

"did not know of one who could so well afford to die as could Emma."

Was it so? Emma believed God's Word, and her brief work was mighty in just this faith. Are there not some, not Indians, who can gain some helpful, healthful lessons from the life and death of this dear child,—some lesson that will set them doing, as well as believing?—S. S. Times.

WHO BANGED SUSIE'S HAIR.

Susie Burke came in from the garden one warm summer afternoon, with her little scissors in one hand and a lot of paper dolls and doll's clothes in the other.

"Why, Susie!" exclaimed her mother. "What in this world have you been doing to yourself?"

"Susie Burke, what ever possessed you to cut your hair like that?" exclaimed Helen, her elder sister.

"O-o-h! What will papa say? He just hates bangs!" put in Harry Burke, Susie's brother.

"How could you do such a thing, my child?" asked Susie's mother, with looks of mingled astonishment and displeasure.

Susie's face grew red and she looked ready to cry. She put her hand uneasily to her forehead, across which the soft dark hair, which was usually combed smoothly back, fell in a very irregular line. It was easy to see that the "banging" had been done by no practised hand.

"I didn't do it, mamma," said Susie.

"You didn't do it? Who did, then?"

"I don't know, truly, mamma."

"Why, Susie, how can that be possible?" said mamma.

"Why, Susie Burke, what a story!" exclaimed Harry.

"Hush, Harry! Don't accuse your little sister of telling what isn't true. Where have you been all the time since lunch, Susie?"

"In the arbor in the garden, cutting out dresses for my dollies," said Susie, holding up what she had in her hand as evidence of the truth of her words.

"All the time?" queried mamma.

"Yes, all the time. I haven't been anywhere else."

"And you didn't cut any of your hair,—not the least little lock?"

"No, not the least little bit. I knew papa wouldn't like it."

"Did anybody come into the garden while you were there?"

"I didn't see anybody, mamma."

"Well, if that isn't a mystery!" exclaimed Mrs. Burke.

"It's awful hard to believe, I think," said sister Helen.

"We must believe it. Little Susie has never been known to tell a lie. Whatever any of my children tell me, I shall believe is true, till they have clearly proved their words untrustworthy," said mamma, firmly.

"But how could such a thing be?" argued Helen. "Her hair is cut all jagged, exactly as a child would do if she tried to cut it herself, and yet she didn't do it, and don't know who did it."

"And she asked papa the other day if she might have her hair banged, just like Nellie Eastman's," said Harry.

"I didn't do it, truly, truly, mamma," was all poor Susie could urge, while she nestled closer within the encircling arm whose close clasp seemed to assure her of defence against the displeasure and distrust of all the world.

"We shall have to wait and see what papa will say," said Mrs. Burke, after a moment of perplexed thought.

"Will he be very angry?" asked Susie.

"Will you tell him I didn't do it?"

"Or consent to its being done?" cross-questioned Helen.

"I didn't even know it was done till just as I got up to come in," Susie declared. "I thought something felt odd, and I put my hand up, and it was all cut so."

This was a mystery indeed. Nor could papa solve it, though he questioned his little daughter even more closely than her mother and sister had done.

We must believe that she speaks the truth, because she has earned a character for truth," he said at last. "I should be sadly disappointed and grieved if I found I couldn't depend on the word of a child of mine. Go to mamma, and let her make the cutting even, Susie. Since I must submit to seeing you with your hair banged, it must be done in better style than that."

"I'm sorry, papa, since you don't like it,

Will you kiss me?" said Susie, lifting her shorn head timidly.

Her father stooped and kissed her. "You needn't feel badly when you're not to blame, my child. I believe you; though it's the most incomprehensible thing!"

It remained the most incomprehensible thing for a week or more. Then, one morning, soon after breakfast, they had a caller—two callers, in fact—Mrs. Lake, their nearest neighbor, and Rollie, her youngest son, a merry rogue of ten or eleven years.

The boy looked shy and shamefaced, and kept as much out of sight behind his mother as possible, while she explained the reason of her call.

"I have just found out that this boy of mine has been guilty of a very naughty trick," said Mrs. Lake. "I thought you ought to know, as Susie might be blamed unjustly. I brought him here that he might confess. Now, Rollie, tell Mrs. Burke."

"I cut Susie's hair," Rollie blurted out, with his eyes fastened to the floor.

"But how? It has been the greatest mystery to us! How could you do it and Susie not know it?"

"Oh she was asleep!" said Rollie. "I found her there in the arbor, leaning back, with a paper doll in one hand and the scissors just dropped on her lap from the other, and I just thought I'd bang her hair. I'm ever so sorry, and won't never do so again," said Rollie, penitently.

