

### A STORY OF THE KINDNESS OF MADAME MALIBRAN.

In a humble room in one of the poorest streets of London, Pierre, a faithful French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. 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 grateful to his poor invalid mother, as a good, sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny 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 bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madam Malibran would sing that night in public. "Oh, if I only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he smoothed his yellow curls, and taking from a tiny box some old, stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say was waiting for me," said the madam to her servant, "I am already worn out with company." "It's only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who said 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 went in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady and bowing, said, "I come to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought, perhaps, that if you would sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother." The beautiful woman arose 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. "Oh, yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness, "but I couldn't leave my mother." "I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets. Come to-night; 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 he had been in so great a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came, and the child sat with his glance riveted on her face. Could he believe that the grand lady would really sing his little song?

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

mournful. Many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and nought could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching! Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened by a visit from Madam Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said, "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the best publisher in London, one thousand five hundred dollars for his little song; and after he had realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre here is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from Heaven." The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside 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 more tender-hearted, and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood beside her bed and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was little Pierre of former days, now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

### "KING BABY."

His sceptre is a rattle,  
His throne is mother's arms;  
He reigns a tiny tyrant,  
In all his dimpled charms!  
Yet round his royal presence  
Our loving spirit entwines;  
Dictator of the cradle,  
And king by right divine!

Whatever be his mandates,  
No courtiers dare rebel,  
His mother's chief of the household,  
Prime minister as well!  
In yon perambulator,  
His downy car of state  
Exact, rosy monarch,  
What triumphs on him wait!

In purple case and splendor,  
Long, long he seeks to reign,  
All hints of nose disjointed  
He smiles at us with disdain!  
Alas that royal greatness  
Should ever be disowned,  
Here comes a tiny stranger—  
King Baby is dethroned.

### CRUEL CHILDREN.

In the gradual development there is always a sense of pleasure in the exercise of power, but this pleasure has to be subordinated to the good of society; and this is one of the first necessary steps to successful social growth. So the young boy who is, even among us, more frequently cruel than sympathetic, may go through a period of bullying, etc., to become a refined and sympathetic man, full of generous impulses. I say this is the ordinary method, but, as might be expected, some boys never become kindly, and some, instead, grow from cruel to brutal, and end as social pests. It is supposed that the lower animals, especially the carnivora, are pleased with the torture they cause, but I doubt if this is the only

interpretation of the treatment of the mouse by the cat and of his victim by the lion. There are children who inflict torture on every kind of living thing. Thus I have known a child of tender years begin by pulling off wings of flies, then proceed to bake frogs, and next take birds and bore out their eyes, and later still try to injure any child who might fall into his power. I have known such children to kick cats and dogs to death, or set lights to them, or pour boiling water over them, the fiendish pleasure being increased if the young of the animals were reduced to starvation. The morally undeveloped child has been pointed out to me by several devout friends as a proof of the existence of the devil, as well as of the truth of the doctrine of original sin, and I own their actions go far to satisfy those who seek support. I do not know of any age at which this brutality may develop, as I have seen brutes of this nature as young as four. In one such the vice and cunning were extreme; that though many evil and cruel deeds were done the culprit was long undiscovered. Another most serious trait is that these morally insane children will make false accusations, and will even destroy their clothes and produce the appearance of injury to support tales of assault and robbery.

### NED'S LESSON.

"Polly wants a cracker! Polly wants sugar! Hurry up! hurry up! Polly is hungry?" screamed the parrot from the top of her perch. Mable and May fed her with bread and fruit, and filled her cup with fresh water; and while Poll chattered her thanks the little girls turned to watch Ned at his play.

He was building a fort out of sticks and stones. "Now, girls, this is the way to make the roof. You lay the sticks so!"—but the pieces of wood dropped, and the fort fell into ruin before his eyes.

Then Ned stamped upon the ground in his anger, and a word, a dreadful word, fell from his lips. It was the first time in his life he had spoken such a word, and Mable and Mary cried out, "Oh, Ned! how could you."

Quick as a flash Poll caught the word, and in her loud harsh voice sent it ringing out through the garden. It was a dreadful sound when it fell from Ned's lips, but when Poll screamed it out the girls covered their ears, and Ned, full of grief and shame, ran to the bird. "Oh Polly! hush, do hush! I'll never say it again! Mabel, give her some candy, cake, anything to make her forget that dreadful word!"

Ned is a big boy now, but he never forgot Polly's lesson. It was the last time he ever soiled his lips with an unclean word.

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—A new prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection he with much pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "Now, nor dinna care," was the nonchalant reply. Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Weel I hae heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear," returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that last twa kirks ye were in ye preached their baith empty; but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same with this ane."

BROKEN DOWN.—"After suffering with dyspepsia, kidney disease, loss of appetite and pain in the head until discouraged, I heard of B.B.B. took two bottles, and am happy to say I feel as well as ever." Mrs. Rufus E. Merry, New Albany, N.S.

—True friends are like true diamonds—scarce but precious. False ones, like the leaves of a forest—without number.

—Adversity. In times of good fortune it is easy to appear great—nay, even to act greatly; but in misfortune very difficult. The greatest man will commit blunders in misfortune, because the want of proportion between his means and his ends progressively increases, and his inward strength is exhausted in fruitless efforts.

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