

Great Lives from Central Europe & Russia

MONTH TEN

SELECTED AUTHORS

Great Lives
from Central Europe & Russia

Selected Authors

Libraries of Hope

Great Lives from Central Europe & Russia

Great Lives Series: Month Ten

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Printed in the United States of America

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Contents by Region

Central Europe

John Gutenberg (Germany)
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Robert Schumann (Germany)
Richard Wagner (Germany)
Otto von Bismarck (Germany)
Nathan Straus (Germany)
Franz Joseph Haydn (Austria)
Wolfgang Mozart (Austria)
Franz Peter Schubert (Austria)
Frédéric Chopin (Poland)
Edward Alfred Steiner (Hungary)
Marie Sklodowska Curie (Poland)

Russia

Peter the Great
Leo Tolstoy

1900s America

Jane Addams
Maud Ballington Booth
Herbert Hoover

Henry Ford
Samuel Pierpont Langley
Wilbur & Orville Wright

John Gutenberg

The Inventor of the Printing-Press

1398 – 1468

The sturdy young German who, with knapsack on back and staff in hand, knocked at old Laurence Coster's door, was no ordinary youth. Although scarcely more than twenty, he had already seen a great deal of life, and even some of its rougher aspects.

John Gutenberg belonged to a family of high degree, and had been reared in such luxury as could be enjoyed in the rude mediæval time; but he did not allow luxurious living to make him indolent or unambitious. He was an ardent student, and had received the best training which the learned monks could give him. Often, when a boy, he was found poring over the manuscripts which he found in the monasteries where he was educated. He was also very religious in thought and act. Many a time he would earnestly exclaim, what a pity it was that the Bible was a closed book to the masses of the people; that, as it was written by hand on parchment, it could only be possessed either by the churches and monasteries or by very rich people.

Gutenberg's home was at Strasburg, on the banks of the Rhine. He had often dreamed of foreign countries, and imagined what they and their peoples were like; so one day, being strong of limb and active in exercise, he resolved to pack up his knapsack, attire himself in walking costume, and take a long pedestrian tour. It was while on this jaunt that, by a chance for which all later generations have had reason to be thankful, he heard of old Coster and his discovery, and

hastened to present himself at the humble churchwarden's door.

You can imagine the eagerness with which Coster led his young guest in, and how delighted he was to show him just how the printing of his letters worked. While with his rude leaden types the old man pressed letter after letter on the parchment, Gutenberg stood by, rapt in attention. Already he imagined that he saw dimly to what great uses this discovery might be put.

"And see here!" exclaimed Coster, holding up some pages of parchment awkwardly sewed together, "here is my first book in print."

It was a Latin grammar. Old Coster had slowly printed it, letter by letter, and right proud was he of this first triumph of his patient labor.

"But we can do better than this," said Gutenberg. "Your printing is even slower than the writing of the monks. From this day forth I will work upon this problem, and not rest till I have solved it."

Warmly grasping Coster's hand, and thanking him for showing him his discovery, Gutenberg resumed his knapsack, and trudged out of Haarlem. He had no longer any thought of continuing his tramp into new scenes. His fondness for seeing strange lands had for the while deserted him. His only thought was to get back as soon as possible to Strasburg, where he lived, and to set to work upon the task he had now set to himself.

Gutenberg lived in an age of dense superstition and ignorance. Everything that was new and unfamiliar seemed to the ignorant people of that time to be the work of sorcery; and any one who dared to do things which appeared marvellous in their eyes, was persecuted and pursued as if he dealt in evil magic. No one knew this better than the young Strasburg scholar.

So, on his arrival at Strasburg, he gave out that he was at

work making jewelry. Meanwhile he locked himself up in his room, and, scarcely taking time to eat or sleep, devoted himself to the problem how to make Coster's discovery useful to the world. But he found that he was watched and interrupted, and that his hiding himself so constantly in his room gave rise to dark suspicions among his neighbors. So he repaired to an old ruined monastery, only one or two rooms of which were habitable, and which stood a few miles from the town. Here he thought he could work in peace, for the monastery ruin was in a lonely, deserted place.

Hidden in an obscure corner of this old monastery of St. Arbogaste was a little cell. This cell Gutenberg secured by a great oaken door with heavy bolts, and here he hid the tools and materials needed for his work. At the same time he fitted up a half-ruined room in a more open part of the monastery as a jewelry shop. He engaged two young men to help him polish precious stones and to repair trinkets. In this way he hoped to be able to work at his types in the hidden cell without discovery.

He now set to work, at such times as he could escape into his little cell, in dead earnest. It was not long before he had carved out of some bits of wood with his knife a number of separate types. The happy idea struck him to string these on a piece of wire in the form of words, and at last of sentences. Then, finding that wood was not hard enough, he carved some types, with more difficulty, in lead.

Having made types which satisfied him, Gutenberg used his knowledge of chemistry to make an ink which would leave a distinct imprint, and he soon succeeded in producing such an ink. As he continued to work, the great idea that was absorbing him grew more and more clear. He had his types and his ink, so he made a brush and a roller to put the ink on the types. He had now got as far as printing a whole word or sentence on a piece of parchment; and by changing the movable types about, could form at will new words and sentences.

His next task was to construct "chases," so that the types could be held together, and would print in pages. And at last the idea of a printing-press was made a reality.

When Gutenberg had completed and gazed with delight on the first printing-press which had ever been constructed, the main difficulties of his task were over. With his types set in their chases, his different colored inks at his elbow, his rollers at hand to apply the ink, and his press ready to press the types down upon the blank pages, he stood ready to complete the first book printed with movable type.

But poor Gutenberg was not destined to derive much happiness from the results of his labors and the splendid invention he had made. He worked so hard that the few hours of the night which he took for sleep were disturbed by uneasy dreams. Sometimes he thought that angelic voices warned him not to go on with his printing, for that it would bring untold miseries upon the human race. Then he would rise in the morning, unrefreshed by his slumbers and terrified by the vision, and, seizing a mallet, would be on the point of smashing his printing-press all to pieces. But sometimes other spirits would appear to him in dreams, and urge him to go on with his good work, saying that it would be an immense blessing and benefit to all the world in all future ages. This would inspire him with new energy, and he would toil the next day with a light heart.

But after the printing-press had been made, and he had really begun to print books, his assistants in the jewelry shop betrayed him. They told the magistrates of Strasburg about his long absences and mysterious movements. Their story soon spread through the town, and roused the anger and hatred of the writers of manuscript books, who feared lest printing should ruin their occupation.

Gutenberg's enemies soon compelled him to fly from Strasburg. He was stripped of all he had in the world, and even his life was threatened. So he went back to Mayence, his

birthplace, and there resumed his printing. He took a rich jeweller, Fust, into partnership. But he was not allowed to work long in peace. Fust turned against him, and he was soon forced to leave Mayence as he had left Strasburg.

He was now wretchedly poor, and for a while roamed aimlessly from place to place. But at last he found a home in Nassau, the ruler of which offered him his protection. In that quiet town, Gutenberg set up his press again, and printed many books, and spent the remainder of his days, it is pleasant to say, in rest, comfort and content, although he never got rich from his invention. He died in the year 1468, at the ripe age of sixty-nine; and many years after the statue of him, which may be seen standing in Mayence, was erected in his honor by the descendants of those who had driven him forth, a beggar, from his native city.

John Gutenberg and the Invention of Printing

When Christopher Columbus was a boy, there were few books. Those he might have read were of two kinds, manuscript books and block books. Manuscript books were copies of the Bible, or of books of the Greeks and Romans, written out by hand.

Persons called copyists made a business of drawing or writing manuscript books. Most of the copyists were monks, who lived in monasteries, where often there was a room set apart for their work, called the writing room. Copying was slow work. To copy a book like the Bible took all of a year, and when this was done well it took two or three years.

Manuscript books were written on parchment or vellum. Parchment is made from the skin of sheep and goats; vellum from the skin of very young lambs and kids. The hair is cut from the skin. The skin is put in a mixture of water and lime, and kept there until the fat is removed. It is then taken out, and stretched and rubbed with pumice stone and lime, until thin and smooth.

The parchment and vellum sheets used in the manuscript books were, as a rule, ten inches wide and fifteen inches long. Broad margins were left on all sides. The first letter of the word beginning the first paragraph on a new page was omitted, as was here and there an important word.

When the copyist had finished his work, the separate sheets were turned over to the illuminator or illustrator. The

illustrator filled in the margins with a border of flowers or of foliage, interwoven with birds, animals, angels, or saints. The borders were drawn in blue, green, purple, brown, silver, or gold. The important words omitted were written in color, while elaborate initial letters were painted in at the proper places. These decorations gave to the best manuscript books an elegance and beauty beyond anything to be seen in books at the present time.

The illumination or decoration completed, the separate sheets were passed to the book-binder. Books of large size were bound in boards which were sometimes two inches thick. If the binding was not to be ornamented, the board backs were covered with pigskin. If it was to be ornamented, the covering liked best was calf or goatskin. Upon the ornamentation of the bindings of the best books, there worked gilders, jewelers, engravers, and painters. Some of the most famous books were covered with enameled brass, others with ivory, and still others with gold and silver studded with precious stones.

Because of the work put upon them, manuscript books were sold at a high price, and only the rich could afford to buy them. A Bible, only fairly well written and bound, cost from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars. At that time the wages of a laborer were fifteen cents a day, the price of a sheep twenty-five cents, of a cow two dollars, and of a horse five dollars.

Block books, on the other hand, were mostly plain, and made up of a few pictures or of illustrations, interspersed with printed explanations or religious precepts. The Evangelists, the first of the block books, had, for example, thirty pages. Fifteen of these were printing, while the other fifteen were full-page pictures. The Bible of the Poor, the most famous of the block books, consisted of forty pictures. These were seven and a half inches wide, and ten inches long.

The block books were so named, because they were

printed from carved or engraved wooden blocks. In making a block book, a piece of oak, ash, cherry, or apple wood was cut two inches thick, and the width and length of the desired page. One side of the block, or the face, was smoothed and polished. On this was placed a drawing of the picture, and of the writing to be printed. The surrounding parts of the block were then cut away, so as to leave the picture and the letters of the writing raised, or in relief, making a sort of stamp. This carving required much skill, and the engraving of a single book consumed weeks and even months.

The engraving completed, the rest was easy. The carved block was covered with a coat of thin ink. A sheet of parchment or paper was placed upon it and pressed gently with the flat back of the inking brush. This transferred an impression of the carved picture and writing to the parchment or paper. The different printed sheets were then bound together.

Any number of books could be printed from the same set of blocks; for this reason block books were cheap. The ABC's and the Lord's Prayer cost two cents, the Catechism twenty cents, Donatus or Boys' Latin Grammar twelve and a half cents, and the Bible of the Poor two dollars. But only small books could be multiplied in this way, for the carving of the blocks was slow work. To prepare the blocks to print the Bible would take at least thirty years, which of course was never done.

Birthplace and Parents of John Gutenburg

John Gutenberg changed all this. He did it by inventing the art of printing from movable type.

Gutenberg was born about the year 1400, at Mainz, a German city on the Rhine, near Frankfort. His parents were of noble blood, and people of means, who took a prominent part in the affairs of the city. Nothing is known of Gutenberg's boyhood days, other than that they were passed amid scenes of strife between the common people and the nobility.

Learning Two Trades

When John Gutenberg was a boy, it was thought beneath the dignity of one of noble birth to do any ordinary labor, or to learn a trade. Despite this belief, he learned not one, but two trades. He learned the art of cutting and polishing precious stones, and of mirror making.

It is not an easy task to-day to learn a trade. It was even more difficult when John Gutenberg was a boy. The trades at that time were in the hands of guilds, or, as we would say, trade-unions. Of those in a trade, only the master workmen were allowed to teach it. The number of boys a master workman might take to teach was limited. The boy while learning the trade, which took from five to seven years, received no wages. Instead, he often had to pay a considerable sum for his instruction.

A boy on undertaking to learn a trade became an apprentice. As an apprentice, he ran errands, brought tools and materials, took care of the shop, and assisted in other ways. After two years or more, he rose to be a journeyman and served a second two years. In this period, he learned how to handle and to use tools, and how to do simple kinds of work. In the last two or three years of his service, the journeyman conquered the more difficult parts of the trade. As a kind of final examination he made what was called a masterpiece. This was examined by a committee of master workmen. If they were satisfied, with his workmanship, he was admitted to the guild at a great banquet held at his expense, and given the right to set up in business for himself.

A long time to learn a trade? Yes. But John Gutenberg learned two, and at thirty-five was well established at Strassburg with a good paying business. He was also sought out by young men wishing to become cutters of precious stones or makers of mirrors, and was paid for teaching them these arts.

Printing from Movable Type

The idea came to Gutenberg, that all words, all writings, all languages are expressed in a small number of different letters. Our language has, for example, only twenty-six letters. With a large number of letters properly set together, a whole page of text could be printed at once. By resetting the different letters, and by repeating the process of printing, large books could be swiftly multiplied. This idea took possession of him, and after 1436, to the neglect of everything else, he gave his time, his energy, and his fortune to working out the process.

The Discovery of Type Metal

Should you go into a newspaper office and see a printing press print, cut, paste, fold, and deliver in sixty minutes forty-eight thousand newspapers of sixteen pages each, it would be natural to think that the most important part of printing is the press. The most important part, in printing, however, is the type, or the little movable metal letters. For this reason, the key to inventing printing lay in finding the right kind of metal, and in finding an easy way of making type.

Knowing that block books were printed from carved blocks, Gutenberg first tried to make type from wood. It would seem easy to do this. Yet it proved difficult to carve a good letter upon the end of a small wooden stick. It proved equally hard to cut the sticks of such width that there would be equal spaces between the letters. Even when Gutenberg succeeded in doing this, for he was an expert carver, the ink so softened the wooden type, that after a few impressions the printed letters became blurred. As the printed letters must be clear and distinct, Gutenberg was forced, much against his will, to give up trying to make movable type from wood.

It now occurred to him that lead would serve. From his work in making mirrors he knew how easy it was to mold it.

With a simple mold he cast a number of small lead sticks of uniform width and height, and then with no great difficulty he carved a letter on the end of each stick. He seemed to be on the direct road to success, but when he came to print from lead type, he found that it took more pressure than with wooden blocks, and when the pressure was sufficient to transfer the impression to the paper, the lead letters were flattened out.

Since lead was too soft, Gutenberg thought that iron might do. It proved difficult to mold small iron sticks. The iron stuck to the mold, and the sides of the little sticks were so rough that they would not fit closely together. Expert as Gutenberg was, it was slow work to cut the letters. Worse yet, when the letters were cut, so much pressure had to be used in printing, that the hard iron type cut into the paper.

