

Had he told their mother? Had he destroyed the image? Curiosity was awakened; suspense became intolerable.

And with it came back the echo of her own words, 'My violin always speaks the truth.' Was she less honorable than that wondrous mechanism of man's devising, the chords of which thrilled beneath her fingers?

Leaving it on the bed, she stole downstairs to the workshop.

Outside the half-closed door she paused. No sound came from within. He could not be there.

No sound! Yes, a smothered sob met her ear! The bitter disappointment and sense of failure, the hours of toil wasted, had been too much for poor Ernst, and his wounded feelings found boyish vent.

In a moment she was beside him, her arms about his neck.

'Ernst, dear, dear Ernst, I did it. It was very, very wrong, but I went to look at it, and the bow must have knocked it over. Oh, I am so sorry! My heart is breaking! Dear Ernst, can you forgive me?'

The true-hearted brother turned and caught her in his arms, and forgot his own trouble in trying to soothe hers. He told her he would remould her image, correcting its former mistakes, for he had seen many faults after the first was finished. And so he would produce a far better work—a work that should live in the minds of men, as this might never have done.

'I have read that "the best men are moulded out of failures,"' he said. 'And so our greatest gain often comes to us through loss.'

'And, O Ernst, I will never again say it is not you; for I shall always see in it my brother's noble nature, his love and patience and power—and, oh, ever so much besides.'

Many years afterwards, in a studio in Berlin, one lady asked another, 'Have you seen Ulbrich's great work, "The Broken Image?"'

She led the way to a farther corner, and the two joined a group standing in rapt admiration.

It was the figure of a young girl of life-size. The lower part, with its exquisitely poised foot, the simple but graceful drapery of the short skirt, was complete; but the head and shoulders had been broken off, and lay on the pedestal, the face upturned and smiling.

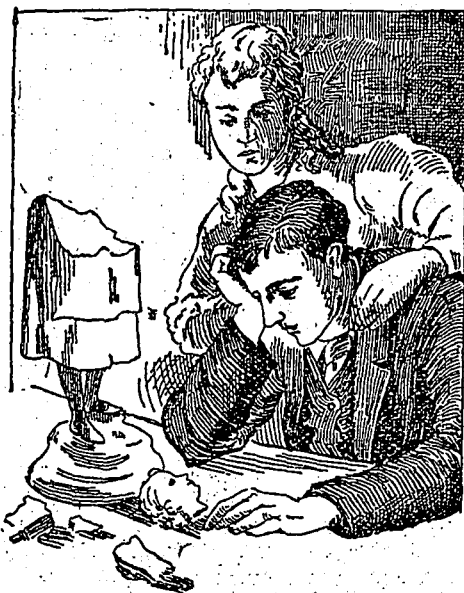
It was a curious fancy, perhaps

an ungraceful one. Was it only an eccentricity of genius, or what story did it tell? Had the original been injured like this in envy or rage?

As the ladies questioned thus, a quiet voice said,—

'The original was a statuette, destroyed by an accident. The artist tried to rise through disappointment and pain, as we all must do if we would make life lead to something better. This figure is at once the monument of his failure and success.'

He bowed and passed on, and the ladies afterwards learned that the



story of this strange work of art in terra-cotta had been explained to them by the greatest artist of his day—Ernst Ulbrich.—'Children's Treasury.'

### A Story of a Bullfinch

In one of our northern counties, and only a few miles from a large and populous town with its large iron-works and factories, there stands a pretty cottage at the entrance to 'a fairy dell.' This cottage is almost covered with the climbing rose-trees and sweet-scented jessamine, which in summer time load the air with rich perfume.

There lives in this cottage a very aged lady, who has long ago passed the age of threescore years and ten, and she told the following story about a bird she kept, which she hopes will be of use to boys and girls in helping them to overcome temptation.

This lady had a bullfinch which she was very fond of, and on fine summer days she would sit by the open door listening to the beautiful song of her bird.

One day another bird came flying along the garden and alighted upon a tree quite near to the door; it immediately commenced to sing such a beautiful song; her own bird lis-

tened, and then hopped to the side of the cage, and put its head quite close to the wires. The strange bird kept on singing the same beautiful song, and her own bird began to try to imitate the visitor's melody; in this it failed at first, but it kept on trying and trying, until it could sing it quite well. The bird then flew away.

In a few days another bird came and alighted upon the same tree and began to sing; but oh! such a poor song, and not at all nice or pleasing to listen to. Her own little bullfinch heard it and listened, but when it found out the song was not a good one it jumped back to its perch and did not try to imitate the bird which sang so indifferently.

I hope, when any of you boys and girls who read this, hear a song which is not pure and good, you will act like this wise little bullfinch and not learn it or even stay listening to it.

Children sometimes hear things said which are not quite true, and no matter who may say them, they should not be repeated, simply because they are not quite true.

A tale that is unkind about anyone should not be repeated; but if you hear things that are worth hearing about other children, of good and right things done, these things are worth repeating, like the beautiful song which the bullfinch heard and tried to copy.—'Adviser.'

### The Young William Tell.

There was a bad man who once ruled in Switzerland. He did a great many silly things, and one of these was that he put his hat up on a pole and said that everybody was to bow down to it.

Then a brave man, named William Tell, declared he would not do it, and so the wicked ruler ordered him to shoot an apple off the head of his own little boy Walter.

And do you know his father took such a good aim, though his heart was all going pit-a-pat, that he shot the apple right in two, and never hurt Walter nor did him any harm. Walter trusted his father, but I think his father himself trusted in God, and that God helped him.

'So now,' said Fred, 'I have asked Minnie to lend me her doll, and I've put her on the stairs, and my ball on her head, and I'm going to shoot like William Tell.'

But Fred was not so clever as William Tell. Instead of hitting the ball, the arrow went straight into dolly's eye!

Minnie was very sorry too, but Fred kissed her, and she forgave him because he said he would never be William Tell again.—'Our Little Dots.'