

in the giant village on 'The Treatment of Pets,' by an officer of the S.P.C.A.

'I include human beings among animals,' the lecturer said. 'I think we giants are often unkind to them without meaning to be. I have known them to be kept as pets and then neglected. No one should keep any pet unless he knows how to make it happy, and is willing to take the trouble to do it.'

Early next morning May walked across the grounds to the edge of the wood, carrying the cage with

delighted, ran out. At the same moment Dick loosened the chain, and Jimmie jumped to his feet.

'Hello, Trixy,' he said, 'are you here?'

'Oh, Jimmie,' said Beatrice, 'how awful glad I am to see you again!'

Her brother caught her by the hand.

'Let's run,' he said, 'before they change their minds.'

The children darted around the nearest great tree and were lost to sight. Then, without stopping to take breath, they flew like wild

one, and Jennie copied it neatly, and at the appointed time gave it to her teacher.

The next day both girls as they sat studying were somewhat startled by the question:

'Jennie, did you write this composition yourself?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Jennie, and with burning cheeks she listened to some words of praise which would have been very pleasant if only she had deserved them. When school was out she hurried to her friend May with the words:

'I did write it. She didn't ask me if I composed it.'

Poor girl! What a miserable attempt to cheat herself into the belief that she had not told a lie! In passing off the composition as her own work, she had acted a lie, and in her answer to her teacher's question had spoken one.—'Bright Jewels.'

### The Girl Who Hadn't Time.

I know a little lassie—yes, I know her very well.

Her name you ask? I don't believe she'd like to have me tell,  
But I suppose I'll have to call her something in my rhyme,  
And so I'll name her (just 'pro tem.)  
'The girl who hadn't time.'

This morning at the breakfast table  
I was much afraid

Her hair had not been combed at all  
—'twas such a 'tousled' braid!  
She 'hadn't time to comb it! Ha!  
All very well, mayhap!  
But I wonder where she got the  
time to take the second nap.

'And then she 'hadn't time enough'  
to get to school in season;  
And then she missed her lesson, and  
the teacher asked the reason.

Why, she 'hadn't time' to learn it!  
Now I think it queer, don't you?  
Where she found the time to read  
that book of fairy tales quite  
through.

Oh, she's always very busy when  
the table should be set,  
(If we waited her convenience, why,  
we might be waiting yet)  
And both her brothers know quite  
well that she could never stop  
For the fraction of a jiffy, just to  
help them mend their top.

Ah, me! The fact, I fear, that each  
unbiased mind must strike  
Is, the things she hasn't time for  
are the things she doesn't like.  
—'Temperance Record.'



'SO JIMMIE WAS CONFINED IN AN EMPTY DOG-HOUSE.'

Beatrice in it. There she met her cousin, who was leading Jimmie, running on all fours, by the chain and collar.

'Why Dick, are you out for a walk?'

'Not exactly,' said Dick, blushing. 'You see I decided after last night that I oughtn't to keep this thing; so I brought it here where we found it to let it loose.'

'That's just what I thought about mine,' said May. 'I won't have another until I find out exactly how to take care of it and have more time. Let's let them go together.'

She stood the cage on the ground and opened the door, and Beatrice,

creatures along the forest path for a mile and more. Then they fell into a walk, and trudged along for an hour, the trees growing smaller until the children could see their tops and between them the sky; and at last they came where they saw the road and the meadow, and in the distance beyond them their own home.

### Jennie's Untruthfulness.

'Won't you write me a composition, please, May? It is so hard for me to write and so easy for you,' said Jennie to one of her friends as they were on their way to school.

May good-naturedly furnished