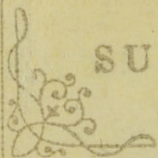



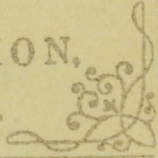
THE

LITTLE BROTHER.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,

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THE LITTLE BROTHER.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,

200 MULBERRY-STREET, NEW YORK.



THE LITTLE BROTHER.

HARRY STONE was seven years old. He had three sisters, and he loved them dearly and often played with them; but he was a very manly little fellow, and spent the most of his time with his father. It was his father who heard his lessons, who taught him to ride the little pony,

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and helped him plan and work his garden. Harry loved his father very much.

And there was one other whom Harry loved. His mother! Yes, he did love his mother with a very warm heart; but just at this time he had a new object to love—a little baby brother. O what a wonder was that brother in his eyes! It was so weak and so helpless now, and it could not hold a spoon to feed itself, nor even sit up alone. But then

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he knew that at some time it would grow up to be a big boy like himself, so he waited and watched. Each day, after his lessons were done, he went up to his mother's room to rock the cradle if the little brother was asleep, or to play with him and talk to him if he was awake. And when spring came it was Harry who drew the little wagon with its baby burden up and down the walk, while nurse might sit still in the doorway and look on.

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As little James grew older Harry loved him more and more. He did not, like some naughty brothers, try to tease him and run away from him, but he always liked to have him at his side, and to attend to all his little wants. O how nice it would be if all brothers would do so!

So things went on till James was five, and Harry was twelve years old, and then their father died. It was a sad, sad stroke for them all, and perhaps to Harry more than

any of the rest, for he had been with him so much. Had it not been for his little brother James his life would have been sad enough. He taught him his daily lessons, and this served to divert his mind very much from the great grief that would have rested upon it.

When affairs were settled after Mr. Stone's death, Mrs. Stone began to think what she could do with Harry.

It would cost quite a sum to send

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him away to school, but this seemed to be the best plan on the whole, as she had not time to teach him at home. And what made her still more willing to do this was the coming of her father with a cousin of Harry's, whom he was taking to school. Edward Gordon, or Ned, as he was called, was a fine young lad just one month older than Harry. They had never seen each other before, but they had heard much, and were ready to like each other at

once. Harry did not know whether it was best to be pleased or not with the prospect of going away from home, his happy home, and more than all from his little brother. So, like a good boy, he waited till his mother and her father had talked the matter over, and then he was ready to do as they might say, and they said it was best that he should go.

It was a sad good-by that Harry said to his kind mother, and sisters, and little brother. The tears would

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come as he stood there with the hands of James and his sister Mary in his.

“Be very kind to little brother for my sake, Mary,” he said softly in her ear, “for you know he will be very lonely when I am gone.”

“I will, Harry, for your sake and for his own too,” said Mary warmly, “for I love him very much.”

The good-by kiss was given all around, and Harry was off with his grandpa and cousin.

A few hours by the cars brought them to the place where the school was kept. Harry had not yet quite dried the tears for the dear ones at home, when they were set down at the door of Mr. Mace, the teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Mace gave them all a hearty welcome, and made them quite at home.

Before Mr. Gordon left he called his grandsons to him and gave them each a gold dollar, and told them what he meant to do by them.

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“ I shall give you each twenty-five cents a week for spending money,” he said, “ and I want you to break and tear just as little beyond that as you can. I shall take note how much I shall have to pay for each of you, and the one who breaks the least shall have the odds to do what he likes with. So if I pay three dollars for Ned and only two for Harry, I will give Harry one dollar to himself. What do you think of that, Ned ?”

“I am afraid I shall get no money in that way, I am so careless, grandpa,” and the tears came in his eyes; “but, indeed, I will try to do better. I love to do right, but I am so apt to forget.”

After Mr. Gordon was gone the boys were soon settled in their rooms, and then they went out into the play-ground. It was quite a task for a timid boy like Harry to go among so many strange ones, but Ned had been there before and was

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liked by them all, and this was a free pass to Harry. He did not have to endure so much as other new pupils did, and was soon hard at work with his books.

All went off well, and Harry was feeling quite at home, though he missed that little brother's hand that used to be in his when he went out to walk, and in his little bed when he went to sleep at night, and he missed him from his side at the table. He heard from home often, and they

said James was doing well, and the little fellow sent many a message of love.

But by and by word came that he was sick, and then Harry knew for the first time that the child was pining away for the brother that he loved so dearly. It was Mary that wrote the letter. She said: "We have not told you before because we hoped he would get over it, but he grows worse and worse. He cries for 'Harry, Harry,' all the day long.

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He has grown quite thin and pale, and often asks how long it will be before Christmas when Harry shall come home. Indeed, Harry, I have done my best to comfort him and be kind to him, but nothing will do but his brother. You must write to him, Harry, and tell him something that will divert his mind if you can."

This is only a part of the long letter that she wrote, and as Harry sat alone in the school-room reading it with tears on his cheeks, Mr. Mace came

in and kindly asked what was the matter. Harry had learned to love and trust his good teacher in all things, and so now, without a word, he put the letter into his hand. Mr. Mace read it in silence, and the tears came in his own eyes. He asked how old James was, and many other things, and then went out without saying any more. That afternoon he sent for Harry and said: "Mrs. Mace sends her love, and asks your ma to let James come and make you

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a visit. Go to her room and you may get her own note to send with your letter."

Harry walked as if in a dream, and he could hardly think it was all true till the next week he saw the pale, thin-faced little James put down at the house door by a friend who was coming that way.

O what a nice visit that was! The little fellow's face began to grow plump and bright, and his voice gay; and when the two weeks were up,

and he must go home, he told Harry that he would try to be good now and not cry for him any more. And he kept his word very well after he got home again, so Mary wrote in her letters, but he would talk about Harry all the time.

Now it was that Harry set his heart to get his little brother to come to school with him. He knew that his mother could not afford it, and he did not want to ask it of his grandpa who had done so much for

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him, but somehow it must be done. He asked Mr. Mace how much he would charge to take such a boy for a year, and he told him one hundred dollars; but if he would take him into his bed and take care of him, as he did when on the visit there, he would let him come for seventy-five dollars.

Then Harry wrote to know how much it cost his ma to keep him at home, and she said fifty dollars. She could not afford to pay out for him one cent more than that. Then there

was his pocket money for a year, which would be thirteen dollars, and the one dollar that was his grandpa's present, that made in all sixty-four dollars. That left him eleven dollars short.

Time passed on, the end of the term came, and Grandpa Gordon with it to take the boys home. And what do you think was the first thing that he found out? Why, the wild, fun-loving Ned had broken five dollars' worth of glasses and win-

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dows, and a fence, and—well, I can't tell you all about it, for it is a long story; but the five dollars went to the good and careful Harry. "Sixty-nine dollars," said he to himself as he was putting up his clothes; "only six more, and I don't see how I can get them."

Just then a bright thought struck him, and away he ran to find Mrs. Mace. He told her how near he came to the sum, "and now," said he, "I have just thought if you would not

please allow me the rest if I will go without tea and coffee the whole year?" Mrs. Mace smiled, kissed him, and said "*yes!*"

Ah, was not Harry a happy little boy when he came back to the school the next term with his little brother? And did not his dry morsel of bread and butter at supper taste sweeter to him, with his brother by his side, than if he had had all the tea of China to drink with it?

After a time the boys left school

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and went to college with each other, for Harry would not go alone, and they are there yet. I shall keep my eye on them, for I expect a very good man will grow up from the little boy who was so very kind to his little brother.

THE END.

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