

## When I Have Time.

When I have time, so many things I'll do  
To make life happier and more fair  
For those whose lives are crowded now with care;  
I'll help to lift them from their low despair  
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well  
Shall know no more these weary toiling days;  
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,  
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,  
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear  
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent,  
May never know that you so kindly meant  
To fill her life with sweet content,  
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait  
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer  
To those around whose lives are now so drear;  
They may not need you in the coming year—  
Now is the time.

## "Umbrella Hospital."

BY L. T. MEADE, AUTHOR OF "THE FLOATING LIGHT  
OF RINGFINNAN."

## CHAPTER I.

Whitechapel in summer—Whitechapel in the month of August! On a particular day in that same month of August, 18—, when the thermometer was ninety in the shade, and no one cared to inquire how much over a hundred in the sun, a man of some age between fifty and sixty stepped out of a funny old-fashioned shop, and looked about him. The man had a fresh face, so fresh that you would have been inclined to pronounce him on the right side of fifty; but then, again, on the other hand, his beard was so silvery white that you would have verged from the freshness of the face to the silver beard, and pronounced him very close to sixty. He was, in reality, somewhere between the two—a man in the prime of that vigorous health which comes with the elderly part of middle-age, and with an intellect still in the freshness of its strength. He came out of the shop and looked about him. The shop was on the ground floor of a tall and very narrow house; a house with a poor sort of roof, and no doubt miserable attics. In large letters was painted on a board over the shop—

## "UMBRELLA HOSPITAL,"

and over this board hung as a sign two umbrellas, one patched and otherwise showing its restored and respectable condition; the other a mere apology for an umbrella, full of holes, and rents, and broken joints, evidently in sad need of hospital care.

It was a quaint old shop, but not very attractive-looking. There was nothing in the umbrella-frames and bits of silk and alpaca to attract the gaze of any of the little street Arabs who passed by. None of them ever did look in at Umbrella Hospital; they always found a more attractive stand-point for gazing and longing in the confectioner's round the corner or the penny-pie shop over the way. No, no one ever cared to linger about the threshold of Joshua Henderson's shop. Certainly there was nothing to attract young eyes in its contents; they knew nothing—bless them!—about either the conveniences or inconveniences of umbrellas, but it is to be doubted whether, if the shop had contained all that their young souls loved best in the shape of sweeties and cakes, they would have any more looked at them through the window, for it was a well-known fact that Joshua Henderson neither loved nor encouraged street Arabs, and this fact the street Arabs in question duly appreciated and respected. "Old Josh" they called him behind his back, but to his face they were so far respectful as to call him nothing.

On this particular afternoon Joshua came and stood in his doorway; by so doing he made more than one little street Arab, intent on plunder, feel very uncomfortable, so uncomfortable that he or she moved quietly elsewhere; and, except for occasional passers-by, Joshua had the coast clear. He had no particular work to do just then, and he thought the air would be cooler in the door-

way. This was not so, however; sultry was the hot air that blew on his cheek, and sultry and dull the hot narrow street which formed his only view. Unpleasant odours from decaying fruit and vegetables were wafted to his nostrils, and in the distance he heard, above the constant roar of London, the cries of babies and children, and the angry retorts of scolding women.

Altogether, sight, sound and feeling were so disagreeably molested on that hot doorway that Joshua, with a slight sigh, once more left the coast clear for the little Arabs, and re-entered his shop. He had nothing in particular to do there; all the dilapidated umbrellas had been put to rights, and no new ones had come in to-day. He passed through the shop into his parlour, kitchen, and bedroom, which lay just beyond, and, opening the door wide, sat down in such a position that he could see if anyone by any chance entered.

Into the very small parlour the sun's hot rays poured with a fierce power. In the coolest corner that Henderson could find these rays found out his silver head and beat on it. This fact was not improving his already rather perturbed temper. There was, however, no help for the discomfort, and, with sigh number two, he took a book from the book-shelf over his head, in the hope that he might forget his bodily discomforts in the delights of mental exercise.

The little room was literally lined with books; not any of those bright and attractive-looking volumes which might possibly be found in a circulating library—no, Henderson's books were solemn tomes bound in calf, and the special volume he held in his hand was one of Plato's Discourses in its original tongue.

He read on with ease and fluency, turning the pages rapidly; and as he did so the little fretful lines disappeared gradually from between his eyes. He was communing with a great soul, and he felt rather disgusted with himself for still being so far behind Plato as to find the sun's rays on his head uncomfortable.

