

man, too, moved away, leaving the girl and her protector standing near each other.

"You have had a hard time to-night," the man remarked. "I am so sorry those rascals gave you such trouble."

"Oh, it was so kind of you to come to our assistance," the girl replied. "My father is very tired, and the little money we made is all gone."

"May I have your violin for a while, sir?" the stranger asked turning to the violinist, at the same time taking the instrument gently from the trembling hands. "You must be very tired."

During the whole of the scene the old man had been trying to comprehend the meaning of the commotion. His daughter was too greatly excited to explain anything. But when he heard the stranger speak to him he at once complied with his request and allowed him to take his beloved instrument. The girl slipped her hand in his and squeezed it hard, and then stood watching her kind protector.

The latter lifted the violin quickly to his shoulder, faced the crowded street, and drew the bow across the strings. There was a great difference now in the playing, and many people paused to listen. There was something which appealed to them in the music which was pouring forth. It stirred their nobler feelings and aroused in them the spirit of sympathy for the poor and unfortunate. They comprehended the purpose of the musician when they saw the feeble old man and the girl standing nearby. The hearts of many were strangely stirred, and they vied with one another in dropping money into the dusty hat which the girl was again holding forth. Silver mingled with bills, and the