

JENNY LIND AND THE DISSIPATED MUSICIAN.

THE POWER OF A HELPFUL WORD.

The only person I ever met who knew Jenny Lind in her childhood was Max Bronsden, an old musician. I asked him to tell me of her, and the old man's furrowed face became radiant with a smile. "Remember her," said he; "she has been the angel of my life; the memory of her voice was my salvation. She and I were once alike poor. We were young and happy. Hand in hand we used to wander in the fields and on the hills of old Sweden. . . . Years passed, and she became the idol of princes and kings, and from afar I worshipped her, as I would worship a star in yonder heaven. I tried to keep pace with her, but failed. I became a victim to strong drink, and with that vile passion ambition was buried.

In 1849 I was passing 'Her Majesty's Theatre,' in London. I was sober enough to recognize the clear, ringing trill that had thrilled me in my boyhood days. I was penitence, but I determined to enter and hear that voice once more. I watched my chance. A crowd of ermine-clad men and women were passing in. I rushed into the throng, evaded the ticket agent, and gained entrance. In a shadowed recess I crouched and listened.

For a moment there was thrilling silence, then a tempest of applause that made the house tremble. It was then I forgot all—forgot that I was a debased vagabond—forgot the throng, and the lights and all, save that I saw the little barefoot girl of boyhood's idolatry, a queen among men. I rushed forward and cried, 'Jenny, my little Jenny! I told you so. I said that you would rule the world with that voice. Speak to me, and tell me that you remember.

"'Put him out! put him out!' shouted the multitude. 'He is mad, away with him.' A strong arm seized me, and I would have been hurled out into the darkness, but a sweet voice cried, 'Spare him, and let me hear him. What is it, poor man?'

I looked up, and like an angel of light she stood above me. 'Forgive me, madam.' I

cried, 'I was passing, and heard your voice. I stole my way in. It seemed I had a right to listen. Once the birds and I were your only auditors, and yet when I told you one day you would be great, you seemed glad at my praise, though I was only Max, the blacksmith's son.'

Bending over me, she cried 'Max Bronsden, my first and truest friend, stand, let this vast throng look upon you. It was he,' said she, 'who first created ambition in my heart to become great. My stage was a lichen-covered forest log and he showered upon me wild flowers that I prized more than I now prize the jewels and rare gifts that are emblems of my triumph this night.

'Rise, my friend,' said she to me, 'and be worthy of the trust and confidence that I will ever give you in all future years. I have struggled and conquered all difficulties. It is not too late. Be no longer a vagabond, as you say you are, but be a man worthy of my friendship.'

"I could scarcely speak," said the old man, but hoarsely I uttered, 'with God's help I will.' The house had been silent as death, when it suddenly burst into tumultuous applause, and the curtain fell.

I left the place a new man, with new aspirations and courage, and in all the years since that night, nearly half a century ago, I have been a hero and a conqueror of sin. I have lived true to my words!"—*Woman's Work*.

A SOFT ANSWER.

If anybody says a rude or angry word to you and you answer in the same way, do you know what you are doing? You are adding fire to fire; you are helping to make a bad thing worse. But "a soft answer" is like water to fire, it helps to put the flame out. That is what the firemen do; they pour water over the fire, and so put it out. If you give a soft answer to angry words, you will be one of God's firemen; you will have helped to put out a fire that might have done great harm. So remember, when you are spoken to rudely or roughly, to be like a fireman and give back a soft answer; for a grievous word, an angry, rude word, stirreth up anger.—*J. M. G.*