

### WOULD YOU DARE TELL GOD THAT?

Mary is a thoughtful little girl. She is very careful about what she says. Her brother is quite unlike her in this respect. She thinks before she speaks while he speaks and thinks afterward; and very often when too late he is sorry for or ashamed of what he has said.

One day, he came home very angry with a schoolmate about something that had happened on the playground. He told Mary about it, and the more he thought and talked of it, the more angry he grew, and he began to say terribly harsh, bitter, and unreasonable things about his comrade. Some of the things he said, Mary knew were not true, but he was too angry and excited to weigh his words. She listened for a moment, and then said, gently:

"Would you dare tell God that, Ralph?"

Ralph paused as if someone had struck him. He felt the rebuke implied in her words, and he realized how wickedly and untruthfully he had spoken.

"No, I wouldn't tell God that," he said, with a red face.

"Then I wouldn't tell it to any body," said Mary.

"Oh, that's all right for you to say," said Ralph; "but if you had such a temper as I've got—"

"I'd try to get control of it," said his sister, gently. "When it's likely to get the upper hand of you, just stop long enough to think, 'Would I dare tell God that?' and it won't be long before you'll break yourself of saying such terrible things."

### THE PEACHES.

A gentleman one day brought home five beautiful peaches. He gave one to each of his children, and the fifth was given to their mother. The children were delighted, as the fruit was the finest that they had ever seen.

At bedtime, when they came to say good-night, the father said, "Well, boys, how did you like your peaches?"

"Oh," said the eldest boy, "it was delicious, and I have kept the stone to plant, that I may have a tree of my own."

"Well done; that is spoken like a prudent farmer, who always provides for the future."

"And I have eaten mine, too," said the youngest boy, "and I got mother to give me half of hers. Oh, how sweet it was; but I threw away the stone."

"Indeed," said the father, "you acted like a real child, seeking present pleasure only. I hope as you grow older you will become wiser."

Then the second son said: "I picked up the stone which little brother threw away, cracked it and found a nice kernel in it; but I sold my peach, and see, I have got enough money to buy a dozen like it."

The father shook his head. "Beware, my son, of an avaricious spirit. Prudence is very good in

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