

"I DIDN'T THINK."

One of the hardest things a boy is called to do is to think. How often he will do something he oughtn't to do, and the only reason he will give is: "I didn't think." Yes, this is the common excuse, and a very poor one it is. What in the world were our thinking powers given to us for, if we do not use them? We suspect any number of boys go astray, and do no good in the world, just because they do not think. But some one asks, "How shall I begin; what shall I do?" Now just be quiet, and we will tell you how. There is John Sparks. He is a good sort of boy, but doesn't get along. He is always late at school and never has his lessons. The reason is he is so thoughtless that he will let any and everything come in and occupy his mind.—While dressing, he will chase the kitten, knock over the chairs, and overturn the water pitcher. Now did he stop and think, he would do none of those things, but dress himself promptly, and be ready for breakfast and for school. Instead of studying, applying his mind, he is looking about, diverted by every thing he sees. This habit, once fixed will never leave the boy, and he will never succeed. The thing, then, is to stop and consider whether it is right or wrong to say or do this or that, and what will be the result of doing or not doing it. If a boy jumps into a pond, he knows he will get soaking wet, and perhaps muddy. Shall he do it? He must think about it. When a boy is tempted to tell a lie, or steal some fruit he may be found out, and catch a whipping. Shall he do it? Just let him stop and consider all about it. He says to himself, "I never have told lies, I never have stolen fruit. I know it is wrong. I know my mother would be dreadfully grieved. I should be looked upon, if found out, as a little liar and thief, I should feel mean, and wish to hide away from the sight of my parents and playmates. I declare I won't do it, but will be an honest boy." Now this is thinking, and it is good thinking too.

Children's Department.

HARRY AND HIS MONKEY, OR WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

(Continued).

By the end of November, Jack had acquired so many accomplishments that he was considered to be ready for introduction to public notice. A good-natured carpenter who lived near made a little arm-chair and table for him, both of which he appropriated to himself the moment they arrived, seeming quite to understand they were to be his own property. Pussy took a fancy to curl herself round and take a nap in the chair now and then, but Jack invariably came and tilted it up to turn her off. Still she persevered, till he hit upon the expedient of sitting down upon her, almost squeezing the breath out of her body in so doing. She never transgressed again.

Miss Rainer did not forget her promise to mention Harry and his monkey to one or two families for whom she worked where there were children. Their curiosity was greatly excited on hearing of a monkey who could make lace, knit, write, and do various other things of the kind; who had an arm-chair and a table, and a lace pillow of his own, as well as a variety of clothes! She took the opportunity, when trying a dress on Mrs. Lorrimer, the wife of Colonel Lorrimer, to tell her how anxious Harry was to exhibit his monkey. Mrs. Lorrimer was going to give a child's party the following week in honour of her little girl's birthday, and she thought that this would be an entertainment for the young ones of a very novel kind. She told Miss Rainer that Harry and Jack might come to her house at seven o'clock on the evening of the party.

When the evening arrived, they were punctually at Colonel Lorrimer's house at the appointed hour—Harry carrying Jack on his shoulder, and his table and chair under his arm. They were told to wait in the hall for a few minutes, which time was spent by Jack in taking a careful and wondering survey of everything around. Colonel Lorrimer came in very soon with his wife.

They spoke kindly to Harry, and admired his monkey's polite bow which was made to them from his master's shoulder. Mrs. Lorrimer said he was rather ugly in face, but the Colonel remarked that "Handsome is as handsome does," and that now Jack should go before his audience and show what he could do. They were accordingly ushered into a large room where about twenty children had assembled, all eagerly awaiting Jack's arrival. Colonel Lorrimer arranged them in a half circle in front of the little table. The lace pillow was produced, and Jack was quickly attired in his mob cap and print gown; and amid fits of laughter from the children and several older spectators, he took his seat in his arm-chair, and began to twirl the bobbins backwards and forwards, in and out, with the gravest airs, and as busily as if his life depended upon his industry. Then Harry handed him his wire spectacles, which he popped on instantly, to the intense amusement of the lookers on. He showed no symptoms of shyness at being before so many people, though he every now and then paused to look around him, but always resumed his work again at the usual signal from Harry, who had him in complete control. He next sat down to write his copy, having changed his dress for his red jacket and velvet cap. In short, the little fellow went through his various accomplishments in a way that surprised and amused every one. Finally he handed round his cap, going from one person to another quite in a business-like manner. Many of the children were provided with threepenny-bits or sixpences on purpose to give him, others had brought nuts, one or two of which they dropped into the cap, so that it was well it was rather a deep one and capable of holding its stores. Of all they had seen, nothing amused the young people more than Jack's drollery when he returned to his chair, and putting the cap on the little table, began to examine its contents. He had been accustomed to have nuts dropped into it at home, when he offered it to any of Harry's friends who had come in to see him exhibit his tricks, but money was a novelty to him. He looked with surprise and apparent contempt at the little silver coins, and then flung them one by one on the table, as if utterly unworthy of his notice. The nuts he grinned at with great satisfaction, and popped them into a pocket inside his jacket, and then began to crack and eat them one by one. The shells he flung away amongst the children, to Harry's dismay, who tried to stop such rude behaviour, but in vain, for Jack evidently enjoyed the peals of laughter it caused. Before leaving Colonel Lorrimer put half a crown into Harry's hand, and when all the sixpences and threepenny-bits were counted up, it was found that Jack's earnings on this his first *debut* had been 11s. 6d. [Moreover, Colonel Lorrimer promised to mention him to his friends, and all the children declared that they should beg their parents to send for him. Harry went home to his mother with a heavy purse and a light heart; and as for Jack, he was allowed to have nuts to his hearts content in future.]

