

That was eighteen months ago and Guiseppe happy and hopeful thought as he fingered his beloved harp, how easily and readily it would win food and fame for himself and his little comrade...

Yes, months ago, that was his boyish fancy, but today stern reality confronts him—not a cent of money, not a bite of bread—for himself it does not matter so much but for his little charge Tito, for the child for whom he feels responsible before God ; the anguish is almost more than he can bear. In an agony of remorse, he encircles the little lad with his strong young arms as if to shield and warm him and lovingly and pityingly imprints on his brow a kiss that speaks volumes.

Surprised at this unusual demonstration, Tito looks up and asks : “ Brother, why are we hungry.”

II

All day, through the busy noisy city amidst the ever hurrying crowd, in public boulevards, in narrow streets, before brilliant shops, princely hotels, elegant residences, everywhere, they might have been seen, this young harpist and the still younger violinist vying with each other in their efforts to show forth all the rhythm and beauty of their loved instruments...

Everywhere they might have been seen ; but no one saw them !

Nevertheless, they were certainly a most remarkable pair, those poor strolling artists, worthy of more than passing notice, as the deft fingers of the elder swept the harp strings with incredible grace and skill, and the bow of the younger quivered with tears, danced with joy, shook with laughter...

But no one saw them !

The day was gloomy, sunless and bitterly cold. Yet despite this, only one thought and aim seemed to have possession of the city and its inmates—preparation for the morrow.—More than once through a quickly opened door they heard glad cries of surprise. More than once through the shutters of palatial homes they saw children—children like themselves—smilingly passing to and fro. More than once Guiseppe grew pale and Tito restrained his tears with a stifled sob...

But no one saw them !

(To be continued.)