

As Ye Mete.

BY MARY MORRISON.

"Hit 'em a welt, Jim. There! that's right.  
Git there, lazybones! Here we go! Thought ye could snake it up if ye tried. If the hill is a leetle bare o' snow. What do ye s'pose I keep ye fur? Pretty pair!—a soldierin' ma.  
Put on the whip, Jim, good an' thick. What do ye lag fur? Git there! Gee!"  
Bright little Jim on the toppling load, Catches his lesson, quickly too, Swings his lash with a childish vim, Brings it down with a loud halloo, Git up, azybones! Git dare, now! Lashing and slashing with all his might, "Learning to drive," and his father stands, Laughing aloud at the funny sight.

Years roll away, as the years all do, Father is "grandpa," old and gray, Pottering round the house at Jim's, Made to feel he is in the way. Working hard with his feeble hands, Toiling at burdens beyond his strength, Work if you eat. No laggards here," Is what he hears from Jim at length.

As ye measure, so unto you Shall be measured the same again; Eye for an eye, and tooth for a tooth," Readeth the law in accents plain. Mills of the gods, that grind each day, May grind slowly; they grind full sure. Who oppress a suffering life, Must the oppressor's fate endure.  
—Our Animal Friends.

TIM'S FRIEND.

By Annie M. Barton.

CHAPTER III.

OLD GRANNY BROWN.

She was not a nice object to look at, as she bent over a heap of rags and bones spread out on the floor of the cellar in which she lived; indeed, to say she looked horrible is not at all too strong a term. Blear-eyed and with a face bloated and disfigured by long years of indulgence in drink and other evil passions, her scanty gray locks straggling wildly out from beneath a dirty rag that did duty for a cap, a blackened clay pipe, filled with strong tobacco, between her lips, such was Granny Brown, whom poor Tim "hated like poison."  
The cellar was cold and damp and wretched, although a good fire was burning in the rusty grate; the air was foul with indescribable odours arising from the heap of refuse on the floor, and the old woman groaned and mumbled and muttered to herself, as she sorted the rags into separate little piles.  
The door opened and a man, an old man, ragged, dirty, and unkempt, came in, and went at once to the fire, shivering, and stretching out his hands to the welcome blaze.  
Granny Brown took not the slightest notice of him. He was a neighbour, and a rag-picker also, who lived in an adjoining cellar, and being somewhat miserly in his habits, would often come and sit by her fire to save his own. Strangely enough, she never objected to him doing this, indeed, between the two an odd sort of friendship existed, although they often quarrelled violently.  
"Where is the lad?" he asked presently, as he drew a three-legged stool to the fire, and sat down as close as he could possibly get to the bright red coals.  
"Out. He was gone when I woke up this morning," said the old woman savagely. "Up to some of his tricks, I'll be bound, the idle, good for nothing brat. I meant him to sort these rags; ough! how it hurts my back to stoop! If he doesn't bring in something worth having, I'll break every bone in his body."  
"He's got a bob; I know that for a fact," said the man quietly.  
With a tremendous groan, Granny Brown straightened herself, and came towards the speaker.  
"What d'ye mean? Where have you seen him?" she demanded.  
"Oh! a goodish bit from here. I was out looking for a job when I spied Tim at the door of a very decent house a-talking to a woman and a kid. The kid was a little chap in knickerbockers, and he'd got hold of Tim's hand. Just as I passed I heard him say, 'You'll never give away my shilling, it's got a hole in it, and a string, so you can put it round your neck,' and Tim said, 'All right, I'll keep it for ever and ever.' Tim never see'd me, 'cause his back was turned, so I kep' dark and passed on. Only, I