These attempts at making type from wood, lead, and iron took weeks and months. Thus a great deal of time and labor seemed lost. Yet this was not all true; for Gutenberg learned from these trials that a metal would have to be found, out of which to make type that could be easily cast. He learned that this metal would have to be harder than lead, but softer than iron. He also learned from trying to cut metal letters, that a mold would have to be invented in which the type could be cast.

As lead could be easily molded, and was at that time one of the cheapest metals, Gutenberg set about finding a metal to mix with lead, to give it the needed hardness and toughness. Many are the mixtures he must have tried. On one day, this and that combination of lead and copper was tested. On another, lead and brass were combined, now in this and now in that way; and so on, week after week, month after month. Some of the combinations were fairly good, but Gutenberg was never satisfied with half success. He worked on and on, until he hit upon combining five parts of lead, four parts of antimony, and one part of tin. The lead supplied the bulk of

the type, the antimony the hardness, and the tin the needed toughness. This mixture of metals proved satisfactory. Strange as it may seem, it is about the one used to-day. No better combination of metal for type has ever been found. It is known as type metal, and is only one of the great discoveries of Gutenberg.

Inventing the Type Mold

While Gutenberg was trying to find a metal suitable for type, he was at the same time working upon a mold. Unless an easy way of casting metal type could be found, printing from movable letters could never be made a success.

To understand what he really invented, let us see what tools are now used in making type. The most important of these tools are the punch or master type, the matrix or mold for the face of the letter, and the mold in which the body of the type is cast.

The punch is made by taking a bar of steel about six inches long, and of the width of a printed letter, and three or four times its thickness. Upon one end of this bar is drawn, say, an H. The surrounding parts of steel are then cut away until the letter stands out in bold relief. Each separate letter, both small and capital, requires 1 separate punch.

The matrix, or mold for the face of the letter, is made by taking a bar of copper half an inch thick, and about twice the width and four times the length of a printed letter. A punch is driven into this with a sharp blow. The result is the sunken imprint in the copper of the letter on the punch. This sunken letter becomes a mold for the face of the letter.

The mold consists of two halves. When these halves are put together, their inner sides face each other and form an opening. On the lower side of the mold, and just under the opening, is a place for fastening the matrix. On the upper side, the opening is left open for the inflow of the molten type metal. A dozen or more molds are needed for each set of type.

It was easy enough for Gutenberg to make a mold with which he could cast metal sticks of the same thickness. The difficult problem was to make one which would cast metal sticks of different widths, and at the same time form a letter on the end. He tried many ways of doing this. Months passed before the idea of a separate mold for the face of the letter occurred to him. Matrices were then made of lead, of iron, and of brass. In some, the impress of the letter was cast; in others it was cut or engraved. But no sooner was one made, than it was put aside. Still other months went by before he thought of the punch. Molds for the body of the type were made first in one way, then in another. Some were of iron, others of lead, and still others of copper, but not one would do. How many years he toiled, in hope and in despair, no one knows. We only know that by trying again and again, and never giving up, he learned that the mold should be of two like, adjustable parts and that the punch should be of steel, and the matrix of copper.

Thus by patient toil, Gutenberg invented the tools needed in casting type. With them he could easily cast two or three thousand letters a day. So well did he do his work, that more than four hundred years have made little changes in these tools, or in the metal from which they are made. Although type-casting machines are now employed, which cast a hundred type a minute, the punch, the matrix, and the mold invented by Gutenberg are in all important points like those in use at the present time.

Inventing the Printing Press

No press was needed in making either manuscript or block books. But when Gutenberg came to print from metal type, he discovered that considerable pressure was required to transfer the likeness of the letters to the parchment or paper. That this pressure might be quickly given and be uniform over the face of all the type, it became necessary to invent a press.

Gutenberg modeled his printing press after the wine press then in use. It had two upright posts of great strength. These were placed four feet apart, fastened at the bottom to a solid wooden base, and joined together at the top by a heavy crossbeam. The middle of this crossbeam held an iron screw worked by a lever. On the lower end of the screw hung a heavy block of wood called the plate, the under side of which was flat and smooth. By turning the screw, the plate could be forced up or down. Between the two upright posts, and upon the base of the press, stood a strong, four-legged stool, which served to support a heavy wooden platform, four feet wide and six feet long. Upon this was laid the form, or the wooden frame in which the type was locked. Crude as this printing press was, it served Gutenberg well, and presses like it were the only kind used for more than a hundred and fifty years.

The only ink at the time was the writing fluid of the copyists. Gutenberg found that when this was employed in printing, instead of forming a thin black coat over the type, it collected in drops and blotted the paper. Another kind of ink had to be made, if printing from metal type was to be a success. The Italian painters had lately invented a new paint composed of lampblack and linseed oil. It was probably from them that Gutenberg got a suggestion which turned him in the right direction. At any rate, he hit upon mixing lampblack and boiled linseed oil, and this mixture proved satisfactory. Printer's ink is still made in the same way.

Trouble at Strassburg

Gutenberg seemed to be standing upon the threshold of success, but events intervened to rob him of his reward. For a number of years he had worked night and day, upon different parts of his invention. Into it went, little by little, all the money he had saved, and all he had inherited. To be able to support himself and to continue his work he took three men into partnership. These men paid him a considerable sum of

money for their part, and were to share in the profits of the enterprise. As was then the custom, they were sworn to secrecy. Their plan was to complete the invention and print a small religious book. Though Gutenberg and his partners worked steadily for two years, the invention was not complete before the Christmas of 1439.

The cost of the enterprise, the faith of these men, and the will with which they worked are shown in a talk between Andrew Dritzehen, one of the partners, and a Frau von Zabern:

"But will you not stop work, so that you can get some sleep?"

"It is necessary that I first finish this work."

"But what a great sum of money you are spending. That has, at least, cost you ten guilders."

"You are a goose; you think this cost but ten guilders. Look here! If you had the money which this has cost, over and above three hundred guilders, you would have enough for all your life; this has cost me at least five hundred guilders. It is but a trifle to what I shall have to spend. It is for this that I have mortgaged my goods and my inheritance."

"But if this does not succeed, what will you do then?"

"It is not possible that we can fail. Before another year is over, we shall have recovered our capital and shall be prosperous."

Dritzehen died a few days later. His death left Gutenberg in a bad plight. The two remaining partners became discouraged and were ready to give up. Frau von Zabern told of her conversation with Dritzehen, and the circumstances of his death caused other people to talk. Gutenberg grew fearful that others would learn of the new art. He sent to Dritzehen's home, and warned the people there to let no one see the press. The molds and type he melted. George, the brother of Andrew, now demanded that he be let into the secret, or that the money Andrew had spent on the enterprise be paid back.

Gutenberg refused to tell him of the nature of the undertaking, and claimed that instead of being in debt to Andrew, Dritzehen died in debt to him. The dispute was taken to court, where, after a year of delay, it was settled in favor of Gutenberg.

During the trial, witnesses spoke of the "secret work" Gutenberg was carrying on; they spoke of the "beautiful things," of the "costly things" he was making. No one knew just what he was doing. There was a lot of mystery about the whole enterprise. People began to say: "He doesn't want anyone to know." "He is not willing anyone should see." "Something is wrong." "He is practicing the Black Art."

So great was the prejudice against him, and he was now so poor, that it was impossible for him to go on. He went back to polishing precious stones and making mirrors.

Gutenberg was not long content, however, to work at his trade only. After a year or two, he began to think again of his invention, and to spend his evenings upon punches, matrices, and molds. He finally decided to return to Mainz, and set up a printing press.

Printing the First Bible

For four or five years after returning to Mainz, he did what we should call job printing. His success was so marked that a rich money lender became interested. Their plan was to print the complete Bible. It was to be printed in Latin, and was to look in every way like the best of the manuscript books.

The pages were printed in two columns of fortytwo lines each. These columns, with the space between of five eighths of an inch, made a page eleven and a half inches long and seven and three fourths inches wide. Great spaces were left for initial letters, and a wide margin was allowed for a border. It often happened that the space for the initial letter and for the border was not filled in. Yet some of the early printed books rival in beauty of decoration the most famous

manuscript books.

The entire Bible, when printed in this way, covered twelve hundred and eighty-two pages, and was bound in two large volumes. It is known as Gutenberg's first Bible, and was the first great work to come from the printing press. An undecorated copy on paper could be had then for four dollars. A decorated copy on vellum was lately sold in London for seventeen thousand dollars.

Cheated by Fust

When Gutenberg entered upon the bold plan of printing the entire Bible, he thought he could have it ready for sale within three years. Plan and toil as he might, three years passed, four years went by, and it was late in the fifth, or towards the end of 1455, before the printed pages were ready to be bound. Yet at last, after five years of disappointment, hard work, and trials, the task was done, and the printed Bible was ready for sale.

But Fust, the money lender, did not go into partnership with Gutenberg to help him perfect a great invention, and to aid him in printing the greatest of all books. He thought that he saw in the new art a means of making money. He had invested a large sum in the enterprise. After five years, not one cent of this had been returned, nor had he received one penny of profit. This was too much for the money-greedy Fust. With the Bible printed and ready for sale, he saw his opportunity. He would seize the molds, the type, the presses, and all the printed Bibles. In this way he could get back all, and even more than he had invested. To do this, he brought suit in the court for the return of all the money he had spent on the undertaking. An unjust judge decided in his favor. As Gutenberg had no way of paying such a large sum, Fust seized everything, and turned Gutenberg out.

Gutenberg was not, however, to be neglected in his old age. As a reward for his services to the church and to the

world, the Archbishop of Mainz made him, in 1465, a gentleman at court, and gave him a pension for life. The pension supplied him with a home, with food, and also with clothing, for the quaint document reads: "We will clothe him every year, always like our noblemen, and give him our court dress."

Gutenberg was not to enjoy his leisure or the honors of a nobleman long. In February, 1468, he became sick and died. He was laid to rest at Mainz.

Honor Paid Gutenberg

Though he died loaded down with debts, and with but few friends by his side, great honors were to come to him as the inventor of the greatest of the modem arts. On one of the first tablets erected to his memory is this inscription: "To John Gutenberg, of Mainz, who, first of all, invented molding letters in brass, and by this art has deserved honor from the whole world." Monuments honoring him are now to be found in many places. His greatest monument will survive them all. It is the printed book.

Martin Luther

The Monk That Shook the World

1483 – 1546

In the year 1497 two boys were seen passing through a small city in Germany. They walked slowly, and at times stopped before the doors of the houses, and sung carols about the infant Jesus. It was Christmas time, and the weather was cold and frosty. The evening was drawing on; and the bright glare of the fires within the houses of that old city of Eisenach shone forth through the small windows on the hoar frost without.

These poor lads belonged to a school kept by some monks, who gave their pupils quite as many blows and angry words as lessons of learning. As was the custom of the times, they had been sent to beg their bread from street to street, singing as they went along. The better to move the heart to charity they sang of Him whose lowly birth was at that season of the year called to mind.

That day these minstrel boys had met with only frowns and repulses; and they thought of returning, cold and hungry as they were to their home. But there was the house of Conrad Cotta nigh at hand. He was the burgomaster, or chief magistrate, of the city: perhaps, if they sang before his door they might get some help, for his wife Ursula was well known for deeds of kindness. It was their last hope, and so they sang their carol in their sweetest style.

Ursula was very fond of music; and, hearing the sounds,

she stood at the window till the song was finished. The singing of one boy was more musical than the other. It was the voice of young Martin Luther which fixed her attention. She had often listened to it with delight before in the great church of the city, and now, as she gazed on his pale, intelligent face, she felt the deepest pity. A gentle, loving heart had Ursula Cotta. She had seen the boys driven from three doors, but there awaited them kind words and charity at her dwelling. When the carol was ended, she made signs for them to approach. It was not often that they were spoken to in such a gentle manner; and when she asked Martin from whence he came, and what was his father's name, how great was her delight to find that he was a kinsman of her husband!

The boys were soon placed before a cheerful fire; and after a good supper they were ready to sing to good Ursula their most favorite carol. When that was ended, young Martin sang the forty-sixth Psalm. From that day, Martin became a frequent visitor at her house. She was as a second mother to him; and often did he seek to repay her kindness by one of his sweetest songs, or by a few strains on his flute.

Five years had passed away, and Martin had become a student in a college. He had met with many kind friends; and his father too (who had been a poor woodcutter) by this time was able to assist him with money. This was a great comfort to the young man; he could now pursue his studies with better hope of success. In the college there was a large room, where he spent every moment he could spare. This room was the library, from the shelves of which he took down book after book, and read them with profit and delight. But there was one large heavy volume he had never yet opened. At length he took it from its place, and found it was a Bible printed in the Latin language. He was now nearly twenty years of age, and had been brought up almost all his life in schools and colleges, and this was the first time he had met with the Holy Scriptures. It is true, he had been told there was a book called

the Bible, but he had never seen a copy of it. With feelings of surprise and interest he turned over the leaves. He had not expected to find it so large a volume; and there were writers in it whose names or works he had never heard of. Beginning at the first page, he read on till he came to the history of Hannah and the child-prophet Samuel. It was to him all new and beautiful, and full of instruction. As he left the library that night, he said to himself, "Oh that God would give me such a book for my own!" That old Bible became to him more precious than gold, and sweeter than honey to his taste. He turned over its pages with constant pleasure, as often as he could run into the library for a few hours. Little did he then think that his hands would give that holy volume, translated by himself into German, to millions of his countrymen, and to be a blessing for hundreds of years after he was laid in the grave.

Three more years passed, and Martin Luther became a monk in another convent. The Bible he had read in the college library had aroused serious thoughts in his mind; but like the Ethiopian treasurer, in the eighth chapter of the Acts, he needed that "some man should guide" him to understand the Scriptures. He was looking to his prayers and fastings as the sure way of gaining heaven. He saw not that a sinner can only be saved through faith in Christ Jesus. He knew not clearly of the love of God. Every time he heard his holy name, he was pale with terror. The knowledge of God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, and of the grace of the Saviour, were to him hidden truths. His trust was more in saints and angels, in human merits and tears of penitence, than in the glorious work of the one Mediator.

The monks with whom Martin lived were more ignorant than himself; he could not therefore be taught by them; besides, they cared more about his doing the work of a servant, that they might live at ease. They made him attend the gates, sweep the church, and clean the rooms. And, as soon as the

young monk had finished this labor, they would say to him, "Go with your bag through the town that is, in search of food for the convent." When they found him at his books, they cried aloud, "Come, come; it is not by study, but by begging corn, eggs, fish, and money, that you benefit the cloister." Poor Martin found that by entering a convent he had changed his garments, but not his heart. He found no peace there. "Oh," he said, what will deliver me from my sins, and make me holy! How shall I satisfy the justice of God? How shall I appear before him He almost pined away from sorrow of heart. God was thus trying him with small trials that he might the better hereafter bear great ones.

