

WHAT SAMMY'S MONKEY DID.

Sammy Brown had a monkey. He bought him of an organ-player. He named him Billy.

Sammy's mother did not know what a naughty monkey he was. If she had, she would not have given Sammy the money to buy him.

Sammy thought he was very cunning. All the boys at school thought so too. They all wanted one just like him. Sammy had him out every Saturday afternoon. He was dressed in a gay little uniform. He would play on a drum. He was fond of mischief; and when no one was watching him he would do some very queer things. He would take the spools from Mrs. Brown's work-basket. He would carry them away and hide them.

He would take her thimble and wax, and hide them too.

Sometimes he would bring them back again. Sometimes Mrs. Brown would have to find them herself. This gave her a good deal of trouble.

At last Billy acted so badly, that Mrs. Brown told Sammy that she could not have him in the house any longer. One morning Mrs. Brown went away to spend the day.

She thought the monkey was fastened out of the house. But he got in through a window. When Mrs. Brown came home she did not think of Billy. She opened the door of her pantry. She saw a dreadful sight. She knew at once that Billy had been there. He had moved the dishes all about, from one shelf to another. He had poured milk and sugar over the floor. He had emptied bottles of medicine into clean dishes. He had broken up a whole loaf of cake and scattered it around. He had eaten out the middle of a pie, and turned it over in the plate. Mrs. Brown could not find her spoons and forks anywhere. But she found them afterwards in the cellar.

Now Mrs. Brown had to go right to work and clean her pantry.

After she had put that in order, she made a fire in the stove. All this time Billy was not seen anywhere.

The fire had been burning a few minutes, when Mrs. Brown heard a terrible scratching in the oven, and out jumped Billy as spry as ever.

He ran out of doors. He was not seen again until the next morning.

Then Mrs. Brown told Sammy that the monkey had made so much work for her, that she could not have him any longer.

Sammy saw that his mother was very much in earnest.

So he sold Billy to a pedler who came along the next day.

The pedler gave him fifty cents for Billy.

Sammy was sorry to let him go, but he wanted to please his mother.—*Our Little Ones.*

A BOY'S VICTORY.

A dozen boys stood on the green by the school-house, careless and jolly, just from a game of ball. A boy came round the corner of the school-house with an old cloth cap on his head, and wearing a loosely fitting garment of coarse cloth. In his hands were an iron stove shovel and a hod of ashes. "Oh, here comes old Dust and Ashes," shouted one of the group, springing forward and giving the coat a jerk. "Hello! what's the price of sackcloth?" The boy's cheek flushed in an instant. The shovel rang on the gravel walk, and his fingers clutched; but as quickly his cheek paled again, and clenched

nobody loves me, nobody loves me in the world, but you, Hunter! O mother, mother, why did you die?" And the sobs came fast and thick, and the tears flowed like rain. Long did the motherless boy wail and cry, till from very weariness he could weep no longer. Tears brought relief, and the holy quiet of the grand old woods filled him with solemn and holy thoughts—thoughts of his dead mother.

Only one year ago she had died, and he remembered his agony and loneliness, and the year of toil as the ward of a cruel uncle. He remembered his eagerness to go to school, his trying to pay his way working about the school room, and the unfeeling gibes and jeers his humble station and coarse clothing had earned him. Again the angry, rebellious

and now his feet tread the deck of an Indian steamer, bearing him swiftly to the chosen scene of his toil, for these words are in his heart: "I must be about my Master's business."—*Standard.*

BE SLOW TO CALL FOR HELP.

The Bible teaches us to be "kindly affectioned one to another," and to "bear one another's burdens." But this does not mean that we are to do other people's work for them; only that we are to be willing to lend any possible assistance in our power to others in actual need. That is all. It don't encourage us to run to others for relief every time we get a disagreeable task on our hands.

It is right and honorable to ask for help when needed, but not till then. Many young people become accustomed to seeking assistance. This is a habit easy to form but hard to correct. Take heed! God has given you muscle and mind; always test that thoroughly before bothering anybody. Be slow to call for help. Be independent by depending upon yourself. Don't task the sympathy of friends too much. Cautiousness generally gains more than it loses; but never more so than when applied in this connection. Who wants to help any one who has not done his utmost to help himself? Looking ever to others for aid, your imaginary helplessness will become understood and sympathy lost, you will be left coolly alone—abandoned to your own resources. In little things, as in great, do your best first, and only after repeated failures, and in real need, ask aid. Then you will merit help. We generally get from others what we deserve.—*Children's Paper.*

MARK THIS, BOYS.

"Did you ever know a man who grew rich by fraud, continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death?"

This question was put to a gentleman who had been in business forty years. After reflecting for a while, he replied: "Not one. I have seen many men become rich as by magic, and win golden opinions, when some little thing led to an exposure of their fraud, and they have fallen into disgrace and ruin. Arson, perjury, murder, and suicide are common crimes with those who make haste to get rich regardless of the means."

IN MAKING PREPARATIONS in the flower garden, do not forget the children's bed. If they are old enough to take care of themselves, all the better, but let there be a place filled with common and pleasing flowers, where they can go and pluck at will, and not be in fear of the injunction "Don't touch."



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