

poems were parodies of the others, and he tried to be sarcastic, making fun of all the sentiment his early poetry had expressed. He was very poor, and almost entirely dependent on his friends for a living. However, these were not lacking, and among them he even counted highest his benefactor Counsellor Collin and his son Edward. The latter, indeed, was more than a friend, and often helped the easy-going poet with his business difficulties. Andersen, in his 'Story of My Life' returns thanks to God for having raised up for him so many kind friends, and it is noticeable how constantly he turned to God in every trouble and joy from the time when, as a little sensitive factory boy suffering from the unkind jests of his companions he found his greatest comfort from prayer to God in the beautiful woods, through the years when as a yet painfully sensitive young student, the least blame would depress him with a sense of his own unworthiness, up to the days when, as an honored old man he remembered the dark days of his childhood and rendered God his heartfelt gratitude for all the wonderful mercy that had filled his life.

At this time in his life some friends who were sorry to see his depression persuaded him to secure one of the government grants given for poet's travelling expenses. He applied and was successful. This, although not a large sum, enabled him to travel, and, going to Paris, he was cordially welcomed by the poet Heine and Victor Hugo. Although only a young man, his works had become known and well received in France, indeed, it was only in his own country that he had to encounter opposition. Wherever he travelled he was given a kindly reception, and the children, in particular, made him their friend. He always had a love for the little folks, and they would eagerly crowd about him listening to some of the quaint tales that so readily fell from his lips. He was very much amused at the children of a family where he lived for some time, in order to learn French. Since they could not make him understand, they imagined he must be deaf, and would climb on his knee to shout in his ear. However, although he could not tell them tales, he was so dearly loved here that the people would not allow him to pay anything for his board.

When he was twenty-eight years old he went to Italy for the first time, and while in Rome he heard of his mother's death. This made him very sad, for he was now quite alone in the world. He had never had any brother, or sister, the strange sad father with whom he would go for long and silent walks was dead long ago, and the old grandmother who loved Hans dearly, but had yet thought it would be better for him to die, had gone herself while he was at school. In Rome, however, he met Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, who cheered him greatly with his sympathy, and the friendship that remained a life-long happiness to them both. Andersen also was kindly received by other Italian authors, but on his return home he felt again the coldness of unkindly criticism. Even some of his warmest friends seemed ready to forsake him, to say it was impossible for him to even be a great man, and it was quite a long time after the publication of his book, 'Improvisatore,' before he felt any turn in the feeling against him. He published other books, and people began to think that after all they might have been mistaken. He visited Sweden about this time, and thought its lovely fjords and wooded haunts were just exquisite homes for fairies. When he returned home to Denmark, this time, he was honored by his King, Frederick VI., who gave him a pension of something like \$200.00 yearly. This made matters much easier, as he was not now dependent entirely on his writings, and he was able to go travelling again. While in Paris this time he met the elder Dumas, the great French novelist, and a great many other people of world-wide fame who received him and made him feel he was one of themselves. One little thing that greatly pleased Andersen, he tells about in his autobiography. A lady had been so greatly touched by his story of 'Only a Fiddler,' that she had determined never to let anyone suffer as the fiddler did if she could help it. Two poor boys who came under her notice were helped by her, and given a chance to use the musical ability they possessed. This rejoiced Andersen, for he saw

that not only were his books read and enjoyed, but that they were doing good in the world. It was about this time that he writes: 'How bright and beautiful is the world! How good are human beings! That it is a pleasure to live becomes ever more and more clear to me.'

When he was thirty-nine he was further honored by being invited to visit King Christian VIII. and the Queen at Foeher. The whole royal party travelled about the group of islands of which Foeher was one, and Andersen was greatly impressed by the love which the people expressed for their sovereign. On one little island called Oland, the people, who lived in houses built on raised platforms because the water so frequently flooded the land, had built a triumphal arch of flowers which was, however, too small for anyone to go through, and the party had to go round it!

The King, to show his appreciation of Andersen's work, had increased his yearly sti-

preciate the worth of such a staunch friend (for who has not read the story of 'The Tin Soldier'?) he made him a present of one at parting. Andersen was very pleased to have the little tin man and took him travelling with him.

There is one more little story that is worth telling before this short account closes, and it really must not be left out, for we see in it how much Andersen really loved the customs and ways of his dear northland home. One Christmas he was spending in the busy city of Berlin, where he had so many friends that each thought the other would be sure to ask him to spend the happy season with them, and so it came about that nobody asked him at all. Andersen, whose love for the Christmas festivities shows in so many of his pretty stories, sat alone in his room on Christmas eve, and looked out of the window at the stars. 'There,' said he, 'are the candles that God has lit for me, and this shall be my Christmas tree, for God never forgets me.'



'SHE LET THE BOY OF FOURTEEN START OFF ALONE.'

pend, and now there was no need to worry about money matters, for although he was not rich by any means, he had enough to live on comfortably. He did return for a lay to the little town where he was born, but it made him very sad. No one knew him, old houses were gone as well as old friends, he could not even find his mother's and father's graves, and he was glad to go away from it speedily. It was after this visit that he wrote the story of 'The Little Matchgirl' that has touched with sympathy so many hearts, and perhaps we can see in the picture of the dead grandmother, whom the poor little girl so dearly loved, the memory of his own grandmother who had thought so much of her only grandchild, little Hans.

In his further travels, stopping here or there with warm friends, he tells one story of the little son of one friend, who wept bitterly when the kind teller of fairy tales had to leave. Little Eric had two tin soldiers, and knowing how deeply Andersen could ap-

However, Jenny Lind, the beautiful singer, who also loved and remembered a Northland home, heard that no one had decorated a tree for the gentle poet with whom she had so true a friendship, and she sent for him to spend Christmas with her. There he found she had prepared a tree especially for him, and the lover of fairies, the world-famed gentle singer called the Swedish Nightingale, and another friend from the north, sat and talked of the old homes, old ways, and the ever new and wonderful love of God.

Hans Christian Andersen never grew old, for although he grew to the age of seventy he always carried about with him the heart of a child, always found loving friends, and felt the deepest confidence in his heavenly Father's care. He lived to see himself honored and loved in his country, where the poor little peasant lad had been laughed at, the dreamy young student neglected, and his early efforts attacked with the most bitter criticism.