



THE UMBRELLA MAN.

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POOR fellow! his position is not the easiest and most pleasant in the world. He has to walk from town to town, in search of work. He does not get home with his family very often, but sleeps in all sorts of places, and lives on all kinds of food. Some days he gets plenty of work, but other days nobody wants an umbrella mended, some people speak very unkindly to him, and he is cold and wet, and hungry. Still he plods on day after day, and year after year, until he gets old and feeble, and can do it no more; unless sickness and death visit him before he gets old.

Perhaps the children who look at this picture would like to ask, if it is possible for such a man to be happy? Yes, it is. For it is not what children generally think it is, that makes people happy. Children sometimes think that to be happy, requires a nice home, with lots of good things, and nothing to do but to drive around, or anything else you choose to do for pleasure; but that is a great mistake. For nothing outside of man can make him happy, if he

has not that within which alone can make him happy, if he has not that within which alone can give him true joy. If he has not Christ in his heart, he may live in a beautiful palace, and have everything his heart could desire, and yet be miserable; but if he has Christ, he may be poor, and have as many trials as our umbrella man, and yet be glad and happy.

But many of these men do not know Jesus, they want some one to invite and lead them to Him.

Children speak kind words to the umbrella man, and don't forget to tell him that you love Jesus who loves him too.

A LITTLE deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who

wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart." So it is. Fine words and beautiful verses do not make real prayer, without the sincere wish of the heart.

THE THREE SIEVES.

"Oh, mamma," cried little Blanche Philpot; "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpot, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, Is it true?"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's.

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales about her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, Is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind; but I

am afraid it was. I would not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course not, mamma; there is no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then, put a bridle on your tongue. If you cannot speak well, speak not at all."

BE THOU TRUE.

Care not what others say,
Be thou true!
If they gossip to betray,
Be thou true!
Be consistent and do right,
Make for the truth a good fight;
Do what thou dost with all thy might;
Be thou true! Be thou true!

Let thy love be sincere—
Be thou true!
Only God hast thou to fear;
Be thou true!
Since your joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrop or the spray;
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Be thou true! Be thou true!

Friendship's very hard to find,
Be thou true!
True love is not always blind;
Be thou true!
Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us not despair—just wait—
But trust not too much to fate,
Be thou true! Be thou true!

Like the summer's fragrant flowers,
Be thou true!
Like the summer's coming showers,
Be thou true!
Like the mountain looking high,
And the river rolling by—
Like the blue and arching sky,
Be thou true! Be thou true!

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SOME children were playing under the shade trees. A little boy suddenly set up a terrible scream, and kept on screaming; and when the older people came to see what was the matter, he jumped up and down, as if in dreadful pain. It was supposed that a wasp must have flown into his bosom.

With much care, however, his jacket and vest were opened; and what do you suppose they found? A wasp? a serpent? a spider? No, no; a little piece of dried leaf that had fallen into his bosom from a tree!

All laughed at him heartily, and, as you may suppose, the boy looked very much ashamed. I think, perhaps, he had rather have been stung a little, than have shown that he made so much ado about nothing.