"Did she get much blame for it?" inquired Mrs. Lake. "I couldn't think how you could help believing she did it, however she might deny it."

"We couldn't understand it at all," said Mrs. Burke, "but we believed Susie, though everything seemed against her, because the child never yet told us a lie.—Joy Allison, in Youth's Companion.

LEAVES NOT THE LIFE.

"Grandpa what can you be doing," inquired Gerald, coming toward grandpa, with a face full of amused astonishment; "what can you be doing?"

"I am making a gooseberry bush for you," replied grandpa, composedly: "I noticed you liked the ripe gooseberries, when you were at Pemberton Lodge, last week, and I think you would like a bush of your own."

"But, grandpa," began Gerald, looking very hard at grandpa, and thinking very hard in trying to decide if he was joking, or had quite gone crazy—"grandpa, gooseberry bushes grow; they are not made."

"It pleases me to make this one. All the rest may come as they please," replied grandpa, pinning a leaf here and there to a tall, dry brier, which he had previously planted firmly in a large pot.

"How do you like your gooseberry bush?" Gerald did not wish to hurt grandpa's feelings, but what could he say? He looked at the pretended bush, and at grandpa's face, and was perplexed, for grandpa appeared heartily in earnest in the work of trying to make the bush.

"It cannot have berries on it," he replied evasively.

"It cannot, pray tell me why?" inquired grandpa seeming to be astonished as he drew off a little way to admire his bush, and to glance at Gerald.

"Because, grandpa, it has no life."

Grandpa folded his arms across his breast; he gave a little push up to the glasses astride of his nose; he looked so inquiringly at Gerald, that Gerald felt obliged to add: "Dead bushes do not bear berries."

"How do you know it is dead? You say hard things of a fresh, green bush. See the leaves. Why, boy, your grandpa knows that a dead bush does not bear berries, but look, don't you think he has given it life?"

"It will not stay fresh and green, grandpa; you only put on its leaves; you did not put any life in it," said Gerald, gravely, more and more perplexed by grandpa's uncomfortable notion about the bush.

"Will not the green leaves bring it life?" said grandpa; "what is the life of the bush if such beautiful green leaves are not its life?"

"Grandpa dear, you are only hoaxing me: I believe you know it is the sap. The sap makes the leaves grow, and shows that the bush is alive, but the leaves do not make the sap."

Grandpa laid down the leaf and pin; he did no more towards making a bush; he drew Gerald close to him, and laid his hand

upon his head, and gave a long pleased look in his face, and he asked: "And you think all those beautiful fresh leaves do not give life to this bush?"

"No grandpa; they never can."

"And suppose they have grown on the bush, what then?"

"Oh, then we would know that the bush was alive."

"Why? if the leaves are not the life of the bush how would you know any better about it if it had leaves of its own?"

Gerald considered.

"I think, grandpa, that the leaves only show that the bush is alive; they do not make it alive."

"Can a bush without leaves be alive?"

"Yes, sir; if I cut off all the leaves of my bushes in the garden they would still be alive."

"Can a bush grow without sap?"

"No, sir; the sap makes it grow."

"But if the bush has sap—that is life—how about the leaves?"

"It will put out leaves, of course, grandpa, if it has life."

"Now Gerald," said grandpa, very earnestly, this world may be compared to a garden: every boy and girl, and man and woman in it may be called one of God's plants: "what is the difference between God's living plants and the dead ones?"

"What a funny notion, grandpa; I do not believe I know what you mean."

"What is the difference between a real Christian and a make-believe Christian?"

"Real Christians are good, and the make-believes only seem to be good: is that it, grandpa?"

"That is right, so far as it goes, but the difference between God's living plants and the dead ones is that the living ones grow and bear leaves and fruit while the dead ones have the leaves pinned on."

"Grandpa! what a funny, funny notion."

"The leaves and fruit of God's plants are their works; and, boy, many plants, not really living plants of God, have leaves and fruit of a certain kind, but they are dead leaves. Can you tell me why?"

Gerald thought a minute. The lesson he had been taught flashed upon his mind with a new light.

"Grandpa," he said, "do you mean that living plants must have God's Spirit, and that works without God's Spirit are dead?"

Grandpa smiled. "You are right, boy; even dead plants often have leaves and fruit which do not grow from the living power of God's Holy Spirit, which come from outside influences, and are like good, green leaves pinned upon a dry, dead stem. The leaves and fruit, you see, are not the life; the Spirit of God in the heart is the real life, just as the sap in the plant is its life."

