

A VISIT TO THE MONKEYS.

One lovely morning in spring, Tom and Katy and their papa went to visit the monkeys in their large house in the Royal Zoological Gardens, London. As they walked through the avenues of Regent's Park the buds were whitening on the chestnut trees, the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang gaily. As soon as they passed through the wicket of the Gardens they went at once to the Monkey House. As they entered they were welcomed with a shrill chorus of "Chick! chick! chick!" from the inhabitants of the cages, great and small. One very noisy monkey was told by the keeper to hold its tongue. It went off in the sulks, swung itself into its bedroom—a box at the top of its cage—and disappeared. Wandering round from cage to cage, Tom and Katy carefully noted down what their papa told them about the various monkeys they called on. Their first visit was to the White-nosed monkeys of Western Africa that looked as if their noses had been injured and covered with white sticking-plaster. Their red eyes blinked and winked in the sunshine, and their long hairy arms and hands were thrust out between the bars as if, like beggars, they were asking alms, and when Tom and Katy passed on without giving them the nuts they expected, they fretted aloud like spoiled children. The next call was on the Diana Monkey, which probably had spent its early youth on the banks of the mighty river of Africa, the Congo. A very funny fellow it was, with its white whiskers and its long, sharply-pointed white beard, and a crescent-like line of white hair that encircled its brow. This monkey takes such a pride in its beard, and is so careful to keep it spotlessly clean that, when drinking, it holds it back with one hand to prevent its being soiled. Bidding this venerable-looking individual "good-bye" they paid a visit to the Green and Red Monkeys, both of them African by birth. The Red Monkeys, when at home, are very mischievous and troublesome, even to armed men. They climb into the tree-tops, and throw down from thence broken boughs, nuts, fruits, or any other missile they can get hold of. They will follow boats along the course of a river, keeping pace with the rowers by leaping from tree to tree, and maintaining such a steady shower of missiles that the occupants of the boats have been obliged to fire at them. The next call was on the Long-tailed Monkey, whose family has not been renowned for honesty. One of his relations who emigrated from Africa to Europe was an adept at unlocking boxes and examining their contents; could unravel a knot, and was specially clever at picking pockets.

All of a sudden Tom and Katy are alarmed by a great noise in one of the large cages, in which are a number of monkeys from India, Africa, and Central America. Half-a-dozen of them are pulling each other about, and chick-chicking and screaming at a terrible rate. Pity on the quiet monkeys that sit upon the perches and stare in sorrow on the noisy ones beneath; for, without warning, the ill-disposed monkeys seize them by their tails, and down they come, head over heels, on the straw-covered floor. In this cage is what appears, at a distance, to be a huge mushroom, but, on a nearer view, is seen to be a square pedestal of looking-glasses, supporting a dome-shaped block of wood. By the aid of these mirrors some Indian and African dandies are trimming their beards and whiskers; but alas! no sooner have they finished doings, than they are attacked by the rioters, who shake out the curls upon which so much care has been spent. Then the voice of the keeper is heard shouting, "Silence!" as he enters the house, and the whole of them spring to the perches, and sit as demurely as children at school when they hear the footsteps of their teacher on the threshold of the door.—*Children's Friend.*

THE ODD THREE-HALFPENCE.

On the first Monday evening in every month a minister used to have a little missionary meeting in his school-house, to pray for the missionaries in foreign lands. One evening he was telling the people who were assembled what cause there was for sending missionaries to these distant lands.

While the minister was speaking, he observed all the time a poor workingman, black with laboring in the neighboring iron works, who had come in rather late, and stood with

his back to the wall at the end of the room, exactly opposite to him.

It was not the man, however, who attracted his notice so much as a little girl he held in his arms. She was a very little one, and looked very delicate; her face was pale and thin, and her eyes too bright and large, as if she were in a decline. But what surprised Mr. B. was to see the deep, earnest attention with which this sickly-looking child listened to every word he said.

He had brought some little tin boxes, prettily covered, and with pictures of some Indian places on the side; and he offered to give one of these boxes to any one who would undertake to save a little, ever so little, from their own expenses, and drop it in these to help the heathen. He told them that a penny saved from self might be a penny given to God; and that a penny saved by self-denial was worth more than a pound which cost the giver nothing.

Now, while he stood holding one of the boxes in his hand, and speaking thus, he could scarcely help smiling to see the sickly child, with one arm round the blackened

missionary-meeting, and the boxes were to be sent in that had been given out.

