

THE LITTLE FOLK.

WATERPROOF FOLK.

I looked from my window,
And, dancing together,
I spied three queer people
Who love the wet weather.
The turtle, the frog, and the duck all joined hands
To caper so gayly upon the wet sands.

The turtle was coated
In shell, to defy
The pattering rain-drops,
And keep him quite dry.
The frog in green jacket as gay as could be,
"My coat will shed water—just see it!" said he.

The duck shook his web feet
And ruffled his feathers;
Cried he, "Rain won't hurt me!
I'm dressed for all weathers.
And when I can see the clouds frown in the sky,
I oil my gray feathers and keep very dry!"

—St. Nicholas

THE SPARROW IN
THE RAIN.

Recently during a severe rain-storm a family heard the cry of a young sparrow. A search was made, and the sparrow was found in a puddle of water, too chilled, apparently, to move. He was brought into the house and put in a box near the kitchen stove. After a time he chirped cheerfully, then he hopped about the box, and finally flew about the room. He seemed able to care for himself, and the window was opened, when, with a gay little chirp, the sparrow flew out in the rain. Not long after that the cry of a sparrow was heard again, which seemed to ask for help. A search discovered a sparrow in the same puddle of water, wet and miserable. Again the little stray was put in the box by the kitchen range, and in a little time he, too, was flying about the room, very happy and contented. When the window was raised he seemed in no hurry to fly away, but after a time he did leave us. Four times a sparrow was rescued from that puddle of water, each time showing a greater reluctance to fly out in the rain. Afterward we decided that it was the same sparrow, that he did not like the rain, and learned how to get indoors where it was dry. Do you think it was the same sparrow?

MONKEYS AT CHURCH.

That monkeys, and wild ones at that, should be able to set an example of decorous conduct at a religious service seems an extraordinary thing, but that they once did so is attested by the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, in his book, "In the Tiger Jungle."

The missionary was holding a service in the streets of a town on the Telugu coast. The preacher stood on a little raised platform on one side of the street against the house walls. On the opposite side of the narrow street was a long row of trees, the branches of which stretched out over the flat roofs into the street.

"One of our native assistants," says the missionary, "read a portion from the Gospels, and another preached, while I watched

the audience of natives, to study the countenances of the people among whom I was to work for many years.

"Chancing to raise my eyes, I noticed many branches of the trees beginning to bend downward toward the roofs, and saw the faces of some old jack-monkeys peering out through the foliage. Soon some of them jumped down and came forward to see what their 'big brothers' in the street were about.

Springing upon the parapet of the low roofs of the houses opposite, they seated themselves, with their hind feet hanging over in front, and gazing fixedly at the preacher, as they saw the people in the street doing.

Other monkeys followed, until there was a long row of them on the parapet. The late comers I could see walking along behind the parapet, looking for space between the monkeys already seated; they would put up their hands, and, pushing another monkey aside, would seem to say, 'Sit along, please, and give a fellow a chance,' until the 'bench' was crowded.

"I had noticed that many mother-monkeys had brought their babies to church with them. The baby monkey would sit upon the thigh of the mother whose arm was twined around it in a very human fashion.

"But the sermon was evidently too high for the little folks' comprehension. I saw one of those little monkey's cautiously reach his hand around, and, seizing another young monkey's tail, gave it a pull. The other struck back; whereupon the mother monkeys, evidently disapproving such levity in church, each gave her child a box on the ear, as much as to say:

"Sit still! Don't you know you must behave in church?"

"The little monkeys thus reprimanded, turned the most solemn faces toward the preacher, and seemed to be listening intently to what he was saying.

All thus sat demurely until the preacher finished his sermon and until we had distributed Gospels and tracts among the audience and had started for our tents. Not until then did the monkeys walk back and spring up into the trees.

"There were no 'monkey capers' as they went; they were as serious as any congregation leaving a church; and they sat awhile on the

branches as though thinking over what the preacher had said."—*Youth's Companion*.

GREETINGS.

The Arabians shake hands six or eight times. Once is not enough. If, however, they be persons of distinction, they embrace and kiss one another several times, and also kiss their own hands. In Turkey the salute is to place the hand upon the breast and bow, which is both graceful and appropriate.

In Burmah, when a man meets a woman, he puts his nose and his mouth close to her cheek and draws a long breath, as if inhaling a delicious perfume. He does not kiss her cheek, strange to say. A man is greeted in exactly the same way.

In the greater part of Germany it is considered an act of politeness, not of gallantry, for a man to kiss a woman's hand. In Italy it is allowed only to near relatives, while in Russia it is extended to kissing the forehead.

The men of Continental Europe have a custom that would seem queer, not to say laughable, here. They greet one another with a kiss, if they be friends, not on the cheek, but right on the lips.

