

"Ah, but what if the queen should visit us and the plates were not bright?" she asked. "No," she went on, "I like not to work, but I sing because singing makes the work go fast, and if the queen should come, she would not like to hear me scolding at my task. The plates always must be so bright that she can see her face in them. It is not hard when one works for the queen."

"That," said the umbrella mender, "is why I sing my call; it is why I work and pay no attention to anything but my business; and it is why I take pains to mend as well as I can, even a bent-up umbrella with a cotton cover. The poorest umbrella mended as for a queen will keep dry any one in a storm."

The task was done. The little boy ran off on his errand, whistling all the way; the bootblack polished the backs of the next pair of boots as carefully as he did the toes; while up the street went the poor umbrella mender, singing his cheerful "Umbrellas, parasols and boilers to mend!" and ending up with a sweet, high, musical "And wash-tubs to hoop!"—Youth's Companion



Bobby's Rebellion

Bobby had been very naughty. When mama had asked him to put away his playthings, he had gone right on playing, as if he had not heard her. When, finally, she had come to him, he had grown very angry and stamped his foot and cried, "I won't."

Now he was all alone in his little room an hour earlier than usual, and mama had gone off and left him without the story she so often told him and without even kissing him good-night. As she closed the door she had asked him to ask God to take away the naughty thoughts in his heart. But Bobby did not feel like praying. He did not know whether he wanted to be good or not. God was so very far away, he would never know or care whether Bobby said his prayers or not. So he lay still, thinking how he would like to play all day off by himself where no one would see him or stop him.

Suddenly the room seemed very light, a strange sort of light. Bobby rubbed his eyes, for he was dazzled by its brightness. Where could it come from? Had his mother come

back with the light, as she often did, to see if he were safely tucked in, or was it morning? Then Bobby heard a voice, "Bobby, Bobby," it said softly. Bobby looked up shyly and a little afraid. He saw a beautiful lady bending over him. "Bobby," she said softly, and it seemed to him that her voice was very sad, "Bobby, didn't you forget something to-night?"

Bobby thought hard. A sort of lump came into his throat. He had forgotten something, he had forgotten to say his prayers. A dreadful feeling came over him. He hadn't thought that anybody knew or cared. He wished now that he had been better. He longed to tell the beautiful lady so, but somehow he couldn't find the right words. Hark! She was speaking again. He held his breath and listened.

"Bobby," she said, "your Father in heaven listened to-night for the words of his little boy, and his heart was very sad. He watches from his home on high, and he knows when his little ones are trying to please him and when they forget. Because he loves even his smallest little ones, he has sent mothers to take care of them for him. He has put into their hearts a great love and great wisdom, so that they may show his little ones how to grow up to be the kind of boys and girls he wants them to be. But to-night one of them forgot and was angry with the dear mother God had sent to him, and God is very sad."

A great pain came into Bobby's heart. How naughty he had been! He, Bobby, had hurt his dear mother, and he had hurt God. Never, never would he disobey again. He longed to tell this beautiful lady so. She bent down nearer and nearer. He lifted up his face and saw his own mother bending over him. "Why, Bobby!" she said, and her voice had never sounded so sweet before. "Come, dear, it is time to get up."

He put his arms around her tight. "Mama," he murmured, "where is the beautiful lady? I want her to tell God that I am sorry I was so naughty."

"He knows already, dear," answered his mother softly, as she held him close, "for he knows everything."—Dorothy Drake in *The Pilgrim Teacher*