

not knowing whether he would condescend to so humble a task, and having obtained an interview stated the object of her visit. To her great delight, as well as surprise, the distinguished painter readily consented, and seemed pleased to be able to confer so signal a favor upon herself and her affectionate son. In reply to a delicate inquiry as to the price, he assured her that, although it was an unusual undertaking on his part, the price should be within her means, and satisfactory to both herself and her son.

"The artist entered upon his work at once, seeming desirous to relieve his patron of all possible delay and suspense. As the portrait approached completion, it was remarked that the painter, was unusually interested in his work. He seemed to be wholly engrossed in his subject, and careless of the presence or remarks of his distinguished visitors.

"At last the portrait was finished, and offered for inspection. The verdict was unanimous that the artist had exceeded all his previous efforts; and as the fame of his success spread through the city, crowds came to see and admire the portrait. People wondered that he should have selected so humble a subject for the exercise of his high skill, and thought that he never before expressed so much pleasure in hearing his work praised.

"The mother heard these enthusiastic praises with many misgivings. She feared that the price would be far above the means of herself and son, and accused herself of blindly allowing her affection and pride to lead her to such extravagance. At length, summoning courage, she inquired the price. The artist in return asked her if it was perfectly satisfactory, or if she could suggest any additions or changes in any part of it. The poor woman trembled to think of the possibility of adding to the enormous sum she already feared to hear named, and eagerly assured him that it was faultless—that no room had been left for improvement.

"Madam," said the artist, "I assured you in the beginning, that the price should be satisfactory to you. *The portrait is yours!*"

"The woman was speechless with surprise, unable to penetrate the meaning of this strange language.

"You do not yet recognize me," said the artist.

"She shook her head,—and he continued:

"Do you not remember the pale-faced student; him you watched so tenderly during his long illness? *He stands before you!* I recognized you at our first interview, and only delayed making myself known, that I might in this way prove to you that I have not forgotten to whom I owe my very life. You perhaps thought me inquisitive, when I made so many inquiries about yourself and family, but you now understand it. You were more than a mother to me, when my life hung suspended by a single thread, and this is but a feeble requital."

"You may judge of the feelings of the poor woman, as she listened to the burning words of the grateful artist, and will hardly doubt that the price of the portrait was satisfactory.

"And now, brethren," said brother S—, "if I have made a long story, and have painted my picture in high colored language, I know you will forgive me, when I tell you that *the poor widow was my own mother, and the portrait was for me!* Should either of you ever visit New York, and would like to see the picture, call at No.—, in — street, and you can do so."