

How It Turned Out.

"I'm going now to run away,"
Said little Sammie Greer, one day,
Then I can do just what I choose;
I'll never have to black my shoes,
Or wash my face or comb my hair.
I'll find the place, I know, somewhere,
And never have again to fill
The old chip-basket, so I will.

"Good-bye, mamma," he said, "Good-bye!"

He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said, "You going, dear?"
And didn't shed one single tear.
"There, now," said Sammie Greer, "I know
She does not care if I do go;
But Bridget does, she'll have to fill
The old chip-basket, so she will."

But Bridget only said, "Well, boy,
You off for sure? I wish you joy."
And Sammie's little sister Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said anxiously, as he passed through,
"To-night, whatever will you do
When you can't get no 'lasses spread
At supper-time on top of bread?"

One day from home, and Sammie Greer's
Weak little heart was full of tears;
He thought about "Red Riding Hood,"
The wolf that met her in the wood,
The bean-stalk boy who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee fo fum."
Of the dark night and the policeman,
And then poor Sammie homeward ran.

Quick through the alley-way he sped,
And crawled in through the old wood-shed.
The big chip-basket he did fill,
He blackened his shoes up with a will;
He washed his face and combed his hair?
He went up to his mother's chair,
And kissed her twice; and then he said,
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread."

PUDDIN'

An Edinburgh Story,

BY

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

WHEN several weeks had passed and the bank-book showed over a pound to his credit, Jo made up his mind to ask Mr. Inglis to keep it for him, feeling that it would be perfectly safe in his keeping, while any one getting possession of it could draw the whole amount, presenting the book at the bank being equivalent to a cheque, and with this idea he took it home with him at night, and next morning presented himself at the coal office to get the day's orders and ask Mr. Inglis to take charge of the book, when, to his astonishment, he discovered it was not in his pocket.

"What's wrang, Jo?" interrogated the old man. "Hev ye lost onything?"

"Ay," replied Jo very gravely. "I was gaun to ask ye to tak' charge o' my bank-book, but I've lost it. I'm sure I put it in my pocket last night; it canna have come out my jacket with a buttoned, it's sae itsel', for my jacket at home, my mother 'll keep it a' richt. I'll see when I gang hame."

"Oh, it'll be a' richt, nae fear. An' I'll be glad to keep it for ye, my man; an' I'm proud to think ye're layin' past siller. Hoo much have ye saved?"

"Wan pound seevin an' sixpence," said Jo, with a feeling that he would astonish the coal agent.

"Well done you!"
"D'ye ken what it's for?"
"No, man, I dinna; but I've nae doot ye've got some queer notion in that heid o' yours."

"I'm getherin' up to buy Tam—the horse, ye ken."

The coal agent smiled, and said, "I kent it wad be some grand notion. Weel, I'll tell ye what I'll dae, if ye like. When you hev the book o't gethered up, I'll advance the ither half, an' ye can jist gie me the savin's till it's paid up. An' I'll tell ye what, ye can hae the spare stall in my stable, an' that'll aye save something. But what's the price o' the horse?"

"Oh, I dinna ken. It's maybe no' for sale; but there's plenty o' time to see afore I hev as much siller. But I'm obleeged to ye for yer offer, an' I wad jist like, if I buy a horse, to hae Tam, he kens me sae weel."

When Jo got home at night he was alarmed to find that his mother knew nothing of the book, and as it was one of the nights the bank was open from seven to nine o'clock, she advised him to go there, and if possible prevent any one drawing the money.

As the bank would not be open for nearly

an hour, Jo tried to do justice to the dinner his mother had ready for him, but he was too excited to have much of an appetite, and arrived at the door about a quarter of an hour before the bank was open. The time dragged with mingled hopes and fears, and when the door was opened, Jo was thankful he was the only visitor.

"I've lost my book," he began excitedly, "an' cam' in case onybody micht"—
"What's your name?" the clerk inquired.
"Joseph Keddie."

"Yes, you'll be astonished to know we've got it, and sorry to know some of it has been drawn, though it might have been more, only five shillings. A man came here this morning and drew that amount, and about the middle of the day he presented himself tipsy, for more. Fortunately I asked him if his name was Joseph Keddie, and he said, 'No, it's William,' so we sent him away and kept the book. Here it is. I suppose that's yours?"

"Yes," said Jo, examining it, and observing nothing wrong, for he did not understand the entry on the debit side,— "yes, that's it." And he was turning to leave with it, when the clerk said, "Stop a bit, though; is that your signature?"

"Yes," said Jo excitedly.
"Well, you'll have to sign your name on this paper to satisfy me that it is yours. Take your time, my man," he added, observing Jo's trembling hand,— "take your time, and I'll be back in a minute"; and he thoughtfully left the lad till he had finished the difficult operation.

"Yes, that'll do. Now you'll be more careful of it in the future. Do you know who took the money?"

