

work-box, to find it supplied with some additional article of convenience, for which she knew she was indebted to her brother's ingenuity and kindness; and the little girls never had any reason to be sorry that Henry had taken occasion to slip into their play-room, for he generally found some better business when there than destroying or turning things topsy-turvy.

Henry was always ready to give them any assistance about their school-exercises. He never laughed at them for not being able readily to learn such simple lessons, for he remembered that they were younger than himself, and that what was easy to him was much more difficult for them. He did not once get out of patience with George, all the while that he was learning to do Simple Addition, though he had to tell him more than twenty times which was the right-hand figure to *set down*, and the left-hand figure to *carry*.

Henry's youngest sister was a little one, just learning to totter about and to talk. He was very fond of her, and devoted a great deal of attention to her. Little Alice learned to walk and to talk a great deal faster for the pains he took to teach her. He used to carry her out every pleasant morning to take a little walk in front of the house, and whenever he went an errand he was always ready to take her with him if she wished to go. One morning, as he was setting out with his tin pail to go after the milk for breakfast, Alice came running to know if she might *go get milk* too. Her mother made no objections, and Henry tied on her cape bonnet, and took her by the hand. Just as he reached the gate he encountered Ned Wilkins, who happened to be going upon the same errand with himself, and so they walked along together.

"Perhaps you will be rather late with your milk if you keep pace with me," remarked Henry, after they had proceeded a little way, "for I must lead Alice, and she is not able to walk very fast."

"I shall be early enough with the milk, I guess," replied Ned; "but what makes

you carry your sister with you everywhere you go? For my part, I hate to have mine to see after. Mother will make me carry her to school sometimes, but I never do when I can help it. Don't the fellows laugh when you have Alice with you?"

"Laugh!" repeated Henry; "what is there to laugh at? I should think it very strange to be laughed at for taking care of a little sister who is not old enough to take care of herself. Somebody must take care of her, certainly."

True enough; what had Henry to be ashamed of? Ned Wilkins was the one who had reason to be ashamed. A boy who can take pleasure in teasing and vexing his brothers and sisters, or who is so unkind as to be unwilling to take a little sister under his protection when it is necessary, and especially when his mother wishes it, has indeed something to be ashamed of; we hope he will come to be ashamed of it before long.

But as for Henry, we are quite sure that the time will never come when he will have occasion to regret that he has been a kind and affectionate brother.—*Daily Duty*.

GOLDEN WORDS FROM A MERCHANT.

WE all want to know how good and strong men have made their way in the world. They were once boys, like you. What steps did they take to become true men? An eminent merchant in New York, Mr. Jonathan Sturgis, tells us a little of his experience, which, I am sure, every boy will be glad to hear about.

"One of my first lessons," says Mr. Sturgis, "was in 1831, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of merino sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of that day. I was the shepherd-boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy, who was more fond of his book than the sheep, was sent with me, but left the