

of boots mended, Tim's reply was always the same—"You shall have them to-morrow." But when the next day came, and the customer called for them, Tim generally had an excuse that he had been very busy and really hadn't had time to see to them, but "you shall be sure and have them to-morrow." And this sort of thing would go on till his customer would threaten to go elsewhere in future; and then Tim would set to work and finish, perhaps in an hour, what had been waiting to be done for weeks. Some of Tim's customers were often put out by his want of punctuality, and more than one had carried his trade to his rival at the next village; others had reasoned with him on his foolishness, and tried to persuade him to conquer his indolent habit, but nothing seemed to impress upon him the importance of doing each day's work in the day.

"Tim," said my father, one day, as he met him in the lane close by his cottage, "are my boots done?"

"Not quite, sir; but you shall be sure and have them to-morrow."

"To-morrow! you are always talking of to-morrow; that's what you said a week ago."

"You shall have them to-morrow, sir, without fail."

"Can't you send them home to-night, Tim?"

"No, I can't indeed, sir. I am so busy that I have not a minute to spare to-day."

"Ah! Tim, you are a foolish fellow. I shall have to go somewhere else in future; and I am a good customer to you."

"Yes, sir, you are, and I really beg your pardon for not having done your boots before; but I hope you will look over it this time." And Tim made a note in his mind that Mr. Lucas's boots should be the very next job.

That evening when we were sitting at home, my father reading, my mother working, and us boys learning our lessons, there was a knock at the door, and to my father's surprise, he was told that Tim had brought home the boots.