

pray to Him every day to help me serve Him. I have learned also to read and write, to sew and knit, and to do many things about the house. I like my home, and my teachers, and am trying to learn all I can, that I may be a useful woman, and do something to help other people love Jesus, too.
S. L. H.



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

Dear Cousin Joy.—P'r'aps you don't know what a nice time we have in our Band, so I'm going to tell you. We have ever and ever so much nicer a time than we had before the PALM BRANCH came, —'cos this is how it is. Our leader Miss _____, there, I came pretty near telling her name, but I guess I won't, 'cos she might'nt like to see it in print, and she's so kind and we all like her so much that I couldn't bear to make her feel cross. Well, she takes the PALM BRANCH and she reads us a good deal that's in it. She gives us each a slip of paper with a question on it from the study for the next month, and we have to bring that, and the answer too, next time. Sometimes we have each two questions 'cos our Band is'n't very large. So that's how we know so much more about heathen countries. We feel so sorry for the poor little children who have sore feet and the mothers who have such a hard time; and the dirty homes and the poor sick women. And oh, we do feel so bad to think of so many that have never heard of Jesus. We pray for them and we mean to work too. Well, I must tell you some more. Then our leader reads us some of the poetry, sometimes she gives it us for a recitation, 'specially when we're going to have a concert. Then we try the hymn on the organ, its nice when the tune is given too; we always like it so much and soon learn it. Then the leader reads us Ellen's own story; how she went to Port Simpson. We just love that 'cos we feel as if we were going too—but she did'nt go far enough every time, and she has'nt got there yet, and we want her to get there 'cos we want to know how she likes it when she does get there,

so we will hope she will soon. Then Cousin Joy, we come to your "Cozy Corner," and we have a good time. We like the little letters you print and the puzzles too. Our leader puts them on the blackboard and helps us with them. She writes, "I am composed of—" praps its ten letters so she writes 1, 2, 3, 4 and up to 10; then she says my 5. 6, 8 means—well, praps its "what girls and boys like—" so she says what can it be? A little word of three letters. She guesses and we all guess and somebody says fun, and she writes f-u-n under 5, 6, 8, and that's the way we go on, and it is fun to see the long word coming out. So you see we do have real good times in our Band.

Your Cousin, DOROTHY.

Puzzle Drawer.

ANSWERS TO MAY NO.

- Enigmas.—1. Dr. Retta Gifford.
2. Confucianism.
3. Ancestor Worship.

PUZZLES FOR JUNE.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 12 letters. My 3, 11, 8, comes from a tree; my 5, 4, 8, 11, 2, means strength; my 1, 6, 12, means noise; my 9, 10, 4, 2, is to move about; my 7, 11, 1, is a movement of the head when asleep. My whole is a celebrated traveller who prepared the way for mission work in Africa.

CHARADE.

My first is the first syllable of a word meaning a small shelf chiefly used for ornaments; my second is part of a bird. My whole is the name of one of our missionaries to China.

A Queer Little Girl.

BY ELIZA SNELL LONG.

There's a queer little girl living down in the south,
With very bright eyes and a very big mouth;
With very thick wool on her very small head,
And very black cheeks where our cheeks are red:

This queer little girl who is living down there
Wears the funniest clothes that a mortal can wear;
'Tisn't once in a week that she puts on a hat,
And always goes bare-foot, and dirty at that.

This queer little girl, she can't even spell "dog,"
But she climbs like a squirrel and jumps like a frog;
I wish you could just see her scamper and run,—
This black little, odd little, strange little one.

Now though she's a queer little girl, it is true
There's one thing she has which makes her like you;
Although her poor body has got a black skin,
She has a soul somewhere, that Jesus put in.

She knows not about it, poor thing! does not know
That she has a soul, and that God loves her so;
But I pray every night, "Dear Jesus above,
Send some one to tell little Topsey thy love."