

spear in its path rather than to meet it face to face.

So much do the natives respect and fear the gorilla that they have invented many legends about him, some grotesque and others ghastly. 'A gorilla was walking in the forest when suddenly he met a leopard,' said the people of Ashira to Du Chaillus. 'The gorilla stopped, and so did the leopard. The latter, being hungry, crouched for a spring at his prey, whereat the gorilla set up a hideous roar. Undismayed by this, the leopard made his leap, but was caught in mid-air by the gorilla, who seized his foe by the tail and whirled him round his head till the tail broke off and the animal escaped, leaving his brush in the hands of the gorilla.' Again, 'As the gorilla was walking in the forest with his wife and baby they came suddenly upon a huge elephant, who said: "Let me pass, gorilla, for these woods belong to me." "Oh! oh!" said the gorilla. "How do the woods belong to thee? Am not I master here? Am not I the man of the woods? Do not I roam where I please?" and, ordering his wife and baby to go aside, he broke down a large tree and, brandishing it like a club, made at the elephant, whom he soon killed.'

These stories, absurd in themselves, show clearly the impression made upon the natives by the creature's size, strength and courage. So much do they dread the gorilla that they firmly believe he sits upon a tree above the forest paths, lying in wait for unwary travellers; and that, when a party of negroes are passing along, he reaches down his great hand-like foot and seizes a man by the neck, only to let go his hold when life has left the body. As a matter of fact, this is purely imaginary. The gorilla is harmless enough if left alone, and prefers sitting with his back against a tree watching the innocent gambollings of his offspring to taking troublesome negroes by the throat.

Few opportunities have been afforded of studying the habits of the gorilla in captivity, for he is troublesome to catch, difficult to tame, and hard to keep alive. Like all his kinsfolk, he suffers much from consumption when brought into a cold climate, and his sojourn in Europe is usually very short. A specimen which lived for fifteen months in Berlin appears to have reached a high degree of civilization. He took his food from a plate, helping himself with his thumb and two fingers, and, in drinking, lifted the vessel containing water to his mouth, carefully placing it on the table when empty. He was extremely clean in his habits, and made a point of brushing his coat when it was needed. He was very fond of sugar and fruit, and opened the cupboard-door to get what he wanted, often without leave, shutting the door again before he began to eat. Thunder frightened him, but he delighted in drumming on tin trays and hollow articles. His temper is described as mischievous, but not malicious. What German training might have brought about can never be known, for consumption ended his captivity and his life.

Such is the King of the Monkeys—rugged, strong, courageous, not a blameless character, but certainly not as black as he has been painted. He is, at all events, of a modest, retiring disposition, and of frugal habits; and, as far as can be ascertained, is sober and well conducted, a good husband and a careful father.—The Temperance Monthly.

### By Mail.

(By Sally Campbell.)

One Sunday afternoon, Miss Marion Fuller's class of five little girls waited after Sunday-school to speak to their teacher.

'Well, dearies, what is it?' asked Miss

Marion, looking around the circle of her eager-eyed little flock.

They hung their heads and smiled, and looked at one another speechless.

'This must be something very important,' laughed Miss Marion. 'Won't somebody please tell me about it? Won't you, Kittie?'

Thus singled out, Kittie Osborne slid one small hand coaxingly under Miss Marion's arm, and, getting very red in the face, said:

'It's just that we want to be a society, please, Miss Marion. All our sisters are in societies, and we thought maybe we could make one—just a small one—just all of us together, if somebody would only show us how. They say we are too little to help anything, and that's what societies are for. But you don't think we are,—do you, Miss Marion?'

Miss Marion sat down in a chair at the end of the aisle, and drew them all closely around her.

'Indeed, I do not! I think that you could be a lovely society, and I can't tell you how glad I am that you wish to help. But you must remember, little girls, that, if we are really going to help anybody, we must be willing to give up some of our own pleasure to do it. You know that—don't you?'

'Yes'm,' said the little girls.

Then Miss Marion told them to come to her house the next afternoon, and she would make them into a society, and so off they went much delighted.

The next morning, Miss Marion called on Mrs. Fisher, the minister's wife.

'Can you tell me,' she asked, 'of some preacher out in the West who has a large family of children, not very big, mostly girls?'