After Martin had been some time in this convent he again met with a copy of that precious book which formerly so astonished and delighted him when a student, but it was chained. He could not take it to his sleeping cell to read, nor remove it from its place, so he sat by it every time he could secretly get to the room where it was fixed. Sometimes he learned by heart long passages from that chained Bible, to repeat to himself when in his cell at night. The more he read, the more light came into his mind. He began to see the evil of sin, the wickedness of his own heart, and more than all, the rich grace and love of Jesus. He also began to detect the follies and corruptions of the church of Rome.

Two events, at this time, led his mind in the further search after the truth. As he sat in the company of some friends, one of them was suddenly killed. He then said to himself, "What would become of me, if I were thus suddenly called away?" On his return from a visit to his father, the clouds covered the sky with blackness, and a violent thunderstorm broke over his head. As he hastened along the road to find a shelter, the lightning struck the ground near to his feet. He was startled and alarmed, but was unhurt. Stopping on his journey, he fell on his knees, and prayed to God to save him. When he arose, he said, I must become holy." But he

knew not of the work of the Holy Spirit on the heart, leading to a life of faith and holiness.

Whatever Martin Luther did to find peace was still in vain. Those who saw his conduct said he was a devout man; but he replied, "I am a great sinner: how is it possible for me to satisfy Divine justice?" Salvation could not be in himself; "how then," he thought, "can I obtain it!" But the light of day was now dawning on the darkness of his mind. The Holy Spirit was convincing him of sin, and bringing him to feel his need of a Saviour.

About this time there came to the convent an old man named Staupitz. He saw how ill the poor young man looked; and he asked, "Why are you so sad, brother Martin?"

"Ah," said Luther, "I do not know what will become of me; it is in vain I make promises to God — sin is ever the strongest."

"Oh, my friend," said Staupitz, calling to mind how he had felt, instead of torturing yourself on account of your sins, cast yourself by faith into the Reedemer's arms — look at the wounds of Jesus Christ — to the blood that he has shed for you. God is not angry with you, it is you who are angry with God. Listen to the Son of God; he became man to give you the promise of Divine favor. By his stripes are you healed; by his blood are your sins cleansed away. Love him who first loved you; and in order that you may be filled with the love of what is good, you must first be filled with love for God." What good words — what light and peace did they afford! Luther listened for his life.

There was one part of the Bible he now studied with great diligence and interest. It was the Epistle of Paul to the Romans. And in that he saw clearly the way in which God could be just and the justifier of the ungodly. From that time he found peace in believing. Then he was filled with love, and sought to obey God, not from fear, nor with the hope of getting to heaven through his own merits, but from the love

which he felt as a child of God to his heavenly Father.

Years rolled on, and Luther became a preacher, the head of a college, and a doctor of divinity. As his influence became great, and still more great, he made known to others the truths he had found so precious to his own soul. He boldly exposed the vain teachings of the priests, their craft and evil conduct. The fame of his labors soon spread in the land, and many came to hear the gospel from his lips. In the churches, the college halls, and the open air, he set forth the only way in which a sinner can be saved.

In one of his preaching tours, Luther came to a city in which his early friends Conrad and Ursula Cotta had found a home. They had by this time lost nearly all their property; the once rich burgomaster was now a poor man, and the troubles of life had filled his heart with sorrow. He had been told that a great preacher was on his way to the city. "They tell me," said Conrad to his wife, "that he talks bravely of free grace — that pardon for sin is to be had without money and without price."

"That would just do for us," replied Ursula; "Let us go to the church and hear him."

The old church that day was well filled, for nobles and merchants, working men and maidens, had come to listen to the bold preacher. Among them sat Conrad and Ursula. Strange thoughts and feelings must have moved them as they listened to the powerful voice of the monk. But when they heard him give out a psalm to be sung — his favorite forty-sixth psalm — "God is our refuge," they called to mind that Christmas evening when the minstrel boy of Eisenach sang it by their own fireside.

The words that were preached sank deep into the heart of Ursula, and from that hour she was brought to know the only way in which she could be saved. Nor was this all; for Martin Luther was now in a condition to show his gratitude, and repay the kindness of those who, in the days of his youth,

took into their house a poor friendless boy.

The time at last came when Luther was called forth openly to enter on the blessed Reformation. The occasion was the opening of a great market by the church of Rome. Crowds of anxious buyers: men and women, rich and poor, old and young, flocked there to spend their money. The dealers were monks, who smiled and joked as they offered to sell their goods at the cheapest rate. But what was it they had to sell? It was, they said, the salvation of the soul! These dealers passed through the country in a gay carriage; three horsemen rode by their side, and servants went before them to make known their approach. As they came near to a town, the magistrates, priests, nuns, and the trades, went forth to welcome them with music, flags, and lighted tapers, amidst the ringing of bells and the shoutings of the people. We may suppose we see them as they reach the market-place. The three monks seat themselves at a table, and raise a red flag, having on it the pope's coat of arms. Before them is a money-chest; and now one of them named Tetzel, begins the sale. "Come near," he cries aloud, and I will give you indulgences — letters duly sealed, by which even the sins you here- after commit shall be all forgiven you: even repentance is not necessary. But more than this; these letters will not only save the living, but also the dead. The very moment the money chinks against the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory,[1] and flies to heaven. Bring your money; bring money; bring money."[2] The whole account of this shameful and wicked

[1] Purgatory is said by Roman Catholics to be a place of punishment, where souls are purged, or cleansed by fire, from sin. But this is a vain and wicked deceit: Scripture does not teach us anything about such a place: it tells us that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth," or purgeth, "from all sin;" and this is enough; there is no need of a purgatory.

[2] Merle d'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.

imposture is almost too shocking for belief.

There was one whose spirit was roused, and who preached and wrote against Tetzel and his traffic. It was Martin Luther, the monk, who was now prepared for the contest which he saw before him. Though he almost stood alone, he resolved, with God's help, to witness to the truth and expose falsehood. He more than ever attacked the errors of the church of Rome. And what v/as better still, he clearly and boldly declared the two great Protestant doctrines — that the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, is the rule of our faith; and that a man can be justified — pardoned and accepted of God — only by believing in and trusting in the atonement and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ. His success among the people filled his enemies with rage.

Tetzel sought to frighten the people by ordering a large fire to be lighted in the principal square of the city, declaring that he had orders from the pope to imprison or burn all those who dared to oppose the sale of indulgences. "Only wait," said the priests, a fortnight, or at most a month, and that heretic, Luther, will be burned alive." But God did not let him fall into their power.

The preaching of Luther soon found favor with princes, nobles, learned doctors, and students, as well as large numbers of the common people. As the priests could not put him down, the pope wrote against him "papal bull" — or a decree by which he was given over to persecution in this world and eternal death in the next. Officers were sent to burn his writings, and to publish the bull in the town where Luther lived. But the reformer was not less bold than the pope. Placing himself at the head of a crowd of doctors, students, and friends, he went to the market-place. A fire was lighted, and, as the flames arose, he cast into them a copy of the laws of the Romish church, and the pope's bull. The spectators were filled with joy, for they had long felt the harsh and cruel power of these laws. When all was burned to ashes, Luther quietly

walked to his home. By this act he made known to the world that he had for ever separated from the pope.

Luther was now summoned to appear before a diet, an assembly of princes, nobles, cardinals and bishops, in the city of Worms, to answer all charges that might be brought against him. "Do not go," said his friends, "your enemies will seize your person, and cast you into prison."

"Christ liveth," replied Luther; "and I will go to Worms, in spite of all the powers of darkness. Besides, a safe conduct is provided me."

"But," urged his friends, was not a royal letter, with a promise of safe conduct given to John Huss, and yet he was betrayed and burned?" Luther then concluded the debate by saying, "I must make a confession of the truth before the diet. I will go, trusting in Christ. I am bound to stand up in defence of his gospel." And he went, and before the princes and priests made a bold and brave confession of the truth.

Finding they could not prevail, they commanded him to depart at once from the town; but his friends learned that there was a plot laid to arrest him on the road, though a safe conduct had been given to him. Luther obeyed, and went forth; but as he came near to a forest, five armed men suddenly opened the door of the carriage in which he rode, pulled him out, placed him on a horse, and riding through the forest, came at length to the castle of Wartburg. But this was a friendly capture. It was a plan to save him from the craft and cruelty of his ever-watchful foes. In the castle of Wartburg, which he called his Patmos — his place of exile — he lived for ten months. He, however, though alone, was not idle here. He spent his time in writing books and tracts, and translating the New Testament into German.

Once more Luther came forth to carry on the work of God in public; and in spite of the rage of his enemies, and the threats of the pope, the emperor, and the diet, he openly exposed the errors of the church of Rome and called on all men

to come out from her that they might not partake of her sins.

The writings of Luther were now spread far and wide. Three presses were fully at work in printing them. His books passed from hand to hand; they were carried into quiet valleys, and over some of the highest mountains. They were read in the palaces of princes, in places of learning, and in the homes of the poor. Ships carried them over wide seas, and they were reprinted in Switzerland, France, England, and other lands, until thousands of people were made to rejoice in the good news of salvation. It is said that within the space of little more than four years after publication, a traveller purchased some of his works in the far-distant city of Jerusalem!

Even little children shared his love and labors. For them he wrote many sweet little hymns, which are still sung, like the Divine Songs of the good Dr. Watts, in our land, by thousands of the young in Germany. Popery then received a check which it has never recovered, and a wound from the sword of God's word of which it must die. Who can tell the full results of the labors of that bold and earnest man —

> "The solitary monk that shook the world
> From Pagan slumber, when the gospel trump,
> Thundered its challenge from a dauntless lip
> In peals of truth?"

There is a lesson, among many others, we may learn from the history of Luther. It is, that we may have much religious knowledge, and yet not know Christ as the Saviour of sinners. Even those in our days who have had the Bible from their earliest youth, may yet be strangers to its blessed truths.

They may go about to establish their own righteousness, thinking that they can become entitled to heaven by their own worthiness. They understand not the great doctrine which Luther after a long struggle was led to receive, and which is revealed in the word of God: Salvation — Salvation by Christ — and Salvation by Christ alone; for,

> "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is one other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts iv. 12.

Have you, dear young reader, felt the evil and burden of sin? Do you look by faith to Jesus Christ that you may be saved? Are you willing to profess his name, and labor in his cause, even though you may suffer reproach and shame for his sake? Happy are they who in the morning of their days yield their hearts to the truth as it is in Jesus.[3]

[3] An original Life of Luther, written by the Rev. Dr. Sears for the American Sunday-school Union, will be found one of the most interesting and instructive volumes extant. It is enriched by a large number of beautiful engravings, and the initial letter of each chapter, and indeed all the pictorial embellishments are illustrative of some subject connected with the biography. The work was republished by the Religious Tract Society of London.

Had You Been Born a Protestant

Had you been born a Protestant, you would have discovered that although there are many Protestant groups, there is one quality they all hold in common. They all believe that man's quest for God is a matter of love and will, and that it must be free. Protestantism, you would have realized, is much like democracy. As there are fifty states in the union, all different, but comprising America, so there are nearly two hundred distinctive denominations comprising Protestantism.

The "Democracy" of Protestantism

Just as people in certain states believe their states are best, so some Protestant worshipers believe their denominations are best. You would never persuade certain New Englanders to live in the Midwest, nor could you lure certain Midwesterners to New England. To live where they wish to live is the American privilege. You would never persuade some liberal Protestants ever to become fundamentalists, or some fundamentalists ever to become liberals. To believe what they wish to believe is the Protestant privilege.

Protestantism has many privileges and that is why a great responsibility rests upon its followers, just as a democracy puts a responsibility upon its adherents. For example, Protestantism knows no authority other than that of the Scriptures, and this authority is often interpreted in various ways. *Protestantism knows no law other than divine love, and no truer spiritual credential than the awareness of serving God in thought, word,*

and deed. These things are often interpreted differently by different groups, but every Protestant believes that the indwelling Christ is the door of perception to all that God is and all that He has devised for mankind in this life and in the life to come. Such convictions would be part of the heritage passed on to you, had you been born a Protestant.

Somewhere along the way you would also have your doubts and misgivings about Protestantism. The word itself would bother you. You would ask yourself, "What are we Protestants protesting?" A bit of research, however, would tell you that the word "Protestant" was first used in 1529. At the Diet of Spires in Germany, Charles V declared that expansion of the new evangelical religion should be suppressed. Democratic Christians protested. They issued their own ultimatum. They said, "In matters concerning God's honor and the salvation of souls, each man must for himself stand before God and give account!" From this declaration Protestantism took its name and to this day those who sincerely subscribe to the spirit of this statement are participants in the Protestant tradition.

Despite such historical justification, Protestantism is, for most Protestants, a misnomer, but no one has ever come up with a better word to describe those Christians who are not of the Roman Catholic or Eastern Catholic persuasion,

The Roots of Protestantism

Historically, the organized Protestant groups go back to the Reformation, which was spearheaded by Martin Luther in 1517, but there were other important reform movements before the time of Luther. Groups like the Moravian Brethren, the Waldenses, and the Anabaptists were of the opinion that Catholicism as expressed in the early creeds and councils had digressed far from the apostolic church. Individuals of deep commitment like John Huss, John Wycliffe, William Occam, Girolamo Savonarola, Gerhard Groot, and others were

convinced that God had given them revelations, too, and that they were called upon to correct what they believed to be corrupt conditions.

This is what Luther felt called to do. Educated and disciplined as a priest in the Augustinian order, he was led to rediscover the New Testament doctrine of salvation which persuaded him that "man is justified by faith and not by works," that there is a "priesthood of all believers," that the Bible is the only infallible rule for "faith and conduct," and that the "Holy Spirit alone can aid in the true interpretation of the Word of God."

These four fundamental principles, Protestants believe, are rooted in the Apostolic Church, the Church inspired by Christ which developed in the days of the apostles. Protestants are convinced that they belong in the spiritual succession of the universal church. Luther, contending that Catholicism had deserted these basic principles, challenged Rome to debate and clarify 95 inconsistencies and inaccuracies which he enumerated and boldly posted on the door of his church in Wittenberg, Germany.

These "95 theses" became the groundwork for a mighty religion which was to take the name "Lutheranism" and which rapidly became a popular Christian movement. It spread through Germany and Scandinavian countries at a time when Europe was on the threshold of an intellectual, artistic, and spiritual renaissance. It was a new religious planet, or the old apostolic light returned. In its orbit were other movements and other leaders: John Calvin and John Knox, who instituted Presbyterianism; Huldreich Zwingli, who influenced the rise of Reformed groups; Thomas Munzer, who sparked a form of mysticism among the Anabaptists; and Menno Simons, who gave rise to the Mennonites.

