

## PUZZLES FOR JUNE.

I am composed of 14 letters.  
 My 5, 6, 10, 9, 3, 14, are well-bred women.  
 My 2, 3, 5, 10, is kept.  
 My 1, 6, 13, 14, are ends of boot-lace.  
 My 8, 6, 12, a color.  
 My 7, 11, 4, to use a spade.  
 My whole is a vessel on the Pacific Coast.  
 St. John.

ELLIE SMITH.

I am composed of 10 letters.  
 My 16, 13, 4, is "For a fool's back," the Bible says.  
 My 7, 1, 15, 3, like a lion.  
 My 11, 13, 2, 16, is not sweet.  
 My 1, 14, 12, 13, 14, is a vegetable.  
 My 6, 4, 8, 17, 7, 5, to regard with love or wonder.  
 My 19, 9, 16, 18, a name for father.  
 My 10, 9, 11, little name for sister.  
 My whole are friends we must pray for,

COUSIN JOY.

[Written for the PALM BRANCH.]

## GIVE THE BEST TO CHRIST.

ONE Saturday afternoon Bertha and Alice were walking home from the Mission Band, where they had been listening to stories of the sufferings of the little children in China and other heathen lands. They had also been told that it was their duty to deny themselves of luxuries, such as candy, &c., and help all they could to make those poor children happy, and that by so doing they would do it for Christ, and bring happiness to themselves as well.

Little Alice, who was a child of poor parents, but had a very kind heart, said to Bertha: "How I wish I had some money, I would buy Bibles or some nice things to make those poor children happy."

"Pshaw," said Bertha, with a toss of her head, "I have money to spend, but I had rather buy candy or something nice for myself; I don't know those children, why should I care for them?"

"But," replied Alice, "God loves them as much as he does anybody, and I think it is too bad that they can't know Him so as to love Him too, and I think I will ask mamma to give me some money."

"Oh," said Bertha, "that is mere nonsense. I can't bother my head about people I don't know, and never will know."

Poor Alice sighed as she left Bertha and ran into the house to find her mamma to ask her for the money "Say, mamma, won't you give me some money?"

"What for?" replied mamma.

Then Alice told the stories she had heard, and said she would like to help those poor children.

"But," said mamma, "If I gave you the money you would not be helping any—but I will tell you a nice plan. You know you have two new dolls, and you do not need them both; you say the one dressed in pink is the best, so you can send the other to these poor children."

Alice thought for a moment, and then away she scampered up stairs and returned in a few moments with the doll dressed in pink, the very same she thought the best.

"Why!" said mamma, much surprised, "I thought

that was your best doll? Are you going to send that away?"

"Yes," replied Alice, "for the lady said to-day that when we gave to those poor children we were giving to Christ, and don't you think we ought to give Christ the best?"

"Oh, yes, little children, we ought to give Christ the best always. Give Him our hearts, and the best of our lives, which can be given only by commencing to serve Him while young. No child is too small to serve Him, who has said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

E. M. B.

## MOLLY'S THANK OFFERING.

IT was Sunday evening, and the children were all in bed. The children were Bess and Danny and Carl and the twins—Molly's little brothers and sisters—and it was always a relief to both Molly and her feeble mother when they were all safely asleep.

Molly sat by her mother's chair counting the pennies she had emptied into her lap, and she was talking very fast, sometimes about the thank offering the girls of the mission circle were going to make, and sometimes about the Sunday-school lesson for the day—the parable of the talents.

"You see, my mite box money belongs to the Lord, but the servants were told to take their Lord's money and trade wit it, so's to get more, and that's what I'm going to do with mine—to buy some molasses and make some of that lovely candy such as we had once for our fair, and I guess Bess and Danny will sell it, or maybe Mr. Nicholson will sell it at the store."

"I don't see why you shouldn't succeed," said her mother encouragingly; "at least you can't fail to get your money back."

The candy was a great success. The pretty twists and knots sold wherever they were offered, and Molly's capital doubled and redoubled itself.

"I think she might give us some," grumbled Danny, lifting the white towel to look longingly at his stock in trade.

"My senses, Danny Langford," said Bess, "don't you know it's missionary candy? It's the Lord's and it would be stealing to take the teeniest, tanntiest mite of it."

"Well, then, I wish I was a heathen myself," insisted Danny. "They have real good times: they don't have to wear any clothes, or go to school, or shovel snow, or— or—"

"If I wouldn't be ashamed of myself to be such a silly. You couldn't be a heathen unless mamma was too, and you might be et up by a crocodile."

"No, I wouldn't; they like boys; its only girls get thrown away."

"Well, then, maybe the twins might be et up, or Molly, and then what would you do?"

"Hm," said Danny scornfully, but he covered up the candy and went along kicking the lumps of snow.