

DEAN'S
Illustrated Fathing Books.

THE BROTHERS;

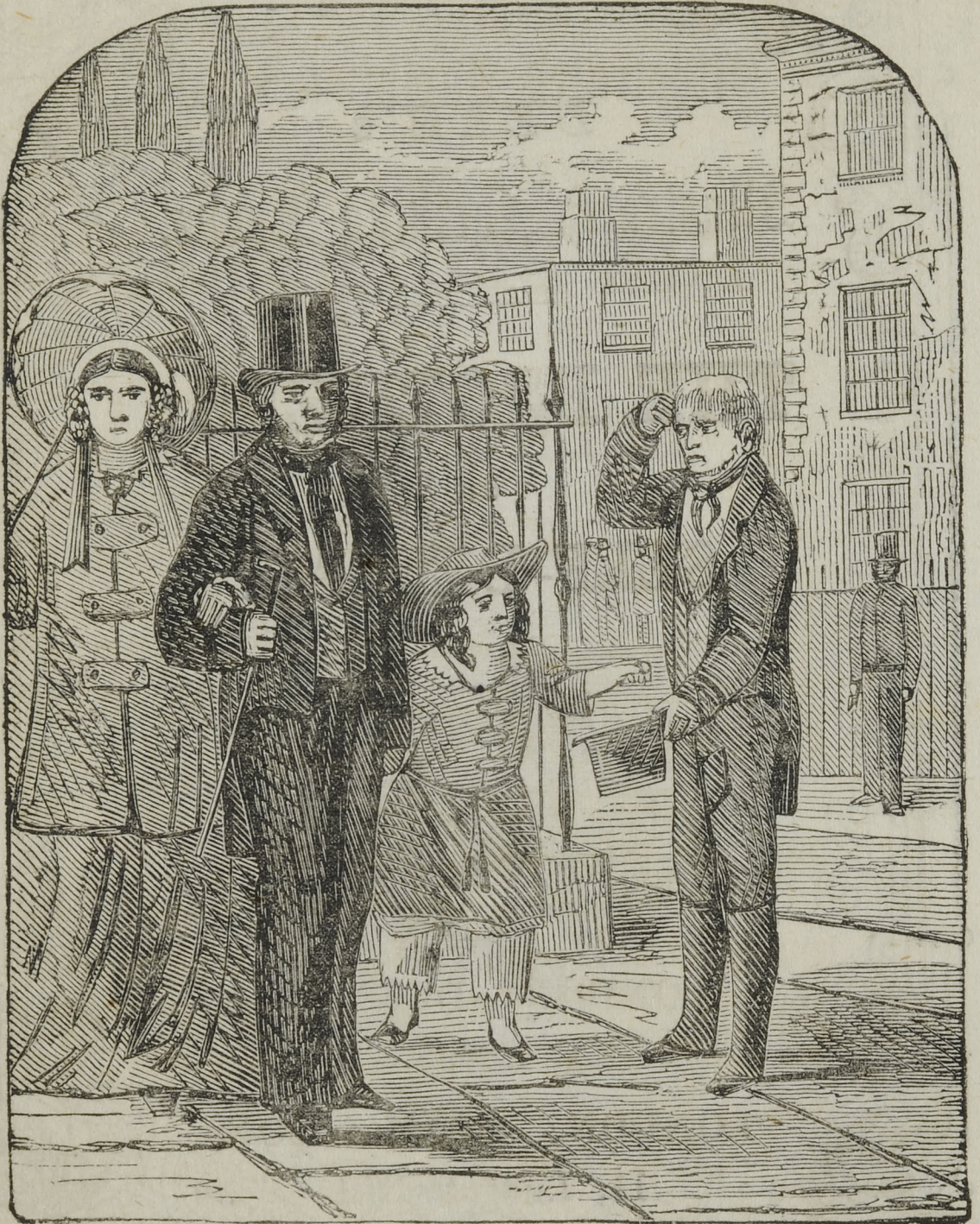
OR

SELF-DENIAL.



LONDON: DEAN & SON,
11, Ludgate Hill. 30

THE BROTHERS: OR, SELF-DENIAL.