There were groups like the Baptists, who felt that they, too, had always perpetuated the church of the early apostles. And, later, there were movements like Methodism, the

Disciples of Christ, Churches of Christ, United Brethren, Congregationalism, and many more which arose as a re-emphasis of the life and beliefs of the "apostolic tradition."

Protestant Baptism

The differences among these various groups would be revealed to you in many ways. For example, at an early age you would very likely have been baptized in your particular parental faith. You would learn that some Protestant groups baptize infants, others baptize only adults. Some use the mode of sprinkling the minister dipping his fingers into water and moistening the candidate's head and imparting a blessing. Some churches prescribe that the minister "pour" the water out of his cupped hands. Others employ immersion, insisting this was the practice in the early church. Some immerse once, others three times. Some immerse face forward into the water, others backward.

Certain Protestant faiths consider baptism a mystical rite, a means of grace, forgiveness, purification, regeneration. In other groups, baptism is a christening ceremony during which the child is named. But whenever and wherever Protestants are baptized, it is believed that baptism unites the believer with Christ. It is an act of holiness, and in this respect it adheres to the best in Protestant tradition which insists that, despite all ceremonialism, religion must first be an affair of the heart. Idealistically, religion is a matter of personal commitment and freedom of will.

Confirmation

Had you been born a Protestant, you would never be stampeded into holiness. You would take the baptismal vows upon yourself only when you had reached an age of accountability. Then you would become a catechumen, ready for instruction in the Bible and the catechism of your particular denomination. Here, too, the great latitude among the many

Protestant groups defies generalization. Some denominations require a prescribed course of study prepared by their headquarters, some use historic catechisms, some introduce modern interpretations of the Bible, others emphasize dogma, church history, meditative techniques; but the basis of study is always designed to allow freedom in the search for truth.

Your first step on the highway of faith would be taken on the day of your confirmation, and you would learn that Protestantism is never, in any sense, a dead-end street Confirmation, like baptism, varies as much as the denominations themselves vary, but in almost all groups confirmation means that you have reached spiritual responsibility. You are now admitted into church membership, with all its privileges and responsibilities, and you become a member of the congregational family which is the heart of Protestant life.

Confirmation is a constant reminder that it is up to you what you will do with your Christian profession, the essence of which is poignantly phrased, "The kingdom of God is within you." This is the dynamic behind the "priesthood of believers" and the power inherent within the infallible Boole. Protestantism continually assures you that it has always specialized in the individual's right to discover this kingdom of God in his own way.

Because of this you find nothing incongruous about the many divisions in Protestantism. Its democratic nature, which allows the seeker freedom of the quest, gradually impresses you with a kind of sacred idealism. You realize that it is as right for others to be loyal to their faith as it is for you to be true to yours. To admit diversity in religion is not to say that there is more than one absolute faith, but it does imply that there can be various expressions of the one.

Unity in Diversity

But you would often wonder just where Protestantism begins and where it ends. Going into an Episcopalian church,

you would find it quite "Catholic" in its "setting" and its service. You would discover that most Anglicans object to being classified as Protestants. They would remind you that the Church of England had broken with Rome before Protestant doctrines were ever accepted by the English people and that Anglicanism represents the unbroken line of apostolic tradition. You would be told by some Anglicans that their religion is half way between evangelical Protestantism and Roman Catholicism and that it embodies the most essential elements in each.

Anglicanism was, originally, a national church. Lutheran, Reformed, and Presbyterian churches were international Lutheranism was and still is more formalistic and more liturgical than most Protestant bodies and some Lutherans, too, would resist the term "Protestant" as an identification of their Christian status.

You would discover that some Protestant denominations (like the Methodist Church) are Arminian; that is, they believe in free will. Others are Calvinistic (like the Presbyterians and the Dutch Reformed) believing in a form of predestination or limited atonement Still others, notably the Pentecostals, believe in a mystical experience, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and are quite emotional about their religion. Some Protestants (as for example, certain Adventists) insist on observing the seventh day as the Sabbath. Several (like certain Holiness groups) do not allow instrumental music, and there are those which, like certain Quaker groups, insist on complete quietude. Some Protestants are Unitarians, some Trinitarians; some are humanists, deists, theists, pantheists, spiritualists, dualists, monists; some are orthodox, neo-orthodox and some quite heterodox! There are even Protestant agnostics and Protestant monks. Heterogeneous, complex, and amazing is the globe-circling spiritual community called by the paradoxical term: Protestantism.

If you were to ask a member of the Church of Jesus Christ

of Latter-Day Saints whether Mormons are Protestants, his answer would very likely be, "Mormonism is neither Protestant nor Catholic nor anything else excepting Christianity *plus*." He would mean plus the teachings of Joseph Smith and the revelations of the Book of Mormon and doctrines not commonly found in Protestantism. Yet, in the public mind, Mormons are commonly classified as Protestants. So, too, are the members of the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints; the members of the Pentecostal groups, Jehovah's Witnesses, Christian Scientists, members of the Unity School of Christianity, the healing and preaching evangelists, the non-Catholic radio ministers and, in short, every Christian who is not a Roman Catholic or an Eastern Catholic or an Anglo-Catholic is looked upon by the "public" as a Protestant.

If you went among the snake handlers in Tennessee and asked one of their preachers what denomination he belonged to, he would very likely exclaim, "Praise the Lord, I'm a Protestant holiness man!"

Again and again you would encounter Protestant groups whose way of life is unique, distinctive, and, occasionally, tremendously austere. Such people are found among the Mennonites and the Amish and other followers of what is historically called the Anabaptist tradition. They urge their members to live the simple life, to assert their belief in pacifism, to accept the literal interpretation of the Bible, and insofar as is humanly possible to be "in the world and not of it."

Certain Mennonite, Amish, and Hutterite people often wear distinctive attire, such as hook-and-eye jackets, broad-brimmed "preachers" hats for the men and prayer caps for the women. Married men let their beards grow. Young people are ordered not to go to colleges or universities for fear secular education might lure them away from God. Some groups use horses and buggies instead of automobiles. Amish people refuse to take oaths, refuse to vote, refuse to become embroiled in the affairs of the community or the world. These,

too, are part of Protestantism's fabulous family which under a variety of denominational labels encircles the world.

Global Protestantism

Wherever Protestantism goes it establishes religious beachheads by starting missions, schools, and hospitals; and by developing a program of lay activities through the solemn dedication of the Christian life. Today there are approximately 300,000,000 Protestants in the world out of a total Christian population of about 1,000,000,000. Of the nearly 120,000,000 members of Christian churches in the United States, 80,000,000 are Protestants.

The essential unity in Protestantism is centralized in a major organization known as the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. Here the growing evidence of ecumenicity is graphically portrayed. The Council is a spiritual union of some thirty constituent bodies representing nearly 50,000,000 persons. It is closely related to the World Council of Churches whose headquarters is in Geneva, Switzerland. Generally speaking, it advocates a liberal Protestant expression, which means that it allows for great latitude of thought on such important matters as the person and mission of Christ, Biblical scholarship, and faith and morals.

Its fundamentalist counterpart is the well-established American Council of Christian Churches which is opposed to modernism and the liberal trend. Other great national and international organizations are the World Methodist Council, the World Conference of International Pentecostal Churches, Lutheran World Federation, and many more; while Protestant missionary activity runs the gamut from home missionaries on Indian reservations in America to the impressive work of the lonely figure, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, laboring in the heart of Africa. The vastness of this picture would unfold for you as you took your place in one of the 400,000 churches which Protestants have built around the

world.

The Bonds of Matrimony

If and when you contemplated marriage, your wedding would very likely be solemnized by a Protestant minister eighty percent of Protestant weddings are. Others are "civil ceremonies" performed by a judge, justice of the peace, or, in some states, by other city officials.

Perhaps yours would be a church wedding, for marriages in Protestant sanctuaries are impressive ceremonies. They are performed "in the sight of God and His holy angels," and the bride and groom pledge their troth, "for better or worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness or in health, till death us do part." Frequently marriages are performed in a small chapel connected with the church, in the pastor's study or in the parsonage or manse.

Christian love, the ceremony makes clear, should be the dominant factor in family life. In the Protestant perspective on marriage, the love of Christ should rule the heart and direct the mind. "The bonds of matrimony," says a Protestant Book of Worship, "is an honorable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, confirmed by the teaching of our blessed Saviour, and compared by Saint Paul to die mystical union which subsists between Christ and His Church."

A Protestant service may be as elaborate or as simple as the marrying parties wish, tut all Protestant weddings consistently close with a spiritual benediction upon the solemnization of the vow. Some ministers pronounce a blessing which says, "…so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have everlasting life."

Protestantism Is a Religion of the Laity

Your devotion to your church would deepen when your own children were baptized and when you started taking them to Sunday School and the church's services.

Protestantism has nearly 300,000 Sunday Schools serving 40,000,000 Sunday School members in the United States, You would also enroll your children in vacation Bible Schools and summer camps, in young people's fellowships and spiritual brigades, for which Protestantism is famous. Protestantism is becoming more and more a religion in which the laity plays an important role. Laymen's organizations, women's associations, and youth movements represent a new dynamism in the work of the church. Religion, the Protestant believes, must be activated by the people in the parish and demonstrated at the congregational level. This is done by the laity who comprise the church boards, who teach in the Sunday Schools, conduct Daily Vacation Bible Schools, carry on missionary programs, and engage in countless activities that integrate religion and the church into community life.

Had you been born a Protestant, you would probably observe prayer before meals, and religion would often be a subject of discussion and debate in the family circle. You would subscribe to at least one religious publication. You would own at least two Bibles. You would buy and read at least three religious books a year.

True to statistics and true to yourself, the older you became, the more you would love and support your church. This is not to say you would attend every worship service or contribute as much as you should to the church's program. Only some 40% of the Protestants who belong to a church attend the services regularly. Total financial contribution per member is in the neighborhood of $50 per year, but Protestant tithing and Protestant church attendance are on the increase, and love for the church is a vital, abiding reality in Protestant life.

Holy Communion

This reality, as far as a Protestant's relation to his church is concerned, is best expressed in the sacraments. While

Roman Catholicism has seven sacraments baptism, the Eucharist, confirmation, marriage, ordination, penance, and extreme unction. Protestantism generally observes two: baptism and the Lord's Supper. Had you been born a Protestant, you would find a mystical meaning in both of these sacred observances. Baptism, enjoined in the Great Commission (Matthew 28:19,20), symbolizes the union of the believer with Christ. Communion is symbolical of the redemption affected by Christ's death.

Some denominations, like the Disciples of Christ, observe communion each Sunday. Others administer it at stated times during the year. It generally consists of a ritual in which the member partakes of a bit of bread and drinks a sip of wine (usually unfermented grape juice) in memory of Christ's suffering and death. Whether your church invites you to come forward to the communion rail or whether you receive the bread and wine in the pew, whether your church believes that the elements are the Real Presence or merely symbolical, the Lord's Supper is so intimately associated with the heart of faith that every communion service represents a holy pilgrimage for the true worshiper.

Often during times of sickness, holy communion is administered as a special act of worship and faith. And frequently, when death is impending, the sacrament is requested by faithful Protestants.

Life After Death

What does Protestantism believe about life after death? Here, again, you would find great diversity of interpretation yet surprising unity of belief. Generally speaking, Protestantism agrees that the soul of man is eternal. It believes that those who love God, who are "saved" through the redemptive work of Christ, will live forever in fellowship with God. Personal immortality is almost universally accepted by Protestantism. It finds its proof not in pure reason or pragmatic

arguments, but in God's Word. It believes in the resurrection of Christ and in His promise that those who "die in Him" shall inherit life beyond the grave.

Protestantism trusts in the goodness of God and believes that since God is good, He will not annihilate what He has made in His own image. This argument, based on the ethical in God's plan and the ethical in human life, is one of Protestantism's most impressive justifications for life after death. Belief in Jesus, who perfectly portrayed God's love, and belief in immortality are so closely "bound together that one without the other is incomplete in Protestant thought.

Heaven and hell are actual "places" according to some Protestants, and actual "conditions" according to others. Some believe there is a "second chance" in the life to come, others do not. Some believe in an intermediary realm between heaven and hell. Some teach a "resurrection of the body"; others reject such a literal interpretation. Some groups strongly oppose cremation; others permit it. But all agree that on the matter of life after death, no greater and more explicit word was ever spoken than that of Jesus when He said, "I am the resurrection and the life … he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall be live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die." (John 11 :25).

All Protestant groups agree that man is possessed of a soul or, better stated, man is a soul which, for this earthly life, has been given a physical body. For an allotted time the body is the temple of the soul (or spirit) and it is the duty of the individual to care for both body and soul as a Christian obligation. The Protestant ideal, the ultimate ideal as far as spiritual attainment is concerned, is found in the injunction, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (Matthew 5:48).

The Protestant Way of Life

Most Protestants believe perfection to be a conceivable

but unattainable goal. The challenge to perfection has added the Christian virtues of faith, hope, and love to the four older cardinal virtues of wisdom, courage, temperance, and justice. Schleiermacher, a Protestant theologian, maintained that true religion consists of recognizing all of our duties as divine commandments. German Pietists of the 17th and 18th centuries stressed the belief that faith is "dead" unless it is demonstrated in upright living. Protestantism is more a way of life than an intellectual attitude. The Protestant may not always live the good life. He may, as has been said, despair of attaining perfection, but the ideal is ever before him and spurs him on to realize his highest self.

If the Protestant's assignment is to be "perfect" even as "God is perfect," his social obligation is no less idealistic. He is urged to love his neighbor as himself. To gain his life he must lose it. To be greatest he must be least of all. To reign, he must serve. To receive, he must be willing to give. To demonstrate the highest love, he is challenged to lay down his life for his friends.

A Personalized Faith

Had you been born a Protestant, the term "social gospel" would be more than a phrase. It would represent an active force for social betterment in the form of schools, hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged, urban and rural improvement and, most of all, active participation in contributing to the over-all concept of the "Kingdom of God." Protestantism's social consciousness is so real and vital that its pursuit has often created unity among divergent Protestant groups. Liberals, conservatives, fundamentalists, agnostics, deists, and theists, new groups as well as old within the framework of Protestantism share a common concern for the improvement of mankind around the world. They are, or seek to be, Good Samaritans, who accept responsibility for the conditions of human life as well as for the improvement of those

conditions.

Peace of mind, peace of soul, positive thinking, healthful living, the will to believe are all a part of Protestantism's contemporary storehouse of faith. "Ask and you shall receive," "Seek and ye shall find," "Greater things than these shall you do," "Bring your tithes into the storehouse and prove me now, saith the Lord, if I will not open the windows of heaven for you," these and many more are Protestantism's words to live by. In an age full of frustrations, tensions, anxiety, and insecurity, a wave of "do-the-possible-and-God-will-do-the-impossible" has become a Protestant conviction. From the most ardent fundamentalists to the ultra-liberals, some form of "power through God-power" has been introduced to meet a people's need.

