

Beautiful Allegory.

There was once a king who had a very beautiful garden, and grounds arranged with taste to please the eye, to afford refreshing shade, retired walks, commanding views; and besides all the delightful fruits that could be produced. There was one superb old oak, so high and grand that it could be seen for miles around. There were roses and lilacs, and flowering shrubs of every kind, in short, nothing was wanting to make it a perfect spot.

One day the king's head-gardener came in and exclaimed:

"Oh, king, pray come out and see what is the matter with your garden; everything is wilting, drooping, and dying." While he spoke, other gardeners came rushing up, and all had the same sad story to tell. So the king went out, and there to be sure he found it all as they had said.

He went first up to his grand old oak tree, his pride and admiration, and said, "Why, oak, what's the matter with you, that you are withering and dying?"

"Oh," said the oak, "I don't think I am of any use, I am so large and cumbersome; I bear no flowers or fruit, and I take up so much room; and, besides, my branches spread so wide and thick, that it is all dark and shady under them, and no flowers and fruit can grow there. Now, if I were a rose-bush, it would be worth while, for I should bear sweet flowers, or if I were a peach or pear tree, or even like the grape-vine, I could give you fruit."

Then the king went on to his favorite rose-bush, and said:

"Well, rose-bush, what's the matter with you; why are you so drooping?"

"Why," said the rose-bush, "I'm of no use; I have no fruit, I bear nothing but some flowers. If I were an oak like that grand one in the middle of the grounds, I should be of some use, for then I should be seen for miles around, and should do honor to your garden. But as it is, I might as well die."

The king next came to a grape-vine, no longer clinging to the trellis and the trees, but trailing sadly on the ground. He stopped and said:

"Grape-vine, what's the matter with you; why are you ying so dolefully on the ground?"

"Ah," said the vine, "you see what a poor weak creature I am; I can't even hold up my own weight, but must cling to a tree or a post; and what good can I do? I neither give shade, like the oak, nor bear flowers, like the shrubs. I can't even so much as make a border for a walk like the box. I must always depend on something else, and surely I am of no use."

So on went the king, quite in despair to see all his place going to destruction; but he suddenly spied a little heart's-ease, low down by the ground, with its face turned up to him, looking as bright and smiling as possible. He stopped and said, "You dear little heart's-ease, what makes you look so bright and blooming, when every thing around you is wilting away?"

"Why," said the heart's-ease, "I thought you wanted me here; if you had wanted an oak, you would have planted an acorn; if you had wanted roses, you would have set out a rose-bush; and if you had wanted grapes, you would have put in a grape vine.—But I knew that what you wanted of me was to be a heart's-ease; and so I thought I would try and be the very best little heart's-ease that ever I can."

Children, can you see the moral! God didn't want a grown-up, learned, rich, great man in the place where he put you; if He had, He would have made one. He wants each of you to be a child while you are a child; but he wants you to be a good child, and the "very best little heart's-ease that ever you can." Will you try!

The ruin of young people has often been observed to begin in the contempt of their parents, and the profanation of the Sabbath.

Piety is the best parentage; and to be new-born is better than to be high-born.