



No. III.

MY LITTLE TWIN BROTHER.

OF sisterly affection—that is, of a sister's love to a brother, or the tender attachment which the kind ways of a sister will awaken in the heart of a brother—I know nothing, having never set my eyes on my only sister, who was born and buried many years before I came into existence.

Of the attachment between brothers of different ages I know something. I know that the beauty and tenderness of little brothers will awaken a feeling of care and kindness in the heart of a "big brother" when rightly constituted. Of Joe, the oldest and best of brothers, who died at the age of twenty-two, when I was no more than two or three years old, I had long a dim recollection, probably stereotyped by the oft-recited traditions in the family of his sympathy for our weakly mother and her two last-born infants. Indeed poor Joe's beauty of person, nobleness of character, early piety, and early and almost tragic