Had you been born a Protestant, you would be urged to use your faith for the solution of your needs. You would find Protestant healing services, pastoral clinics, suggested affirmations, daily meditations, and all sorts of books and aids ready to help you. You would find ministers appealing to you as if you had the capacity within yourself "the God-presence" to meet any problem and to triumph over any impending defeat.

Because of the variegated pattern of Protestantism there are, of course, many shades of emphasis in this gospel of abundance. Theologians, though affected by it and even inclined to practice its techniques, argue against it because it lacks theological depth and intellectual content. They look with scholarly dissent upon the theological emptiness of modern personalized faith. But the practicers of these "spiritual techniques" look with equal dissent upon the theological and academic passion of their accusers.

Protestantism and Applied Christianity

The average Protestant affirms that neither creed nor theology can ever take primacy over the Scriptures. If Jesus and the disciples healed the sick, there is no reason not to

look for healing miracles today. If the Master promised that those who follow Him should do works as great or greater than His own, why not expect great things from those who live the Christ-life in the modern world?

This is not to say that the theologian has no voice in Protestantism. He surely has, but his voice is rarely understood by the people in the pews. Few Protestant lay members could tell you anything about the theological or philosophical concepts of such men as Kierkegaard, Earth, the Niebuhrs, Brunner, Tillich, or Bultmann. The work of these men is far beyond the normal interest of the Protestant laity. Right or wrong, for better or worse, today's Protestant is primarily concerned with the application of the precepts and practices of Christ in the workaday life of the individual.

An interpreter for the people, such as a Harry Emerson Fosdick; a preacher to the people, such as a Ralph Sockman; a mystic among the people, such as a Rufus Jones; a spiritual technician, such as a Norman Vincent Peale; a zealous evangelist such as a Billy Graham; and most of all, someone who demonstrates the Christian life in selfless service like a Frank Laubach in his exhaustless work among the world's illiterates or the selfless service of a Dr. Larimer Mellon in Haiti; these are the men who would influence you most, had you been born a Protestant.

The term "Protestantism" as a mark of Christian identification would not seem overly important to you. Unlike the Catholic, you would believe that even if your church should pass away, your faith will never pass away. Unlike the Jew, you are not intent on perpetuating a tradition, excepting the tradition of democratic Christian thought. Unlike the Moslem, you have no prescribed acts of worship, unless it is the act of faith. Unlike the followers of other great religions, you believe in the daring some say dangerous practice of exercising private judgment in interpreting the Bible, believing that the Holy Spirit will aid you in your interpretation if your

search is sincere.

Had you been born a Protestant, you would feel sure that your religion is rich in hope and peace. You would believe that its God is a God of joy. Aware of your sins, you would seek God for forgiveness; grateful for the promise of salvation, you would praise Him for His grace.

Protestant Unity Is a Reality

You would join with Protestants throughout the world in a universal creed, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty…" You would unite with Christians everywhere in praying, "Our Father, which art in heaven…" You would be sensitive to the beliefs of all men because of your conviction that "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." You would observe the great holy seasons and holy days of the liturgical year: Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Lent, Good Friday, Easter, Pentecost. You would express your faith in such observances as World Day of Prayer, Laymen's Sunday, Mission Festivals, Harvest Home observances, Mother's Day, and others.

Protestant hymns reflect your deepest faith in special ways. "A Mighty Fortress is our God," "The Church's One Foundation," "Joy to the World," "Up From the Grave He Arose," "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy," "This is My Father's World." Had you been born a Protestant, you would know and love these hymns. You would also be acquainted with gospel songs and Negro spirituals.

Wherever you went in the world you would hear Protestantism singing, in city churches and country chapels, in distant mission fields and in denominational schools, singing songs of faith which tell the gospel story. One song has been translated into more than sixty languages. It is Protestantism's marching song and, as you sang it, you would realize that most non-Protestants have a hard time believing it, for this song, "Onward Christian Soldiers," proclaims in splendidly spirited

style, "We are not divided, all one body we! One in hope and doctrine, one in charity!"

Protestantism's amazing diversity makes it difficult for these words to sound convincing. Yet, they express the Protestant ideal, not fully realized, not wholly demonstrated, but apparent and real in the heart of the true Protestant believer.

"Protestantism," said an old medical doctor, "ought to remind a man of spring. Or spring of Protestantism. It is new life beginning to move. New cells splitting up. It is like the process of mitosis – cell division, cell growth. The multiplication of cells is one of the manifestations of an inherent vital force. You say there are some two hundred Protestant denominations? There are more than two hundred chromosomes in primitive germ cells. I say that's good. It is not unification that makes life move. It's diversity. It is not somebody saying, I speak for 300,000,000 Christians! It is rather every Protestant in the world testifying to what religion has done for him and letting us decide what it can do for us. That is what faith is, whether you like it or not. That is what I call unity in diversity. And that, my friend, is exactly why and how Protestantism came into the world."

To all of which you would no doubt say, "Amen!" had you been born a Protestant.

Johannes Kepler and the Pathways of the Planets

1571-1630

The invention of the telescope prepared all minds for new wonders, and made astronomy the leading science of the day. The heavenly bodies were observed with a new interest, and their motions studied more intently; for, while the Copernican system proved that the earth and other planets moved around the sun as a centre, it left many mysteries unexplained which could not be accounted for by the fact of the daily rotation of the earth or its annual revolution. And while Galileo was startling the world by his magnificent discoveries in the heavens, the German astronomer Kepler was revolving in his mind a theory of the universe which would explain some of these mysteries, and was destined to make his name as famous as that of his great contemporary.

The motions and nature of the heavenly bodies were questions that were puzzling the wisest heads, and many strange theories were advanced to account for the apparent irregularities in the movements of the planets and their relation to the fixed stars.

Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer, from his magnificent observatory, Uraniberg, had spent years in studying the order of planetary motion, and at his death left his observations recorded in a set of tables which he intrusted to the care of Kepler, his friend and pupil. Uraniberg, the city of the heavens, was built on the Island of Huen, in the Baltic, and

under the patronage of the King of Denmark had become the resort of many of the most earnest scientific students, who gladly availed themselves of the teaching of Tycho Brahe. The observatory was furnished with the most complete set of astronomical instruments in the world, and was famous for its facilities for studying the heavens.

It was by means of these instruments, and by his great knowledge of mathematics, that Tycho Brahe was able to make those accurate observations which gave his tables a priceless value, and enabled Kepler to work out calculations that it would have been impossible to make without them.

Unlike many great scientists, Kepler had shown no special liking for any particular study when a child, and he was led to the study of astronomy only because he was appointed professor of that science in the university of Grätz. But while preparing his lectures, he became so deeply interested in the subject that before long it entirely occupied his mind, and nothing else seemed of any importance as compared with it.

Kepler possessed a very enthusiastic nature, and was always ready to listen to new theories, no matter how wild they might seem. He was among the first to rejoice over the splendid discoveries of Galileo, and was an ardent supporter of the Copernican system while it was yet being reviled by the authority of the Church and the disciples of Aristotle; and his originality and enthusiasm made him capable of turning the earnest work of Tycho Brahe to the very best account.

The Copernican theory had been steadily gaining ground in the estimation of astronomers, and, as one after another gave up the old system, they ceased to speculate about the apparent movements of the sun and stars around the earth, and began to study the planets from a new point of view.

The path which a planet takes in revolving around the sun is called its orbit, and astronomers now became interested in the question of the size of the orbits and the rate of motion.

The idea that there was always to be found a certain

harmony throughout all the works of nature, swayed the minds of men as much in the sixteenth century as it had done in the dawn of scientific thought, and no sooner was a new theory advanced, or a new discovery made, than the question arose as to how it would harmonize with the truths already known, or how, by following out some suggestion it contained, still other discoveries might be made.

Kepler possessed more than any of his contemporaries the gift of intuition, or the power of grasping a truth that has not been demonstrated by any known law of nature, and it is to this insight that he owed his success. He believed that the entire universe was governed by one great law or principle, and that there was a subtle relation existing between things that seemed to be utterly disconnected. All the great discoveries of science, all the wonderful operations of nature, every expression of beauty in the animal or vegetable world, and every useful invention of man, seemed alike to him to be controlled by some great harmonious principles that might be applied with equal appropriateness to the turning of a water-wheel, or the rise of the tides, or the rushing of a comet through illimitable space.

With this idea ruling his mind every new fact was at once made a basis for calculations that might lead to the discovery of the great secret law of the universe, and no toil was considered irksome that could help him on his way, for he believed that the relation existing between the different forces of nature was so strong that the discovery of the law of one would be the master-key that would unlock the whole mystery of creation.

This belief, which had haunted the minds of philosophers of all ages, seemed to Kepler of infinitely more importance than anything else, and the discovery of a new planet in the heavens meant to him not only a new wonder to be admired and gazed at, but a new instance of the harmonious working of the order of creation.

Pythagoras had claimed, two thousand years before, that he had discovered the world-secret, and that harmony, or proportion, was the law of the universe. He taught that the planets revolved around a central fire, moving with an inconceivable swiftness that caused them to be accompanied by mighty rushing sounds, but that the different velocities were so beautifully proportioned that the result was not mere noise, but the most exquisite music, which excelled in sweetness and power all earthly melodies. It was said that the reason that these harmonies were not heard by man was because they were unceasingly sounding in his ears from the moment of birth, and that they would therefore be unnoticed by him. This notion was also held by many of the philosophers of the Middle Ages, and even at a much later day the astrologers and seers claimed that the music of the spheres might be easily distinguished by the initiated.

However absurd these theories may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that the love and study of the marvellous have in many cases led to the knowledge of some great truth of nature, and had it not been for Kepler's belief in the possibility of finding the secret that had forever eluded mankind, he might never have been led on to the discoveries that made him famous.

Calculations whose length and intricacy would have disheartened anyone else were cheerfully carried on by him for months and years, to be as cheerfully abandoned if found incorrect, and the unwearied and painstaking labor of a lifetime would have been counted as nothing in comparison to the discovery of some hitherto unknown truth.

The possession of Tycho Brahe's tables aided him greatly in the work, for so accurate had been the observations of the Danish astronomer, and so reliable his deductions, that Kepler was able to depend upon them almost absolutely, and to decide that in every case his theories must be rejected if they did not agree with the statements in the tables.

Having always in mind the discovery of the law of harmony that governed the universe, Kepler bent the whole energies of his mind to the study of the number of the planets, their motions, and the sizes of their orbits. It seemed to him that there must be some proportion between the sizes of the orbits, and he made many calculations to prove the truth of this conjecture. There were at that time but five planets known, and after having failed to prove any relation existing between the sizes of their orbits, Kepler imagined a new planet between Venus and Mercury, and another between Mars and Jupiter, and then made a new calculation to see if he could discover the proportion he was looking for; but he failed also here, and, after many months spent in fruitless toil, he was obliged to give up the work without having proved that there was any regular rate of increase between the orbits of the planets nearest the sun and those farthest from it.

In all his calculations Kepler started from the old theories of the relations which were supposed to exist between the different solid and plane figures, and when he began the study of the planets' orbits he pursued the same plan.

Up to this time the belief had always been that the motions of the heavenly bodies were described in circles. The circle, which was considered the most beautiful of all curves, had always had a mystic meaning for the old philosophers, and was always associated in some manner with their religious belief. It was the emblem of eternity, and was carved on the tombs of kings, and inscribed in sacred books, and many things in nature seemed to mark it with special significance. The arch of the heavens stretching from earth to earth again, the cycle of the seasons, the expansion of the moon, which was worshipped as a deity, from the crescent form to the perfectly rounded figure, the circular disc of the sun, and many other things all enveloped the circle with a sacred meaning which had by no means lost its power when astronomy was invested with new interest by the genius of Copernicus.

And when it was conceded that the planets revolved around the sun it was at once assumed that their orbits were circular, for this shape alone would enable them to harmonize with the popular belief in regard to the mystic importance of the circle.

Kepler, starting with this idea, tried in vain to account for the irregularities of the planets' motions which had puzzled other astronomers. If the planets moved in circles about the sun, each always taking the same time for a revolution and moving at a perfectly regular rate, then, by knowing their positions at any one time and the rate at which they were moving, it would be easy for an astronomer to calculate where they would be at any other time.

But this was found not to be the case. Mars was the planet most convenient for making observations upon, and Kepler made this planet the subject of careful study for years, in order to determine the reason for its irregularity of motion. Mars, travelling round the sun in a circular orbit should reach a certain point on a certain date, and because this did not happen the astronomers were sorely puzzled and invented many ingenious reasons to account for it

Kepler made nineteen different theories to explain the irregularity of the motion of the planets, but none of them could be considered entirely satisfactory. Each theory was made the subject of the most careful calculation, but all failed, and planetary motion remained as great a mystery as ever.

At last Kepler was forced to think that possibly the planets did not move in circular orbits, although the circle was the most beautiful of curves, and he began to imagine the orbits to be of a different shape than had hitherto been supposed. The careful study that he had made of the orbit of Mars seemed to show that it was of an oval form, and as the ellipse was the simplest form of oval, Kepler chose this curve as a basis for new calculations.

He had already become convinced, from his study of the

earth's motion, that the planets did not move in their orbits at a regular rate of motion, but that they moved faster when they were nearer the sun and slower when farther from it; this in itself was a most important discovery.

On applying this rule to calculate the motion of Mars, Kepler found, to his surprise and delight, that when its orbit was taken to be an ellipse the planet would reach any point in its path just at the moment calculated, but that this would not be so if any other form of orbit were assumed. This was also found to be the case with the other planets.

These two great discoveries startled the world by their originality, and placed Kepler among the greatest astronomers of the day. Hitherto his theories had been regarded rather indifferently, as his contemporaries thought him always too eager to run after new ideas, and his method of starting a new hypothesis and making one intricate calculation after another to test it, did not correspond with their more sober way of proceeding.

But Kepler kept on in his own manner of working, and continued his study of the planets' orbits. He was still desirous of proving his old theory of some proportion existing between them, and after many months of unremitting toil he was at length rewarded by the discovery of a law which at once established a most beautiful harmony in the solar system; for, although he had failed to find any relation existing between the sizes of the orbits, he now found that there was a very direct and beautiful proportion between the times of the revolutions of the planets and their distances from the sun, and that one, knowing the distance of any one planet from the sun and the time it occupied in its revolution, could calculate the distance of any other planet whose period was given, or the period of any planet whose distance was known.

These three great discoveries—the shape of the planets' orbits, the rate of their motion, and the relation existing between their distances and periods of revolution—are called

Kepler's Laws, and were the basis for all astronomical calculations from that time. Their discovery was of incalculable value to astronomers, and they contained, besides, the first proof of the ancient belief in the harmony that prevailed throughout the universe.

