

soothingly. 'We know your willing heart. That's more than all the music in the world.'

His hand was half lifted to give a signal to the tambourines and the disappointed audience was already beginning to straggle away.

Suddenly the man with the sympathy in his eyes broke away from his astonished companion and stepped quickly over to the mortified lassie.

'Vil you then let me take your violin vonce?' he asked, gently, in broken English.

'I can play heem a little. I would haf the wish to show you and these good people. Do not haf fear. I shall not hurt heem. There—so! I thank you.'

She surrendered it to him, wondering, half suspicious, wholly surprised at his request.

His friend had meanwhile recovered his breath and his power of locomotion. He now laid a restraining hand on the shoulder of the violinist.

'Carl, in Heaven's name, what madness is this?' he said. 'Come away. You ought to be at the hotel by this time instead of playing the fool here.'

The man with the violin placed it in position and shook off his comrade good-naturedly.

'My friend, it ees as you say—"in Heafen's name," zis folly. Listen, then!'

State street is a fairly-exciting thoroughfare. It is never at a loss for matters of interest with which to regale its devotees; seldom for a sensation. World's fair crowds have thronged it. It has worn proudly the regal decorations of an Autumn festival. Over its pavements pass beauty and wealth, poverty and crime. Daily its shop windows are hung with what there is of gayest and brightest and most artistic in the world. Nightly its lights hang like stars above the heedless heads of pleasure seekers.

But in all its varied history never has the street experienced anything like that which befell it when the poor little violin of the Salvation Army lassie responded to the touch of that hand.

Clear and sweet and triumphant, like the tidings of some great victory, the notes came at first.

The people gathered like bees. Shop gazing was forgotten. The gorgeous colors in the windows paled, the lights faded. Clanging of street-car bells and call of newsboys fell upon ears so filled with harmony as to be deaf to them. There was but a common impulse—to listen. As far as the music carried there was silence.

After the first joyous outburst there came notes of tenderness and pleading persuasiveness. Then sorrow, giving speedy place to joy. Last a great hymn of praise and thanksgiving falling like a benediction.

When it was over people lingered for a while, and then turned away slowly, thoughtfully. The Christmas season seemed to have taken on a new significance, apart from material things, a beauty of which the giving of gifts was but a small part.

As quickly as he could the magician who had wrought the miracle extricated himself from the crowd and rejoined his friend. But Sister Luella, following, laid a timid, detaining hand upon his arm.

'Oh, won't you tell me who you are?' she begged. 'I do not know how to thank you, but I shall never forget.'

The violinist looked pleased, but only shook his head.

'My name,' he said, 'eet does not matter. Think of me as one who has known failure

also, and when the music leaves you be not discouraged.'

So Private, or she may be Lieutenant, Luella cherishes a nameless memory. Only the man who followed the strange violinist to his hotel on the lake front knows his name. And he is forbidden to make it known, lest people who have paid big prices for seats at the concerts of a certain famous master should think that their idol was using for advertising purposes what he declares was nothing—'just a whim.'

## The Story of a Little Blue Ticket

(By Miss Nannie Lee Frayser, in Kentucky 'Sunday-School Reporter'.)

The following incident was related by a Louisville pastor, and is repeated as nearly as the writer remembers it, with the hope that it may encourage some primary teacher who has not yet been able to 'see results.'

It was a bitterly cold night, and Dr. — was on his way to the Union Station to meet friends, due on a late train.

The station was thronged with its restless sea of humanity, as it always is, and the Dr. stepped into a friendly niche, where unseen, he might observe the passers-by.

Soon his attention was attracted by a cripple who was painfully making his way toward the nearest track. Both legs were gone at the knees, and the arms were only stumps.

As the poor fellow toiled painfully over his little distance, the reverend gentleman involuntarily moved forward to assist him, when he noticed two of his official members walking arm-in-arm down the platform.

Stepping back, within the shadow, he thought, 'I will not go myself, for it will give me much pleasure to see these members, who are under my charge, do this act of kindness and brotherly love.' But, alas! for the faith of the minister! The official brethren, like modern priest and Levite, 'passed by on the other side,' leaving the poor fellow to his fate.

With a sinking heart, the doctor was just hurrying forward again when a newsboy ran up to the cripple, and squaring himself, looked at him and said, 'Well, pardner, looks like yer might er hed some hard luck, aint yer? Wouldn't yer like to hev a boost a-gittin' on the train?' 'Well, yes, I would,' replied the man, looking wistfully up at the step that seemed impossible of mounting, 'I don't seem to be able to make it alone.'

'Jest yer wait a minit till I put down my papers and I'll help yer on there in a jiffy,' and dropping his papers on a box near by he ran back, calling out cheerily, 'Now, come on, we're ready,' and with all the strength in his lithe young body and all the tenderness in his brave young heart, he lifted the man bodily up the steps and carried him into the car, where he placed him comfortably upon a seat. Then, again squaring himself in front of the man, he said, 'Say, pard, how are yer off fer chink, anyway? Ain't got much, eh?' Well, I makes a lot sellin' papers, jest yer take this roller and help yerself along—and he shoved a shining dollar into the coat pocket of his charge.

'Oh, I don't need much money—I'm on my way home to my father's and I can get on all right until I get there,' said the grateful man.

'Oh, well, I'll feel more easier about yer if I know yer've got it—so here's luck to yer, and good-by,' and doffing his cap to the comrade, the boy leaped off the train, almost into the arms of Dr. —, who had watched the whole proceeding.

Laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, he said, 'My son, you have just done a very noble deed, and I want to thank you for it.'

The boy ducked his head, and said in an embarrassed way, 'I didn't know nobody was er watchin'.'

'I know you didn't, my lad, but at least two people saw you and appreciated your act. Now tell me, do you go to Sunday-school?'

'No, I don't go no more now—don't seem to want to go any more. My ma, she uster get me ready of a Sunday mornin', and wash my face and comb my hair and start me off. But sence she's went away I don't keer to go no more. Yer see, I'm here by myself now, but,' and his face brightened perceptibly, 'yer needn't think I've forgot all I learned there, and thet's what made me help the poor fellow yonder,' and he fished into the depths of his pocket and brought forth a little blue ticket that bore the marks of many handlings, just such a one as you and I have many a time given and received at Sunday-school. On the bit of blue paste-board there was printing, and the child went on putting his own interpretation on it thus, 'I don't know just what the words sez, exactly, but my teacher told me as how it means yer must treat other folks jest as good as ye'd have them treat yer, and there's a feller up yonder, where my ma is at, that keers a heap when he sees ye do it.'

The doctor took the blue ticket from the little dirty hand, and on it he read the words that have been the keystone of the noblest lives. 'Inasmuch as ye did unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.'

When the teacher who repeats this incident heard it, she said in her own discouraged heart, 'Oh, ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt?'

## Abide in Me.

That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,  
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;  
Weary with striving, and with longing faint  
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, o'ershadow by Thy love  
Each half-formed purpose, and dark  
thought of sin;  
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,  
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and  
divine;

The soul, alone, like a neglected harp,  
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand  
divine;  
Dwell thou within it! tune and touch the  
chord,  
Till every note and string shall answer  
Thine!

Abide in me—there have been moments pure  
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy  
power;  
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed  
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;  
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;  
I pray Thee now, fulfil my earnest prayer—  
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee!

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

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