

THE GREEN UMBRELLA THAT DID NOT WANT TO GO TO CHURCH.

Patter, Patter!

What a soft dripping of the rain there was everywhere! And, looking out into the gray mist tangled among the tree tops, was a pair of blue eyes framed in pink cheeks and gold-brown hair. These eyes went on a journey to the umbrella rack in the hall.

"Oh, dear!" cried Abby Warner, their owner, as she came from the hall into the sitting-room. "My green umbrella don't want to go to church."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Oh, dear! it has got holes in the top of its head, and its leg is broken, so I doubt if it could walk to church."

"Never mind," said her mother cheerfully. "I'm an umbrella-doctor. I can just sew up these holes, and tie some stout black thread around that poor broken leg, so it will hold till you can get it to the umbrella mender. Besides, when umbrellas don't want to go to church, and yet can go, I think they had better be told plainly that they must go to church."

Abby took the hint.

The green umbrella was soon looking like a gruel-bowl turned upside down, and drifting off in the rain. Down the street was another sick umbrella, a brown one.

"I think you had better go to church, Poppy," said Mrs. Smith.

"Oh! I don't want to," whined Poppy. "Sunday-school comes after church, you know, and nobody in my class will be at school."

Looking out of the window, though, she chanced to see the green umbrella, and cried out, "Oh! there's Abby! She is going. Guess I'll go. She's in my class."

Off went the brown umbrella.

A third umbrella was attacked by the don't want to go sickness, a strange disease that in some families is very likely to break out Sunday mornings, and not always among the umbrellas belonging to young people. This third umbrella was a handsome one, of black silk; and it belonged to a Sunday-school teacher, Miss Pippins. She thought the other umbrellas in her class would not go, and that her own black one was too nice and delicate for rough weather.

"But what do I see?" she exclaimed looking out of the window. "There are my girls, Abby and Poppy! I guess I will be going."

Soon there were three umbrellas, green, brown and black, all bobbing along on their way to church. The clergyman officiating that day was the secretary of a missionary society.

"I think there must be something in my sermon," he said, "for the children, if—if—they come out."

He looked around about the church, but oh, how empty it seemed! How the wind sounded! It must have fancied the church was a big organ, and all the doors and windows were keys on which it might play, for it pounced on them, and made such growls and groans, sighs and sobs! Soon the clergyman saw the umbrellas coming in, and with them were Abby and Poppy.

"Ah! I guess I will say something," he concluded; and he told about a juvenile missionary society, and wished the children in that congregation might form one.

In Sunday-school Abby said: "Miss Pippins, couldn't our class have a missionary society?"

"Why—why—yes, girls."

"Call it the Green, Brown, and Black Society," suggested Abby, looking at the umbrellas.

Miss Pippins gave one of her little chuckles, and said it would not matter about the name if they "did the thing." And "the thing" they did; for one day Miss Pippins sent ten dollars to the missionary society.

Away off in China, a missionary, one day, received from the secretary a note in which he said this: "I send you ten dollars. It came from a little society, and they say their name is that of the Three Umbrellas. I was wondering where to put the money, and I said to myself that ought to go to some land of umbrellas, and so here it is. It is only ten dollars, but it may help some young Celestial to get a little instruction in the things that are better and purer than what his land can give him."

"Only ten!" said the missionary. "Why, there is young Chang Yong! It will teach him ever so much about the Bible. Poor fellow! It is hard work for him to get the money for instruction. And there he comes down street now, under that queer umbrella!"

Yes, there was Chang Yong, slowly stumping down street in his awkward wooden shoes. Over his head was an umbrella, red as a fire-cracker without, but on the under side was painted a black and yellow dragon.

"Chang Yong, you want to come and get ten dollars worth of schooling, and learn about the Bible?" asked the missionary.

"Me wantee to goee?" replied the grinning Chang Yong. "You givee me chance!"

The missionary took him at his word, and was also good at his own word. How big a blessing was wrapped up in that gift from the Society of the Three Umbrellas!

They would have made an interesting row, the four umbrellas, if they could have been put side by side! The green, the brown, the black and the red with its yellow and black dragon!

The green deserved special commendation for starting the train of good influences reaching to Flowery Land. I think, though, the credit was due the umbrella-doctor.

ALL BY CHRISTIANS.—No Mohan, median mechanic, no Chinese chemist, no Buddhist artizan has made any notable contribution to the labor-saving machinery of the world, or to the means and methods of producing more abundant and cheaper food supplies, or in any great way assisted to make the social and political condition of the toiling millions of mankind happier and better. Whatever has been done in these directions has been, almost without exception or abatement, the outgrowth of Christian civilization.—*Morning Star*.

ONE IS ENOUGH.—Walking in the street together were an elder of the Presbyterian Church and a friend of his. The former said, "Who is yonder lady?" "She is Mrs. L—, a wonderful woman, a very useful woman. I tell you one such woman will be the salvation of any church; but two would be its destruction!" The same remark could be made of some good men, and it shows that "we all need grace and patience." The principle in the Elder's remark is that Mrs. L— would not brook opponents; she must lead or fall back. *Christian Adv.*