"Yes; it's a' richt," said Jo as calmly as he could, and it was not till he got to the stable that he burst into tears.

"Tam, my man," he said, as soon as he could control himself, "it'll be anither week langer than it micht hae been afore I can buy ye; but after a' it micht a' been waur, an' Mr. Inglis is gaun to pay half, so it'll be suner than we expectit. But I'm mair vexed than the siller's worth, to think my faither could a' dune't. I'll no' tell my mother, though; she wad be awfu' vexed to ken. An' I'll no' let on to Inglis either, for he disna ken my faither drinks, an' I wadna like 'um to ken"; and, locking the stable, he walked about until he felt equal to the task of meeting his mother, and entered with an apparent brightness he was far from feeling.

"I've got it, mother," he said, holding up the book. "It was taken to the bank—isn't it a good job?" and it was not till her husband staggered home that the truth dawned on her.

"Jo," she said painfully, "whaur has yer faither got the siller to pit him in that state? Dinna tell me he took yer book."

"Never mind," said Jo, trying to comfort her; "it wasna much."

Next morning, when he presented the book, Mr. Inglis, looking at its contents, said, "Ah, ye've been takin' oot a'ready? That's no' sae guid."

"Oh, it was for something my faither was wantin', and he's very no' workin' the noo."

"That was very guid o' ye, Jo, an' I think the mair o' ye fort, for I'm sure it's a lot to you."

He would have thought more of Jo had he known the true state of affairs, which Jo was ashamed to tell, though he had some difficulty in preparing an answer which would not be a lie.

CHAPTER IV.

Jo was now sixteen years old and the proud possessor of Tam, and when summer came, he did not forget his promise to take it, his mother, and Maggie to the country on Saturday afternoons. These were glorious times, and day after day he was all concerned with great enthusiasm, for Jo averred that Tam knew Saturday, "an' whinnies like onything when I'm polishing 'um up for the road."

Jo had long ago gained the entire confidence of Mr. Inglis, and was now his principal and trusted man. He had to go to the bank on Saturdays and pay the wages, and having, at his master's advice, attended a night school to improve his arithmetic, he was intrusted to a considerable extent with the books, the old man looking in occasionally to see how affairs were getting on.

"I'm no' sae strong as I've been, Jo," he said, "an' it's time I took it easy noo, an' Mrs. Inglis is kind o' complainin' too, so we're gaun to tak' a drive in a cab in the forenoon, an' you can manage as weel's mysel'."

Jo was naturally proud of his important position and of the confidence reposed in him, though it grieved him to have to intrust his horse to other hands, and he selected the man he could best trust to be kind to it.

"Noo, ye're to be good to Tam," he said.

"A' richt; nae fear o' me. I couldna hae the heart to hurt 'um, efter the way I've seen you an' him gaun on." And he threw the

short stick he had for a whip into the canal, saying, "here, that'll no hurt ye noo."

Jo's mind was set at rest on that point, but the cart was never allowed to pass the office door till he had gone out and patted the horse, and in time it stopped of its own accord, and would not move until it had been caressed—a ceremony which attracted the loungers about the place, and drew their smiles and admiration, and made Tam a hero in the neighbourhood, and on Saturday afternoons there was generally a group of children watching to see the "horse that kent Saturday."

On these occasions, as soon as it was relieved from the cart, it trotted away to the office door, and waited impatiently while the men received their wages, when Jo would lock the door and walk away a little, as if unconscious that he was being followed, but only far enough to show the admiring group Tam's cleverness and love for him; then he would turn for the fondling he was as impatient to give as the horse was to receive, and the boys would disperse to spread the news and fill the less fortunate with curiosity, which had a whole week to look forward to before it could be gratified.

Jo had to leave the keys at Mr. Inglis' house, and he was always followed by a few boys who envied his position, and their outspoken remarks were a reward to him, remembering when he was in their position.

"Eh, I wish I was him, d'you no'?"

"Ay, div I. I'm gaun to hae a horse when I grow up."

"So am I; an' I'll teach mine to follow me like that yin."

"Ay, but I ken what I'll dae wi' mine. I'll teach it to walk on its hind legs an' fire a pistol, an'—an' a lot o' things."

"Ay, but I'm gaun to ca' mine Black Bess, an' ride away to York—an' London—an'—an' a' place."

Tam always got a piece of bread at Mr. Inglis' house; and another treat for the boys was to see Jo come out as if he had forgot it, and Tam smell and rub his nose at the pocket which contained it, or neatly lifting it out with his lips when it was purposely left sticking out.

Instead of the cart, Jo had now the use of a van; and little time was spent over dinner. A little teapot and provisions were packed away, and the triumphant quartette started, Tam being always looked on as one of themselves. Never was mother prouder of her boy; she felt the position he had gained was due to his perseverance and love of her. Maggie was proud of him; no one she knew had a brother who owned a horse to go out with, and her earliest recollections were centred in Jo. Indeed, it would be hard to say which was prouder of the other, for nothing could exceed his joy and pride as he sat in front of the van.

