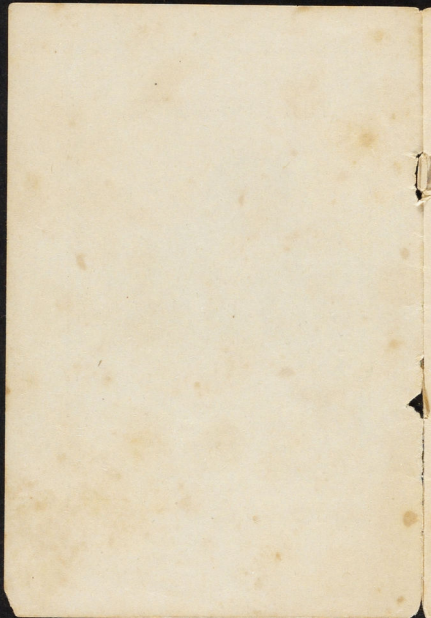


THE BABY BROTHER.



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THE BABY BOY.



LITTLE Katy had had a present.
God had given her a baby-brother;
and she had knelt down, and in her
childish way, thanked Him for his
kindness.

Katy meant to love her brother very dearly, and she thought he would be a great comfort to her. As soon as he was born, she laid away her doll in the drawer, and said she should not want it any more, for now she meant to play with the baby. Nurse did not seem to think this was a very good idea, for she only placed him in Katy's arms once a day, and then she held her hands ready to catch him if he should fall, and looked very anxiously at him, all the time his sister was holding him.

The rest of the day the baby slept in his crib, or lay very still upon his nurse's lap. Katy thought it very funny to hear such a little baby cough; and when he sneezed, she clapped her hands and laughed outright.



For a few days Katy was quite contented to stand by the half-hour beside the nurse, looking at the dear, round-eyed baby. His tiny hands were softer than satin, and his nails were as pink as the inside of a shell.

Katy stroked his small arms, and kissed him very gently, at first; but when he was two or three weeks old, she seemed to think he ought to bear rougher treatment, and she squeezed his little feet in her own fat hands until he fairly cried, and she was very sorry.

Katy went down stairs. Soon she forgot her troubles, and began to run up and down the hall, trying to see how loud her shoes would squeak.

Nurse put her head over the top of the stairs, and called out to Katy to stop, or she would wake the baby, who was just in a quiet sleep.

Then Katy began to pout, and to say she was sorry her baby-brother had come, for he made a great deal of trouble.

Katy's mother did not like the sound of her voice, though she did not know exactly what she said; so she called her to her side.

"Come here, Katy," said the mother gently, as the child came pouting into the room. "What is the matter, darling?"

"Baby plagues me!" said Katy, fretfully.

"Poor baby! what has he done to my little girl?" said the mother smiling.

"He wont let me play with him, and he wakes up when I run," answered Katy, half crying. "I do not like him at all."

"Baby cried so last night, I could not sleep; and nurse was quite tired, trying to keep him quiet. The little

thing gives us a great deal of trouble ; shall we put him out in the cold street, and leave him to take care of himself?" said the mother soberly.

"No, no, mamma!" said Katy, looking up with eyes full of wonder. "Why, that would kill him."

"Yes, babies could not live unless they had some one to take kind care of them all the time. God sends them into the world, poor little helpless things, so weak they cannot do any thing for themselves. Everybody has to treat them very tenderly. Some one took just such kind care of my little Katy, and loved her dearly."

"It was you, mamma, I know," said Katy nestling up to her mother's side.

"Yes, darling, I had a great deal

to do for you, before you knew who was near you. By and by you began to know me, and then you would smile as I came to you, and at last



your little arms were sure to be put out towards me whenever I came

into the room. Do you think you would have liked to come to me, if I had pinched you or used you roughly."

"No, mamma," said Katy, hanging down her head.

"Would you like to have your little baby-brother afraid of you, and turn away his little face whenever you wanted to take him?" asked the mother.

"No, no, mamma; that would make me cry," said Katy.

"If you want him to love you, you must be kind to him; and by and by he will call your name in his own pretty way, and like to be with you."

Katy looked pleased, and her mother went on: "Who made you, Katy, and keeps you alive?"

"God made me and keeps me alive," said the little girl, very soberly.

"Does he do any thing more for you?" asked the mother.

"He gives me every thing I have," said Katy, "and I ought to love him very much."

"He is very great and good and happy; can you do any thing for him in his beautiful heaven?" asked the mother.

"No, mamma," said Katy sorrowfully. "I wish I could."

"The great God loves your baby-brother, and is pleased when you give up your own pleasure for him, and are kind to him. This is a small way of doing something for God, who has done so much for you. Will you try, darling?"

"I will, mamma," said Katy, and she put up her mouth to be kissed, and then walked off to the nursery.

She found the baby alone for a moment, as nurse had just stepped out of the room. Katy stood by the



crib, and whispered, "Dear baby, I am sorry I was cross to you."

Baby did not seem to hear, but Katy was satisfied; and she then knelt down and asked God to help her to be a very kind little sister.

Katy was not quite four years old, but her mother had taken a great deal of pains in teaching her about her heavenly Father, and she already seemed to begin to love him. She liked the idea of doing something to please him, and she had made up her mind to be very good to the baby.

It was pleasant afterwards to see her go on tip-toe up and down stairs, and putting her finger to her lips, if she happened to meet any one she thought too noisy, when he was asleep.

When spring came, and the baby could go out in his little wagon,



Katy would take hold of the handle with the nurse, and think she helped to draw him, though nurse had the chief share of the burden.

Katy was beginning to sew quite nicely. She had hemmed some towels

very neatly, and had actually finished two handkerchiefs for herself. Katy was delighted one day when her



mother told her, she might help her make a dress for the baby.

The little seamstress got her thim-

ble, and looked quite ladylike as she sat down with her work in her hand. "I do so love to do any thing for baby!" she exclaimed, as she took the first stitch.

"You love your brother now, and it is not hard for you to do any thing for him," said the mother. "The more you love him, the more pleasure you will have in being kind to him; and the kinder you are to him, the more you will love him."

Katy looked up at her mother with a sweet smile, as she answered, "We will both be God's little children, and then we shall love each other, and always be kind." Happy mother! Happy little Katy!