

The Death of My Brother.

If there is one recollection which makes me feel sadder than another, it is the death of my brother. He was endowed with those happy features which we call really handsome; - with sweet earth eyes, rich black hair, and a short aquiline nose. His forehead was rather pale; but singularly enough, it added a dignity to his mien, instead of contributing towards its sickliness, while his cheeks, soft and rosy, bespoke, at once, the affability and benevolence of his nature. It was three years ago that his death took place, but his image (and it is such a handsome image!) ever presents itself before my eyes. It haunts me in my dreams, it follows me in my solitary rambles and seems to share every joy and sorrow of which my heart is capable of feeling. It is an image, engraved upon my mind, too vivid to be effaced by time; - an image which has streaked my character with a gloomy thoughtfulness from which I should otherwise recoil; - an image which always keeps me back from those depravities and enslaving indulgence into which I am prone to fall.

Since he was seized with that fatal disease, (consumption) I was his constant attendant, the ^{sole source} only consolation he had during his tedious bed-confinement. I remember I often read to him some authors ^{whom} which he loved to read when he had been well; I amused him by an account or two of the day's occurrences. In short, I made every attempt to lessen the pain which the infernal disease inflicted upon him. With a keen sense of pleasure, I would observe a slight tinge of rosiness, ^{sometimes} recalled

on his hollow cheeks, some faint lustre rekindled in his sunken eyes; and his smile, as it might appear ghastly enough to others, seemed ^{to me} as serene and lovely as that of an angel. But my heart would heave ominously and a cold chill would often go through my veins when I heard him say that he should not live long and that if he died, I should take care of myself for his sake. "Oh brother! for heaven's sake, don't say so." were all that I could say on those occasions, for any further utterance was always choked with by the saddest emotions, too great for expressing. He was, however, right in his prediction and the last words on his dying lips were "be studious," which I ever keep as a sort of legacy.

It was one day in his last January that I visited his grave last. The winter dreariness seemed to have deprived nature of all her charms. The weather was calm, the sky blue; but there was a peculiar air of gloominess which hung about the spot, and the melancholy stillness was only broken by the thrilling notes of a brown-eared bulbul that perched upon a tree near the grave. I knelt before the tombstone, said my prayers, and, convinced of the unalterable sway of Providence and the frailty of human beings, began to weep as if I were a child. "True!" thought I, "man's life is but a transient meteor. That tree which shelters this solitary tomb, is now leafless and seemingly dead, but ^{the} soft spring will soon call life into it. But alas! he who lies under it, shall never rise from his ^{long lethargy} eternal sleep. And he

~~my~~ ^{my} may dream of me, ^{his} as I dream of him, ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{eternal} ^{sleep} ^{her.} in
 vain, for love is mutual and affection is co-
 existent." At last the pathos of my situation
 became so great that I cried out. "Poor
 brother! I offer thee the bitter drops of af-
 fection; accept these tears, shed in thy memory,"
 and I rushed out of the grave-yard to give
 vent to my feelings.

So Natsume.

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read before the Teigo-Kai
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