

turned away, with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy, after all. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy!" and the tears stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother.

As the father passed the bedroom where his boy was sleeping, he thought he would look in upon him before he retired to rest. He crept to his low cot, and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, but he was sleeping sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son, and he resolved to alter his course to him in the morning. But that morning never came to that poor boy in health. He awoke, the next morning, with a raving fever and wild delirium: in forty eight hours he was in his shroud! He knew now not his father or mother, when they were first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterwards. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did the unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son: he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, but in vain.

Two days afterwards the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the dead boy, brought the stools on which it was to stand in the entry hall. "I was with Henry," said the lad, "when he got into the water; we were playing down at the long wharf,—Henry, and Charles Mumfrit, and I,—and the tide was out very low; and a beam ran out from the wharf, and Charles got on it to get a fish-line, and he slipped off, and was struggling in the water. Henry threw off his cap, and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and after a great deal of hard work got Charles out, and they

waded up through the mud; and then I helped them to climb up the side. Charles told Henry not to say anything about it; for, if he did, his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry, and all the way going home he kept saying, "what will my father say when he sees me to-night? I wish I had not gone to the wharf." "Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the father, "and this was the explanation I cruelly refused to hear!" and hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks. Yet that stern father now learned that what he had treated with unwonted severity as a fault was but the impulse of a generous nature. "Now," said the father, "every thing I see that ever belonged to him reminds me of the past. Yesterday I came across his boot, still covered with dock-mud, as when he last wore them. Many things speak to me vividly of my son's active life; but I cannot, no I cannot recall any other expression of the dear boy's face, than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on that night I so hastily repulsed him, and my heart bleeds afresh." O, how careful should we be, in our daily conduct towards those little beings lent to us by God,—how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive,—lest in a moment of excitement we should do them wrong! Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, nor of physical or mental pain, but of a loving yet grieved or outraged nature

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False friends will seek us in a happy home, but true ones *only* to a prison come.