

lions' den or the pit where Joseph was thrown. A sand pile in a corner of the garden is a great asset for the fine days in picturing these stories.

Perhaps the most delightful activity of all, and the one which best impresses the story and its teachings on the children, is the actual dramatization of that story with the children themselves taking the roles of the persons figuring in it. Noah and the flood, the saving of the baby Moses, David protecting his flocks from the lion and bear, the children singing their hosannas at the triumphal entry—what opportunity such stories afford!

Such methods of impressing the children are employed in the kindergarten and the Sunday School with great success, and there is even more opportunity in the home.

Toronto



The Umbrella Mender

Once upon a time there was a poor umbrella mender. All day long he tramped the streets, and let people know his business. He did not cry in just a loud, plain voice, "Umbrellas to mend!" and let it go at that—not he! Instead, he sang in a clear, cheerful voice what he could do, so that when people heard him they did not say, as they were apt to about the common umbrella menders:

"Dear me! What a racket that fellow makes! He is a nuisance. I wish he'd go away!" But they ran to their doors and windows, to see how the man looked who could sing so cheerfully about so common an occupation.

Sometimes he sang about the boilers he could mend, too, and once in a while he would end up with such a sweet, high, musical "And wash-tubs to hoop!" that people smiled in spite of themselves and all the troubles they had been thinking about. Nor was this all, for nearly everybody ran at once to look at their old umbrellas and parasols and boilers and wash-tubs, to see if they could find something which needed mending; and if they found nothing out of repair, they even felt rather sorry not to be able to give the man the pleasure of mending some article.

When he sat down to mend anything, people, and especially little children, gathered about to watch him, and he never drove away even the bad boys who mocked him, but went right at work, and whistled so merrily that one day a little boy, going on an errand, paused, and said to him:

"Is it really fun to mend umbrellas?"

"Not fun, perhaps," answered the umbrella mender, "but it seems less like work if I pretend it is fun, you see; so I whistle as if I were having the best time in the world."

"I hate work," said the little boy, "and I always cry if I have to do anything hard."

"Does it make the work get done quicker?" asked the umbrella mender.

"Why, no!" said the little boy.

"Can you whistle?" asked the umbrella mender.

"I should say I can!" said the boy, proudly.

"Try that the next time you have to work," said the umbrella mender, "and see if that does not help things along better."

"You take too much pains with that old umbrella," said a bootblack, standing near. "It's nothing but an old, bent-up thing, and the cover's only cotton. If you hustled your work any old way, you would be ready for the next job much sooner."

"Think so?" said the umbrella mender. "Well, then, if I took your advice, I should not want to be caught in a hard storm with the umbrella. Do you happen to know the Queen of Holland?"

The odd question surprised the bootblack.

"Course not!" he said.

"I saw her picture once," said the little fellow.

"Well," said the umbrella mender, "I was born in Holland, and once upon a time I saw a little girl who had to scour a great many metal plates. I watched her work, as you are watching me, and noticed that she paid attention to no one, that she sang, and that she took care that each plate was polished as bright as it could be made to shine. I asked her, in words you would not understand, if she liked to work, and if she would not rather run and play, instead of polishing so long at each plate.