

tain tops, and what had been land became deep sea?

"You can hardly believe it; yet I myself was there to see, and I remember well when the great forests of the North of Scotland—the oaks, the poplars and the amber pines—were lowered into the deep sea.

"There, lying at the bottom of the ocean, the wood and the gum hardened like stone, and only the great storms can disturb them, as they lie buried in the sand."

It was one of those great storms that brought Kenneth's lump of amber to land.

If we could only walk on the bottom of the sea, what treasures we might find!

Sentences.

- Nº 1. I remember a time long before you were born.
 „ 2. There were oaks, poplars, beeches and pines.
 „ 3. You have seen little sticky drops exude from our own pine trees.
 „ 4. This beautiful yellow gum was fragrant.
 „ 5. They stuck fast and could not get away.
 „ 6. Bits of moss, leaves, acorns, cones and little sticks were soon imbedded in the fast flowing gum.

- „ 7. It hardened more and more and this is amber.
 „ 8. The land sometimes sunk down so deep that the water covered it.
 „ 9. Lying at the bottom of the ocean, the wood and the gum hardened like stone.
 „ 10. Only great storms can disturb them, as they lie buried in the sand.

Questions.

What were the Scotch Highlands covered with? What kind of trees grew there? Which tree did the gum flow from? How did the flies get stuck in it? What else was imbedded in the gum? How did the gum become amber? How did the gum come to be at the bottom of the sea? What brings the amber to the surface.

XVIII.

Pierre's little song.

In a humble room, in one of the poorest streets in Paris, France, a fatherless boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the house; and he had not tasted food all day. Yet he sat humming

to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew that nothing would be so welcome to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange; and yet he had not a sou in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own, one he had composed, both air and words; for the child was a genius. He went to the window, and, looking out, saw a man putting up a great poster with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes sparkled with a new hope. Running to the looking-glass, he smoothed his black curls, and, taking from a little box and old stained paper, he gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who, do you say, is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"Only a very pretty boy, with black curls, who says that if he can just see you, he is

sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh, well, let him come!" said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm; and in his hand a little roll of paper. With a manliness unusual in a child, he walked straight up to the lady, and, bowing, said: "I have come to see you, because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at one of your grand concerts, some publisher might buy it, for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was;—she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked,—"you a child! And the words?—Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"Oh, yes! and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness; but I could not leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother, for the evening; and here is five francs, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets: come to night; and that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the glare of lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and the rustling of silks, completely bewildered him. At last she came; and the child sat with his eyes riveted on her face. Could it be that the grand lady, glittering with jewels, and whom every body seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited:—the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody: he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy! And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so

mournful, so soul-subduing. Many a bright eye was dimmed with tears, many a heart was moved, by the touching words of that little song.

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened by a visit of Madame Malibran. She laid her hands on his black curls, and, turning to the sick woman, said: "Your little boy, Madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the first publisher in Paris, a large sum for his little song. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As for Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and the tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bed-side and uttered a simple prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she now went about doing good. And on her early

death, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his affection, was the little Pierre of former days,—now rich, accomplished, and one of the most talented composers of the day.

All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow and to the fatherless!

Sentences.

- Nº 1. A fatherless boy sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother.
- ” 2. He thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes.
- ” 3. The child was a genius.
- ” 4. Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.
- ” 5. He gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.
- ” 6. Let him come, I can never refuse children.
- ” 7. If you would only sing my little song at one of your grand concerts.
- ” 8. Here are five francs with which you may go and get food and medicine.

- ” 9. Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall.
- ” 10. Many a bright eye was dimmed with tears.
- ” 11. I was offered a large sum for his little song.
- ” 12. One of the most talented composers of the day.

Questions.

Who was little Pierre? Where did he live? What was he singing when we found him? What did he see from his window? Where did he go? Was he received? What did he say? Did he succeed? Where did he go that night? What did he see? What did he hear? Who visited him next day? What news did she bring? Who assisted Madame Malibran at her last moments? Had he succeeded in life? What is the moral of this lesson?

XIX.

My Mother's grave.

It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound