

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 hrier, 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?"

"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 sunshiny 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.*

POTATOES: AN ILLUSTRATION.

BY THE REV. THOMAS SNOW.

For the purpose of illustrating a certain subject I draw a fancy sketch, and ask the reader to accompany me in imagination to another country.

After landing on its shores we make our way to one of the principal towns, and on the morning of the following day we sally out to make our observations.

In passing through a street, we hear the question asked at an open door, "How is your husband this morning?" and we are startled by the reply which the wife gives: "We've had a terrible night with him. I had to call the neighbors in to hold him, or else he would have jumped out of the window. O these potatoes—these potatoes—they are killing him! When he keeps from potatoes he's all right, and we've a comfortable house; but there's so many shops open he can't pass 'em by, and when he takes one potato he will have more, and they get to his brain and make him into a madman."

Going further on we hear the noise of crying children. "What is the matter?" we ask. "O, they're Mary Tomkin's children. A kind lady saw them in the street yesterday all in rags, and asked them where they lived, and their mother told her a fine tale of poverty and destitution. So this morning the lady sent them some clothes that had belonged to her own little 'uns. The servant tried 'em on the children, the poor little things was wonderfully pleased, and Mary was all smiles and thanks. But as soon as the servant was well out of sight what does Mary do but strip them off the children and put on their rags again, and now she's off with them to pledge for money to take to the potato shop. And so that's what the crying's about." "Is this the way with the mothers of this country?" we indignantly ask. "O dear no," is the ready reply. "It's only when they take to potatoes. I remember Mary Tomkin's when she was as good and kind a mother as ever lived; and when that oldest girl was about the size of the youngest but one, we used all of us to notice how clean and tidy Mary kept her, but since she took to potatoes they're always just as you see them now."

Proceeding on our way, we see men here and there staggering in the street, and we ask, "Are those men ill?" "No—they've been eating potatoes."

We go out after nightfall. We hear loud shrieks, and hasten in the direction whence

they proceed. We see a group of people standing in the light proceeding from an open door. We come forward and behold a woman laid upon the floor. We hear her heavy and painful breathing until it ceases, and ceases finally. We notice a man leaning back upon the arm-chair, the only person present who does not comprehend the meaning of the scene. He came from the potato-shop not many minutes ago in a state of frenzy, which is now followed by stupefaction. He commenced beating his wife as he was wont to do in his madness; but this time, after felling her to the ground, he inflicted a violent kick in the region of the heart, and now the police have come to take him to prison.

Next morning we take our walk in the suburbs. We find ourselves approaching the public cemetery. We enter the grounds, and are civilly accosted by a townsman whom we overtake. He joins us in our walk round, chatting pleasantly as we go along. Looking at a head-stone in front of us he remarks, "Poor fellow, I knew him intimately. His father and I were boys together. He was a bright and promising lad as ever you saw, but he fell into bad company and got a liking for potatoes, and then it was all over with him. He was mad after that, though we could all see they were bringing him to the grave. He would have been alive and well and prosperous now if it had not been for potatoes." We look at the lettering, and read, "age 23."

On returning into the town we enter the Town Hall. The magistrates are on the bench and are trying the "cases," and we soon find they are nearly all potato cases. One after another the bear-eyed victims of potatoes stand in the dock. Some have been drunk and incapable, some drunk and disorderly, some are charged with crimes more or less serious, but the great bulk of them have been brought to their disgraceful position through eating potatoes.

We begin to conclude that we have lighted upon a very unfortunate town. So we take our departure and make our observations in another part of the country. But here again we encounter scenes of the same character. And go where we will, we find a most fearful amount of crime, pauperism, lunacy, and premature death chargeable upon potatoes! Nay, so common is the vice of excess herein, that the articles themselves do not require to be specified when reference is made to that vice. The indefinite expression "he eats," or "she eats," or "they eat," conveys a meaning unmistakably particular, viz., that the persons referred to eat potatoes, and eat them to a degree which is creditable to the character, and detrimental to all the qualifications of well-being and well-doing.

