

The Family Circle

THE THREE WISE MONKEYS

Did you ever hear the little tale
Of the wise little monkeys three?
They sat on the ground
With their arms around
Each other as nice as could be.

The first, no evil could he say;
The second none could see;
The third was as free
As a monkey could be
From gossip and scandal was he.

One had his hand upon his mouth,
The other covered up his eyes;
And the other his ears,
And it really appears
That they were wondrous wise.

So now, my children, give good heed
To this tale of the monkeys three;
Guard ears, mouth, and eyes,
And be just as wise
And happy as you can be.

THE LESSON

The snow was falling thick and fast, covering the well-swept sidewalk in front of Mr. Jamieson's beautiful suburban home, and bringing into greater relief the warm red glow from the windows, whose thick curtains had not yet been drawn. Pressed close against the panes is the pale, fretful face of the petted son and heir—Ronald.

'I wish this hateful snow would stop, mother; here I am with this beastly cold, and cannot put my nose out of doors unless the sun is shining, the wind is not too rough, and all sorts of weather conditions,' and another frown settled on the boy's face.

His mother walked quietly over to the window and patted the boy's curly head, looking into his eyes; as only a mother can look, with a glance of love, admiration, pity, and reproach so skilfully blended that, as Ronald always said, 'It tasted like a tonic, not a dose of soothing syrup.'

'Look, Ronald,' exclaimed Mrs. Jamieson, breaking the momentary silence; 'who, or what is that coming up the street? It looks like a bundle, but those are surely two little feet and legs propelling it along.'

Ronald's keen eyes peered into the gathering gloom.

'Why, mother, it must be our paper boy, poor little chap. He must be cold! Let's call him in and warm him up!'

Mrs. Jamieson, delighted that her boy's interest was aroused in something that might divert him from his own grievances, sent the maid to call him in.

It was a pathetic little figure that confronted them in the warm, well-lighted hall. The pinched little face and hollow eyes spoke eloquently of hunger and cold, when the maid and Mrs. Jamieson literally untied 'the bundle,' for the big old coat, three or four sizes larger than the boy was tied round and round to help keep out the cold.

'Now, laddie,' said Ronald in his bright, cheery way, 'where's Tom Williams, our regular paper boy?'

'He's sick,' piped up a thin little voice, 'an' I'm his brother, sellin' his papers for him, but I ain't sold 'em all yet, and I'm tired an—an—' here the tears would come, spite of his manly efforts to keep them back.

But Ronald was equal to the occasion. 'See here, old chap! I didn't take my supper a little while ago just waiting for company, so here you are, and we'll take it together, won't we, mother mine?'

At Ronald's first word, Mary had slipped out to the dining-room and supplemented the dainty tray, at which Ronald had turned up his nose in disgust, a

few minutes before, with a substantial plate of bread and butter, cakes, and hot coffee.

On examining his bundle of papers they found ten copies left, and it was surprising how many people wanted that particular paper, so in five minutes they were disposed of.

Mrs. Jamieson found out all about the little fellow's family from Mary. A shiftless father, delicate mother, and five children, which Tom, the eldest, had tried to keep together in their miserable little home.

After being fed and warmed and re-clothed in a long-forsaken suit of Ronald's; Mary and Patrick, armed with huge baskets of good things, accompanied little Roger home, and, needless to say, the Williams family never needed for necessities again.

When they had gone, Mrs. Jamieson turned to Ronald, who was gazing earnestly into the fire: 'Well, my boy; a penny for your thoughts!'

I was just thinking, mother, what an ungrateful son you have. There was I, railing against a fate which kept me indoors before a warm, bright fire, a beautiful home, and such a mother! while that little kiddie braved the storm, just—as he so quaintly said—'to keep Tom's position.'

Mrs. Jamieson softly stroked her boy's hand, which somehow, had slipped into hers, and smiling, said, 'Yes, dear, this has been a lesson for both of us. But, do you know, that little fellow has walked off with something more than we gave him!' And in answer to Ronald's look of alarm, Mrs. Jamieson, with a humorous twinkle in her eye, continued: 'He has taken away two pale cheeks, a dull, listless boy, and two very ugly, discontented frowns.'

'For which,' said Ronald, with a corresponding twinkle, 'there will be no reward offered.'—*Boston Pilot.*

A CHILD'S MOTIVES

The more a parent or teacher believes in a child's purity of motive, the purer that child's motive will be. Nothing is more disheartening to a child than to be charged with an unworthy motive that never occurred to him. If a boy is scolded for quarrelling, when he has simply interfered to stop a quarrel, he is less likely to be a peacemaker at the next opportunity. If he is taken to task for being late at school before the teacher finds out why he is late, his sense of justice may be outraged if his lateness is of a kind that the teacher would approve, with knowledge of the cause. The light-hearted, generous, forgiving spirit of the child makes many a teacher or parent careless about giving offence. But if we would set up pure motives in abiding power in the life of the child, we must check our blundering suspicions, believe in the child's purity of motive, and keep that belief plainly to the fore in every issue.

THE KITTEN'S STRANGE FRIEND

One summer afternoon Rover lay dozing in the grateful shade of a spreading apple tree, when suddenly the piteous wail of a kitten broke the stillness. The dog slowly opened one eye and listened dreamily.

Again the cry was repeated. Now wide awake, with ears alert, he seemed to conclude that something was wrong, and, as the kitten gave another yowl, he started off around the house on a lively trot, followed by his master, whose curiosity was also aroused.

A little black kitten lay sprawling in the grass, while, at a short distance, his lordship, Jim Crow, the pet and pesterer of the family, eyed it narrowly.

The kitten made a feeble effort to regain its feet and crawl away, when the crow made a sudden dive and grabbed its tail in its beak. Bracing his feet, he held fast, while his poor victim tugged and wailed helplessly. As soon as the kitten sank exhausted, the mischievous crow sidled off, and perking his head on one side, he gazed at his victim with a mocking grin—I am quite sure it was a grin—seeming to consider it all a huge joke, really the best of the season.

Again the kitten made a frantic effort to escape; again the wicked crow grabbed his tail and brought its victim to a sudden halt.