

"They are no more wicked than any other boys."

"Brother, if you will not tell father, I must. Don't go to those boys this morning."

He would not listen to her and was going, when she called Mr. Harvey and said to him, with tears in her eyes, "Papa, Thomas ought not to go with the boys so much, he learns bad things."

"What things?"

"I have tried to get him to tell you—he did not tell you the truth yesterday, about the ground."

"Tell me how it was, my daughter," said Mr. H., in a tone which showed how fully he appreciated his daughter's motives, and approved her conduct. She then made a statement of the whole affair, throwing as little blame as possible on her brother.

Mr Harvey took his son with him into his office, and made him sit down, hoping that reflection would bring him to repentance. Thomas sat down and looked pretty uncomfortable for some time; but as his father did not speak to him, but kept on writing, he began to look about for amusement, and finally took up a book, and appeared to be very busy reading it. When his father had finished writing, he turned to him and said, "Have you anything to say to me?"

"No, sir."

"Then you will remain here till I return."

He was gone for some time. Louisa went to the door and spoke to her brother, but he pretended to be very busy with his book, and did not answer her. He tried to persuade himself that she had treated him very unkindly by making known his conduct to his father. He thought of all that Isaac and Ben had said about the meanness of *telling*, and judging his sister by their code, he found her guilty. Isaac and Ben had never said anything to him about the meanness of *lying*—of failing to honor one's father—of treating a kind sister with cruel injustice.

Evening came and Mr. Harvey returned. He found Thomas in the same state of mind in which he left him. There were no signs of sorrow for what he had done. He therefore chastised him severely as he deserved. Louisa heard the strokes of the whip, and they gave her almost as much pain as they gave Thomas. He cried loudly, and promised that he would never do so any more. Do you suppose he kept his promise? or would have kept it if the events which I am about to relate had not happened? I am afraid he would not, for amid all his

cries and promises there was no confession; no proof that he felt in his heart that he had done wrong, and was sorry for it. There will never be any real reformation without repentance.

The next morning Louisa met Thomas with one of her sweetest smiles, but she received no smile in return. He was sullen, and would not speak to her. She took care to give him no occasion to display his temper before his father, lest he should receive another chastisement. There is a great difference between taking care to avoid being the occasion of one's doing wrong, and concealing wrong actions from those who have a right to know them.

Louisa was going that day to visit her aunt, who lived in the next village, and she expected to stay several days. Before she went, she spoke to her brother most kindly, and endeavored to convince him that she had only done her duty in relation to him by informing his father of his conduct. He made no answer to what she said. When she was ready to set out, she said, "Come, Thomas, dear, kiss me before I go."

"I won't."

"Brother, I may never come home again alive"

"I don't care."

A change passed over her countenance, expressive of the pang which shot through her heart. He saw it, and his heart began to relent. He was on the point of yielding, of confessing that she was right, and asking her forgiveness. But she turned away from him before the purpose was quite formed, and he let her depart without knowing that he felt the least compunction.

She went away with a very heavy heart, and often turned her head to see him, and once stopped and turned, as if she was about to come back to him. Thomas hoped in his heart that she would do so, and meant, as soon as she had come a little way, to go and meet her. But she knew not what was passing in his mind, and as he gave no sign of encouragement, she turned again and went on her way. Reader, when you have treated one unkindly, and feel an impulse to confess and ask forgiveness, do not hesitate for a moment. Do not let pride, or stubbornness, or shame, hinder you from yielding to the better feelings of your heart.

Thus parted the sister and brother who loved each other more than anything on earth. When she was gone, Thomas felt very lonely and sad. He went all over the house as though he expected to find her. He went to her room, and looked at her