

as a model. Let the effects of the disillusionment fall where they belonged. It was not likely that he was going to change his business methods, his sharp dealing, his keen seizure of apparent advantages, simply to spare the tender susceptibilities of this small vagrant; nevertheless the thought of Tid was at the bottom of more than one reform that he made in these days.

Meantime Tid was cultivating a tender heart among other things, and when he had the misfortune to set his foot unawares on a toad one day, he was the more hurt of the two.

'I'd no more scrunch the crature, and it sitting by to do me a good turn, than you'd squeeze a tenant, sir,' he protested, remorsefully.

'There are some tenants that need the thumb-screws put on them, Tid.'

'Of course, just as there are pertaty-bugs and cutworms and squash beetles to clane out. It's a fine thing to have the head to pick and choose amongst them as I weed out the docks and lave the cabbages, to hould the helpin' hand to the wake and nadey, and turn the cowld back on the undesarvin'. I'm feared I'll be long learnin' all that from you, sir.'

'Oh, you aspire to a share in the management of the tenants, too?' inquired Mr. Kane, with that sarcastic accent which was quite thrown away upon Tid.

'I'm studyin' hard to be fit to go in the office come fall, when you'll not be nading me in the garding,' admitted Tid, modestly. 'I'll be worth me keep there outside of me schoolin', I will that, ye'll see.'

'Hum-um-m!' That Tid was acting like a prickly burr on his conscience, the real estate man knew, and the far-reaching consequences of this proposed move rather alarmed him. Hadn't he closed up the typhoid well and drained Ague Alley and given a contract for rebuilding Ramshackle Row—all good-paying investments, to be sure, and much-needed reforms—simply and solely through the quickened moral responsibility that the boy had roused in him?

'If this thing goes on,' he said to himself, 'I'll be renewing the Taft mortgage and letting the Hope farm slip through my fingers. It's sheer imbecility on my part. Who wants an inconveniently active conscience in these days? I'll throw off the yoke before it fastens tighter. I'll discharge Tid and send the Mulligans packing.'

But to look into Tid's trustful eyes and make this decision known was more than Mr. Kane cared to do at that moment. It might be better to talk the matter out with Tid's mother, he concluded. A little bribe, now, to persuade her to move on, say, without betraying his part in the transaction, would make everything smooth and easy.

Mr. Kane had not seen Mrs. Mulligan. Tid had caught his fancy, but he had felt sure that the mother would be a bore, and had avoided the house. Well, they had transformed the desolate shanty into rather a picturesque spot by the vines they had trained over it, and the woman displayed some of Tid's own confidence in receiving him.

'Sure, I felt yez comin', sir,' she explained. 'Be sated, plaze. I'd pass the chair if I could step a foot under me, but it was the Lord's mercy that I kept on me legs till we r'ached ye, that it was, and I've some use of me hands still, so that

I do a dale wid them, and I can hitch me chair about while I do me chores quite nate and convenient. 'Tis honored I am to have ye come sakin' me—regardin' Tid is it, then? He's a credit to yez, that he is, sir. He couldn't take affther you stronger if he wur your own blood-born.'

It struck coldly home to Mr. Kane's understanding that his task was none the easier for coming here. This little helpless woman, with her useless feet and crippled hands, all gnarled and twisted with rheumatism, and her wistful face beaming with tremulous pride, was scarcely a better subject for his retaliation than Tid himself would have been.

Nettled and disconcerted, but unwilling to retreat, he demanded, sharply, 'How did you come by this ridiculous notion of training the boy after me? Wasn't there any better model to be found?'

'Sure, I'd want no better if I'd a hunder' to choose from,' averred the little woman, stoutly, 'but I'd none other fit to pattern him by but yersilf, that's the truth. You see, it wor this way. There wor me brothers and me cousins in the ould country did be breaking their heads in their fights; and there was Mulligan got so in the way of bating people when he wor on the police that he cudn't lave off the thrick while he lived, and there was you with a good worrud to the fore, and a joke when a poor garrul blundered, and a gentleman's way, whether it was to the high or the low—and it's the way that comes aisy to Tid, now that he has ye before the two eyes of him,' said Tid's mother, proudly, while Mr. Kane groaned in spirit.