That evening Colonel Lorrimer's spread Jack's fame, and during the ensuing winter he was quite the fashion at children's parties. Harry's money box grew heavy. Every penny he brought he always put into it, with the exception of a few kept back to buy nuts for Jack. When the winter was over the parties ceased, but he was still continually sent for, and the mission store had additions to it from time to time.

At length the day arrived when the sums collected were to be entered in the book opposite the respective names. On that morning Harry broke open the money box, and he and his mother counted out the contents. The sum exceeded Harry's most sanguine hopes. There was £10 13s. 6d.!

Mr. Gordon, the vicar, sat at the table in the schoolroom with the book of names open before him. Several children marched up to him with small sums, but out of the long list that had been put down, only a few had persevered in their endeavours to assist the mission. When Harry laid £10 13s. 6d. before the vicar he was astonished, till he heard the particulars of its accumulation. Then he said to him, "I will not praise you for what you have done, Harry; I would rather congratulate you at having, whilst so

young, learned how great is the pleasure and privilege of doing good."

Mr. Gordon from that time kept his eye on Harry Lorton. He was much struck with the boy's perseverance and steady resolve, and with the unselfish spirit that had made him give up the whole of the money to the mission cause. He felt that such characters as these are best fitted for the self-denying life of a missionary. He interested several friends about him, amongst others Colonel Lorrimer. The result was that an offer was made to educate him for a missionary. It was thankfully accepted, and it was soon arranged he should go to a training college in London. But what was to become of poor Jack, who had unconsciously had so great a hand in influencing Harry's lot? He could not go to the training college, neither could he be left with Mrs. Lorton, who, though fond of the little fellow would have found him a troublesome charge when her son was gone. Before anything, however, could be decided on, Jack disappeared mysteriously. Every effort was made for his recovery. Handbills were posted about, and an advertisement to the paper—but all in vain! Poor Jack returned no more; his little arm-chair and table were put away, and Harry had to leave home in painful ignorance as to the fate of his little favourite.

It was about two years later, that he went one day to see the animals in a travelling menagerie near town. As he was going the round of the caravans he heard a cry from a cage close by the spot where he was standing, which proceeded from a monkey who was shaking the bars and putting out his paws apparently to try and touch Harry. He was so excited that it attracted the attention of everybody near. Harry went up to the cage to examine the animal closer, for a sudden idea occurred to him that he was no other than his lost Jack, who had recognised his old master, and was trying to make himself known to him. And dear old merry, frolicsome, clever Jack it really was! He seized the hand Harry put between the bars with both his paws and hugged it affectionately; then he patted it and put it to his cheek. It was touching to see how he rejoiced at seeing him again. Harry went to the owner of the menagerie—a very civil respectable man—and told him of the recognition between Jack and himself. The owner said that he had bought him of a man in the neighborhood of Portsmouth two years before; that as he was a healthy young monkey he gave him a fair price for him. He had moped at first, and refused to eat; but after a while he began to cheer up, and the company of other monkeys probably helped to reconcile him to his change of life. The keeper offered to sell him for the price he gave for him; but Harry thought he was as well off as he could be, as he was in the company of others of his own species, and was always kept warm and well fed. So Jack was put back into the monkey cage, and Harry saw the interesting animal no more.

We have only a few words to say in conclusion. The reader may like to know that Harry Lorton fulfilled the clergyman's expectations. As he grew to manhood his whole heart and soul went forth into the cause of foreign missions. He was ordained, and soon after went to South Africa to begin his labors in his Master's service; and there is not a more devoted man amongst the brave band who have given up everything for Christ's sake. He is a great favorite of the little dark colored children, who are never tired of listening to the tale of how a sum of money was earned for them by their clever little countryman, Jack the monkey. C. E. B.

DIED.

At the parish of St. Martin's, New Brunswick, aged 87 years, Dr. Lloyd P. Toque, eldest son of the Rev. P. Toque, of the Diocese of Toronto, leaving a wife and four children.

At Minneapolis, Minnesota, Oct. 9, Minnie J., only daughter of James R. and Elizabeth Ross, formerly of New Ross, N.S., in the 25th year of her age, leaving her sorrowing parents and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss.

At Albion Mines, N.S., Oct 23rd, after a lingering illness, which he bore with patience to the end, Mr. William Walters Tye, aged 88 years.