

HARRY'S MONKEY





"HE'S AS SENSIBLE AS A HUMAN BEING."—Page 14.

HARRY'S MONKEY

How it Helped the Missionaries

BY
MRS. C. E. BOWEN

AND

HOW SADIE SLIPPED

BY
JENNIE CHAPPELL



NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & CO.
31 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET



HARRY'S MONKEY.



IT sounds strange to hear of a monkey earning money for a Foreign Mission, but we are going to give a history of one who did so. Of course the funny, clever little animal did not know himself that he was helping on a useful work; but fortunately he belonged to one who, though but a young boy, was fired with the desire to help in a good cause, and who never rested till he found the way to do so. He exemplified the old proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," as we shall see.

Harry Lorton was the son of a sailor. His

father was mate of a vessel that went long voyages to other lands, and he only came home at distant intervals to his wife and boy, who lived in a cottage at Portsmouth. Mrs. Lorton had been formerly a domestic upper servant in a clergyman's family, and had, whilst there, heard and read very much about foreign missions; and it was in this way that her little boy Harry became interested in them, almost from the time he could talk and understand anything. Nothing ever delighted the child more than to have a penny given him to put into his missionary box. His mother could not often spare him one, for times were hard, and money not over plentiful, though her husband was a steady man and brought home his wages regularly.

Mrs. Lorton helped to their support by making lace on a pillow, as they did in Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire. She had been brought up in one of these counties, and had learned the art when young. Harry

used to like to stand by his mother's lace pillow and watch her nimble fingers throw about the bobbins with the pretty coloured beads at the end of them. It was at such times that she often told him stories about little heathen children which she had heard when she lived in service, and how the children of that family used to save their pocket-money to help to put some little black child into a school, where it would learn to be good and useful, instead of growing up in wickedness and heathenism.

Mrs. Lorton was very careful of Harry. She did not like him to run about with the children around the house, so he had few playfellows, and this made him a great companion to his mother. Perhaps this circumstance caused him to grow up more thoughtful than most children, and fonder of reading. At school the master looked on him as one of his best and most attentive boys.

When he was about twelve years of age, an announcement was made that a meeting would be held in the National schoolroom, when a clergyman from Africa would relate many interesting anecdotes respecting the missions there, and of the poor little African children who were taken into the mission schools and taught the great truths of Christianity, instead of being left to live and die in heathen darkness. Harry and his mother went, and listened with deep interest to the missionary, who, at the conclusion of the meeting, made a strong appeal to English children of all ranks to do what they could towards helping their little African brothers and sisters. He said he was speaking not only to the children of the rich, but to those who, though they were of the class called the lower orders, might yet be able to collect their mite from time to time, to send through their clergyman to the cause of the mission.

“Now suppose,” he said, “that the children

of this place were each one seriously to try and think what he or she could do to raise a sum, however small, by this time next year. A little exertion in some cases, a little self-denial in others, carried on for a whole year, would perhaps enable every boy or girl who hears me to do something for these poor heathen little ones. Go home,” he added, “and do not forget what I have said, but when you say your prayers to-night, ask God to put it into your hearts to wish to do something, be it ever so little; and I am very sure that if you have the will given you, a way will be found.”

How many of the children went home and did what the good missionary had told them, I cannot say, but I know that one of them left the hall with his heart full of eager, earnest longing to do anything in his power; but there seemed to be nothing—no way that he could think of. Nor could his mother help him about it. She could only promise he

should have a penny every now and then, as she could spare it, to put by ; but this did not satisfy Harry, whose quick, clear ideas showed him that these pennies would be his mother's contributions, not his, and he wanted to do something *himself*. When he said his prayers he asked God to help him, and he lay awake thinking and thinking, but sound sleep came and found him as far as ever from finding any way of earning money for the little Africans.

"Could I have a lace pillow and make lace, mother?" he asked her the next day.

"No, Harry," she replied ; "lace making is very difficult to learn, and you would not earn anything by it for a long, long time. I get but little though I sit so much at it, and can do the finest sort of lace."