How could he make these people understand that their attitude toward him was both unwarranted and unwelcome? Why should he consent to saddle himself with them? It was only his foolish good nature that had got him into this scrape. They had no real claim on him.

'It isn't ivery fine gentleman that I'd pattern him by, that's the truth,' went on Mrs. Mulligan. 'There's thim, if you'd belave it, wud see but the impyndice and niver the honor of having a poor b'y thrained affther thim. Like as if Tid wud be walkin' on the creeping things wid no thought for their hurts, that's how some wud be lookin' at the poor people that's to do thim the good turn.'

'Oh, I assure you that I feel the honor of it!' murmured Mr. Kane, ironically; but the struggle to express herself filled the woman's mind, and she went on without noticing the interruption:

'But if he thramped thim all out, he'd be thrampin' on the good frinds of him, and thrampin' out the tinderness as wud make the good man of hissilf, and niver know that he wor more hurt by his hadelessness than thim. That's why I'm thankful to the Lord that I'd the right kind to pattern him by,' concluded the woman, fervently; and no light retort fell from Mr. Kane's lips now.

What if this were so? What if he were crushing the better nature that was struggling in him when he turned from them? What if the loss were his rather than theirs? What if these people were sent to awaken his conscience and show him where he was drifting?

It was a new thought to him that the claim of humanity might work both ways. From this point of view, he might owe something to the Mulligans instead of

their owing everything to him. Suppose he turned them out, foreclosed the Taft mortgage, seized the Hope farm, fostered the spirit of greed and selfishness and thrust aside responsibility, as his impulse had been; how would his gain weigh in the balance against—what?

Surely, the opening vista held more than he had considered thus far. It was not only that he would shatter their faith in man's goodness by shattering the idol they had made of him. There was the hardening of his own heart, the turning from his chance to become an uplifting force to the people about him. He was no better and no worse than the majority of careless, thoughtless men; but did he not have it in him to be either better or worse? And which should he choose?

He was still wrestling with that problem when a small shadow fell across the threshold, and Tid stood in the doorway. He brightened at sight of the visitor, and turned to his mother in triumph.

'Didn't I be telling you he would come wan day? She wor cravin' a sight of ye, sir, that she wor, but we wouldn't be askin' a busy man like yersilf to come out of yer way for that.'

'It's for the good of ye that he's come now, Tid. He's said as much.'

'Sure, he's been doin' us the good turn since the day we r'ached him,' said Tid, contentedly. 'Thrust his honor for that.'

Mr. Kane stood up and shook his shoulders as if he were throwing off a load. To crush out trust like this, to refuse the blessedness of such simple faith and gratitude, surely that was not work for Tidmore Kane. Let the name mean as much for him as for Tid.

'Blarney!' he said, lightly. 'I don't want the roof here coming in on your heads and giving you an excuse to sue me for damages. I'll just look around and see what repairs are needed. And, Tid,—more slowly,—if you feel ready to come into the office to-morrow, I find that I am ready to have you there.'

'Hooray!' shouted Tid.

### When the Tide Came In.

(Winifred A. Iverson, in 'The Christian.')

Black and foul the harbor lay,  
While no waves their way could win;  
But it gleamed, transformed and gay,  
When the tide came in.

Motionless the vessels lay  
Locked the harbor-mouth within,  
Stranded there, and thus to stay  
Till the tide came in.

All my life disordered lay  
Graceless and begrimed with sin;  
Oh! the change, that hour of day  
When God's tide flowed in.

At its ease my small craft lay  
Cramped a narrow space within;  
But it pulsed and sped away  
When God's tide flowed in.

Yea! the Holy Spirit came,  
His renewings to begin;  
Leaving nothing quite the same—  
Thus God's tide flowed in!

Speaking of people who are shareholders in brewing concerns, the Bishop of Hereford says they are living on the dirtiest coppers that pass over the bar of the lowest public-house they own. His old-fashioned idea was that he would not like to live on the profits of any trade or business which he should be ashamed to conduct himself.