The year before that had brought a sad change to the poor blackened man and his little girl; his wife had died. The child had lost her mother, and she was delicate, and wanted her; but she was her father's only one, and he loved her tenderly. His wife's long illness and death left him many debts; and then he was content to labor on for his little girl and himself.

And now another change had come too. That time last year, the man had stood leaning against the wall, holding his child in his arms, and she loved him dearly. He stood there now again, leaning against the wall; but the child was not in his arms, and tears filled his eyes.

When every one else had given up their boxes, counted the contents, and gone away, the man stood near to Mr. B. His words were few; Mr. B. had buried his child, and knew that the lamb had been taken to the fold above; but the father's face was pale with feelings which his manner did not show.

"That was her box, sir," he said: "the

never do anything wrong; but there it is. How that odd three halfpence came there, I do not know."

"Perhaps you may think of it again," said Mr. B., seeing he looked distressed about it, but not knowing why. "I will look in upon you sometimes in the evenings, and I trust God will comfort you, and be a Father to you."

The man bowed his head, and went away; but long and painfully did he think how the odd three-halfpence got into the missionary-box.

The poor have often a strong sense of honesty; indeed, honesty and industry are the first lessons taught by the respectable and decent parents of England to their children. Now, this was the secret of that poor man's distress. His little girl used often to go on messages to the shops, both for him and for the neighbors, who kindly assisted in the care of his house, after his wife died. The father knew how anxious she had been to put money into the box, how eagerly she ran to it with her half-penny every Saturday night. He could not bear to think that the dear child, could have been so foolish and ignorant as to suppose she would do God service by giving money she had not properly earned to any good object; or that she could be tempted to drop the penny into the missionary-box which she had not paid at the shop. The thought, however, distressed him much. He feared he was wronging his departed child even by imagining it; yet how could the three half-pence have got there? His child never got any money but what he gave her for it.

Thus was he still meditating as he sat at his lonely fireside one morning, just after his breakfast was ended. A lady, knowing that it was the only hour to find him in, called at the door about some message. In the fulness of his heart, the bereaved father mentioned to this kind lady the anxiety he felt about the odd three-halfpence in the missionary-box. "My sweet child would never do what was wrong about money," said he: "but how came they there?"

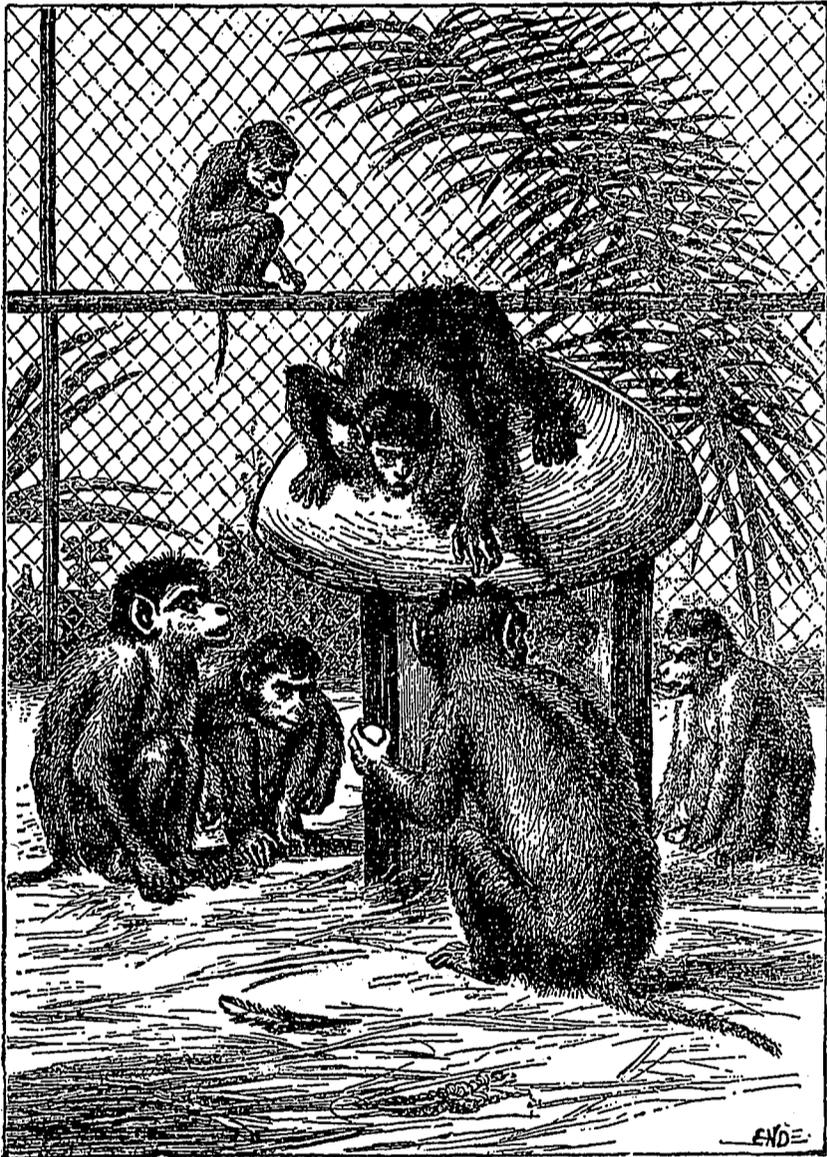
The lady thought for a minute, and then cried out, quite joyfully, "I can tell you!" She then told him that the day before Elly's death she had called in to see her, after having been shopping in the town.