thought I'd let you know in case he didn't turn it up."  
"He'll turn it up, never fear," said the old woman grimly; "he knows better than to hide anything from me. Once he tried on that little game, and I guess he's not forgot to this day the thrashing I give him. But what could make the kid give him a whole bob?"  
"You'll have to find that out when he comes, I know nothing cept what I've told you."  
"I'm blest if I'll do any more work to-day," was the rejoinder. "Tim shall sort these rags while I spend the money, work the young uns out first, that's my motto."  
The man smiled a grim assent, and then the two cronies sat one on each side of the fire, smoking, watching, and waiting for Tim's return.  
Meanwhile, Tim, quite unconscious that the lynx eyes of Bob Fletcher, granny's friend, had observed him, had been having a glorious time.  
When he reached Dale Street after leaving the Argus, he saw Johnnie's eager little face watching for him from the window of No. 5, and, as he approached, the door was flung wide open.  
"O Tim, what a time you have been!" he exclaimed reproachfully. Mother said she didn't think you would come back at all."  
At the sound of Johnnie's voice, Mrs. Dodds came into the passage.  
"You do not go errands very quickly, my boy," she said gravely, "I expected you back an hour ago."  
"He kep' me," answered Tim, with a backward movement of the head, to indicate some distant personage. "I guess this letter'll tell you why."  
Mrs. Dodds took the envelope, now covered with dirty finger marks, and read the contents in silence, then, turning to her little boy, exclaimed, "Why, Johnnie, your father never got the first message I sent to tell him you were lost. I expect that lad kept the penny, and never went near the docks. However, it doesn't matter; I have got you safe and sound." She finished with a warm, motherly kiss.  
Tim stood looking on with a strange feeling of envy in his heart.  
"How nice it must be to have a mother!" he thought. "Nobody in the whole world cares about me, I haven't a single friend; if I got lost, or even if I died, nobody would mind a bit."  
Big tears filled his eyes, but the next moment he wiped them away, for Tim had naturally a very cheerful disposition, and was not the boy to cry over troubles that could not be helped.  
Kind-hearted Mrs. Dodds, however, had seen the tears, though she was far from guessing the cause, and her heart was full of pity for the miserable, neglected child.  
"Mr. Dodds tells me you have had breakfast on board ship."  
"Yes, and a rare good tuck in it were," answered Tim, his eyes sparkling at the recollection. "There was a chap there, as served out the grub, was awful kind; he give me this bag full of pieces to take home, and he told me his name was John Wilson, and he lives at Sunderland. When I'm a man I mean to be a sailor just like him."  
"He isn't a sailor, he's only a steward," cried Johnnie, proud of his superior knowledge; but Tim did not understand the difference.  
"Well any way, I'm going to be a chap like him, with a little room full of boxes and drawers and cupboards, and all sorts of good stuff inside 'em. I wanted him to take me this voyage as boy to help him; but he said I were too small. Never mind, though, I shan't always be little."  
Tim looked very brave and determined as he stood there, his ragged little figure drawn to its full height; but there was something so pathetic in his appearance, that tears filled the good woman's eyes.  
She questioned Tim very closely as to his home and prospects in life. The sorrowful story was soon told, and though intensely sorry for the friendless child, she saw no way of really helping him.  
Therefore, as many others in like circumstances do, she tried to dismiss the subject from her mind.  
"Here is the sixpence my husband promised you," she said, taking the coin from her purse. "I wish I could do more for you; but we don't live here, we go back to Manchester in a few days. You are bigger than my Johnnie, or I would give you one of his warm jackets."  
"I need it badly," said Tim, with a rueful glance at his ragged coat; "but you are right, missus, I'm too big to wear anything belonging to that little chap."  
"Mother, dear," cried Johnnie, "let me give Tim my new silver shilling, the one with the hole in it, for a keepsake. He can put a string through it and wear it

