

"I DON'T LOVE YOU NOW MOTHER."

A great many years ago, I knew a lady who had been sick for two years, as you have seen many a one, all the while dying of consumption. She had but one child, a little boy.

One afternoon I was sitting by her bedside, for dearly I loved her, watching her with an aching heart. It seemed as though she would cough her life away. Her little boy Henry sat too at the post of the bed, his blue eyes, so like hers, filling with tears to see her suffer so. By and by the terrible cough ceased. Henry came, put his arms round his mother's neck, nestled his head in his mother's bosom, and said, "Mother, I do love you! I wish you wasn't sick."

An hour later, the same loving, blue-eyed boy came in, all of a glow, stamping the snow off his feet. "O mother! may I go skating? it is so nice. Edward and Charlie are going." "No Henry," feebly said the mother: "the ice is not hard enough yet." "But mother," very pettishly said the boy. "you are sick all the time: how do you know?" "My child, you must obey me," gently said the mother. "It is too bad," angrily sobbed the boy who, an hour ago, had so loved his mother. "I would like to have my little boy go," said his mother, looking sadly at the little boy's face, all covered with frowns: "you said you loved me. Be good." "No; I don't love you now, mother," said the boy, going out, and slamming the door.

Again the frightful coughing came upon her; and we thought no more of the boy, after the cough commenced. I noticed tears falling thick upon her pillow, but she sank from exhaustion into a light sleep.

In a little while muffled steps of men's feet were heard coming into the house, as though carrying something; and they were carrying the almost lifeless body of Henry.

Angrily he had left his mother, disobeyed her, and went away to skate. The thin ice gave way, he sank under water; and now saved by a great effort, he was brought home, barely alive, to his sick mother.

I closed the doors, feeling more for her life than the child's, and, coming softly in, drew back the curtains from the bed. "I heard them—it is Henry. Oh! I knew he went: is he dead?" But she never seemed to hear the answer I gave, "Oh no." She commenced coughing; she died in agony, suffocated to death. The poor mother! the boy's disobedience killed her.