

BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"Well, I can't stay any longer," said a young man who, with his sister, had been looking over the pages of a new magazine. "I'll try to be up early this evening so as to read that Russian article to you if you'll wait."

"Oh, I'd wait a week, Rob, to hear it from you."

"Good-by, then." With a kiss flung from his hand he was off, but in three minutes came back.

"I forgot to give you that recipe I got from Mrs. White for you."

"Oh, I wanted it. You're so good to come back, Rob."

A little girl had looked up from her book as she sat upon the piazza steps, seeming much impressed by what she saw of the brother and sister.

"It must be dreadfully nice, Cousin Alice, to have such a good brother as you have."

Cousin Alice answered with a bright smile. "It is nice, little one, but you have a nice brother, too."

"Not nice like Cousin Rob," said Elsie with a doubtful shake of her head. "Cousin Rob always seems to like to do things for you and likes to stay with you."

"And isn't Archie like him?"

"No," said Elsie with another shake of her head. "Perhaps it's because he isn't so big. Was Cousin Rob so nice when he was a boy like Archie?"

"Well, no, I can't say he was," said Cousin Alice, her own face growing sober.

"Then, don't you believe Archie'll grow nice some time?"

"I think, Elsie," said Cousin Alice, "that I had better tell you a little story about myself and Rob. It is not much of a story but perhaps it will set you to thinking a little. It is about something which made me do a great deal of thinking, and I have been glad for it ever since."

Elsie brought a rug and sat down at her cousin's feet to listen.

"I don't believe Cousin Rob ever was so teasing and provoking as Archie is," she said. "He'd never think of such a thing as getting anything for me or reading to me."

"And do you try how many things you can do for Archie?" asked Cousin Alice, smiling as she patted Elsie's head.

"I'm sure I should if he were nice to me."

"Well, dear, I tried it the other way. I did not wait for him to begin, but began myself. Not through any goodness of my own, as you will see."

"Rob and I lost our mother when we were very small, and have always lived here at grandmother's, as you know. Rob is a year younger than I, so it seems as though I ought to have petted him, and all the more as we had no mother. But I did not. I was so wrapped up in my own pursuits and interests that I believe I forgot whether he had any claim on me at all. He was not very strong and was always a quiet boy, while I was lively and ready for anything in the way of an excursion or a frolic."

"Willow Pond was as favorite a place for skating then as it is now on fine days, and grandmother used to let Rob harness up a quiet old nag we had and drive me over there for a good time. I could have walked the two miles easily, but grandmother thought it too far. One day we went over there and were having a merry time. Almost all the school-girls were there and I was enjoying myself highly, when Rob came to me.

"Alice," he said, "I wish you'd go home; I don't feel very well."

"I knew he had been coughing lately, but had thought little of it."

"Oh, Rob!" I said, "I don't want to go

just when the skating is so good. It's early yet, and I don't think it fair of you to want to go; skate yourself, and you'll feel better."

"Rob did not skate, but went and got into the cutter and wrapped himself up in the robes. It annoyed me to see him waiting for me, and I went to him and said:

"You go home and I'll walk!"

"No," he said, "grandma wouldn't think it right of me to leave you."

"I insisted, but he refused, until at length I got very angry with him. I told him he was hateful and obstinate, and I wouldn't go home till I was ready."

"A few minutes later I went to the house of one of the girls who lived near, to warm

and as Rob's been ailing a little lately I thought I'd let him go too, for a little change. He will stay a week or so at Uncle George's."

"I had been coasting for an hour since getting out of school, so I was quite ready to sit down in Rob's corner. One of the neighbors was talking to grandma by the fire, but I was too much absorbed to be disturbed by their quiet voices until as I looked up at the clock I chanced to hear my own name and then Rob's."

"No, she won't miss him much; she's too busy for that," grandma was saying. "And I thought it would be a good opportunity for the boy to see a better doctor than we have in the village. That cough

Mrs. Lee say: "Yes; I've never thought he had a strong look. And that cough has a dreadful hollow sound to me; I shouldn't wonder if he didn't live long."

"Grandma shook her head as they got into Mrs. Lee's cutter, but I couldn't see her face."

"Was it Rob they were talking about?" Of course it was. A horror seized me and for a moment I seemed frozen to my seat. Then I sprang up to rush out and ask what they meant, but by that time the rough little pony was trotting down the hill to the sound of the jingling bells.

