



MONKEYS.

OF all the animals created for the benefit of mankind, the monkey seems to fill the place occupied by no other. Some animals are for food, some to carry burdens, others to furnish material for clothing, and many other uses, but the monkey seem to have been created for men's amusement. One can scarcely see a monkey in his natural home or in captivity, without laughing outright at his comical movements and looks.

Our picture shows two monkeys teasing a parrot. One has pulled a couple of feathers from its tail, and is eating the fresh ends, as if it enjoyed the fruits of its mischievousness. The other has hidden under some leaves, and is just about to grasp the few remaining tail feathers the poor bird has left.

The ability the monkey possesses to amuse the people is frequently made use of by organ grinders, that they may fill their cups with pennies from the appreciation of the public of the monkey's power to perform laughable actions. They dress them in fantastical costumes and train them to perform many antics.

There are a great many species of monkeys, ranging in size from that of a rat to that of a good-sized dog; but they are all possessed of the same active and comical qualities.

YOUTH is not like a new garment which we can keep fresh and fair by wearing sparingly; youth, while we have it, we must wear daily, and it will fast wear away.

THANKSGIVING JOE.

JOE was born one bright Thanksgiving morning; and it may be the spirit of the day fell upon the tiny boy, for he has always had a glad, sunny, thankful spirit. If the day is fine Joe says, "What a splendid day to sail my kite" or to go nutting or to do some other pleasant thing. If the day is stormy, Joe whistles and smiles as he thinks what a fine time this will be to work in his "shop."

Does some one want him to leave his play or work to do an errand, Joe cries out gayly: "Just the thing! You see I'd like to have a change."

Thankful Joe! He's rich because he thinks he is. And very likely he will never find out that he's a poor boy and ought to be miserable because there are so many things he never

has had and maybe never can have.

Now at this very Thanksgiving time Joe will be jubilant over his good home (or bit of a house) and his nice dinner (pumpkin pie in honour of the day) and his new cup and poor little stock of toys; and just around the corner Archie Wilson will be fretting because they don't have nuts and raisins for desert, besides the plum-pudding and pies, and wishing he could have things like other boys! Archie has everything money can buy, still he is the poor boy, and Joe is the rich boy. What makes the difference?

"NEED I GO TO SCHOOL?"

"O FATHER, need I go to school?" said Johnnie, one morning, as his mother was getting him ready. "I don't understand books; I never shall. I would rather help you in the shop, and work ever so hard."

"Johnnie, how did we fell that big tree yesterday?" asked the father.

"A stroke at a time, and keepin' at it," answered the boy.

"Exactly so," said his father. "A word at a time, and keeping at it, will make you a good reader, a syllable at a time, and keeping at it, will make you a good speller; a sum at a time, and keeping at it, will make you good at figures, a thought at a time, and keeping at it, will make you master the hardest book in the world. A patient keeping at it, Johnnie, and you will be a scholar."

"Is that all?" asked Johnnie.

"All," said his father.

"I do not know but I can do that," said

Johnnie. And before six years from time he stood first in the highest class school.

THE "GOODEST" MOTHER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

EVENING was falling cool and dark,
And people hurried along the way,
As if they were longing soon to mark
Their own home candle's cheering

Before me toiled in the whirling wind
A woman with bundles great and small
And after her tugged, a step behind,
The bundle she loved best of all.

A dear little rolly-polly boy,
With rosy cheeks and a jacket blue,
Laughing and chattering, full of joy,
And here's what he said—I tell you

"You're the goodest mother that ever was
A voice as clear as a forest bird's;
And I'm sure the glad young heart
cause

To utter the sweet and lovely words

Perhaps the woman had worked all day
Washing or scrubbing; perhaps
sewed;

I knew by her weary footfall's way
That life for her was an uphill road.

But here was a comfort, children dear!
Think what a comfort you might give
To the very best friend you can have
The mother dear, in whose house
live,

If once in a while you'd stop and say,
In task or play for a moment pause,
And tell her in sweet and winning way
"You're the goodest mother that
was."

IDLENESS.

NEVER be idle. Idleness means not just as stagnation means decay. You catch better things than early worms, rising early in the morning—something that will paint your cheek, quicken your pulse, brighten your eye, and give you such an appetite as will make breakfast pleasure, dinner a treat, tea a delight, and no room for supper. Besides, it's one early bird that catches the worm. Every early boy can catch the benefit speak of. And what the boy learns love the man will turn to deeper account and while his hay will be better and more abundant than an idle man's, his corn, carrots, and his cucumbers will be finer, better, and more abundant, too; and when the idle man is thinking that he ought to have a fortune, the early one will be wrapping his up and running off to bed with it. The boy who says it's no use to hear the milkman and chimney-sweep from between the sheets will most likely take to his bed to escape his creditors by-and-bye.