

her concerts. The price of a ticket is so high, though, that I cannot buy one."

"You shall hear her this evening," returned Mr. Kyle, his feelings touched by the boy's story, "and it shall not cost you anything, either."

Behind the scenes, a few hours later, he was listening to the "Swedish Nightingale," nor in the vast audience was anyone more appreciative than he. When, responsive to an *encore*, she sang "Home, Sweet Home," he was unable to repress his sobs, so loud as to be overheard by her. Inquiring whence the sounds proceeded, Mr. Kyle narrated the history of her unseen auditor, and in it she was greatly interested.

"Please attend him to my room to-morrow at eleven," she said, "and have him bring his flute."

The next hour, just before the appointed hour, Mr. Kyle went to the boy's room, and informed him that Jenny Lind desired to see him.

"To see me?" was the reply, in a surprised tone.

"Yes. And she wishes you to take your flute with you."

Too amazed to speak, the lad took his flute and went with Mr. Kyle. Reaching the songstress's room, she extended her hand to him, and cordially said,—

"I am glad to see you,—more sorry than I can tell that you cannot see me. Mr. Kyle informs me that you came a long distance expressly to hear me sing."

"Yes'm, I did," tremulously.

"He also informs me that you play the flute quite nicely."

"I thought I could pretty well, until—until I heard him," modestly.

"I should like to hear you."

"I'm afraid I can't play so well as you think," and his face crimsoned as he spoke.

"I shall be able to judge of that better after having heard you," she observed, cheerfully. "You play for me, and then I will sing for you. That is fair, is it not?"

"Yes'm;" and placing the flute to his lips, with evident reluctance, he played a *simple air*.

"Have you ever had any instructions?" she asked, when he removed the instrument from his lips.

"No, ma'am."

"You do excellently, considering all things, and I believe, in time, notwithstanding the great affliction that is yours, with practice you may become a very skilful flutist."

"No one ever said so much as that to me before," he articulated, with difficulty, owing to the choking lumps in his throat.

"Now I will sing to you;" and she did, as admirably as she would have sung in the presence of thousands.

"God bless you!" he returned, fervently.

"Please also take this," placing in his hands a roll of bills. "It will provide you and your mother with some of the comforts of life. Do not try to thank me," as his lips moved; "only remember me in your prayers. Hoping to see you again, I must now bid you good-by," and with a clasp of the hands, they separated—forever.

The "roll" contained three hundred dollars, a larger sum of money than ever had been in the boy's family at one time.

