

LITTLE FOLKS

One Monkey, Jako.

Rev. Oscar Roberts in 'Child's Paper.')

At Batanga, on the west coast of Africa, we had a pet monkey, Jako by name. In hunting the people had probably killed his mother and caught him when he was too small to get away. He soon became very tame, ran about the house, and out in the bush for half a day at a time. One day a man came running to the house to say that somebody had better go quickly and catch that monkey or he would get away into the

forget that God sees if they do not. We can do better. Jako could not, for he was nothing but a monkey.

I learned after a while that if I did not put up my pen or pencil, Jako would be apt to run off with it. If he was nothing but a monkey, he made me put my small things up. The next time you come in and hang your cap up on the floor, and forget where it is, then if your mother will only get you a monkey, he will soon break you of that habit.

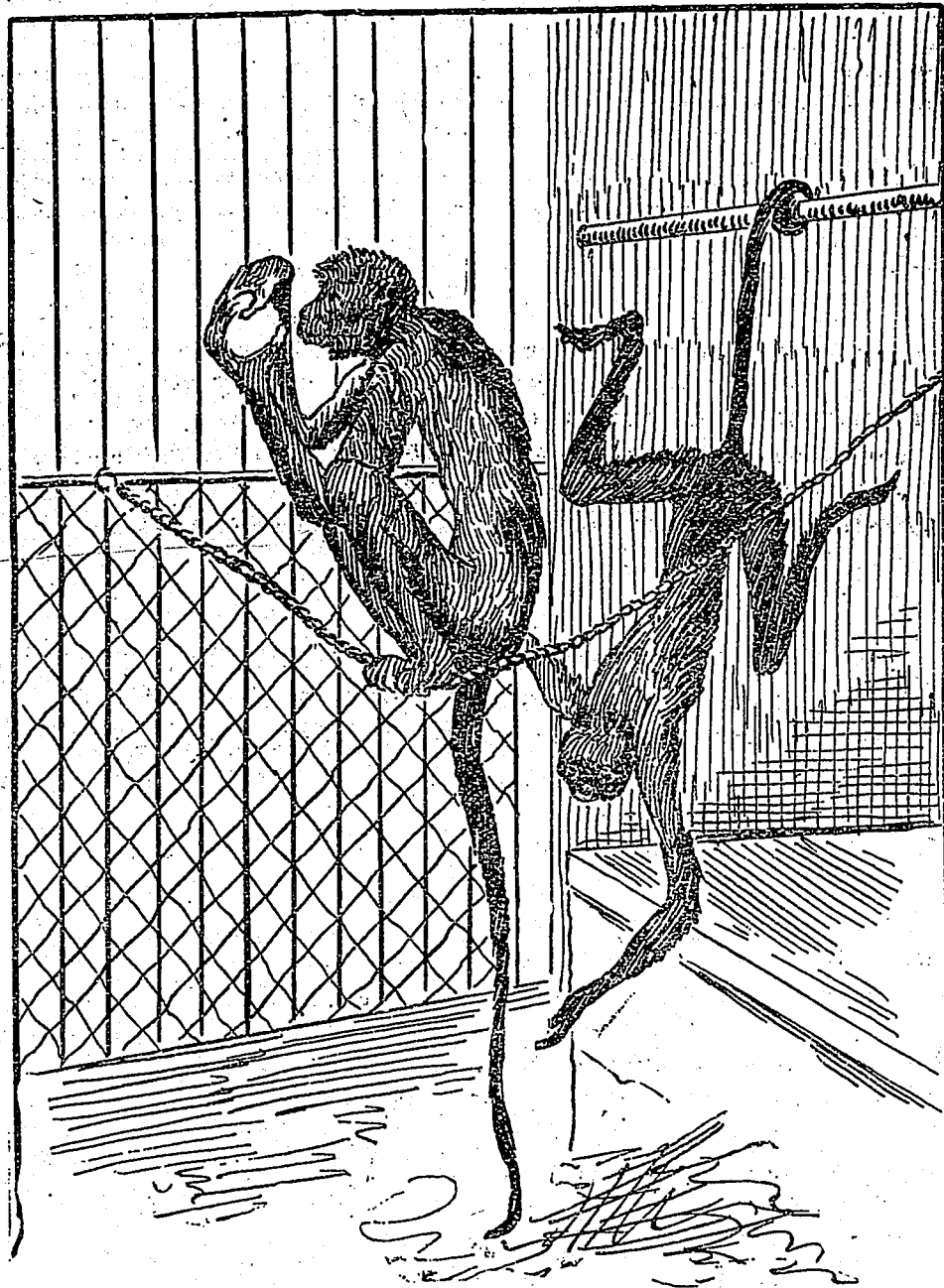
We would laugh at that monkey until our sides would ache. He

behaving himself as any good parrot should; when Jako laid one paw on the back of the parrot, he would turn around to see who was disturbing him, and Jako would snatch his food away with another paw and run away with it and drop it on the porch. Jako did not need it; he was just opposed to seeing that parrot have a good time. Sometimes we do not feel very good, and we whine and complain and make things unpleasant for everybody around, just because we do not feel quite right. Sometimes father says no, when we want him to say yes; let's not make a face about it; he knows best, he was born before we were. Let us be manly and womanly in bearing our difficulties, keeping our mouths shut when things do not go to suit us that we cannot help. God delights to see a manly little man. Jako did not do that way, but he was nothing but a monkey.

Jako would come to his mistress any time during the day, but not after supper, for if he did he knew he would be put in his box for the night, and he did not like that. But he would get so sleepy, his head would begin to droop down, and then suddenly he would raise it up with a jerk, for he remembered 'Oh, if I go to sleep they will catch me and put me in the box, and I do not want that.' After a while he would go to sleep anyhow, and be caught. Whenever anybody goes to sleep in church, I think of that monkey. Don't go to sleep in church. Help the pastor by looking at him, for he knows that if he has your eyes he has your ears too.

After a while another monkey was bought, of another species, less than half as big as Jako, and he considered himself appointed to help the smaller monkey in time of trouble. One night the little monkey was held and Jako ran up to snatch her away, and as she held to him he was caught and put in his box. But that little game never worked again. Jako did so want to help the other monkey, he did feel so sorry for her and would be so glad to help her, but you did not catch him doing it when it cost him anything or his precious hide was in danger. But he was only a monkey.

We think so often that that was just the way it was with us. We were held by Satan ready to be put to death. The dear Lord came and



bush, but Jako never ran off. He knew what was good for him, if he was nothing but a monkey.

Jako was a natural born thief when he would not be caught, but it was very wrong to steal if anybody was looking at him, for then he would get a whipping. Sometimes we forget and do things that we are ashamed for our fathers and mothers to know, things that we would not do if they were around, and do just like that monkey. We

would tease the kittens and the parrots, making life miserable for them. Quickly turning round and round, he would try to make his nine-inch body catch up with his seventeen-inch tail, and when he succeeded he would carry his tail in one paw and hop out on to the porch on the other three.

When Jako could not have a good time, he did not want anybody else to have a good time either. The parrot would be eating his food and