"Grandpa, why did you ever try to make a gooseberry bush?" inquired Gerald, looking at the result of grandpa's effort.

"I tried to make it, boy, because I wanted you to remember for the rest of your life that leaves are not the life—that works never make a Christian—but that good works, the leaves of God's plants, must grow by the influence of His Holy Spirit, or they are like dead leaves pinned on; for good works are not the life, they are only the consequence of life. What kind of a plant do you wish to be—a plant with a few leaves pinned on, or a living plant, sending out green leaves and sweet fruit, because God's Spirit has made you a living plant?"

Gerald whispered his answer in grandpa's ear, and grandpa smoothed back his hair and smiled, and taking his hand walked out to the bright sunshine and fresh air, leaving the dead bush, with its false leaves, while he enjoyed the beauty and fragrance of the living plants holding up such sweet contented faces in the living garden toward the brightness overhead.—Exchange.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

I wonder if you know how much everybody is expecting of you, Will and Frank. I never pass you on the street with your books under your arm; I never return your polite salutations without thinking that there is a world of work waiting for you, and you will be in the very midst of it in ten or fifteen or twenty years from now. By the way, how charming it is to see that boys all over are very much more courteous than they were a while ago. Off comes the lad's cap whenever he meets mamma or sister or any one of mamma's friends on the highway. His "I beg pardon" is ready if

he is obliged to pass before you or does not hear what you say. And it is very, very seldom that one sees a boy, whether poor or rich, occupying a seat while an old or feeble gentleman or lady is left to stand.

There is certainly an improvement in good manners among our boys.

Boys in these days should be wide-awake. There are traps and snares especially set for them, which I wish they could be persuaded to avoid.

One is contact with impure companions. No matter how clever, how manly-looking, or how handsome a certain big fellow of your acquaintance may be, if you hear him using profane language or speaking sneeringly of his parents, have nothing to do with him. Our comrades help to make us.

Another bit of advice I would give you is this. Avoid silly, sensational stories, particularly those which tell of crimes and hair-breadth escapes and unlikely happenings generally, and are sold for ten cents or less at the book stands. The very pictures on these publications are enough to make one shudder.

Besides there are plenty of good books which are vastly more entertaining than anything these catchpenny dreadfuls have to offer you. If you do not know where to find such, ask your Sunday-school teacher, or pastor, or some older friend who cares for boys and likes to see them happy.

Go to church where your parents go. Do not get into the bad habit of roving about from church to church. Even though it may not be insisted upon at home, go always with the family, and sit in your place in the family pew.

Be attentive to your sister, just as attentive as you are to Tom's or Ned's sister. Never let her feel that she has need of an escort or a companion while she has a brother.

Pray every day and never omit your morning prayers. Some people think that it is quite enough to pray at night. But morning prayer is just as needful and just as important. Pray to be kept from temptation and delivered from evil.

While still a boy stand up for Jesus. Come out boldly, enter the church and own your Saviour. We want an army of young men to fight the Lord's battles, and we want you to be one of their number.—Christian Intelligencer.

Question Corner.—No. 19.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. On what occasion did David write "The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended"?
2. Who built the city of Samaria?
3. Which are the seven churches in Asia to which the Revelation was addressed?
4. Which of these churches were not charged with any sin?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The initials give him who enters the sheep-fold by the door; the finals, him who climbs up some other way.

1. Abraham's wife.
2. The seer who told Asa that the host of the king of Syria had escaped out of his hand.
3. That which the wayfaring man in the way of holiness shall not do.
4. One of the places Paul and Barnabas passed through on their way to Jerusalem.
5. The son of Shallum, Jeremiah's uncle.
6. He to whom Samuel said, "Here am I."
7. That which the Lord promised to send in due season if His commandments were kept.
8. That which the dresser of the vineyard promised to do round about the fig-tree if it were spared for a year.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 17.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

ELISHA.—2 Kings xiii. 20, 21.

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| 1. E-ve | Gen. ii. 22. |
| 2. E-azarus | John xi. 21. |
| 3. I-saac | Gen. xxii. 16, 17, 18. |
| 4. S-olomon | { 1 Kings x. 24;
Acts xiii. 22. |
| 5. H-annah | 1 Sam. i. 18-18. |
| 6. A-dam | Gen. iii. 6-20. |

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Lillian A. Greenc, C. Spence, Albert Jesse French, Lizzie E. Caldwell, Clara Farnsworth, William Traquair, James A. Clark, and Kate McDonald.