The thought of the old philosophers was found to be no dream, but a reality as beautiful as the conception that raised the walls of cities by the power of music or changed the loved of the gods to constellations, whose solemn motion through the heavens possessed infinite power over the destinies of mankind; and although the great discoverer of these laws lived a life of the greatest hardship and died in extreme poverty, he is yet to be envied as one who realized all the hopes of his life and saw his greatest wish brought to a satisfying completion.

Peter the Great

The Boy of the Kremlin

1672 – 1725

The halls of the Kremlin, the Czar's palace in Moscow, were filled with a wild rabble of soldiers on a winter afternoon near the end of the seventeenth century. The guards of the late Czar Alexis were storming through the maze of corridors and state apartments, breaking statues, tearing down tapestries, and piercing and cutting to pieces invaluable paintings with their spears and swords.

They were big, savage-faced men, pets of the half-civilized Russian rulers, and were called the Streltsi Guard. They had broken into the Kremlin in order to see the boy who was now Czar, so that they might be sure that his stepmother had not hidden him away, as the rumor went, in order that her own son Peter might have the throne for himself. But once inside the Kremlin many of the soldiers devoted themselves to pillage, until the ringleaders raised the cry, "Where is the Czar Ivan? Show him to us! Show the boy Ivan to us! Where is he?"

In a small room on one of the higher floors a little group of women and noblemen, all thoroughly frightened, were gathered about two boys. The noise of the attack on the palace had come to their ears some time before; they had seen from the windows the mutinous soldiers climbing the walls and beating down the few loyal servants who had withstood them. The din was growing more terrific every instant. It was

the matter of only a few minutes before the rioters would break into the room.

"We must decide at once, friends," said the Czarina Natalia. "If they enter this room they'll not stop at killing any of us."

The smaller of the two boys, a sturdy lad of eleven years, spoke up: "Let me go out on to the Red Staircase with Ivan, mother. When they see that we are both here they'll be satisfied."

A dozen objections were raised by the frightened men and women of the court. It was much too dangerous to trust the lives of the two boys to the whim of such a maddened mob.

"Nevertheless Peter is right," said Natalia. "It's the only chance left to us. They think I have done some harm to Ivan. The only way to prove that false is for him to stand before them, and my son must go with him."

The small boy who had spoken before took these words as final. "Come, Ivan," said he, and took the other's hand in his. Ivan, a tall, delicate boy, whose face was white with fear, gripped Peter's hand hard. He was used to trusting implicitly to his half-brother, although the latter was two years younger than he.

One of the noblemen opened the door, and the two boys went out of the room and crossed the hall to the top of the great Red Staircase. They looked down on the mob of soldiers who were gradually surging up the stairs, brandishing swords and halberds, fighting among each other for the possession of some treasure, and calling continually, "The Czar! Where are the boys Ivan and Peter? Where are they?"

At first in their excitement no one noticed the two boys on the stairway. Ivan, who was by nature timid, shrank away from their sight as much as he could, but Peter, who was of a different make, stood out in full view, and held fast to his brother's hand. He had inherited the iron nerve of the strongest of his ancestors. He looked at the mutinous rioters

with bold, fearless eyes.

Presently a soldier caught sight of the younger boy and raised a cry loud above the general din. "There is the boy Peter, but where is Ivan? The Czar! The Czar!" A score of voices took up the cry as all eyes were turned on the landing, and many men started up the stairs. "There is Peter, but where is the boy Ivan?" came the deafening chorus.

"Ivan is here with me," said Peter, his voice clear and high. He tried to pull Ivan nearer to him so that the men might see him. "Stand up where they can see you, Ivan!" he begged. "There's nothing to be afraid of. They only want to see their new Czar."

Trembling with fear the older boy, who had inherited all the weakness of his race, and none of its strength, was finally induced to step close to Peter. So, side by side, their hands clasped, the two looked down on the crowded stairway, and faced the mob of soldiers. They made a strange picture, two small boys, standing quite alone, fronting that sea of passionate, angry faces.

At sight of Ivan another cry arose. "There's the Czar! Hail Ivan! Hail the son of the great Alexis!"

For a moment the onward rush of the mob was checked, but only for a moment. Three or four soldiers started up the stairs, their lances pointed at Peter, shouting, "What shall we do with the son of the false woman Natalia?" They came so close to the boy that their spears almost touched him before they stopped. Had he turned to run no one can say what might have happened, but he did not turn, he did not even draw back nor show a single sign of fear.

"I am the son of the Czar Alexis also, and I am not afraid of any of you!"

The boy's calm eyes fronted the nearest soldiers steadily. The men heard his words and hesitated.

"Peter, the son of Alexis, is not afraid of his own father's guards!" the boy continued. "That is why I came out here

when you called me."

In the hush that had followed his first words his voice carried clear to all the crowding men. When he finished there came a silence, and then of a sudden cheer on cheer rose on the stairs and through the hall. "Peter, the son of Alexis! Hail Peter! Hail the two boy Czars!"

The nearest soldiers dropped the points of their spears and joined in the shouting. A flush came into the younger boy's face and he smiled, and squeezed Ivan's hand tighter. He knew that the danger had passed.

Slowly the soldiers who had climbed nearest to the boys drew back down the stairs. Swords were returned to scabbards, harsh voices grew quieter, and within a quarter of an hour the Red Staircase and the great hall were empty of men.

Then the door of the room from which the two boys had come opened, and Natalia and her women stepped out. The Czarina, a woman of courage herself, took Peter in her arms. "My brave son," she murmured, "thou art worthy of thy father. I would have stood beside thee, but the people hate me, and it would have been worse for us all."

"I needed no one, little mother," said Peter. "If I am ever to be a ruler I must not fear to face my own men." Then his face grew more serious. "But if I ever am Czar they will not break into the Kremlin this way, mother, nor wilt thou need to hide thyself from them."

"God grant it be so, Peter!" answered Natalia. "I think they've learned much from thee this very day."

The Streltsi had indeed learned that the boy Peter was no coward, and their dislike changed to affection; but there were others in Moscow who plotted and planned against him, because the family of the late Czar's first wife were very powerful in Russia and they hated his second wife Natalia, and her son, who had been his father's favorite.

Everything that conspirators could do to break the boy's spirit was done; he was time and again placed in peril of his

life; he was threatened and tempted and slandered to the people, but all to no avail. His mother did her best to shield him from his enemies, but when she found that her care was not enough she trusted to his own remarkable judgment and courage. These never failed either the boy or his mother.

As time passed it grew more and more clear that Peter was as strong as his poor stepbrother Ivan was weak, and in order to satisfy the people the younger boy was made joint-Czar with the elder.

The real power in Russia then, however, was the Princess Sophia, Peter's half-sister, a bitter enemy of both the boy and his mother. She did her best to break her step-brother's spirit, hoping that he might come to some untimely end, as so many of the royal family had already done. She knew that Ivan was simply a weak tool in her hands, and so bent all her energies to try and ruin the younger Czar by taking away all restraint from over him, and letting him indulge every pleasure and whim.

He was given a palace of his own in a small village outside Moscow, and Sophia selected fifty boys of his own age to be his playmates. She had his former teachers dismissed and chose such comrades for him as she thought would grow up idle, vicious men.

Fortunately Peter's character was not so easily ruined. His mother and his old teachers had given him the beginning of an education and instead of falling into Sophia's snares, he immediately started to turn his playmates into scholars.

He formed a sort of military school, where the boys practiced all the discipline necessary in camp. He himself set to work to learn to use different tools, and in general he studied the trades of his people. He managed to get teachers who could instruct the boys in history and geography, and as a result instead of being good for nothing the circle of boys in the little palace became unusually energetic and active-minded. When he finally left the palace it had become a well-

organized military school, and continued to be run as such for a long time afterward.

When the Princess Sophia realized that these plans of hers were failing, she decided on a more desperate measure. On the night of August 7, 1689, Peter was suddenly waked in the middle of night by fugitive soldiers coming from the Kremlin, who warned him that Sophia had gathered a band of soldiers to come out to his palace and kill him. The boy, realizing his extreme peril, jumped out of bed, and throwing on a few clothes ran to the stables, where he found his favorite horse and set out with some comrades into the neighboring forest.

There they stayed practically in hiding until officers came from the palace bringing him food and clothing, and gradually gathering about him until he had quite a small body-guard. By this time he had made up his mind what to do.

Feeling sufficiently strong with his friends, he finally set out for a monastery, thinking to find safe refuge there until the storm should pass. Here more friends came to join him, and as the news of Sophia's plot to kill the boy Czar was spread through the country, a new enthusiasm for the youthful Peter sprang up, and the very troops that had formerly sided with the Princess now denounced her as a traitor to Russia. Peter wrote to his stepsister asking for explanations about the plot at the Kremlin, but the Princess could make no satisfactory reply.

The monastery was now crowded with officers of the court who had come to realize that Sophia's power was gone and that the boy Czar's strength was rising rapidly. The time had come when he was strong enough to strike. He marched on the Kremlin and captured Sophia and those who had been in the conspiracy with her. Some of the Streltsi Guard who had taken part against him were tried and executed, and the Princess Sophia was shut up in a convent for the remainder of her life.

Such events did not tend to make the boy a merciful ruler, but surrounded as he was by traitors and spies he was compelled to rule with an iron hand if he was to rule at all.

From this time dates the beginning of his real influence in Russia. The army had been poorly organized. Now the young King set to work to drill it as effectively as he had drilled his playmates. He learned how cannon were built, and studied the manufacture of all kinds of firearms. About the same time he became deeply interested in shipbuilding, and determined to build a fleet of war-vessels on Lake Plestchéief.

He took some young men of his own age with him to the bank of the lake and there built a one-storied wooden house, a very primitive building, the windows filled with mica instead of glass, and set a double-headed eagle with a gilt wooden crown over the door to show it was the Czar's residence. Here he worked hard all one winter, he himself taking a hand in all the building that was done, laboring like any carpenter and enjoying the work far more than the state ceremonies he was obliged to go through with at the Kremlin.

But even when he was so far from Moscow and so actively engaged, he sent continual messages to the mother who had so often shielded him from harm. Once he wrote to her as follows:

"To my best beloved, and, while bodily life endures, my dearest little mother, the Lady Czarina and Grand Duchess Natalia Kirílovna. Thy little son, now here at work, Petrúshka, asks thy blessing and wishes news of thy health. We, through thy prayers, are all well, and the lake has been cleared of ice to-day, and all the boats, except the big ship, are finished, only we have to wait for ropes. Therefore I beg thy kindness that these ropes, seven hundred fathoms long, be sent from the artillery department without delay, for our work is waiting for them, and our stay here is so much prolonged." The Russians of that day knew little about building ships, and so Peter finally went to Amsterdam. Here he

dressed like a Dutch sea-captain and spent his time with sailors and ship-builders, and thoroughly enjoyed the difference between this new life and that at home. Many of his native customs he now learned to look upon as uncouth. The Russians had poor taste in dress; the Imperial Guards wore old-fashioned uniforms consisting of a long gown, which made it very difficult for them to move rapidly. Peter saw some French soldiers and at once decided to adopt their smarter and more serviceable style of dress.

In the same way he changed the old Russian military drill to something resembling that of the other European countries. He had new carriages and furniture and foods imported from France and England, and tried to make Moscow more like a modern city than like the semibarbarous Asiatic village it had been. The Russian men almost all wore long, flowing beards, and this fashion Peter quickly changed, insisting that the men about him should adopt the fashion of the French court.

It is hard to realize how far behind the rest of the countries of Europe the Russia of those days was; yet it is due almost entirely to the young Czar Peter that this great northern country finally came out from semi-darkness. It must not be supposed that these great changes were at first popular with the court; there was tremendous opposition to almost everything Peter did, but the people gradually realized that he was really working for their benefit and that he was deeply interested in improving their condition. Slowly his popularity grew with the middle and lower classes, until finally they spoke of their "little Czar," as they called him affectionately, almost as though he were really one of themselves.

Few rulers have had a harder task than did Peter. All during his youth the nobles plotted against him, and as he grew to manhood he escaped assassination again and again by the narrowest of chances, but every time he had to face danger he grew more self-reliant and more determined, and gradually

his grip on the men of both court and army grew so strong that they realized places had changed, and that they were as absolutely his servants as he was their master.

In time Peter became a great king, a fearless, purposeful ruler who knit his people together as no other Czar had ever been able to do. He led the armies he had himself drilled to many victories. He built a great fleet in the Baltic Sea. He established a new capital near the shores of the Baltic, and named it after his own patron saint, St. Petersburg.

The history of his life is full of tremendous difficulties and dangers, but he fronted each one as he had fronted the riotous Streltsi Guards when he was a boy of eleven, and so history has given him the title of most powerful of all

Russian Czars and has called him "Peter the Great."

John Frederick Böttgher

The Inventor of Hard Porcelain

1682 – 1719

Whom, boys, do you admire the more—Vanderbilt or Palissy? the one striving for mere personal aggrandizement; the other toiling and suffering for the general good of humanity. One hundred years hence who will remember that such men as Gould and Vanderbilt and Russell Sage ever existed, while the name of Palissy will last as long as the fine art which he created? And so with the illustrious John Frederick Böttgher, the inventor of hard porcelain, whose life presents a remarkable contrast to that of Palissy, though it also contains many points of romantic interest. Böttgher was born at Schleiz, in the Voightland, in 1682, and at twelve years of age was placed apprentice with an apothecary at Berlin. He seems to have been early fascinated by chemistry, and occupied much of his leisure in making experiments. These, for the most part, tended in one direction—the art of converting common metals into gold. At the end of several years, Böttgher pretended to have discovered the universal solvent of the alchemists, and professed that he had made gold by its means. The news spread abroad that the apothecary's apprentice had discovered the grand secret, and crowds collected about the shop to get a sight of the wonderful young "gold-cook." The King himself expressed a wish to see and converse with him, and when Frederick I. was presented with a piece of gold alleged to have been converted from copper, he was

so dazzled with the prospect of securing an infinite quantity of it, that he determined to secure Böttgher and employ him to make gold for him within the strong fortress of Spandan. But the young apothecary fled across the frontier into Saxony. A reward of a thousand thalers was offered for Böttgher's apprehension, but in vain. He arrived at Wittenberg, and appealed for protection to the Elector of Saxony, Frederick Augustus I. (King of Poland), surnamed "The Strong." Frederick being himself very much in want of money at the time, was naturally overjoyed at the prospect of obtaining gold in any quantity by the aid of the young alchemist. Böttgher was accordingly conveyed in secret to Dresden, accompanied by a royal escort. The Elector, however, must needs leave him there for a time, having to depart forthwith to Poland. But, impatient for gold, he wrote Böttgher from Warsaw, urging him to communicate the secret, so that he himself might practice the art of transmutation. The young "gold-cook," thus pressed, forwarded to Frederick a small vial containing "a reddish fluid," which, it was asserted, changed all metals, when in a molten state, into gold. This important vial was taken in charge by the Prince Fürst von Fürstenburg, who, accompanied by a regiment of guards, hurried with it to Warsaw. Arrived there, it was determined to make immediate trial of the process. The king and the prince locked themselves up together in a secret chamber of the palace, girt themselves about with leather aprons, and, like true "gold-cooks," set to work melting copper in a crucible, applying to it afterwards the red fluid of Böttgher. But the result was unsatisfactory; for notwithstanding all that they could do, the copper obstinately remained copper. On referring to the alchemist's instructions, however, the king found that, to succeed with the process, it was necessary that the fluid should be used "in great purity of heart;" and as his majesty was conscious of having spent the evening in very bad company, he attributed the failure of the experiment to that cause. A

second trial was followed by no better results, and then the king became furious; for he had confessed and received absolution before beginning the experiment.