As he read, he so lost himself in the world of rich thought into which he had entered that he never noticed a very tiny shadow obstructing the light in his doorway. The shadow was so small that it made little difference in the amount of light which entered the shop, and Joshua never saw it. It was caused by the grotesque figure of a girl of eight—a girl dressed in a ragged gown, which barely reached to her knees, a large poke-bonnet on her head, and a very fat baby in her arms. She stood with her mouth a little, and her eyes very, wide open, gazing hard at Joshua; but when he stirred his hand to turn a page of his book she vanished round the corner.

Joshua read on for the next hour undisturbed by any customer. Then a man came in with two umbrellas, and he had to enter the shop to serve him.

He had made arrangements to have the umbrellas restored to their primitive health by an early hour on the following morning, and was about again to return to his book when another visitor came in. This time, however, it was no customer. Joshua, raising his eyes, recognized at a glance one of the hard-working curates of the church which he attended once every Sunday in his life. Joshua went to church simply because his father had been a Churchman, and had gone there before him; but he neither loved church nor clergymen, and was annoyed now by what he considered rather in the light of an intrusion.

He bade his visitor a curt "Good morning," but instead of returning to his little parlour, and the dear company of his beloved book, he sat down at once in the shop, and began to mend one of the broken umbrellas. He did not do so, however, without first offering the curate a chair, who accordingly sat down by his side.

"The church ain't filling this hot weather, I guess, Mr. Judson," he said, darting a sly look at the clergyman. "Folks don't care to be grilled alive just to listen to a sermon."

"You are quite right, Mr. Henderson; except for a few regular attendants like yourself, the church is sadly empty."

(To be Continued.)

## Hints to House-keepers.

A delicious relish, as well as good, strong food for lunch, breakfast or supper, is made of Boston brown bread and butter. The little quart-size round loaf that one buys for a nickel at the market is best. Cut it in slices a quarter of an inch thick and brown quickly on both sides on the toaster. The fire should be very hot to accomplish the desired result. Spread with good, sweet butter as soon as browned and place in single layers on a hot plate in the edge of the oven for a minute or two before serving.

SCALLOPED CHICKEN WITH RICE.—The chicken should be boiled, and the rice cooked in the broth till tender. Mince whatever meat of the fowl you do not wish to serve in another way, season with salt, pepper, celery salt, a little nutmeg, bits of butter, and moisten with the broth. Line the baking dish with the rice, put the chicken in the middle, cover with a layer of rice, sprinkle cracker dust over all, dotting with butter. Bake till of a delicate brown in a moderate oven. One cupful of rice, before cooking, will be sufficient for a good-sized escallop. If there is not sufficient stock to moisten the fowl, use a little cream.

Toasted marshmallows are delicious and make a pretty and odd sweet for a luncheon, or the children will welcome them as dinner dessert. When held over the coals on the toasting-fork they puff up to twice their former size and turn a lovely brown colour. Served as soon as may be, they will be found to keep their heat for so long that there is more danger of burning one's mouth than that the dainty morsel will become cold and flat. This is preferable to plumping them in the chafing-dish, as is sometimes done, and, incidentally, much better for that utensil. To use the blazer of the chafing-dish for dry cooking, that is, where no lubricant is used, is to destroy quickly its finish.

Baked oranges are an unusual but not unknown method of serving the fruit. They are pricked well and baked slowly in their skins in a moderate oven. Make a syrup of two cups of sugar and a pint of water, into which are put a couple of cloves. Use to baste the oranges. It is an improvement to add just before the last basting a wine glass of Jamaica rum to the syrup. This recipe is given as it was received, without the test of experience.

A pleasant drink frequently offered at ladies' luncheons is made from orange juice. Tall glasses are filled one-third full with finely cracked ice, over which orange juice is poured till the liquid is brought to the half measure. A siphon of vichy offered frequently to add to the juice gives a bubble and foam to the drink, which completes its relish. Orange juice chilled in ice and salt and served in tall glasses, with a strawberry, slice of banana, a grape cut and seeded, a die of pineapple or any seasonable treatment with fruit, is another agreeable drink to sip through a luncheon in lieu of wine. Women who are careful of their complexions know the harm to them of wine drinking, and much prefer fruit-juice decoctions. The juice may be chilled sufficiently by putting it in a tin pail and placing that in a pan with a layer of ice and salt, to the depth of a couple of inches on the bottom, for an hour before luncheon. Watch that the freezing point is not reached, as may happen if there is too much ice and salt to the amount of juice.

## The Relative Height of the Hills.

Life is only estimated aright by reference to the highest standard.

The low foot hills that lie at the base of some Alpine country may look high when seen from the plain, as long as the snowy summits are wrapped in mist, but when a little puff of wind comes and clears away the fog from the lofty peaks, nobody looks at the little green hills in front. So the world's hindrances, and the world's difficulties and cares, they look very lofty till the cloud lifts. And when we see the great white summits, everything lower does not seem so very high after all. Look to Jesus, and that will dwarf the difficulties.