"There was no one else in the house to whom I could speak about it. I tried again to fix my mind upon my studies but it was impossible. I walked restlessly about the house, watching for grandma to come back. But just at dark Mrs. Hale's boy came with a message that the little girl was worse, and grandma was going to stay there all night."

"Well, Elsie, I hope you will never pass such a night as I did then. I lay awake thinking of Rob, my only brother. He had not always been kind to me, but I could not help feeling that we might have been far more to each other if I had tried to be kind to him. I had taken no interest in his comfort, no care in the little things in which a boy, and especially a motherless boy, needs a sister's care. And now they were uneasy about him. Perhaps he would be taken away from me, and I should not have much chance of showing how truly I did love him in spite of my carelessness. And I had kept him waiting in the cold, and it must have been bad for him."

"Grandma," I said, when she came home the next day, "were you talking about Rob yesterday with Mrs. Lee?"

"Yes, dear, I believe I was."

"Did you—did she—mean Rob when she said—"

"What, Alice?" asked grandma, as I could not go on. "That—that, Rob might not—live long."

"I had intended to ask the question very bravely, but broke down and cried convulsively as grandma took me in her arms. "Hush, dearie; have you been worrying your poor little head about that all this time? No, no; it wasn't Rob at all. It was Deacon Hart she was talking about. Rob has a cold to be sure, but I've no doubt he'll be well soon."

"Perhaps you think, Elsie, that I forgot all the matter as soon as my mind was set at rest, but I'm glad to say I didn't. I never could forget what I had suffered that night, and I was resolved that if ever I should lose my brother, I would not add to my grief the sting of the memory of unkindness. His coming home was a good time for the new beginning. He was as glad to see me, dear boy, as I was to see him."

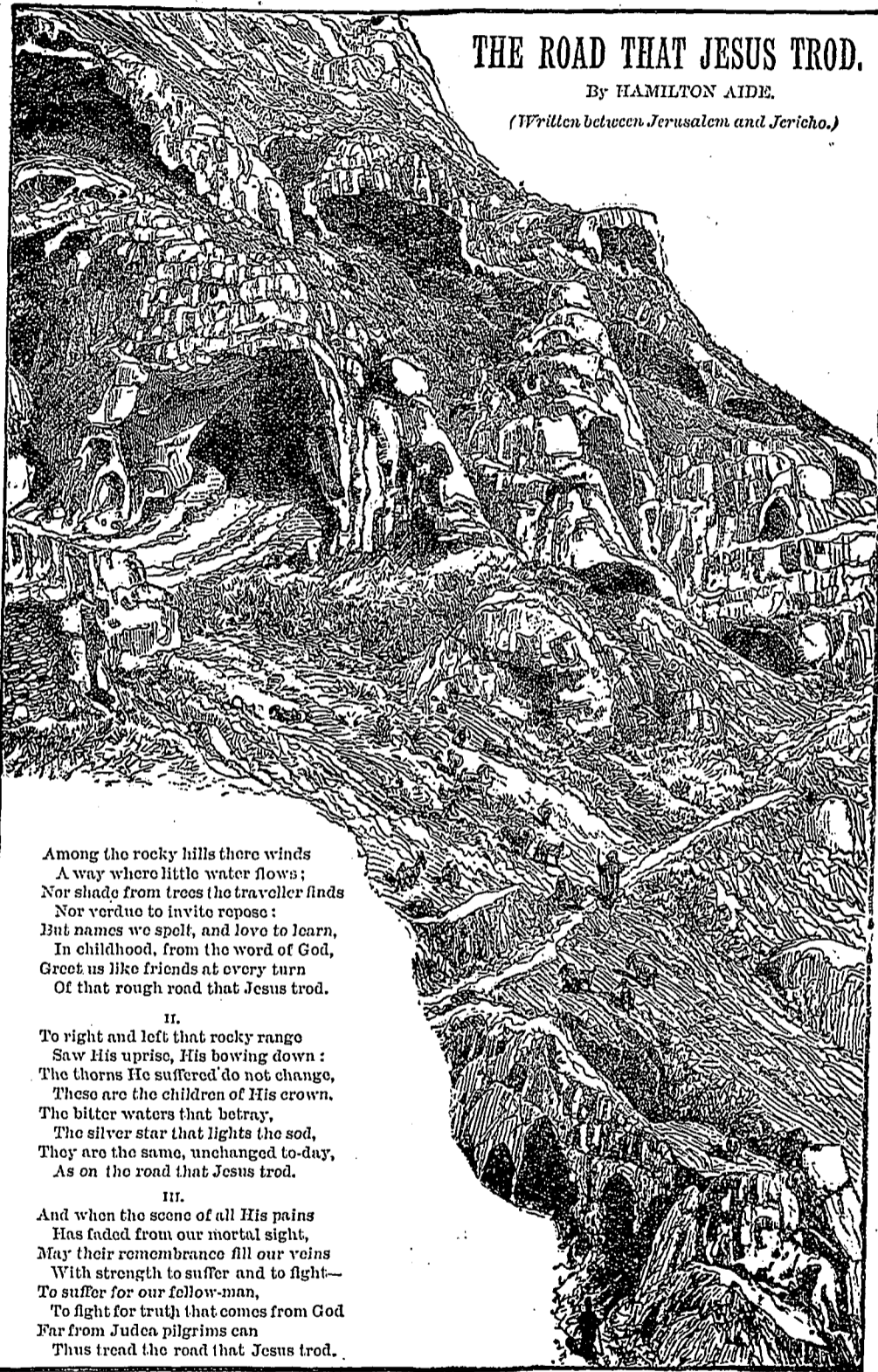
"And you cannot imagine, little girlie, what a comfort and blessing Rob is to me, or how richly it pays to try to win a brother closely to you."