Frederick Augustus now resolved on forcing Böttgher to disclose the golden secret, as the only means of relief from his urgent pecuniary difficulties.

The alchemist, hearing of the royal intention, again determined to fly. He succeeded in escaping his guard, and after three days' travel, arrived at Eus, in Austria, where he thought himself safe. The agents of the Elector were, however, at his heels. They had tracked him to the "Golden Stag," which they surrounded, and seizing him in his bed, notwithstanding his resistance and appeals to the Austrian authorities for help, they carried him by force to Dresden. From this place he was shortly after transferred to the strong fortress of Köningstein. It was communicated to him that the royal exchequer was completely empty, and that ten regiments of Poles were waiting for his gold. The king himself visited him, and told him in a severe tone that if he did not at once proceed to make gold, he would be hung. Years passed, and still Böttgher made no gold; but he was not hanged. It was reserved for him to make a far more important discovery than the conversion of copper into gold, namely, the conversion of clay into porcelain. Some rare specimens of this ware had been brought from China by the Portuguese, which were sold for more than their weight in gold. Böttgher was first induced to turn his attention to the subject by Walter von Tschirnhaus, a maker of optical instruments, also an alchemist. Tschirnhaus was a man of education and distinction, and was held in high esteem by Prince Fürstenburg, as well as by the Elector. He very sensibly said to Böttgher, still in fear of the gallows, "If you can't make gold, try and do something else; make porcelain." The alchemist acted on the hint, and began his experiments, working night and day. He prosecuted his investigations for a long time with great assiduity, but

without success. At length some red clay, brought to him for the purpose of making his crucibles, set him on the right track. He found that this clay, when submitted to a high temperature, became vitrified and retained its shape; and that its texture resembled that of porcelain, excepting its color and opacity. He had, in fact, accidentally discovered red porcelain, and he proceeded to manufacture and sell it as porcelain. Böttgher was, however, well aware that the white color was an essential property of true porcelain; and he therefore prosecuted his experiments in the hope of discovering the secret. Several years thus passed, but without success, until accident again stood his friend, and helped him to a knowledge of the art of making white porcelain. One day, in the year 1707, he found his perruque unusually heavy, and asked of his valet the reason. The answer was, that it was owing to the powder with which the wig was dressed, which consisted of a kind of earth then much used for hair powder. Böttgher's quick imagination immediately seized upon the idea. This white earthy powder might possibly be the very earth of which he was in search; at all events, the opportunity must not be let slip of ascertaining what it really was. He was rewarded for his painstaking care and watchfulness; for he found, on experiment, that the principal ingredient of the hair-powder consisted of kaolin, the want of which had so long formed an insuperable difficulty in the way of his inquiries.

The discovery, in Böttgher's intelligent hands, led to great results, and proved of far greater importance than the discovery of the philosopher's stone would have been. In October, 1707, he presented his first piece of porcelain to the Elector, who was greatly pleased with it; and it was resolved that Böttgher should be furnished with the means for perfecting his invention. Having obtained a skilled workman from Delft, he began to turn porcelain with great success. He now entirely abandoned alchemy for pottery, and inscribed over his door a distich, which, translated, reads thus:

"Almighty God, the great Creator,
Has changed a gold-maker to a potter."

Böttgher's further experiments with his new furnaces proving very successful, and the porcelain which he manufactured being found to fetch large prices, it was next determined to establish a royal manufactory of porcelain. The manufacture of delf ware was known to have greatly enriched Holland. Why should not the manufacture of porcelain equally enrich the Elector? Accordingly, a decree went forth, dated the twenty-third of January, 1710, for the establishment of "a large manufactory of porcelain" at the Albrechtsburg in Meissen. In this decree, which was translated into Latin, French, and Dutch, and distributed by the ambassadors of the Elector at all the European courts, Frederick Augustus set forth, that to promote the welfare of Saxony, which had suffered much through the Swedish invasion, he had "directed his attention to the subterranean treasures" of the country, and, having employed some able persons in the investigation, they had succeeded in manufacturing "a sort of red vessel far superior to the Indian Terra Sigillata"; as also "colored ware and plates, which may be cut, ground and polished, and are quite equal to Indian vessels," and finally that "specimens of white porcelain" had already been obtained, and it was hoped that this quality, too, would soon be manufactured in large quantities. The royal decree concluded by inviting "foreign artists and handicraftsmen" to come to Saxony and engage as assistants in the new factory, at high wages, and under patronage of the king.

For all his great services Böttgher was wretchedly rewarded. Two royal officials were put over his head as directors of the factory, while he himself held the position of foreman of potters only, and at the same time was detained the King's prisoner. During the erection of the factory at Meissen, while his assistance was still indispensable, he was conducted by soldiers to and from Dresden; and even after the works were

finished he was locked up nightly in his room. All this preyed upon his mind, and in repeated letters to the King he sought to obtain mitigation of his fate. Some of these letters are very touching. "I will devote my whole soul to the art of making porcelain," he writes on one occasion; "I will do more than any inventor ever did before; only give me liberty, liberty!" To these appeals the King turned a deaf ear. He was ready to spend money and grant favors; but liberty he would not give. He regarded Böttgher as his slave. In this position the persecuted man kept on working for some time, till, at the end of a year or two, he grew negligent. Disgusted with the world and with himself, he took to drinking. Such is the force of example that it no sooner became known that Böttgher had betaken himself to this vice than the greater number of the workmen at the Meissen factory became drunkards too. Quarrels and fightings without end were the consequence, and ultimately the whole of them, more than three hundred, were shut up in the Albrechtsburg and treated as prisoners of state.

Böttgher at last fell seriously ill, and in May, 1713, his dissolution was hourly expected. The King, alarmed at losing so valuable a slave, now gave him permission to take carriage exercise under a guard; and having somewhat recovered, he was allowed occasionally to go to Dresden. In a letter written by the King in April, 1714, Böttgher was promised his full liberty; but the offer came too late.

Broken in body and mind, alternately working and drinking, though with occasional gleams of nobler intention, and suffering from constant ill-health, the result of his enforced confinement, Böttgher lingered on for a few years more, until death relieved him from his sufferings on the thirteenth of March, 1719, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. He was buried at night—as if he had been a dog—in the Johannis Cemetery at Meissen; and such was the treatment, such the unhappy end, of one of Saxony's greatest benefactors!

Johann Sebastian Bach

1685 –1750

Over three hundred years ago, there lived in a little German town, a good man named Hans Bach. He had a son who was a miller. This miller was so fond of music that while his great mill-wheel turned round and round, grinding the corn, he would take his zither and play and sing in the dusty old mill.

The miller's son also loved music so that he studied and became a better musician than his father. He was full of fun and kindness, and he traveled about the country making music until he was known and loved by everyone. He had three sons who made music their profession, and these sons married and settled at home, or in neighboring towns; and by and by their sons grew up and made homes of their own nearby. So time went on, until there had grown to be many families of Bachs, not far apart, fathers and sons, brothers and sisters, or uncles, cousins and grandchildren to each other.

In the south central part of Germany lies a beautiful stretch of country containing a cluster of little towns. There is Erfurt, situated in a fertile plain on the river Gera; Erfurt is a fortress, and is surrounded by high walls containing six great gates, and two citadels. Twelve miles south of Erfurt is Arnstadt, a very old city, situated in the picturesque country on the banks of the same river Gera; and a few miles west of Erfurt, in the midst of wooded hills, beside another small

river, is Eisenach.

It was principally in these three towns that the Bach families lived, and they so loved their homes and each other, that they never moved far away. There was one other thing they passionately loved and that was music.

Once a year they held a great family reunion. After the greetings were over, all joined in a solemn choral or hymn, followed by livelier songs. Then they talked of what had happened since they last met. If one had composed a new song, now was the time to sing it to the others. They praised and helped each other and had a joyful time.

The Bachs were so simple, earnest, high-minded, kind and cheerful that the townspeople loved them for their goodness, besides admiring them for their music. In Erfurt, for years to come, the town musicians were called "The Bachs" even after there was no one left by that name.

At last, more than one hundred years after the first Hans Bach, a little boy was born into one of these families, who was to become the greatest of all the Bachs. More than that, he became one of the greatest musicians of the world. He was born at Eisenach, March 21, 1685, the very year in which George Frederick Handel was born. He was named John Sebastian Bach.

What a difference there was between these two little children, who were born within a month of each other, not one hundred miles apart, and who became the two greatest musicians the world had known up to that time. No one can tell where little Handel's music came from, but we do know that it was almost unknown in his family and that he was kept from it by his father as long as possible. John Sebastian Bach, on the contrary, was born right into the midst of music. From his very babyhood there was music in his home, and all about him, for Eisenach was a musical little town.

His father gave him violin lessons, but soon the hard times which seem to have come to all great little musicians, came

to Sebastian. When he was only nine years old, his parents both died, and he was taken away from his beautiful home in Eisenach, to live with his older brother, who was organist at Ohrdruf, not many miles away.

This brother began to teach Sebastian to play the clavichord or clavier, an instrument resembling a small square piano. The child soon showed that he had unusual musical ability. He quickly learned his lessons, and then he wanted harder ones. But his brother would not give him new music; he made him practice over and over the old lessons that he knew by heart.

There was one thing in his brother's house that Sebastian wanted more than anything else. He longed for it with his whole little musical heart—and that was a book of music composed by the best masters of the time. In those days it was not so easy to get music as it is now. Much of it had to be written by hand, for printed or engraved music was rare and expensive. Perhaps there was hardly any music in the house besides this book which Sebastian desired, and which his brother with great labor had copied for himself.

Sebastian knew he could play that wonderful music, but the book was kept locked up in a cupboard. This cupboard had a latticed door, through which the little boy often gazed at his treasure, until one day he managed to slip the book out through the slats. That was a great joy and surprise, but of course he dared not keep the book out long, for fear of discovery, and so he planned a great piece of work. He would copy all that music for himself.

If you think that a small thing to do, try it. Copy one line of music, putting in every little note and rest, and see what you think then of copying a whole book.

Sebastian's problem now was, when to do it without being discovered. Not in the day-time: neither dared he burn his candle at night. The only way left was to write by moonlight, when other people were asleep. The persevering little fellow

kept at it for six months, and then his brother found it out and was cruel enough to take his precious book away from him.

At last opportunity came to him. When he was fifteen years old, he went away with a young friend to Lüneburg, many miles away in the northern part of Germany. Lüneburg was a very old town, by a river, surrounded by high walls and towers, and full of ancient buildings. It was noted for its beautiful church music.

The two boys entered the School of St. Michael, which was devoted largely to the study of music. Sebastian, who had a beautiful soprano voice, was placed among the pupils who formed the choir at St. Michael's Church, and to pay him for his singing he received his education free. He learned how to write music, how to sing, how to play the organ and clavichord. Busy as this kept him, he studied so hard that he passed through all the other classes in the school. Throughout his life he had such a thirst for knowledge that he would often work or study all night long. On many of his holidays he walked all the way to Hamburg, a city about twenty-four miles away, to hear a famous old Dutch organist, named Reinken.

After three years, Sebastian left St. Michael's. He would have been glad to enter a university, but he was poor, and had an opportunity to earn his living by playing a church organ. In a few months, though only eighteen years old, he had become famous as an organist, and then he was invited back to the beautiful region of his old home that he loved so well. He became organist of the new church at Arnstadt, that little town near his birthplace, where many of his relatives lived.

Here he had a little choir of pupils, which he trained to sing in church, and he had much time left for study and composition. There was no one in Arnstadt who could teach him anything, but he had brought from Lüneburg a full supply of music which kept him busy for two years, and he composed some important music of his own. His salary was not more

than fifty-seven dollars a year, but his living was so simple that he was able to lay up some money for a future journey, as well as to help a poor cousin.

After working by himself for two years, Bach wished to study a little with Buxtehude, a noted organist at Lübeck, a northern city, beyond Lüneburg and Hamburg, almost to the Baltic Sea. Buxtehude played one of the finest organs in Germany. He had established the "Abend-musiken," or vesper service, at his church on the five Sunday afternoons before Christmas. Bach wished to hear him play at these vesper services, so, late in the autumn, he asked for a month's leave of absence, and, with a little money he had saved, set off on foot upon a journey of two hundred miles.

At Lübeck, Bach found so much to learn, and the grand organ so tempting, that he stayed three months instead of one, and did not return home until the next February. It is possible that he might have had the choice of remaining there permanently, for Buxtehude was an old man who must soon resign to another. Unfortunately he had made up his mind that his successor must marry his daughter. Two years before this, in 1703, Handel, who had just gone to Hamburg to work, visited Buxtehude with the hope of getting the place, but gave up the idea when told its condition. Bach evidently shared Handel's opinion, for although well fitted for the position, and in spite of the tempting organ, he went back home.

The church at Arnstadt had reason to be indignant at Bach's long absence. The people had been growing more and more dissatisfied for some time. His accompaniment to the congregational singing was so elaborate that the singers often lost the melody. He made his preludes much too long, and when the rector remonstrated, he cut them altogether too short. They said, besides, that he neglected his pupil-choir and could not control the boys.

There was certainly some truth in these complaints. As he sat at the organ, such a man of genius could hardly fail of

becoming so inspired with his thoughts as to forget that ordinary singers were trying to follow him, or that his music was crowding out the rest of the service. His little choir soon seemed insignificant to him, and being himself young and quick-tempered, he found it hard to manage. The authorities, however, appreciated his greatness enough to keep him a whole year longer, without reproach, though he continued to do as he pleased. But Bach himself was dissatisfied, and after receiving several invitations, he went as organist to the town of Mühlhausen. Soon after going away he married his cousin, Maria Barbara Bach, of Arnstadt.

His new position proved but a stepping-stone to a more important place. The people could not understand his high aims and lofty music, and were unwilling to be taught by a boy of twenty-two; so, after a single year of hard work, he accepted an appointment as court organist to the Duke of Weimar.

