



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

"She who loves you makes her bow!" That is what a young Christian girl in India wrote to her absent teacher, and it seems to Cousin Joy, a very pretty and polite way in which to begin a little talk with her dear Cousins, in this first Palm Branch of the new year. Of course you all spent a delightful Christmas day, in giving and receiving the little gifts which help to make it the brightest, happiest day in all the year. Cousin Joy would not like to think, that even one of her little friends was forgotten by Santa Claus, the spirit of love, or that any home, to which her little messages go, was darkened on that glad day by the shades of sorrow. She does hope, that in your own happiness you have not forgotten the poor around you, nor the poorest of all in distant lands, who have never yet even heard of our One great Christmas Gift!

And now the New Year, 1897, has come! You have all read what a great day "New Year's day" is in China—the grand holiday of the year. One missionary calls it "China's great Sunday." All work is put aside, and people and children dress in their very best, which you would think very gay and fine indeed. The Chinese houses have wide strips of red cloth over the entrance, to show that it is a time of rejoicing. You might envy the richer children their beautiful silk dresses, only you know how much happier you are than they, in your Christian homes. One little girl, taught in the Mission school, said to her mother: "What ugly little feet you have mother! Did God make them so?" "No," said the poor woman, with tears in her eyes, "your Grandma bound them when I was a little girl like you. Do you want to have yours bound?" "No, no," said the child, with a look of fear in her eyes, "I want to have big feet," and she was allowed to have them, because her mother had learned of better things.

Cousin Joy, hopes that all her young Cousins will ask help in the new year—that it may be the very best year, because of the good done to others.

A dear child in India prayed, "Make me such that people will not see *me*, but only Jesus Christ in me," think of that for a little girl just rescued from heathendom. How pleased Jesus will be, if His image is reflected this year in all the girls and boys of the Mission Bands! How they will shine for Him!

Dear Cousin Joy.—I belong to the "Wayside Helpers" Mission Band, of Delta. I take the **PALM BRANCH** and I like it very much. We have twenty-three names on our roll. We have had a Public meeting, and we made over six dollars at the meeting. I think I have found the answers to the November puzzles. They are, Montague Bridge and Miss Blackmore.

Your loving Cousin,  
Delta. **LIZZIE McCUE**, Cor. Secy.

Dear Cousin Joy.—This is the first time I have claimed you as cousin. I take the **PALM BRANCH** and like it very much. We have a small Band, and last day we tried the November puzzles. We think we found the answers of two. The first one, Minnie A. Robertson; and the last one, Miss Blackmore.

Your loving cousin,  
Maccan. **LILA BARNES**.

Dear Cousin Joy.—I do not belong to a Mission Band, as there is no Band here; but I take the **PALM BRANCH** and like it very much. I have found the answers to the December puzzles. The first is, Star of Bethlehem, the second, The Bright and Morning Star.

Your loving cousin,  
Derby, N. B. **WINNIE THOMAS**.

Dear Cousin Joy.—We made out the puzzles in December number in our Band. "Star of Bethlehem" and, "Bright and Morning Star," we also made a puzzle, which we hope you will think worth putting in the **PALM BRANCH**.

Maccan Station. **WINNIE B. HOEG**.

### JANUARY PUZZLES.

I am composed of 14 letters,  
My 1, 6, 6, 10, a measure of distance,  
My 4, 2, 7, 10, a glutinous substance,  
My 11, 10, 12, 14, something we all appreciate in cold weather,

My 8, 10, 12, 5, is earnestness,  
My 13, 9, 3, 10, origin,  
My whole is one of our missionaries.  
Maccan Station, N. S. **WINNIE B. HOEG**.

I am composed of 14 letters,  
My 9, 2, 8, 12, was an important person mentioned in Genesis.

My 1, 10, 11, is a piece of land,  
My 4, 11, 12, 7, 1, is a girl's name,  
My 5, 5, 1, 11, belongs to electricity,  
My 8, 13, 3, 7, 14, is an adverb,  
My whole is a commandment.  
Bedeque, P. E. I. **CARRIE BOWNESS**.

I am composed of 18 letters,  
My 8, 16, 13, is what God hates,  
My 11, 2, 18, 7, is a measure of time,  
My 3, 12, 17, 5, is a mocker,  
My 4, 10, 7, 9, is a measure of cloth,  
My 15, 6, 1, 9, is a very useful member,  
My 14, 4, 1, 9, 11, is what all children love,  
My whole is a good time for some people **S. E. S.**