

his disappearance might not occasion any alarm.

At first as he walked on by the dim light of the stars, he felt perplexed by the difficulty he might meet with in hunting out Tom in a town of forty thousand inhabitants. He was not, however, of a character to be daunted by trifles; and at the public-house I have already mentioned he gained something of a clue which enabled him, after not more than two hours' wandering through the labyrinth of streets in Norwich, to find the house he was in quest of. On opening the door, the first person he saw was his brother, sitting at breakfast with the old shoemaker and his wife. Dick during his walk had been preparing a most severe lecture for Tom on the sin and folly of running away from home. But his joy at finding him put two-thirds of his lecture to flight; and he began with what he had intended should be his winding up: "Oh, Tom! how could you think of serving me so?—to go away without letting me know any thing about it—when, if I had but known of it, I would have come with you, and seen you settled in some good place; or, at any rate, you should have had some money, and not have gone in that shiftless way, without a penny in your pocket."

"That was the reason," replied Tom, "why I left home without saying any thing to you, or to any one; for you have all been doing so much for me all my life, that it is high time for me to do something for myself, and not be burdensome to you any longer."

"And he shall do something for himself," said Jacob Matthews, whose eyes glistened with tears at this dialogue between the brothers; "he shall do something for himself, and for me too; and though he is but a weakly lad, and not so strong as I could wish, yet I see he is a willing and a handy; and I am sure, moreover, that where there is so much affection, between brothers, they must have some good in them; and he need not look out anywhere else for work; he shall stay where he is, if he likes." The offer was most thankfully accepted, and the terms soon settled to the satisfaction of all parties; and Dick, resisting all Jacob's further hospitalities, set off, as soon as he was a little rested and refreshed, to take to his parents the joyful intelligence that Tom was happily settled

in a good place, and with a good master.

All has hitherto gone on well with Tom. He and his master continue to be well satisfied with each other; and he again occasionally indulges himself in building castles in the air, with the shop-window and the back-parlour; and, in the meantime, he has sent his mother various little tokens of his affection and his prosperity.

SPEAK GENTLY TO EACH OTHER.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Please to help me a minute, sister," said little Frank.

"Oh, don't disturb me," I said; "I'm reading."

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?" said Frank.

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I, emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

Frank was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a windmill, and as soon as he came home his energies were all employed in making a small one; for he was always trying to make tops, wheelbarrows, kites, and all sorts of things, such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and knife, and now it only needed putting together to complete it; and his only sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

I thought of all this immediately after he left me, and my book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother, and was generally kind to him; still, I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him, and afforded the assistance needed, but I knew he had found some one else. But I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour Frank came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up. Just see how it goes!" His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and sure enough on the roof of the outhouse was fastened a miniature windmill, and the arms were whirling around fast enough to please any

boy. I praised the windmill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy, and entirely forgetful of my unkindness, and I resolved, as I had many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten and his muscles relax, and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said, "I hear my windmill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked. "Shall we take it down?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "it seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better." He mused a moment, and then added.—"Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me finish it, and you were reading, and told me you could not? But it didn't make any difference, for mamma helped me."

Oh, how sadly those words fell upon my ear!—and what bitter memories they awakened! How I repented as I kissed little Frank's forehead that I had ever spoken unkindly to him! Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched his couch, hope growing fainter and fainter, and anguish deeper, until, one week from the morning on which he spoke of his childish sports, we closed the eyes once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart. He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but the little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still whirling in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof of the old woodshed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving I remember the lost little Frank—and I remember also the thoughtless, the unkind words!

Brothers and sisters, be kind to one another. Be gentle, considerate, and loving.

TRIALS.—Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so because they are the very ones he needs.