'I should think I could,' said Mrs. Fisher. 'I can tell you of plenty of them. I got a letter just the other day from a Mr. Humphrey, who has five children, the oldest thirteen and the youngest six, and they are all girls.'

'Five girls!—delightful! Why, that is a perfect fit! Do tell me where they live, and all about them.'

Far away, in a little Western town, one bleak, gray winter's morning, Mrs. Humphrey, the minister's wife, went singing about her work. It seemed as, though it would never be done, for Mrs. Humphrey was tired and troubled, but she sang cheerfully through it all; and when, at last, she could rest for a few moments, she smoothed the anxious lines carefully out of her forehead before she crossed the threshold of the sitting-room.

'Mother, dear,' called a tired little voice from the lounge, 'when you were small like me, did all your four sisters go away to school every day and leave you? And then did your mother have to keep busy in the other rooms so she couldn't do anything except sing to be company for you?'

'But, you see,' answered Mrs. Humphrey gayly, 'I didn't have but two sisters. If we had to give away two of our girls, which two would you give?'

'Not any,' said Amy, promptly, 'not one; we like them all four,—don't we?'

'Yes, we do,—all five.'

And Mrs. Humphrey stooped to kiss the thin face on the pillow. Amy pulled her head down close to her own.

'Mother,' she whispered, 'does God know how lonesome it gets sometimes?'

'Yes, dear.'

'I suppose he cares,—doesn't he?'

Poor tired Mrs. Humphrey, this was more than she could stand! She broke into a little sob, and hid her face in the cushions.

'Why, mother!' cried Amy, much distressed. 'Never mind, mother dear! Of course,

he cares. I'm a naughty girl to say such a thing,—that's exactly what I am.'

Presently Mrs. Humphrey lifted her head, and she laughed a little as she wiped her eyes.

'We two are not very brave soldiers today,—are we? It will never do for us to lose heart like this. You know, Amy, your father has come far off here, away from home, on purpose to tell the people how much God cares for them. Some of them are very poor, and work very hard, and have a lot of trouble, and oh, they need so much to feel sure of God's love and pity! So father is trying all the time to tell them, and you and I and our four school-girls ought to help him just as much as we can. We ought to be proud to have a share in such beautiful work.'

'But how can we?'

'By being brave and happy and loving, and making father's home the sweetest place in the world for him. Poor father, if he thought his own little daughter couldn't trust God's love to her!'

'But I can! Now I can!' said Amy.

Two bright red spots had come into her cheeks, and her eyes shone like stars.

'I'm so ashamed, and I'm so glad you made me understand the idea. I never thought before that I could help anybody by lying here. But I can, if I have the courage to be contented—can't I? I'm going to try.'

Two or three days later, all Amy's sisters came rushing in from school in a state of great excitement. At the post-office they had found a letter for Amy, and a big, flat, square package.

All the family gathered around while Amy read her letter. It was from Kittie Osborne, and this was what it said:

Dear Amy:

We five girls in Miss Marion's class have adopted your family to be friends with you, if you'll let us. We think it's lovely for your father to go away so far and work so hard just because he loves to preach about the gospel. Do you like playing paper dolls? I can make them better than anything else, and I thought I would send you some. Give my love to all your sisters and your mother and your father.

Affectionately yours,

Kittie Osborne.

Such gorgeous paper dolls none of the Humphrey children had ever seen. Such wonderful hats and jackets and dresses,—a whole wardrobe of them! And then there were sheets of tissue paper and strips of gold beading and paper lace besides, out of which new finery was to be fashioned. It would be impossible to say how much Amy enjoyed it all. The next day, when the sisters came back from school, she could hardly believe that the time had flown so fast.

Before a week had passed, another letter came,—for 'Miss Humphrey' this time. Susie Joyce had written it, and sent along in the same mail a delightful game. And so, as the months went by, the letters and parcels kept dropping in, sometimes for one of the girls, and sometimes for another, but oftenest for Amy. There was a Chinese lily for her, which, perhaps, gave her the most pleasure of all. And there were books, and now and then a hair-ribbon or a handkerchief, and finally a picture of Miss Marion and her whole class. Sometimes there were what Kittie called 'plain letters,' when there were no gifts on hand; and, as these were much longer than the 'gift letters,' and full of items about the school life and the home life of the writers, they were eagerly welcomed in the Humphrey household, where curiosity about the outside world was great