The child's mouth looked hot and dry, and she asked her if she would not like an orange. "Very much," was the reply. She searched for some money, but had only three-halfpence left, which were folded in a shop-bill. She gave them to the dying child, and desired her to send the old woman who nursed her for the orange.

"I remember it perfectly," she said, "because I was so sorry I had no more to give; there were a penny piece and a halfpenny in the paper. I was sending my maid, the next morning, with some nice things to the child, when the old woman came up to say she had been taken home. I asked her if she had got her the orange, and she said she had never heard the child speak of it.

"I reproached myself at the time, as we all do when kindness is too late; I thought it was weakness that prevented her from asking for what she wished to have, and regretted that I had not gone and got it myself."

"God be praised, and may He forgive me," said the poor father. "The child denied her dying lips the orange, and so the odd three-halfpence got into the missionary box."—*English Paper.*



AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

neck of her father, the other pointed to the box, while her little coaxing face and eager manner showed she was trying to get her father to go forward and ask for one for her. Mr. B. could easily believe that the pretty box pleased the child, and when he saw that she had partly prevailed on her father, and that he had moved on a good deal nearer, but was still ashamed to come quite up and ask for the box, he held it out, and said:

"Will you take a box, my friend? Perhaps your little girl may some day earn something to put into it."

The child smiled, as her father answered: "Why, yes, sir, if you please. My little girl here wants to have one; but do I not know if the lass will be able to gather much for you?"

Mr. B. smiled, and said: "Let her try; where there's a will there's a way; and if she saves or earns one penny for God's work, it will do herself good."

The child eagerly received the box, and a flush of pleasure passed over her pale face. A year passed away. There was another

box she got this night twelve months. She made me give her a half-penny every Saturday night out of my wages, when she had been good and pleased me; she never lost her half-penny, sir;" and then one great tear burst out, and rolled down his cheek. "Count it," he said, hastily, pushing the box over the table; "there were fifty-two weeks; fifty-two halfpence is twenty-six pence; two and twopence, sir. You will find it all right, I think."

"I am sure of that," said Mr. B.; and they counted the money, which seemed to be all halfpence. At last up turned a large penny piece; and when all was counted, there was two shillings and threepence halfpenny, instead of two shillings and twopence. Mr. B. did not mind the difference at all; but the father looked quite puzzled. He counted it over again; but there it was, just three-halfpence too much; and that big penny, too, which he had never given his child.

"I cannot make it out, sir," he said, rubbing his forehead; "my blessed child would

CHILDREN AND MISSIONS.

In many churches a Mission Band may be formed among the children. The following has been found a useful constitution but it may be varied to suit the circumstances:

CONSTITUTION FOR MISSION BANDS.

I. This society shall be called the — Mission Band of — church.

II. Its object shall be to develop an interest in the cause of missions, to gain information on missionary subjects, and to raise money for prosecuting missionary work.

III. Its officers shall be a President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Lady Director, whose duties shall be those usually assigned to such officers.

IV. Any child may become a member of this band by the payment of twenty-five cents annually, if under twelve years of age, and fifty cents if over twelve.

V. Its meetings shall be held at such time and place as shall be designated by the band, and its exercises such as shall be indicated by the Lady Director.