



The big tall clock is monitor
For little brother Ted,
And when the hands both point straight down
It's time to go to bed

The tall and slim thermometer,
When fields are bleak and gray,
Tells little crickets, one and all,
To go to bed till May.



Judging in Haste.

(By Sydney Dayre.)

'I shall never speak to Grace. I see again as long as I live, never!'

'Why, what is the matter, Lulu?'

Aunt Carrie asked it as a little girl with a heated, angry face, came to the porch on which she was sitting.

'I didn't think Grace would treat me so,' said Lulu, bursting into tears. 'I never will play with her again!'

'I am sorry to hear you talk so of your little friend,' said Aunt Carrie. 'I thought you loved each other very much.'

'We do. I mean we did,' said Lulu. 'But, now, wait till I tell you, auntie. When we were coming home from school Grace asked me to come over after dinner and play with her. I did, and when I got near her house I saw her going down the other street; when she had invited me, auntie! And she looked round and saw me, then she began running as hard as she could right the other way. What do you think of that?'

'Well, my dearie, I don't know ex-

actly what to think. But I believe that when you come to understand it you will find that Grace did not mean to be unkind or rude.'

Lulu shook her head doubtfully.

'When I was a little girl like you,' went on Aunt Carrie, 'I had a bit of experience which showed me how foolish and wrong it is to judge people when we do not understand them. I had a friend whom I loved as you love Grace. We always walked to school together and ate our lunches together; and out of school we were together as much as we could be.'

'Just like Grace and me,' said Lulu.

'One day I saw that Elsie had something that she wished to hide from me; something carefully wrapped in paper. I saw her showing it to one or two of the other girls and whispering about it. When school was out she hurried away with the paper and went home by herself.'

'I was very angry, and when I went to school the next morning I went a different way from the one on which I always met Elsie. When we met, she asked me why, but I

would not tell her. I kept away from her and would not speak when with tears in her eyes she begged me to tell her why I was angry.'

'It went on so for a month — I keeping out of Elsie's way. Then, my birthday came, and in the morning I was told some one wanted to see me at the door. I went and found Elsie. She had a little geranium plant with one beautiful blossom on it.

'"Here," she said, holding it out to me, "Mrs. Grant gave me two little rooted plants a good while ago. I had a dreadful time hiding them from you one day in school, for I wanted to give you one for a surprise on your birthday. — It has bloomed just in time, you see, and — I don't know why you're angry with me, but I thought that when it was your birthday you'd forgive me, and we could be friends again."

'O auntie!' said Lulu.

'Yes, my girlie, you may guess how ashamed I felt when I put my arms around my dear little friend and told her it was I who must be forgiven. Just think how all that time I had been keeping angry,