

LITTLE FOLKS

The Chinese Boy and the Umbrella.

(Uncle Hu's Letter, in 'Daybreak.')

It is raining to-day heavily. I went over to the chapel, and I saw a very funny thing. A little boy had been sent by his mother for some flour, as guests had arrived. Now, as it was raining, flour would

felt very proud and pleased, and thought they would ask people to send them errands and lend umbrellas, good big ones.

Now, the flour was on one side, and the umbrella got heavy at the side, so the boy said, 'If one of us sat in the centre and held the stick we could have a sail too, and balance it.' So they got hold of the

hungry, and she had "no face," as no food was ready, and as the father had arrived she sent him to see what was keeping young Su Pai Chang; and when the father came all the others ran off and left him all alone to tell his story, and when he got home and the story was told, his mother was very angry and took a stick, but he ran off; but that stick is waiting for him to-night, and as his mother has "no face" she gave him no food, and all the boys are laughing at him because he is all floury and yet hungry.

Now, would not it have been better to have done his errand at once and played afterwards?

It is very funny for us to look at, but I am sure you would not like to be the little boy or do as he has done. Do your work first and play after, and then you will enjoy it.



SOME OF THEM SLIPPED AND FELL, BUT THEY DID NOT MIND THAT.

burst the paper if it were wet, so she gave the boy an umbrella, a great big oiled paper umbrella, far bigger than the boy. He thought it great fun, and shouted to other boys to come and share, and some did, and thought it great fun to splash the water as they went along. Then they took turns and twirled the umbrella in the running water like a wheel, and had a grand play, as the street was like a river, and some of them tripped and fell, but they did not mind that, for it was not often they had such fun.

Then they made a boat of it, and it floated beautifully, and at last they got to the shop and purchased the flour for the little boy's mother's guests.

Now, the umbrella had been sent for the flour, to bring it safely home, but the boy forgot about that and raced all round, when a bright idea struck them to make the umbrella carry the flour back, as the water was running home-wards. So they put the flour in, and it carried it beautifully, only the flour was getting wet all the time, but they sailed it along and

umbrella and lifted him in first (they were to have turns), but as soon as they let go, the whole affair fell over, and the boy got a rare 'duck' in the dirty street water — and worse — the flour was scattered all over him and lost in the water.

Ted and Marjorie were digging a tunnel. That is, Ted was digging, and Marjorie was carrying away the stones and earth. Patiently up and down the garden walk trotted the little maid, sometimes with a stone three times as big as her



GIVING THE BAG OF FLOUR A SAIL.

When they got him out the umbrella had floated away, and when they picked it up it was all torn. They had no money to buy more flour, so they did not know what to do; but his mother's guests were

chubby fists; but then, hadn't Ted promised her the second ride in that tunnel when it was finished! The Great International Tunnel, Papa had named it, for it was to reach clear down to China!