The following Sunday the clergyman told all the Sunday-school scholars that he was going to enter into a book the names of the children who would like to try during the

following year to get a little money in some way or other, for the mission whose meeting many of them had attended a few days before. They could either carry the money from time to time to their respective teachers to take care of for them, or keep it themselves ; but at the end of a year from that time the sums collected by each one would be received by the clergyman, and forwarded in the name of the young collector to the mission.

After school the book was opened and the names were entered. Harry hesitated for a moment. Then remembering the missionary's words, that "Where there's a will there's a way," and knowing that certainly he had the will, he marched to the top of the room and said—

"Please put my name down, sir."

From that time his thoughts ran more than ever on the mission subject.

It was about a week from this time that a

sailor came to their house, bringing a fine young monkey in his arms. He told Mrs. Lorton he had brought her news of her husband, whom he had met in Africa, and who, on finding he was coming direct home, had asked him to go and see his wife and son, and take a monkey as a present to the latter.

"He's as fine a young animal as ever took a voyage," said the man, "and you may teach him anything you like. He's as sensible as a human being, and mimics everything he sees done, till he half-kills one with laughing at him. Now, Jack," he said, setting the monkey on the table, "make your bow to your new master."

"Jack" did as he was bid. He made a low bow, but instantly jumped back again into the arms of the sailor, to whom he was evidently attached. It was with some difficulty the man got away from him at last, leaving him the picture of despair, crouched in a corner.



"COULD I HAVE A LACE PILLOW AND MAKE LACE?"—

Page 12.

Harry was delighted with his new possession, but rather puzzled how to make friends with him, and rather afraid of touching him lest he should bite. Jack was, however, the most good-tempered and gentlest of monkeys, and quite disposed to make the best of whatever circumstances he happened to find himself in. It was not long before he crept out of his corner, and began to take a survey of the room. He walked from one bit of furniture to the other, examining it with the greatest curiosity.

The kitten was lying before the fire, and she attracted his attention directly. He patted her gently, and seemed pleased with her soft fur; then rather roughly pulled out her tail as if to see its length. This Puss resented by giving him a slap on the face with her paw and spitting in his face, upon which he passed on and stared at Mrs. Lorton's lace pillow, which seemed to puzzle him greatly, being no doubt quite unlike anything he had ever seen before.

He soon began to make friends with Harry, especially when he found that his pockets were full of nuts which he had been out to buy for him. He was an affectionate little fellow, and finding that his friend, the sailor, did not return, and that Harry was to be his master now, he transferred his love to him pretty quickly. They grew to be great companions, and it became a common sight to see Harry walking about with Jack seated on his shoulder.

His powers of mimicry were extraordinary, and sometimes very inconvenient. One day, when Harry was at school, and Jack and Mrs. Lorton were left together, she went out for a short time, leaving him chained to the leg of the table. The chain was a long one, sufficiently so to enable him to mount upon the table by the aid of a chair. Having done this, he saw Mrs. Lorton's lace pillow on its light wooden stand within reach of his paws, and he drew it towards him.

When Mrs. Lorton returned, she happened to look through the cottage window before unlocking the door. There sat Jack on the table with the pillow in front of him, his paws busily engaged in twirling about the bobbins, and every now and then moving a pin, as he had watched her do whilst forming the lace pattern. That he knew he was doing wrong was evident, for the moment he heard the noise of the key being put in the door, he jumped down, and when Mrs. Lorton entered he was sitting just where she left him, and pretending to be asleep, though she saw him keeping a corner of one eye open to watch her movements.

She found her lace pillow in a sad state of confusion. Some bobbins were broken off, some entangled, and several of the pins were altered or pulled out. She scolded Jack, who immediately shut up both eyes quite close and seemed sounder asleep than before, and would not wake up till he thought all her

displeasure was over. And, indeed, it was impossible to be angry with Jack for long together, he was so amusing and so loving in the midst of his mischievous pranks.

