

things and wept. How he wished she were there that he might tell her how sorry he was that he had treated her so cruelly. He resolved that as soon as she came home, he would tell her that she had done just right, that he would ask her forgiveness, and promise never to treat her so badly again, "I shall never feel happy," said he, "till I do so. I know she will forgive me, for she is the kindest"—and here the sentence was ended in weeping.

He looked out of the window, and saw Isaac coming for him; he hid himself in the garret, and did not come out till he thought Isaac was gone. He resolved that he would have no more to do with him.

The next day, as he was in Louisa's chamber, he saw a carriage drive slowly up to the door. There were a good many persons following it. "Who has come?" said Thomas, and he ran down to see, but when he came to the door, everybody looked so sad that he was afraid to ask any question. He saw them lifting something out of the carriage. It was the lifeless body of Louisa. She had been thrown from her horse that morning and instantly killed.

The messenger had met her father in the village, and in the distraction of his grief, he had forgotten to send the sad news to his son.

How did Thomas feel as he saw the pale countenance and drooping limbs of his sister, as they lifted her from the carriage, and bore her into the house? He did not say *I don't care* then. I can't tell you how he felt. It would be necessary for one to feel just as he did, in order to describe his feelings fully. He felt perfectly wretched. Wherever he was, that distressful look of his sister seemed to meet his eye, and that cruel expression, *I don't care*, to sound in his ears.

When the friends had laid out the body, and had retired, he went to his father and said, "Papa, I must tell you all, or I shall die." He told him all his guilt and unkindness towards his sister. His father wept with him, and prayed with him, and comforted him, so far as the assurance that his sister had forgiven him. But he endeavored to deepen his sense of guilt, and to point him to the only means by which it could be removed.

The lesson thus taught Thomas was never forgotten. He found no rest, till he found peace in believing; till he had evidence that God had forgiven all his sins; till he could look forward to a reunion with his sister in heaven. From this time it would seem as if the gentle spirit of the departed guided the lone boy. In every season of doubt as to

the propriety of what he was about to do, he would ask himself, "How would sister have me do, if she were here?" and as he knew that she always took the Bible for her guide, he would go to the Bible for directions. Thus he walked with God. When he became a man he led a life of usefulness, but the remembrance of his unkindness to his sister often made him sad. "Oh!" he used to say to himself, "when I get to heaven, next after my Saviour, I shall want to see my sister." Reader, have you a sister?—*Mother's Magazine.*

A Mother's Hand.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A wandering orphan child was I—
But meanly, at the best, attired;
For oh, my mother scarce could buy
The common food each week required;
But when the anxious day had fled,
It seemed to be her dearest joy,
To press her pale hand on my head,
And pray that God would guide her boy.

But more, each winter, more and more,
Stern suffering brought her to decay;
And then an Angel passed her door,
And bore her lingering soul away!
And I—they know not what is grief,
Who ne'er knewt by a dying bed;
All other woe on earth is brief,
Save that which weeps a mother dead!

A seaman's life was soon my lot,
'Mid reckless deeds and desperate men;
But still I never quite forgot
The prayer I ne'er should hear again;
And oft, when half induced to tread,
Such paths as unto sin decoy,
I've felt her fond hand press my head,
And that soft touch hath saved her boy.

Though hard their mockery to receive,
Who ne'er themselves 'gainst sin hath striven,
Her, who on earth I dared not grieve,
I could not—would not—grieve in Heaven;
And thus from many an action dread;
Too dark for human eye to scan;
The same fond hand upon my head,
That blessed the boy—*hath saved the man!*

NEW SPELLING.—The most original mode of spelling that we have ever seen, is the following.—It beats phonetics:

80 you be—A tub.
80 oh I pea—A top.
Be 80—Bat.
See 80—Cat.
Pea 80—Pat.
Are 80—Rat.
See O I double you—Cow.
See you be—Cub.
See a bee—Cab.
Be you double tea—Butt.
Be a double ell—Ball.