

ELLA

AND HER

LITTLE BROTHER.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,

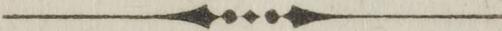
200 MULBERRY-STREET, N. Y.

M. J. Coltman

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ELLA RAY was a very happy little

girl when she was taken into her mamma's room by her aunt, one day, and saw there a dear little baby.

She was still more happy when she was told that the baby was her own brother, for then she knew that he would not be taken away from the house, and that she could have him to play with.

4 ELLA AND HER LITTLE BROTHER.

When Ella first saw her little brother he was fast asleep, and she asked her mamma if he had any eyes. Her mamma told her yes, and that if she waited a while his eyes would open. So she sat down by the side of her aunt, and after waiting a few moments she heard a noise which seemed to her, at first, to be like her cat mewling. But it did not take her long to find out that it was not a cat, for her mamma said to her, "Now, Ella, you can see baby's eyes if you wish." So she ran up to the bed, and, sure enough, there was the little fellow wide awake, and showing a pair of pretty blue eyes.

Ella was very proud when her mamma told her she might hold the baby on her lap. But her aunt was quite careful to put her hands under Ella's and close to them lest she should let

baby fall to the floor, for Ella was not yet three years old, and of course could not be very strong. She only held him a moment or two, when mamma said, "There, that will do," and baby was put back in the bed again, where he soon shut his blue eyes and was fast asleep.

Ella watched her little brother every day, and wondered when he would be old enough to talk to her and to play with her. She was never tired of looking at his tiny hands and feet, and was always glad when he threw up his arms and laughed and crowed. She very freely let him have the cradle that she was rocked in for his own, and told him that if he would only be a good little boy he might have her carriage when he was large enough to ride.

When he was about three or four

6 ELLA AND HER LITTLE BROTHER.

months old his mamma said to Ella one day, that she thought it might do to put the baby in the carriage. Ella had teased her mother about it for a long time, telling her she was sure he was large enough to go in the wagon. But her mother had put her off, saying to her that when she thought best it should be done. And when at length she did think best, and told Ella so, the little girl's joy was great.

The carriage was soon brought into the hall, where pillows and blankets were put in, and Master Charley, for that was the baby's name, was put in too. He seemed to know that something was going on, for he laughed, and crowed, and cut all the cunning capers he knew. When he was fastened in by a strap, Bridget, the girl, carried the wagon out into the garden, and drew it all around

the walks. Ella had hold of the carriage too. As the weather was warm and pleasant the top of the wagon was down, and Ella stood behind pushing with one hand while Bridget pulled, and with the other hand she tried to hold her little parasol to keep the sun out of Charlie's eyes. But it did not do much good, for she could not hold it steadily enough. However, Bridget took care of all that, for she kept the carriage for the most part in the shade.

Charlie seemed to like the ride very much. He looked around, and threw up his hands, and tossed his head from one side to the other, and when Bridget stopped for a moment to pluck a flower for Ella the baby cried, as though he wanted to say, "Go on." And when the carriage moved on he stopped crying, and smiled

again. It was not long, however, before his eyelids drooped, for the motion of the wagon had made him sleepy. When he was fast asleep Bridget drew the carriage back to the house, loosened the strap which held Charlie in, and carried him up stairs, pillows, blankets, and all. Ella followed, still holding up her parasol, and when she reached her mamma's room she told her what a fine time they had in the garden. But she made such a noise about it with her little tongue that mamma had to tell her to be still or she would wake the baby.

In a few months more Charlie had learned to creep all around the room and to stand up by the side of chairs. Ella very much wanted him to walk, but he did not seem to be in a great hurry about that. He learned, by and

by, to walk by the help of chairs, or by taking hold of some one's hand, and then Miss Ella thought she could help him. But, somehow or other, whenever she held his hand he was sure to tumble to the floor. I suppose she pulled him along too fast.

But one day Charlie was walking out in the garden, holding on to his mamma's dress. After walking in this way for a few moments the dress slipped from his fingers, though he did not know it, and he walked several steps alone before he found it out. When at last he saw that his mamma was a little distance ahead of him he stopped for an instant and bent over as if he would fall, and then ran to her. After that he had no trouble about walking, and he could soon run with his sister in the house or around the garden.