But he often tried Mrs. Lorton's patience sadly, and made her now and then wish him back in his own country. For instance, she lost her spectacles one morning—and everybody who is dependent upon them knows how serious such a loss is. High and low she hunted for them. She had taken them off when she began her cooking operations, and she remembered having put them on the window-sill. She recollected too, with some dismay, that they were laid very near to Jack, who had sat on the window-sill watching her make an apple-pudding. That he was somehow connected with their disappearance she felt convinced.

The whole of the day passed, but though she and Harry left, as they thought, not a spot unsearched, the spectacles could not be

found. The next morning, when preparing to bake a batch of bread, she put her hand into the flour tub; she felt a hard substance near the bottom of it, and drew out the missing glasses! Then she remembered having noticed that Jack's paws were covered with flour the morning before, when she returned to the table, where the flour tub stood, after putting the pudding in the pot to boil. She had thought nothing of the circumstance at the time, knowing that flour had been blown about, and that Jack's paws were usually busy in touching and handling; but it had never occurred to her that the cunning rogue had taken the opportunity of her back being turned to snatch up the spectacles and bury them in the flour.

But the poor kitten was the victim of Jack's most unmerciful tricks, which on one occasion nearly cost the animal her life. Pussy was rather disposed to be fond of him, and he sometimes enjoyed a good game of

romps with her. They would run and jump and scamper about together, till called to order by Mrs. Lorton when their gambols got beyond bounds. But at other times, Jack was a very tyrant to his little companion, and delighted in teasing her. From his seat in the window-sill, he would fling nut-shells at her as she lay asleep before the fire. He would, without hesitation, go up and turn her out of her warm place on the hearth, in order that he might enjoy it himself. Mrs. Lorton kept a little switch, with which she used to chastise Jack when he had been very naughty. But she found it necessary to keep it on a high shelf out of his reach, for, till she did so, he never lost an opportunity of using it on the poor kitten whenever she in the least displeased him; holding her with one paw, and using the switch with the other in no very gentle manner.

One day, she had seriously vexed him by

losing one of his nuts. She had been rolling it about and playing with it for some time, and this Jack had permitted, though, as it was the last one of his day's allowance, he kept a watchful eye upon it all the time. Suddenly it rolled down into a mouse-hole, from which Jack's cunning told him it could never be recovered, for he had had the misfortune to lose one or two nuts himself in the same way. He flew to Pussy, who was busily engaged in thrusting first one paw then another into the hole in fruitless search of the nut, and gave her a rap over the head. Then he looked for the switch in its usual place—but it was gone! Jack searched for it in vain. He was resolved, however, to chastise Puss in some way. The oven door was ajar. Quick as lightning, he returned to the spot where she was still seeking for the nut. He lifted her up in his arms, took her to the fireplace, opened the oven door, and popped her in upon the top of some potatoes that

were roasting for supper. Fortunately Mrs. Lorton had seen the whole transaction, and was in time to snatch out the kitten before she had sustained more damage than a slight burn and a severe fright, and Jack himself caught the flogging he had designed for Puss.

Mrs. Lorton had a cousin, a dressmaker, who used sometimes to call in in the evening to see them and have a cup of tea. Jack was a great amusement at these times, and he became a favourite with her. She made him a little scarlet jacket edged with black velvet, and a velvet cap with a drooping feather. Nothing could exceed either Harry's or Jack's delight when Miss Rainer brought them with her one evening. No sooner was Jack arrayed in them than he strutted up and down the room, grinning and chuckling, evidently thinking himself somebody now! He resisted all Harry's efforts to take them off for the night, and insisted on sleeping in



HARRY TEACHING JACK TO MAKE PILLOW LACE.—

them in his usual place at the foot of Harry's bed. He had grown tired of his finery, however, by the next morning, and was quite ready to have it taken off.

✓ Miss Rainer knew of Harry's anxiety to give money to the African mission, and one evening she said to him, "If I were you, Harry, I would train that clever fellow, Jack, to do all sorts of odd things, and when perfect in them I would exhibit him, and so make him earn a good deal of money. He is a little African himself, and ought to be glad to do all he can to help the natives there. I know one or two ladies, that I work for, who would give you a helping hand when you were ready to show off his tricks. It's all the fashion now to hire different sorts of amusements for children's parties, and Jack would fetch a good price if he were taught to do clever things, and you might be his showman."

