

second little girl. "He will be like a brother," answered Jessie; "and won't it be nice to have even such a brother?" His name was Lewis; the little girls were glad they knew his name, and they kept saying it over, so as to "get it by heart."

Lewis and his father came at the time they were expected, but it was quite the children's bedtime: so they could only be introduced to Lewis, and saw that he had black hair, and was beautiful looking," and they all *knew* they should like him. After breakfast the next morning, the first thing to be done was to show Lewis the baby-house. So little Sarah led the way, and Mary took him by the hand, and Jessie followed on, feeling very happy. These little girls had no brother. Jessie, especially, thought she would give all the world for one—a brother to go with her and help to take care of the younger ones—for her sisters were always put under *her* care, when they went out together; and sometimes Jessie felt a great responsibility about them. "Oh," she often thought now, "if we only had a brother to take care of them, and me too."

As soon as they reached the chamber where the baby-houses were, Lewis spied a little dog, and he ran and grasped it, crying out, "Oh, may n't I have this? Give me this." "You may have it in your hand, Lewis," said Mary, "but not to keep; for my cousin Jenny gave it to me to remember her by, and now she's dead." "Dogs to remember girls by!" cried Lewis; "why, it's sugar, and sugar dogs are made to eat up." "Please—" began Sarah, looking a little frightened; but before she had time to say more, Lewis bit off the dog's head, and sat munching it in his mouth. The sisters stared at Lewis, but they neither stirred nor spoke, only a tear came into Sarah's eyes, which she tried to wipe away with her little fat fingers. Presently she stole out of the room, and was soon sobbing in her mother's lap. This was but the beginning of sorrows. The poor children found themselves almost at the mercy of a self-willed, selfish boy, and Jessie had her hands full to stand between him and her little sisters, whom he took delight in teasing.

Towards the afternoon, after Lewis had lost his own, Jessie's, and Mary's balls, he wanted Bell Emory's, a little girl who came to visit them. "Please don't," said Jessie, "because you may lose it, and we can't make it up to her." "But I want it, and I will have it," said Lewis rough-

ly. "It is a law here for each of us to give up sometimes," said Jessie, "now, won't you take your turn, and give up, Lewis?" Give up! I never give up to girls; I will have the ball; rushing angrily towards Jessie, who held the ball in her hand. Jessie never flinched. "Lewis, are you a brother?" she asked, looking the rude, selfish boy calmly and steadily in the face—"Are you a brother, Lewis?" Lewis knew enough to feel the reproof. He looked much ashamed of his conduct; and whether it had any abiding good effect I cannot tell, but he behaved better in Jessie's presence while he stayed.

What a question Jessie's was! "Are you a brother?" the boy who reads this story. Remember that a selfish, tyrannical, overbearing spirit is not the spirit of brotherly love. "Are you a brother?" do you cherish a brother's tender care, a brother's protecting hand and watchful eye over the sisters whom God has given you? "Are you a brother?" and will you never abuse the confidence and ruin the happiness of one who should be treated as a sister? "Are you a brother?" remember a brother's duty and a brother's responsibility, and never abuse a brother's love.—*Child's Paper.*

EFFECTS OF NO TOBACCO.

Deacon Ebenezer Rice of Rowe, aged 71 years, mowed on the 22d day of August last, (it being his seventy first birthday,) two acres of stout grass, beginning one hour after sunrise and finishing before 12 o'clock. The Deacon about one year ago left off entirely the use of tobacco, having been a most inveterate smoker for forty years. He says he has paid out nearly three hundred dollars for tobacco.— Since quitting the pipe he has greatly improved in health and bodily and mental vigor. He weighs over twenty pounds more than he did one year ago, and says he feels twenty years younger than 70.— These are interesting facts and speak volumes against the use of tobacco.

We regret that we cannot always think. The brain is not to be developed at the expense of other regions. The inability to think is a silent admonition to go and attend to the body. The complete man will be him of whom it is said:—"That he possesses all of spirit, beauty, strength, that we see at present divided among many men."