"But Archie is so rough, and cares so little whether I am nice to him or not," said Elsie.

"I wonder if you have ever tried to be nice to him?"

"I don't believe I have—very hard. I might have tried harder."

"Then try it, dear. Keep on trying and be sure you will succeed and taste all the sweetness which comes of real love and sympathy between brothers and sisters. It will be a joy to you every day of your life, and in the years to come in which brothers grow older and are tempted to wrong-doing, the influence of a loving sister may be a power to determine his whole course in life."—Observer.



THE ROAD THAT JESUS TROD.

By HAMILTON AIDE.

(Written between Jerusalem and Jericho.)

Among the rocky hills there winds  
A way where little water flows;  
Nor shade from trees the traveller finds  
Nor verdure to invite repose:  
But names we spelt, and love to learn,  
In childhood, from the word of God,  
Greet us like friends at every turn  
Of that rough road that Jesus trod.

II.  
To right and left that rocky range  
Saw His uprise, His bowing down:  
The thorns He suffered do not change,  
These are the children of His crown.  
The bitter waters that betray,  
The silver star that lights the sod,  
They are the same, unchanged to-day,  
As on the road that Jesus trod.

III.  
And when the scene of all His pains  
Has faded from our mortal sight,  
May their remembrance fill our veins  
With strength to suffer and to fight—  
To suffer for our fellow-man,  
To fight for truth that comes from God  
Far from Judea pilgrims can  
Thus tread the road that Jesus trod.

myself. She began showing me some fancy work, and I became very much interested in the stitches, and, I am ashamed to tell of it, Elsie, but an hour had passed before I thought, and poor Rob waiting for me out of doors!

"I was afraid he would be cross with me, but he was not; but he coughed a good deal that night, and the next morning grandma thought he had better not go to school. When I came home I missed him from the corner of the sitting-room in which he had usually sat to study or read."

"Where's Rob?" I asked grandma.

"Rob's gone into town," she said. "Your Uncle William had business there,

of his seems to hang on longer than I like." "A little shock went to my heart as I heard it. Grandma was uneasy about Rob's cough; I had never given it a moment's thought. It gave the matter a serious look that they should think it advisable he should see a doctor in the town."

"A few minutes later grandma went and put on her bonnet and shawl. As she and Mrs. Lee came towards me in approaching the door she said to me:

"I am going with Mrs. Lee over to see Mrs. Hale's little girl. She's been sick for a week, poor little soul."

"As the two stepped out upon the porch they went on with the talk, and I heard

care so little whether I am nice to him or not," said Elsie.

"I wonder if you have ever tried to be nice to him?"

"I don't believe I have—very hard. I might have tried harder."

"Then try it, dear. Keep on trying and be sure you will succeed and taste all the sweetness which comes of real love and sympathy between brothers and sisters. It will be a joy to you every day of your life, and in the years to come in which brothers grow older and are tempted to wrong-doing, the influence of a loving sister may be a power to determine his whole course in life."—Observer.