

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

beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered, too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheeks she so often kissed in an excess of tenderness.

But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind that, had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing.

The circumstance may seem a trifling one, but the thought of it now pains my heart; and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at

them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me; but they told me she would die.

One day when I had lost my place in the class, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went to my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by it. She requested me to go down stairs and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked her why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor, sick mother?"

I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her as I had been wont to do, I set the glass down very quickly, and left the room. After playing a short time, I went to

bed without bidding my mother good-night; but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor, sick mother?" I could not sleep. I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her.

I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct. The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and, hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! She never spoke more—never smiled upon me again; and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start.

I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I then wished that I might die, and be buried with her; and, old as I now am, I would give worlds, where they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I can not call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her man-

ifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

Sentences.

- N^o 1. It was thirteen years since my mother's death.
- " 2. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character.
- " 3. Had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing.
- " 4. That children who have parents to love them may learn to value them as they ought.
- " 5. My mother had been ill a long time.
- " 6. She requested me to go down stairs and bring her a glass of water.
- " 7. I pettishly asked her why she did not call a domestic to do it.
- " 8. I went and brought the water but I did not do it kindly.
- " 9. She never spoke more—never smiled upon me again.
- " 10. I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude.

Questions.

What is the subject of this narration? How long was it since her mother died? What remembrances did the sight of her mother's grave bring to her mind? Were they all serene? Tell us what happened? Did she not ask for forgiveness? Why was she not absolved? Does she regret to this day her ingratitude? What is the moral of this lesson?

XX.

A comparison.

Pliny, and old Roman writer, who lived about seventy years after Christ, has made a beautiful comparison between the course of a great river and the life of man.

The river, he says, springs from the earth, and yet its real origin is in heaven. Its beginnings are small enough: at first it is a tiny thing, playing among the flowers of a meadow; then it grows a little larger and waters a garden, or it may be, turns a mill. This may

be likened to the time of childhood. But to our childhood succeeds our youth.

The river has gathered strength, and has grown wild and impetuous. It is impatient of the restraint which it meets with in its rocky home; it is restless and turbulent, quick in its motion, and often unsteady in its course. It dashes away from the hills and rocks, and flows out into the open plain. Thus youth gives place to manhood, and the man goes out into the broad world.

Then we see the river loosing gradually something of its turbulence; it flows more steadily through green fields, which it renders fertile; and instead of dashing headlong against every thing which opposes its course, it yields to obstacles which it cannot overcome, and its stream becomes gentle and winding.

Now it flows past great cities and the busy haunts of men; wherever it goes, it renders service to man; it bears wealth on its broad waters, it enriches the soil, and is at once the support and the ornament of the country.

Other rivers flow into it, and swell its tide, till, at last, it rolls its mighty waters into the broad ocean that awaits it.