"And I could give the money he got to

the mission," exclaimed Harry, jumping up and capering about in ecstasy. "Oh, mother! won't it be a good plan? You would let me give it all to the mission, would you not?"

"Yes, every penny of it, gladly," said Mrs. Lorton; "and with your cousin's help, perhaps you might be allowed to take Jack to amuse children at the Christmas parties. But you will have to take great pains to teach him well, in order that he may be worth hiring."

What he should be taught was the next subject of discussion. Miss Rainer proposed that since he had shown a predilection for lace making on the day when he so entangled the threads on Mrs. Lorton's pillow, he should have a little pillow made for himself with bobbins and thread complete.

"He will pretend to make lace," she said, "and that will amuse people just as much as if he really did it."

This idea was applauded as an excellent

one. The very next day Harry set to work, and with a little help from his mother made a very tidy lace pillow proportioned to Jack's size. Mrs. Lorton found plenty of spare bobbins with bright beads on them, and these she hung on the pillow with strong threads which would not easily break. When it was completed it was placed before Master Jack, who contemplated it with grinning satisfaction, and seizing the bobbins began to throw them backwards and forwards with great vehemence.

But it was necessary to teach him to go to work in a more gentle and regular manner, and this it did not suit Jack to do. He soon got tired, and tried to kick the pillow over. Then he took it up, and was going to take aim with it at the kitten; but Harry had his little switch at hand, of which Jack felt a wholesome dread. Moreover he was shown some nuts, which he perfectly understood would be his if he did as he was told, and so

at last he was induced to play the bobbins for a few minutes with such gravity and apparent care, that any one looking on would have supposed he really was making lace. By constant practice for ten minutes daily, he was made to sit like a lace maker at her pillow twirling the bobbins.

Miss Rainer, who was much interested in Jack's education, made him a mobcap, a little print gown, and a white handkerchief to fold round the throat. Thus arrayed he was the *facsimile* in figure, on a diminutive scale, of one of the old Bedfordshire lace women. He was reconciled to wearing the dress now and then for the general amusement, by observing how similar it was to Mrs. Lorton's. There was one difference, however, which seemed to attract his notice—viz., that she wore spectacles as she worked.

It was probably his observation on this point that made him one day, when he was dressed, seize her spectacles, which she had

just taken off, and put them on his own nose; but being too large they fell off on to the floor, and one of the glasses was cracked much to Mrs. Lorton's inconvenience. Harry contrived to make him a pair of spectacles with some cap wire which pleased him at first, and he went about with them on his nose looking very comical; but the end of one of the wires got loose and pricked his nose, upon which in a sudden fit of disgust he pulled them off and flung them into the fire.

The fame of Harry's monkey began to spread, and the schoolmaster came to see him. He approved of the plan of training him for exhibition that he might earn something for the mission, and thought it would answer well. He believed he might be taught even to hold a pen and to write after a fashion; at all events sufficiently so as to cause much amusement to young people. Harry therefore lost no time in beginning to teach Jack this new accomplishment. He

hunted up some old copy-books, and persevered till he made his monkey pupil hold a pen in his paw. When this was accomplished he taught him to make strokes and scrawl over the paper.

Jack hated this lesson after the first day or two, and would have wearied out the patience of most people before he was conquered. There was no end to his troublesome ways and tricks at first. For instance, he bit one or two pens in two, and threw the bits away. He dipped his paw in the ink instead of his pen, and made horrible grimaces when, on putting it in his mouth, he found how nauseous a taste it had. Finally he upset the ink-bottle on purpose; and before Harry, who had run to fetch a cloth, knew what he was about, Jack had seized on one of Susan Lorton's clean muslin caps and was mopping it up with it. No doubt he hoped by these manœuvres to tease Harry out of giving him the writing lesson; but he was reckoning

without understanding the character of his sturdy-minded little teacher. All the good Jack got by his naughtiness was the loss of his usual nuts, and an hour's confinement with his chain to the leg of the table.

It was wonderful how good and docile he became at last when set to his writing. Harry laid the chain within sight, and from time to time rattled the nuts in his pocket, and Jack understood the meaning of the hints perfectly; so he went on demurely, held his paper down with one paw whilst he wrote and took fresh ink with the other, and his strokes were much smaller and neater than they had been before. He never so transgressed at that lesson again, and he improved rapidly. I cannot assert that he ever learned to write his own name "Jack," as Harry had hoped he would do; but he did manage to make some scrawls which by a little imagination might be said to resemble the word, and this was as much, it was agreed,

as ought to be expected of him. Whilst Harry was pondering what should be the next lesson, Jack settled the matter himself, and fixed upon knitting.

Mrs. Lorton used often to take up her knitting when evening came on, and when it grew too dark to see to do her lace. One day she and Harry went out together for a short time, leaving Jack chained to the leg of the table. When they returned they found him sitting very demurely with Mrs. Lorton's half-knitted stockings in his paws. He was holding the knitting pins as he had seen her do, and pretended to be very busy knitting when they came in. Of course the stitches were dropped and the wool entangled, and Mrs. Lorton had to unravel half her work before it could be put right. She took good care not to leave it within reach of the monkey again.

But it was a hint to Harry, who at once resolved that Master Jack should have a real

knitting lesson that very day. He borrowed a couple of spare needles and some cotton of his mother, and having set on a few stitches he made Jack begin. The young rogue soon let it be seen that though he had been willing enough to hold the needles for his own amusement, and to play at putting the wool over them, he did not at all enjoy being compelled to do it to please Harry. He made faces over it, pretended the needles pricked him as an excuse for dropping them, and was as troublesome as he could possibly be.

Nevertheless his master persevered day after day, till he so far succeeded as to get Jack to hold a pair of short wooden pins very cleverly, and to knit a clumsy sort of stitch, which, if it could not be pronounced knitting, was at all events an entangled, ill-made sort of fabric not altogether unlike it. Harry took care not to keep him too long at his lessons, always letting him leave off when he saw that he was really tired.

But there were times when Jack even took up his knitting pins of his own accord. His love of imitation made him copy Mrs. Lorton, and he liked to do as she did. It was laughable to see how he would watch her movements. If she counted the number of stitches on her needles, he pretended to do the same, and if she dropped a stitch and took it carefully up again, Jack seemed as if he were doing the same thing with his needles.

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 that 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 children'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.

Harry was very pleased to have an opportunity for Jack to make his first appearance in public. He made him go through all his performances again and again, that he might be quite perfect on the important evening, and at the schoolmaster's suggestion he taught him to hand his cap round for offerings. As they put nuts into it whilst giving him the lesson, Jack took to it very kindly, and was only too ready to go from one to the other holding out his cap, and he made his best bow as he did so.

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 were 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 amidst 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 on 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 in quite 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



"AMIDST FITS OF LAUGHTER JACK TOOK HIS SEAT IN HIS ARM-CHAIR."—Page 39.

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, which he first examined 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 *début* 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 heart's content in future.

That evening at 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 home he always put into it, with the exception of a few coppers kept back to buy nuts for Jack. When the winter was over the parties ceased, but he was still occasionally 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 privilege of doing good; and very great good will probably be done with this money. God bless you, my boy, and may you through life be the means of benefit to your fellow-creatures."

✓ 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. He now and then had been known to escape from the house and stray to a shop near, where stood a sack of nuts at which he often gave many a longing glance when he passed it with his master. I am sorry to tell it of Jack, but his object in thus escaping was solely with a view to thieving a pawful of the said nuts. There is no doubt that the temptation to do so had seized him on the day of his disappearance, and that he must have been stolen on his way thither by some tramp or dishonest person who hoped to get money by selling him.

Every effort was made for his recovery; hand-bills were posted about, and an advertisement sent 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 neighbourhood 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

labours 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 favourite of the little dark coloured 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.



HOW SADIE SLIPPED.