"D'ye ken, mother," he said, "I ken an awfu' odds on ye since we've been gaun to the country; ye're looking twenty years younger."

"Haud yer tongue, laddie," she replied, with a pleased smile.

"Ay, but ye are, though," Jo persisted, and he was right; but there was more than the country air to account for her improvement. Whether her husband was working or idle made little difference to her as far as receiving money was concerned, for she seemed to take it for granted that Jo would support them, and he had taken care that she worked less than she formerly had done. It was not often that Jo had an opportunity of being alone with his father, and the occasions on which he was sober were fewer, and Jo would not hurt his mother's feelings by humbling his father before her, but he had once or twice found an opportunity to talk to him, in a quiet reproachful way, of the misery he kept himself and others in by his conduct. "It's jist this, ye like drink better than ye div my jist this, ye like drink better than ye div my mother or Maggie. An' jist think hoo happy ye wad mak' us a' if ye kept straight; ye micht do't for my mother's sake." Jo's voice began to tremble at the mention of his mother, and as he thought he saw his father's eyes moisten, he wisely left him to his reflections.

Ever since the five shillings had been taken, though Jo had never alluded to it, he felt that his father was humble beside him, and had a deference which both Jo and his mother tried to dispel, endeavouring to make him think more of himself by trying to engage him in conversation, and referring affairs to him as if he were master of the house; but it was a difficult task, and very little could be got out of him. No doubt in his sober reflections he had often regretted taking the money, and could not but feel that the meanness of the act had humiliated him before his family and to himself in a way he could never get over, and the fact that Jo had never used a word of reproach to him only added to his humiliation. He seldom got employment now, for it was well known he would only work for a week, and that as soon as he got his wages he went straight to the public-house and rendered himself unfit to resume work.

One day when Jo—who had now the entire management of the business intrusted to him—was bending over the books, he was conscious of some one at the open door by the shadow cast on the desk, and before he had looked up he heard in a voice he was sure he knew, "Will you please send a—"

"Hullo, Mary!" he broke in, smiling, and with a look which implied that the visitor would be surprised to find him in such a high position.

"Well, Jo, I never expected to see you here." There was embarrassment on both sides for a little, till they struck on the subject of school-day reminiscences, when Jo was her champion.

(To be continued.)

HAVING SOME FUN.

"Now, boys, I will tell you how we can have some fun," said Charlie to his companions, who had assembled one bright moonlight evening for sledding, snow-balling and fun generally.

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "Who's got a saw?"

"I have. So have I," replied the boys.

"Get them; and you and Fred and Nathan each get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let us be back in fifteen minutes."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use saws, axes and shovels could be in the play.

But Charlie was a favourite with all, and they fully believed in his promises, and were soon back again for the fun.

"Now," said he, "Widow Bradley has gone to sit up with a sick child. A man hauled her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that unless she could get some one to saw it to-night she would have nothing to make a fire with in the morning. Now, boys, it will be just as easy for us to saw, split and pile up her wood as to make a snow-man on her door-step, and the surprise of the first will be better than that of the last. What say you, boys?"

One or two of the boys objected, and could not see the fun, but the majority went in for it with the inward satisfaction and joy that always results from well-doing.

It did not take long for seven smart and healthy boys to split and pile up that load of wood, and shovel a good path from the door-step to the woodpile. They felt great pleasure and satisfaction over their fun, and then all went to a neighboring carpenter's shop, where shavings could be had for carrying away, and each brought an armful; then they went home with light and joyful hearts.

The next morning, when the poor, weary widow returned from watching at the sick-bed, and saw what had been done, she was astonished, and tears of gratitude ran down her cheeks. She wondered who had done the kindly deed; and, when afterward told, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys!" would have richly repaid them could they have heard it.

"BE MIGHTY SURE."

"Be mighty sure with your proofs, Bob," said a hard-looking old man to another, who had assured him there was no hell. "Be mighty sure of your proofs, Bob; for there are a great many of us who are depending on ye."

"Yes, I believe," said one man, "that everybody will be saved; but I'd give that yoke of oxen if I knew it was so."

"I believe every word of it," said a grasping miser, to one who had been prophesying smooth things to the people; "but I will give you a thousand dollars if you will prove it sure, and no mistake."

Men are right glad to pay their money; but they want to be sure they get what they pay for. And if at last they should find that there was some mistake, and that perdition was no dream and no joke; if they should find that, after all their assaults on creeds and catechisms, there was one thing they had not touched—the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever; that Word which declares: "The wages of sin is death, and the soul that sinneth, it shall die;" men will mourn at last that they depended upon falsehoods and uncertainties. Is it not better to make the matter sure to-day, by turning to the Lord, and seeking and finding salvation through him?