RICHARD JONES was a great admirer of pictures, and he saw one which he ar-

dently desired to purchase. Its price was only £6. The artist was in haste to raise a certain sum of money, and, in consequence, wished to dispose of several of his best pictures at a low price.

Richard had a brother, James, who was unfortunate in many ways. Everything seemed to go against him. His health was shattered, and his wife, a well-meaning and industrious woman, was always ailing. Now this brother, whose family were on the verge of starvation, had requested the loan of £6 from Richard. He and his wife and children were almost in rags: they could not go to church; they were not fit to be seen anywhere.

“I will try hard to pay you, Richard,” said the poor discouraged man.

But Richard knew very well that James never could pay. He had tried putting money into that vessel too many times to be deceived now with any notion that there was a bottom to it.

“I’ll see about it,” he replied; “wait until to-morrow;” and rather moodily walked towards his office. The picture-

dealer's was in his way, and there he stopped.

“I wonder if it *is* a man's duty to deny himself of the *necessities of taste*, when he has fairly earned the means of procuring them, because other men are poorer than he? I think it hard that it should be so. I think it cannot be right, and I declare I will have that picture.”

Richard took two steps towards the door, for he had been all this while standing outside at the window where hung the beautiful picture.

“But your brother!” said something, giving Richard a twinge at the vitals, “what will he do?”

“I can't be helping him for ever. He ought to have done as I did, when he was a boy. I studied; he would not. Now, because he is reaping the fruits of his idleness, must I, too, suffer, when I strove day and night for the knowledge which should fit me for a high stand in life?” Again Richard advanced towards the gallery door.

“If a man seeth his brother have need,

and shutteth up his bowels of compassion against him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

Richard had reached the door, but the



sudden darting into his mind of that passage sent him past it on his way to the office.

“It’s no use,” he said, “Jim must have this money. I must give it up. Yes, and I must work, and work, year in and year out, and all my surplus funds must go to keep his family from starvation and want. I, meantime, who am mingling in society which knows that my means for living are as good as any man’s need be, must live in a style which shall appear parsimonious in the extreme; and all because of this sinking fund, of which I must never speak. I declare it’s a hard case!”

Richard was very angry. His partner wondered to see his usually placid mate in such an excited frame of mind. But he wisely refrained from making any remark.

By-and-by Richard asked, feeling as if he *must* say something, “What was the subject of yesterday morning’s sermon? I was not out till evening.” It was now Monday morning.

“The text was, ‘Bear one another’s burdens,’” said Richard’s partner, not observing the sudden colour which flushed the face of his hearer; “and the minister

very clearly explained and enforced the duty of doing good to our fellow-creatures, not only to the good and thankful, but also to the unworthy. He said men often feel that it is very hard that they should be required to deny themselves, and work for and care for those who, if they would wisely and carefully do their own duty, might get along without help. But when a man from sincere love for his brother does, to his own cost and wearing, bear the brother's burdens, and do him all the good he can, he is exhibiting *the very spirit of Christ*. What we would not do for our brother's sake, because we think he don't deserve it, let us do for Christ's sake, who is ever doing for us what we don't deserve.

“There, sir, I've given you a pretty good abstract of the morning's discourse, and I hope you'll try and do as much for me when I am detained from church. There must be something the matter with me, surely, for I never was able to remember or to repeat so much of any other sermon in my life.”

“ Yes, something *is* the matter, **sure** enough. God has been speaking through your lips, to my selfish and murmuring soul.”

Richard did not say this, but he thought it; and the £6 was soon after placed in the hand of James; and many another £6 went the same way. The walls of Richard's house never gained many more paintings to ornament them; by-and-by, when the time came when, in that dim and cheerless office James was to work no more—when he was no longer to know anxiety or hunger—when his discouraged heart, and weary, aching frame, were to find repose, and when Richard was called to look upon the hollow and wasted face of his brother, as it lay in the coffin, do you think that he regretted that he had not bought pictures, or any other elegant and costly things for himself, instead of devoting the price of them to the service of his over-worked and sad-hearted brother?