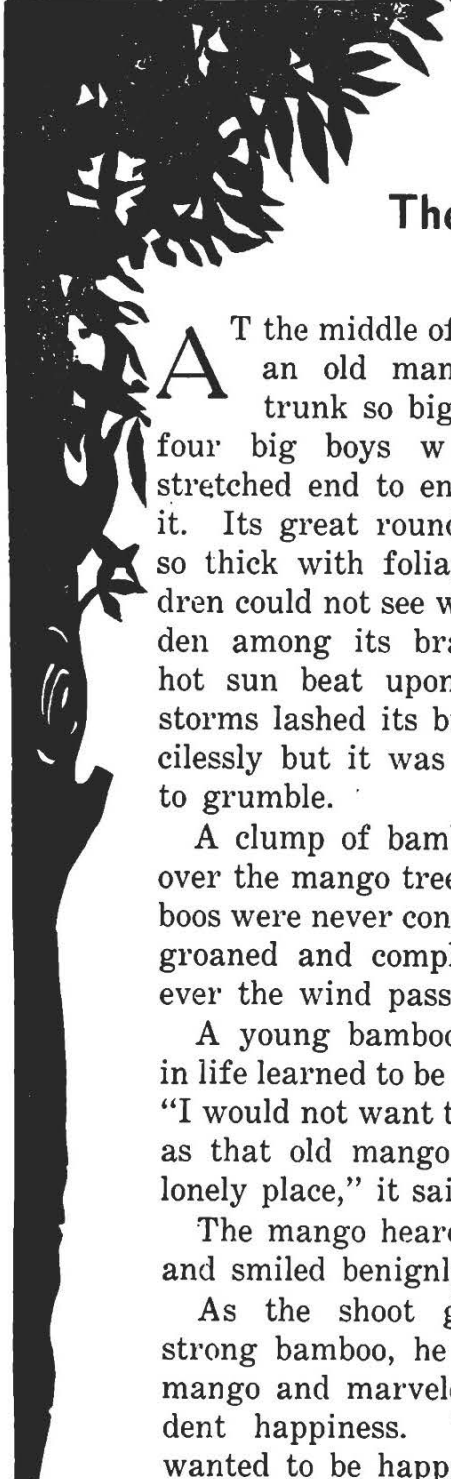




## BIRD AND ARBOR DAY PAGE

## The Happy Mango Tree

By AUNT JULIA



AT the middle of a field stood an old mango tree, its trunk so big that it took four big boys with arms stretched end to end to encircle it. Its great round crown was so thick with foliage that children could not see what was hidden among its branches. The hot sun beat upon it and the storms lashed its branches mercilessly but it was never heard to grumble.

A clump of bamboos towered over the mango tree. The bamboos were never contented. They groaned and complained whenever the wind passed.

A young bamboo shoot early in life learned to be discontented. "I would not want to live as long as that old mango tree in this lonely place," it said.

The mango heard the remark and smiled benignly.

As the shoot grew into a strong bamboo, he watched the mango and marveled at its evident happiness. The bamboo wanted to be happy, too.

"What makes you so contented and happy? I should like to feel as you do," the bamboo asked with some humility.

"A great many things," the mango tree answered.

The bamboo raised its head in surprise. "What can they be? I have not seen any creature try to give you happiness."

"I do not notice what people and other creatures do or fail to do for me. What I know is what I do for them."

The bamboo could not see the mango's point but it said, "Go on, please. I am interested."

Smilingly broadly and almost shaking with sweet joy, the mango went on.

"Don't you hear the children's merry voices when they play in my shade? Their merriment makes me feel young and gay."

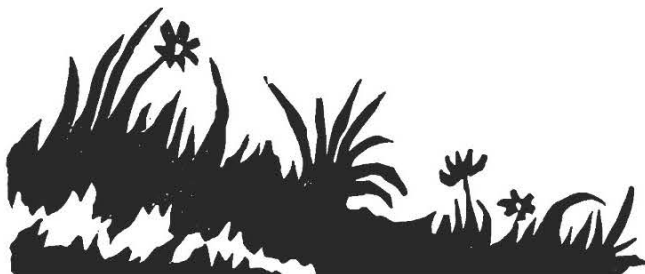
"I have always been proud of my long trunk that keeps on shooting upward," the bamboo mused. "The children would not care to play around me."

"I am never wanting in music. The birds that find shelter within my foliage sing to their mates all day."

"But not to you," the bamboo retorted.

"Perhaps not. But just seeing so much devotion and hearing notes of

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## THE HAPPY MANGO TREE

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love fill me with love too."

The bamboo could not find it easy to believe what it heard.

"Have you witnessed how children shout with glee when they pick my golden fruit? Could there be a greater source of happiness?"

"Which?" asked the bamboo in surprise. Do you realize

that your life consists in giving, giving, giving? What do you receive in return?"

"Happiness," was the mango's quick reply. "Happiness, my child, comes from giving, not from receiving." And the grand old tree nodded its head to stress its point.

### SOMETHING TO DO

1. The bamboo was (fool-

ish, wise, discontented, lazy).

2. The mango was (selfish, happy, greedy, discontented).

3. Three things that make the mango happy are \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_.

4. Name other things that the mango gives man.

5. What proverb expresses the central thought of the story?