If you knew such a country you would say that it was in very deed suffering from a potato blight—not a blight upon the potatoes, but unspeakably worse than that, a blight inflicted thereby. You would deem it an honor and privilege to contribute in any way towards the removal of that blight. You would scarcely, methinks, plead for the use as distinguished from the abuse but would rather urge in the name of common humanity and common sense that the whole thing, root and branch, be swept away altogether.

The above is an imaginary sketch. But dear reader, you know a country, and you know an article in that country concerning which every word in the above sketch is no fiction and no exaggeration, but a great and terrible reality. That country is our own beloved England, and that article is intoxicating drink, an article which owes its injurious and fatal properties not to the God of nature but to human manipulation—an article the evil results of which beggar description and defy exaggeration, while the supposed beneficial effects of its use as an ordinary beverage constitute the greatest and most unfortunate error the world was ever beguiled with. Do you doubt this latter statement? The accumulated testimony of the past fifty years to the superior health and greater longevity of hundreds of thousands, yea millions of total abstainers from this beverage, amounts to a demonstration which whose runs may read.

Ponder well, dear reader, these two facts—(1) the unspeakably appalling and widespread evils of the immoderate drinking of intoxicating liquors arise directly from its moderate use as a beverage; and (2) that moderate use as a beverage is useless.

Underbarrow Parsonage, Milnthorpe.

PUZZLES.

TWO-WORD CHARADES.

My first the radiant summer skies
When showers have passed, will sometimes span,
With varied hues of richest dyes,
God's sign of promise unto man.

My second with the ills we class
To which our mortal fame is heir,
For here not all is bliss—alas!
Some pains we surely all must bear.

My third is something,—nothing, too,—
In but one course will ever tend;
You'll find, when you have searched it through,
There's no beginning and no end.

My whole is fixed and well defined,
Yet limitless must ever be;
And in its hard embrace you'll find
No charms, I think, for you or me.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

Behad and curtail No. 1 to find No. 2.
1. A lord. 2. Atmosphere.
1. A rope with a noose. 2. An animal.
1. To receive information. 2. Part of the head.

1. A bank built along a river. 2. The latter part of the day.
1. A gift. 2. A verb.
1. An Eastern prince. 2. An interjection.
1. A bird. 2. Charity.
1. The course travelled. 2. Not in.

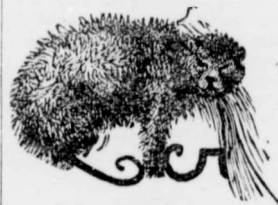
NONSENSE RHYMES.

The italicized letters put in proper order spell the names of rivers in Europe.

When we were on the *Uba Den*.
Its waters, blue as the *Ho Ren*.
Reminded us of the *Ir Hen*.
Then, then we thought of bright *Os Sen*,
And often spoke of wild *Die Stren*,
Yet loved far more our own *Ei Sen*.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

PUSSY PUZZLE.



To the cat I've added 65,
And made a man, as I'm alive.
AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.—White.

TO SECURE PUNCTUALITY.

My rule is almost too simple to offer, and yet, in practice, most superintendents shrink from it. It is merely, begin when the hour comes. I once belonged to a model Sunday-school, in which there was little complaint of tardiness; but which, under a new, though very good, superintendent, gave great trouble in this matter, until the old plan was suggested and restored. Boldly begin with three children, if only three are present. If your musician and singers are absent, never mind that; change the order of the opening exercise, or even its whole character. You can pray and you can read chapters. More children and teachers will come in as you read, to swell the responses; and you can afford to be very polite to your singers when they do arrive, for the sight of the difference they have caused in the school routine will do more than any words to show that their presence is necessary. The children, too, will quickly improve. Some will always be late, but if it is not known exactly when school really opens a great many will be late.—*Selected.*

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—One division of a cake of chocolate dissolved in a little water. To this put one pint of new milk and the yolks of three eggs. Put the chocolate into the milk and boil a few minutes. Sweeten with a quarter of a pound of sugar, and then pour it, boiling hot, on the eggs, which have been previously beaten till light. Return all to the kettle, and stir rapidly until it thickens, or is upon the point of boiling, when it must instantly be poured off and set aside to grow cold.