



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

Dear Cousins.—I hope you all had a delightful time in your holidays, and that Santa Claus, the spirit of love, was very good to you. He was to Cousin Joy—Christmas day was spent with some dear little nephews and nieces, who made merry with their well filled stockings and a gay Christmas tree. However, they did not forget some little children poorer than themselves, which helped to make their Christmas all the happier. By the way, that reminds Cousin Joy of a dear little story she found the other day—here it is:

THE LOVE BOX.

Freddy had a box in his closet where he put his clothes he had outgrown and the toys he did not care for any longer. "It shall be your charity-box," said mother. "When it is full I will pack up the things and send them to some poor children who will be very glad to get them." One day at Sunday-school the lesson was about charity. The teacher said that the word meant love, and that we can show our love for God by being kind to the poor. The next day Freddy said to his mother: "I'm not going to call my box a charity-box any more; it is a love-box. It's because I love Jesus that I want to save my things for the poor children".

Would not that be a good name for our mite-boxes, dear cousins?

The little Cousins will be sorry to hear that Cousin Herbie Bellamy has been and still is very ill. They must all pray for the dear little boy.

A little boy was asked, "Who made you?" "God made me," he said. "Why do you think God made you?" was asked. "Because," he said, "he wanted a little boy to love him."

Dear Cousin Joy.—This is the first time you will hear from Campbellford. I belong to the Day Spring Mission Band. I take the Palm Branch and like the paper very much.

Mrs. Turner is our leader. We like her well. She is very good to us. I think I will close now as, perhaps, I will take up quite a bit of room in the paper.

I remain your loving cousin,

Campbellford, Ont.

HATTIE G. CAMPBELL.

Jesus is my Shepherd,
Jesus is my Guide,
Jesus is my Comforter,
Ever at my side.

When I am in trouble
He is always there,
Why then should I wander
From His loving care?

Jesus keeps His little lambs
Sheltered from the storm,
On His gentle breast they sleep,
Oh, so safe and warm.

ELLIE.

Dear Cousin Joy.—I have written to you once before and thought I would like to write again, and let you know how we are getting along. I belong to the Dawning Light Mission Band. We have a new president (Mrs. J. Roberts) since I wrote last. We liked our other president very much, but she thought she had had the office long enough. We take the Palm Branch and all like it very much. We have not had very large meetings lately, on account of the Measles being in the district, but we hope to have better attendance later. We had a very interesting public meeting in the latter part of July on a Sunday afternoon.. We took a collection amounting to \$4.49. We have a Birth-day Box in our Mission Band. Hoping this is not too long, I remain
Your Loving Cousin,

Murray Harbo, So. P. E. I.

MILLIE BROOKS

Percy Chrysler, age 8, 17 Nelson St., Brantford, Ont., sends the correct answer to Ivan Spindler's puzzle, in January Palm Branch. The name is in Isa. 5, 1: Maher-shalal-hash-baz.

PUZZLES FOR FEBRUARY.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 7, 8, 14, 2, is to move forward.

My 1, 3, 15, 4, is to hold.

My 5, 8, 10, 15, 16, 17, 18, are portions of time.

My 11, 12, 13, is a conjunction,

My 9, 11, 16, is a human being.

My 5, 6, is a pronoun.

My 1, 16, 8, 17, is tie.

My 11, 18, is an adverb.

My whole is a command in the Bible.

Bâle Verte.

E. FAWCET.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 4, 5, 9, is part of the face.

My 8, 2, 5, is a boy's name.

My 5, 6, 7, 8, 15, is not mine.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, is what we should all do.

My 15, 13, 10, is evil.

My 12, 14, 10, is masculine.

My 15, 11, 9, is to behold.

My whole is a command which Christ gave while on earth.

Ritey's Cove.

SUSAN CREASER.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 6, 12, 3, 21, is a girl's name.

My 1, 8, 9, 19, 11, 2, is to dance like a horse.

My 4, 7, 9, 8, is to burn.

My 23, 17, 22, 10, 5, 8, is a meal.

My 1, 21, 15, 16, a road across a mountain.

My 13, 18, 20, is a rough crowd.

My 14 is a vowel,

My whole is the name of a Mission Band.

Bedouque.

ANNIE LORD.