "New Year's Day in China." We like the PALM BRANCH very much, and find it quite a help when we are getting up an entertainment in our Mission Band.

Yours sincerely, GEORGIE BENTLEY.

Kensington, P. E. I., Jan. 7, 1897.

FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 7, 3, 8, 4, is what we should ask God to do for us.

My 1, 7, 8, is a small insect.

My 10, 2, 8, 9, is a piece of timber.

My 11, 8, 5, is a boy's name.

My whole is a command that Jesus gave to his disciples.

Keswick.

HELEN COLTER.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 9, 14, 7, 18, 9, is what we should do when in trouble.

My 1, 24, 1, 9, 7, 19, is an odd plant.

My 23, 8, 24, 22, 1, 2, 13, is a girl's name.

My 15, 17, 25, is something none of us is free from.

My 25, 5, 4, 15, 26, 3, 25, is a town in Ontario.

My 6, 10, 11, 12, is how we should serve the tempter's power.

My 16, 20, 19, 3, 14, is one who hoards money.

My 21, 2, is an exclamation.

My whole is the name of a Mission Band whose report was in the PALM BRANCH a short time ago.

JESSIE WATTS.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 8, 10, 9, is a possessive adjective.

My 1, 2, 8, 9, is a demonstrative adjective.

My 4, 8, 13, 2, is a preposition.

My 6, 13, 13, 14, is a girl's name.

My 7, 5, 5, 11, is a part of a room.

My 4, 2, 3, is a question.

My whole is part of a verse in the Bible.

St. John.

ELLIE SMITH.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 9, 12, 5, is a metallic substance.

My 1, 2, 7, 6, 4, 11, is a case for arrows.

My 8, 10, 13, 9, is a part of man's apparel.

My 3, 13, 9, is what we do when we are hungry.

My whole is the name of one whom we all love and reverence.

Kensington, P. E. I.

GEORGIE ANNIE BENTLEY.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Five hundred begins it, five hundred ends it,
And five in the middle is seen;

The first of all letters, the first of all numbers
Have taken their stations between,

And if you correctly this medley can spell,

The name of an ancient King then it will tell.

Keswick.

Selected by HELEN COLTER.