

THE CURTAIN

found the low deep roll of the bass drum. No one appeared to mark it or paid any heed to him. Nor did the big Drummer pay any heed to the audience. All he minded was the harmony and his drum. But I knew that, unmarked and unheeded, it set athrob the pulsing air and stirred the billows through which all that divine music reached and held the soul.

As we walked home that night after pressing our way into the throng of poor people to wring John Marvel's hand, I said to my wife after a struggle with myself to say it:

"I think I was wrong about John, and you were right. He did right. He is well named the Assistant."

My wife said simply: "I feel that I owe him more than I can say." She slipped her hand in my arm, and a warm feeling for all mankind surged about my heart.