It was not long before he tried to talk. It was hard work at first, but he had Ella for a teacher, and he soon learned from her very fast. He tried to say everything that she said, and I am sorry to say that he learned a few naughty words from his sister. They were only a few, for she was generally a good little girl; but sometimes she said what she ought not to, and Charlie said it after her.

Ella had fallen in the habit of saying, "*I wont.*" She never said it to her papa or her mamma, but she sometimes said it to Bridget. Bridget had never told Ella's parents of this, and they knew nothing of it until one day Mr. Ray heard Master Charlie say, "I WONT." He at once called Ella to him.

"Ella," said he, "where did Charlie learn that naughty word?"

Ella hung her head and made no reply.

“Did you ever say it, my daughter?” said Mr. Ray, putting his arms around the little girl, and drawing her closely to him. “He never would have said it if he had not heard it. I am afraid he has heard you say it. Is it so? Come, tell me.”

Ella, finding she had to speak, said, “Yes, sir.”

Then her papa told her how naughty words go from child to child, one learning from the other, and that she must be careful what she said before her little brother, as he would be sure to say it after her.

“Did you ever see weeds growing in the garden?” said he.

“Yes, sir,” said Ella.

“Those weeds all come from little

seeds which have fallen to the ground. They soon grow up, unless they are pulled out, and choke the plants and flowers. These naughty words are like the weeds, and when you say one of them to Charlie it is like dropping a seed into the ground. And when Charlie says that word you may know that the seed has taken root and the weed is growing. You would not like to see all the pretty flowers in our garden choked with weeds. O no. It would quite spoil the looks of the garden. So these naughty words that you sometimes say, and that Charlie says after you, will make you both naughty children."

Ella told her papa she was sorry that she had said such words, and promised to do so no more. It was not so easy to get Charlie to do better, for he did

not know what "I wont" meant, and he used it many times every day. Whenever Ella heard him say it she said, "There's another naughty weed growing in Charlie's garden."

Once when she said this her papa said, "And who put the seed there, Ella?"

And Ella blushed and said "*I did.*" But she was careful after that not to say naughty words, and thus put weed-seeds in Charlie's garden.

It would have done you good to see Ella and Charlie playing together. Sometimes they played school, and Ella was the teacher. She had several pretty books which had been given her, all of them having pictures. There was one of them she called her "*potery* book," because it was full of poetry and pictures. With these books they had fine times. Ella tried to teach Charlie

his letters, though she did not know them herself. She also tried to count with him: "One, two, three, five, seven, ten, sixty!"

They sometimes sang together out of these books. If to sing loud is to sing well, then I am sure everybody would say that these two children sang very well. They opened their throats like little birds, and made all the noise they could, which was a great deal. They filled the house with their merry music, and when the windows were open the neighbors could hear them across the street. Their papa said he would rather have them sing than cry, and he did not mind the noise they made as long as they were happy.

They sometimes played "visiting." Ella dressed herself and Charlie in all the old shawls and hats she could find

about the house, and they went around the room knocking at every chair as if it had been a house. Ella played that she was the mamma, and that Charlie was her little boy. She talked to the people who lived in the houses (that is, the chairs) she visited, asked how the children were, told how she was, and then went somewhere else.

Thus these children lived very happily together. I am glad to say that they did not often quarrel. Once in a while Ella wanted something that Charlie had, or he wanted something that Ella had, and for a moment or two they seemed ready to fight. But it was soon settled, and everything went on smoothly as before. They had each their own toys, but they were always ready to lend to each other; and when they played together they often brought

out all their pretty toys, and no one could tell which were Ella's or which were Charlie's.

It is very pleasant to see two little children loving each other, and playing together, and trying to make one another happy. How much better for brother and sister to do this than to be cross to each other, and to fight and quarrel like cats and dogs. The Bible says, "Little children, love one another."

If you have a little brother as Ella had, be as kind and as gentle to him as you can. Be careful what you say before him, for he will learn it from you, and then the "weeds" will soon grow up as Ella's papa told her.

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