

All who were witness of this dutiful and affectionate conduct, were struck with the highest admiration; and their posterity, ever after, called the path which these good young men took in their retreat, "The Field of the Pious."

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## LESSON LXVII.

## THE ORPHAN BOY.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,  
And hear a helpless orphan's tale!  
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake!  
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.  
Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
And my brave father's hope and joy;  
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,  
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I,  
When news of Nelson's victory came,  
Along the crowded streets to fly,  
And see the lighted windows flame!  
To force me home my mother sought,  
She could not bear to see my joy;  
For with my father's life 'twas bought,  
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud;  
My mother shuddering closed her ears;  
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd.  
My mother answer'd with her tears.