

WHAT A TREE DID.



WILLIE lay on the floor kicking his heels in the air. His lips were drawn up in a pout, and altogether he looked the picture of misery. The reason for all this was that he had just asked his mother for permission to go and play with the Smith boys. Now Willie's mother knew that the Smith boys were not the kind of boys which she wished Willie to be. So she had wisely refused to grant his request.

Just then Uncle Harry, who, unknown to Willie, had observed all that was going on, laid down his magazine and asked Willie to come out into the orchard with him. The frown on Willie's face rapidly began to disappear, for he was very fond of his uncle and liked to be with him.

First Uncle Harry went into the wood-shed and Willie watched him pick out a long, stout post, and then picking up a few pieces of rope he led the way to the orchard. "What are these things for, Uncle," Willie asked. "Just wait a little while and you shall see," was his uncle's answer. So Willie waited as patiently as he could to see what was going to be done.

Close beside a young tree, which had just been planted the fall before, Uncle Harry began to drive in the post, until it was so firmly planted that he could not move it in the least. Then he took the pieces of rope and bound the young tree fast to the post.

Willie watched this with a great deal of interest and when it was done he asked his uncle why he had fastened the tree to the post. "So that the tree shall grow straight; as it grows, the post will keep it from bending over," was the reply. "But," said Willie, "the tree is straight now, won't it keep on growing straight?"

"That is hard to tell," replied Uncle Harry, "it may, but you can't be sure about it. If I bind this tree to the post for a while then when I take the post away the tree is sure to keep on growing straight. This tree is like a small boy when he is young, it is hard to tell whether or not he will grow up to be a good man. So God has put it into the hands of his parents to start him right. If they do so, he is pretty sure to turn out good in the end."

"I see what you mean," said Willie "you

mean that mamma tells me not to do things because she don't want me to grow up crooked."

"Yes," replied Uncle Harry with a smile, "that is about it."

"Then," said Willie, "I'm going to try and remember that when mamma tells me not to do things that I want to do."

And he did remember it. After that day whenever he began to feel cross because he was forbidden to do something he would go out and look at his tree, as he called it, and come in with his face full of smiles.—*Selected.*

 "GIVEUPPITY."

TWO little sisters, Daisy and Bess, had been given a parasol which was to be held and shared in common. It was a dainty bit of blue satin, with such glory of ribbons and lace as well might charm the most exacting little girl. They were to take turns carrying it; but mamma noticed at the end of the week that Bessie's "time" never seemed to come, although the unselfish little girl made no complaint.

One day, as they started for a walk, Miss Daisy, as usual, appropriated the coveted treasure, and gentle Bess was moved to remonstrance: "Sister, it's my time to carry it!"

"No, it's not; it's my time! I haven't had it hardly a bit," retorted little Miss Temper, with a flash of her brown eyes as she grasped the parasol more tightly.

"Daisy," interposed mamma, "give it to your sister. She has let you have it every day and you must learn to give up."

"Oh, mamma. I can't! There is no giveup-pity in me," sobbed the little girl, dropping the parasol and hiding her flushed face in her apron.

Ah, little one! You spoke more wisely than you knew—"no giveup-pity in me!" How many of us must learn, through our tears, that we cannot fildy do the Father's will without "giveup-pity" in our hearts!—*Selected.*

God keeps a school for his children here on earth, and one of His best teachers is named Disappointment. He is a rough teacher, severe in tone and harsh in his handling sometimes; but his tuition is worth all its costs. Many of our best lessons through life have been taught us by that same stern old schoolmaster, Disappointment.—THEODORE L. CUYLER.