



SHADOW PICTURES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

## THE TIP-TOP TREE.

George Lunt came running into his grandfather's sitting-room in quite an excited way.

"I don't mean to have anything to do with that Toby Flint!" he said.

"Let me see," spoke grandpa slowly, "he is the boy who has lately come to the place, isn't he?"

"Yes, last week. But I don't like him?"

"It's chilly to-day, isn't it?" asked grandpa as he listened to the wind in the trees.

"Oh, no, it's real warm, and I'd like to play out of doors all day, if Toby was a real nice boy."

"Well, if it's warm, I guess we'll go out in the garden and see how the fruit is ripening."

George was ready in a moment, for he knew what pleasant times he used to have in the garden before his parents had moved away from the town.

"It's strange how this pear-tree looks," said grandpa as they went along. "Here are these lower branches so poor and mean, without any fruit on them."

"I wouldn't have it here," cried George, "see how withered that pear looks!"

"Well, well, it don't look very nice, George. But let us go on up this little hill. I'll walk slowly, and you can pick all the currants that you want."

Grandpa's face was quite cheery, and George's had brightened up, too, when he had picked many handfuls of the fine currants.

"Tired, grandfather?" he asked as he came panting to his side.

"Just a little, and I always like to sit here. Your grandmother liked it, too. We have a fine view of the town from here."

"Yes, yes," said George, still eating currants as fast as he could.

"And oh, grandpa!" he cried, "just see how full of fruit is that tree down yonder."

"By the gate?" asked the old man as he slowly rubbed his "glasses."

"Oh, yes," he said as he looked down where the boy was pointing. "That's what I call my 'tip-top tree,' it bears such fine fruit. And down there you will find a long pole leaning against the garden

fence. With it you can pull the pears without bruising them. I had the pole made so on purpose. I think so much of my tip-top tree. Your grandmother and I used to think they tasted best up here."

Grandpa said much more, but the lad didn't hear it, he was off with such a rush to get him some fruit.

But he looked quite sober as he came up the hill with his load.

"The pole didn't slip and hurt you, did it?" asked the old man with his eyes twinkling behind his "glasses."

"No," said George. "No, but a man over in the street hurt me; and, grandpa, I'm afraid I hurt your feelings by the way I talked about Toby Flint."

"But what about the man?" asked grandpa as he slipped his arm around "his little boy," as he often called him. "I hope that he didn't throw stones at you, or anything like that."

"No, he didn't. He only said, 'Toby Flint is a fine lad. He's a little, quiet, sober fellow. But he's helped Widow Lane and ever so many people here. Like Grandpa Lunt's pear-tree, he looks plain—but he's 'tip-top.' And then I saw that you sent me to the very pear-tree that looked so mean, as we just looked at the lower branches!"

And George blushed as he glanced down at one of the large, fine pears which he had gathered.

"But I shouldn't have let you go to it if I hadn't thought you'd put off your quick way of judging, and be a 'tip-top' boy."

And grandpa patted the curly head before him.

"There's Toby coming in at the gate," cried the boy as he thanked the old man for his lesson. "I saw him over in the lane and whistled for him, when I got the pears gathered."

It is doubtful if grandpa ever enjoyed pears more than those which he ate with the two happy lads.

There was a little boy, whose heart was touched by the sermon on the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

Next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face that made his father ask: "What makes you so glad to-day?"

He replied: "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus was still knocking at the door of my heart, and I said, 'Lord Jesus, come in,' and I think he has come in."

"They must have good parents," was the remark concerning certain children who attracted the attention of some strangers by their becoming deportment. So we glorify our Father in heaven by Christian living.