round his neck, and then he will always remember me."  
Johnnie darted away, and quickly returned with his treasure, which he placed in Tim's hand.  
"Don't ever, ever give it away, will you?" he asked earnestly.  
"But, my dear, the little boy may want to spend it for food," remonstrated Mrs. Dodds.  
"Not my new silver shilling," cried Johnnie. "Say you will never give it away."  
"I won't, honest and true," answered Tim, "not if I'm starving."  
If you care to call here to-morrow, my boy," said Mrs. Dodds, "I will give you something to eat, you will be hungry again long before that time. e. n though you have had such a good breakfast this morning."  
"Thank ye, missus, I'll turn up, never fear," said Tim, as he stood on the steps, and it was then Bob Fletcher passed and heard little Johnnie say, "You'll never give away my shilling, it's got a hole in it and a string, so you can put it round your neck."  
"All right," answered Tim, but, poor boy, had he known it, it was all wrong.  
As he walked slowly in the direction of home, he pondered the events of the morning with feelings of great satisfaction.  
"I never had such a lucky day in my life as this has been," he thought. "A great big breakfast, a bag of grub, a tanner and a bob—a real silver shilling; my ain't it a beauty? with a hole in it and a string (a red string too), just as the little chap said."  
Tim took out his treasure, rubbed it still brighter on his ragged sleeve, and the rain having ceased, stood still, the better to look and admire. He hung the red string round his neck and strutted along. "I've got a tlicker! What would Granny Brown say if she knew? Wouldn't she collar it in quick sticks? But she'll never catch sight of this beauty. I s'pose I'll have to turn up the tanner, or she'll be down on me for staying out so long. I'd get on a deal better if I were on my own hook."  
At this moment a church clock in the vicinity struck twelve, and at the sound Tim looked up in amazement.  
"Well! Twelve o'clock already! I'd better make tracks." And, suiting the action to the words, Tim set off as fast as his legs could carry him.  
He did not pause even to draw breath until he arrived at the entrance of the dirty court-yard in which was his home. There, however, before entering, Tim darted rapidly to the right, and disappeared in a tumble-down old building that had been condemned as a dwelling place. In some mysterious recess he hid the precious shilling, and then, with the bag of pieces on his back and the sixpence in his hand, he ran lightly down the cellar steps and opened the door.  
"Where've you been, you little imp?" growled the old woman before the boy could speak. "I'll teach you better manners than to go out without so much as by y're leave."  
"I've had good luck to-day," cried Tim, eager to propitiate his cruel guardian. "Look 'ere, all this lot of good vict'als"—opening the bag, and pouring its contents upon the table. "See, pieces of ham, and pie, and cheese, and all sorts; ain't it grand?"  
In spite of herself the old woman looked slightly mollified. It was not often she saw such food, and when she tasted a bit of pie and found it exceedingly good the ominous frown disappeared from her brow.  
Bob Fletcher also came to the table and picked out a few of the most dainty morsels; but his appetite for food was small, drink had long since destroyed it.  
"And here," said Tim, producing the coin from his pocket, "is a real whole tanner, what was give to me by a lady for taking home her little boy as was lost. So I've been in luck to-day, haven't I?"  
Granny Brown took the sixpence, looked at it, rang it upon the table, and then coolly put it into her pocket.  
"So far, so good," she remarked grimly; "now turn out the bob."  
Tim looked at her in the greatest apparent surprise. He had never been taught that it was wrong to tell lies or to steal.  
"I don't know what you mean; I haven't got another blessed cent," he protested earnestly. "I think a tanner was pretty good pay just for takin' a little chap home."  
For a moment the old woman hesitated; the boy seemed to be speaking the truth, and probably Bob Fletcher was mistaken in the amount he had received.  
She glanced inquiringly round, and, with an evil look, the old man said: "What about the shilling with a hole in

it and a string to hang it round your neck?"  
(To be continued.)

LIVING IN A HURRY.

Nowadays a large number of people suffer from unnecessary excitement. A physician, who is a specialist in nervous diseases, declares that a young woman under his charge was literally killing herself by too rapid movements.  
"She is not satisfied," he said, "with going about and doing things in a quiet orderly way, but actually rushes through with her work, and continually overtakes herself. She cannot be convinced that a little more deliberation might accomplish just as much, and save her strength. So firmly is this habit of haste upon her that she will run up and down stairs when there is no need for hurry, and, indeed, when there is no possible pretext for doing it."  
The doctor's prescription was. A good deal more deliberation, a large amount of rest and occupation.  
The world is full of people who are rushing themselves to ruin of health as fast as they can go. They not only rush, but worry, and, between these two, subject their nervous systems to more wear and tear than anything short of wrought steel could endure.

NEIGHBOURS THE OTHER SIDE.

A minister was soliciting aid for foreign missions and applied to a gentleman, who refused him with the reply, "I don't believe in foreign missions; I want what I give to benefit my neighbour."  
"Well," replied he, "whom do you regard as your neighbour?"  
"Why, those around me."  
"Do you mean those whose land joins yours?" inquired the minister.  
"Yes."  
"Well," said the minister, "how much land do you own?"  
"About five hundred acres."  
"How far down do you own?"  
"Why, I never thought of it before, but I suppose I own about half way through."  
"Exactly," said the clergyman, "I suppose you do, and I want the money for the New Zealanders—the men whose land join yours on the bottom."

A PARABLE.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lit it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair. "Where are you going?" said the taper. "Away high up," said the man; "higher than the top of the house where we sleep."  
"And what are you going to do there?" said the taper.  
"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbour is, said the man.  
"For we stand here at the entrance to the harbour, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for light even now."  
"Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the taper, "it is so very small."  
"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning bright, and leave the rest to me."  
Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse, for this was a lighthouse they were in, he took the little taper, and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them.  
You who think your little light of so small account, can you not see what God may do with it? Shine—and leave the rest to him.—The Wellspring.

MANN'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

Horace Mann gives this bit of advice to boys: "You are made to be kind, boys; generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that don't require running. If there is a hungry one give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one he not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fuss. And remember who said, 'Love your enemies,' and 'Bless them which curse you.'"