For the next nine years, from 1708 to 1717, Bach lived at Weimar, the town which, one hundred years later, was famous as the home of great men, chief among them Germany's greatest poet, Goethe. In Bach's time, though situated in a pleasant valley on the Ilm River, the only marks of distinction in the town were the handsome palace, park and gardens of the Grand Duke, at whose court Bach was installed as organist.

These years were typical of the greater portion of his life; quiet, simple, outwardly uneventful, but filled with great thoughts, earnest work and success.

The sympathy and appreciation that failed him at Mühlhausen and Arnstadt he found here. The Duke was a high-minded man, who felt responsible for the welfare of his people. He loved to hear Bach play the organ, and he aroused in his court and among the citizens a strong interest in the lofty music of the great composer. Though Bach, as the only great musician of Weimar, had duties of various kinds, the mighty power of his genius for these nine years was directed

chiefly toward the organ, and he reached the climax both as performer and composer. His organ music composed at this period has never been equaled, and it is believed can never be surpassed.

The regular life at Weimar was varied by yearly journeys for the purpose of playing the organ and clavier in other cities. Upon one of these visits to Dresden, he found the court so infatuated with the elegant playing of a French organist from Paris, that he could find no opportunity to play there himself. Nevertheless he became so distinguished in other musical circles, as to raise the question which was the greater musician, Bach or this Parisian, Marchand.

Urged by his friends, Bach challenged the Frenchman to a musical contest. Marchand accepted, and a place of meeting was appointed at the house of a citizen of high rank. The day came, a large number of people assembled. Bach arrived—but Marchand did not! He had left Dresden that very morning, having probably heard Bach play in the meantime, and feared failure. Bach played alone and enchanted his audience; he won a victory, not for himself alone, but as a champion of German art.

On his return from Dresden, Bach left Weimar for the higher position of Kapellmeister at the court of the Prince of Cöthen.

He was now thirty-two years old, and for the next six years Cöthen remained his home, from 1717 to 1723. The Prince who had unusual talent for music, appreciated the importance of so great a musician. Here Bach had no organ and was connected with no church; by his position as Kapellmeister he had charge of the concerts at the castle. The Prince often took part in these concerts, but their chief glory was Bach's own music on the clavichord.

At Weimar his effort for nine years centered upon the organ; now, during the six years spent at Cöthen, with the organ put aside, he cultivated music for other instruments.

Many works for the clavichord appeared, as well as fine solos for violin and violoncellos. Here he wrote his famous "Well-tempered Clavichord," a set of forty-eight preludes and fugues for that instrument, though now played upon the piano. These fugues surpass all others that have been written, and Robert Schumann considered them of such value that his advice to young students is this: "Make the 'Well-tempered Clavichord' your daily bread, then you will surely become a thorough musician."

Bach's life at Cöthen was spent more in seclusion than ever before, for the court was unpretending and his duties never brought him before the public; yet the years were full of the enjoyment of developing new branches of his art.

The Prince grew so fond of him that Bach even accompanied him on his journeys that they might not be separated. Bach also took independent professional journeys as before, and was often called away to inspect new organs.

On one of his journeys, in 1719, he went to Halle, and came within a day of meeting Handel, who had come from England to visit his birth-place. Bach, hearing that he was there, hastened to call upon him, but Handel had only that morning left town.

Ten years later, Handel came again to Germany, and Bach, who then lived in Leipsic, being himself ill, sent his son with an invitation to Handel to visit him; but Handel politely refused. It is probable that he did not feel the deep interest in Bach, that Bach did in him. When Handel next came to Germany, Bach was dead, and so these two great masters never saw each other.

In the summer of 1720, while Bach was away with the Prince, his wife died very suddenly, leaving him three sons and one daughter.

Soon after his wife's death. Bach visited Hamburg. He wished to hear again the celebrated organist, Reinken, now nearly one hundred years old, whom he used to walk way from

Lüneburg to hear. It was arranged for him to play before the chief magistrates and important people of the city, among whom was this old man. Reinken was especially moved at Bach's rendering of a choral which he himself had long ago arranged for the organ. At its close, he went up to Bach, and said: "I thought this art was dead, but I see it still lives in you."

Coming to Hamburg, where there were so many fine organs, awakened in Bach, who had been without one so long, a great longing for his favorite instrument. The position of organist at St. Jacob's Church was vacant, but before the day came to elect the successor Bach was called home by his Prince. Attracted by the excellent organ, he left word that he would accept the position if offered him. Many influential people tried to secure it for him, but the committee elected an inferior man, who gave to the church a sum of money. The chief clergy-man of the church was indignant, and in his Christmas sermon remarked that if one of the angels of Bethlehem, divinely gifted as a musician, should desire to become organist at St. Jacob's, but possessed no money, he would be allowed to fly away again.

In 1821, Bach, now thirty-six years old, married a talented young singer, at the Court of Cöthen, named Anna Magdalena Wilke. Under her husband's training her talent developed so that she became a true help to him in his work.

Though Bach's home life was now so happy, his situation at Cöthen no longer suited him: it had grown too narrow. Moreover, his Prince married a wife who cared nothing for music, whereupon his own interest cooled.

Bach therefore sought and obtained the position of Cantor of St. Thomas's School at Leipsic. Here he remained the rest of his life, from 1723 to 1750—twenty-seven years. As Cantor of St. Thomas's, he had charge of all the music of that school, and with these duties went those of musical director in the two principal churches of Leipsic, St. Thomas's and St. Nicholas's. There were fifty-five pupils, supported and

taught at the expense of the school, who formed the choir of the town, and received daily training from Bach.

The two churches alternated in giving a service every Sunday. Bach threw himself into the composition of music for these services, and bent his whole genius to the task of raising sacred music to his ideal standard.

In those days the service of the Leipsic churches was as rich and varied as that of the Catholic Church, and required music to correspond. Bach therefore found a field broad enough for even his genius, though the singers and instrumentalists at his command were far from satisfactory. The Leipsic people were warmly interested in music; they had grown up to respect the service and love their choir, and they listened to Bach's music, though they could not appreciate its grandeur.

Before many years Bach produced church music that reached the heights he had already gained in instrumental work. Chorals, cantatas, masses, and to crown all, his marvelous Passion Music, recounting the suffering of our Savior as described in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John.

That Bach's genius should culminate in his Passion Music, brings to our minds George Frederick Handel, who crowned his life with the "Messiah." The Passion Music is harder to understand than Handel's "Messiah," and is very little known in this country, though in Germany it has grown to be as dear to the hearts of the people as the "Messiah" is to us.

The impression it makes upon a sensitive nature is that of almost overwhelming grief, as if hearing in a wonderful new language, the old, old story of the Crucifixion as it was never told before.

This atmosphere of sorrow differs from that of the "Messiah." To be sure, Handel wrote of grief and suffering, but he passed on quickly to the Resurrection, and the joy of

the Hallelujah Chorus lights up the whole story.

Yet Bach, too, could write joyously, as some of his Christmas music proves.

Now can anyone believe that a man occupied in composing such music, could be accused of laziness? It actually happened that at a council meeting, the members showed themselves so unappreciative of Bach's real devotion to duty, that they declared their Cantor was lazy and did not give proper attention to his singing lessons. Bach was so grieved at their lack of sympathy that he seriously thought of going away, but soon the trouble blew over.

Probably the least satisfactory part of his work was the training of his pupils, who were often wild and unruly. Yet if he was irritable when teaching large school classes, he showed great patience with earnest individual pupils and a happy faculty in teaching them. A large number of distinguished artists were trained by him; his warm heart was always ready to help and encourage rising talent.

There were other disturbances in his life at Leipsic. Bach was drawn into several quarrels to vindicate either himself or his beloved art. These, while occupying but a small place in a life of profound peace and dignity, show his sense of his own worth and his reverence for his art. He would allow neither himself nor his music to be insulted, and was persistent even to obstinacy when there was a wrong to be righted.

In contrast to the discords, let us turn to the pleasant picture of Bach's singularly happy home life and keep that impression to the end. With his simple habits his income was enough to provide liberally for his family and to help many a needy relative.

His gifted, sympathetic wife helped him to train their large family of musical children, and they held many home concerts together, assisted by some of the more talented pupils. The wife also did her share in making the home attractive to friends and guests.

Leipsic was a center of travel, and especially at Fair time, was thronged with strangers. All visitors who were musical desired to see the great master, to play to him and to hear him in return. Then they went away and spread his fame abroad.

Bach continued to make frequent journeys himself. His last three years before his death, was made to the Court of King Frederick II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great, at Potsdam. Bach's gifted son, Carl Philip Emanuel, was court musician here, and the king was anxious to hear Emanuel's famous father. Bach, at his first appearance, aroused the enthusiasm of Frederick, who gave him a theme to work out on the clavichord. The next day he played before a crowded audience at the church, and in the evening played again to the king, at whose request he improvised a six-part fugue.

When he returned to Leipsic, he made Frederick's theme the subject of a set of pieces which he had engraved under the title, "Musical Offering," and dedicated to the king.

Toward the end of his life, Bach's eyes, which he had strained from boyhood by night work, became seriously affected. An English oculist, who afterwards treated Handel's eyes in London, came to Leipsic, and Bach submitted to an operation which proved unsuccessful and caused him to become blind. Worse than that, the medical treatment connected with the operation, robbed him of his perfect health.

After suffering blindness for six or seven months, his sight was one day suddenly restored, but immediately afterward he received a stroke of apoplexy, and a week later, July 28, 1750, he died at the age of sixty-five.

Nearly one hundred years after Bach's death, Mendelssohn caused a monument to be erected in honor of him, in a park at Leipsic, in front of St. Thomas's School, under the very windows of his study.

We will close with the testimony of a great writer; if we can understand these words of the poet Goethe, we can better appreciate the great Bach himself:

"Bach's music produces in me the feeling that the eternal harmonies are holding converse together, as they may have done in the bosom of God before the Creation."

Johann Sebastian Bach

1685 –1750

'Christoph, I wish you would let me have that book of manuscript music which you have in your cupboard—the one which contains pieces by Pachelbel, and Frohberger, and Buxtehude, and ever so many others—you know which I mean. I will take such care of it if you will only lend it to me for a little while.'

Christoph was about to leave the room, but he turned sharply to his little brother as the latter put his request.

'No, Sebastian, I will certainly not lend you the book, and I wonder that you have the impertinence to ask me such a thing! The idea of your thinking that you could study such masters as Buxtehude and Frohberger—a child like you! Get on with what I have set you to learn, and do not let me hear any more of such fancies!'

With that Christoph shut the door behind him, and Sebastian was left to ponder sadly upon his elder brother's harshness in refusing to accede to his simple request. The disappointment was very keen, for little Sebastian had been longing to get possession of that precious volume. For several days past he had spent hours in his brother's absence gazing at its covers through the lattice doors of the cupboard, and feasting his eyes upon the names of the musicians which were written on the back in bold letters in Christoph's hand.

What harm could there be in his trying to play the works of those masters? It seemed so unreasonable to the ten-year-

old child, for he was passionately fond of music, and exceedingly quick at learning; yet Christoph persistently kept him to simple pieces such as he could master without the slightest difficulty, and which, therefore, afforded him no gratification whatever. He longed to be studying more advanced works, and there were times when this longing seemed insupportable —when the soul of this earnest child-musician rose in revolt against the tyrannical treatment of his elder brother. Christoph's lack of appreciation of Sebastian's capacity and gift for music was, moreover, so marked as to crush the feelings of love and respect which otherwise would have found a place in Sebastian's heart for the brother whom the sad circumstances of his childhood had made his guardian.

Johann Sebastian Bach, as the young musician was named, was an orphan. Ten years before the period at which our story opens—on March 21, 1685—he had first seen the light in the long, low-roofed cottage, which is still standing in the little German town of Eisenach, nestling at the foot of the wooded heights which form part of the romantically beautiful district of the Thuringer Wald. It is a country abounding in legendary lore, which, taking its birth from the recesses of the interminable forest, and perpetuated in ballad, has for ages found a home in the sequestered valleys lying locked between the hills. On one of the latter, overlooking the town, stands the Wartburg, in which Luther made his home, and where he translated the Bible into the German tongue.

Sebastian's father, Johann Ambrosius Bach, organist of Eisenach, was the descendant of a long race of musicians of the name who had followed music not merely as a means of livelihood, but with the earnest desire of furthering its artistic aims. For close upon two hundred years before Sebastian was born the family of Bach had thus labored to develop and improve their art in the only direction in which it was practiced in the Germany of those days—namely, as a fitting accompaniment to the simple, but deeply devotional, services of the

Lutheran Church. So greatly had the influence of this ancient and closely-united family made itself felt in regard to church music that at Erfurt, where its members had practiced the art for generations, all musicians were known as 'the Bachs,' although no Bach had actually resided in the town for many years.

That Sebastian should have shown a fondness for music at a very early age is not, therefore, to be wondered at; but, beyond learning the violin from his father, he had not progressed far in his studies when, in his tenth year, he found himself bereft of both his parents and taken into the charge of his brother Christoph, who filled the post of organist at the neighboring town of Ohrdruff. Christoph, who was fourteen years older than Sebastian, possessed nothing more than an ordinary amount of talent for music, and in addition lacked the sense to appreciate the gift which his little brother at once began to display in response to his teaching. To give Sebastian lessons on the clavier and send him to the Lyceum to learn Latin and singing and other school subjects seemed to Christoph to comprise the full extent of his responsibilities; but that Sebastian possessed genius which called for sympathy and encouragement at his hands appears only to have aroused in him a feeling of coldness and indifference, amounting at times to stem repression.

Beneath this shadow of ill-feeling Sebastian suffered in silence, but, fortunately, the force of his genius was too strong to be crushed, and the spirit which was lacking in his brother's lessons he supplied for himself. The injustice of the denial with which Christoph had met his request for the loan of the manuscript music-book had fired him with the determination to possess himself of the treasure at all costs, and even the drudgery of playing over and over again pieces which he already knew by heart appeared to him in the new light of stepping-stones to the attainment of his cherished desire. Yet for some time it was difficult to see how the book was to be

abstracted without his brother's knowledge.

One night, long after the other inmates of the house had retired, Sebastian stood at the open casement of his chamber, buried in thought. The moon was flooding the valley with her silvery light, rendering the most distant objects clear and distinct, and throwing into still deeper shadow the somber hills which encompassed the town. But the boy had no thoughts to bestow upon the music of the scene thus spread before his eyes; his mind was absorbed by a great project which he was resolved upon carrying out that night, and to which the presence of the moon lent a promise of success. Perfect stillness reigned in the house, and Sebastian, deeming that the opportune moment had arrived for embarking upon his venture, closed the casement and crept softly downstairs to the parlor.

The moonlight shining into the room revealed the position of every object, and a glance sufficed to show him that the treasure he sought was in its accustomed place, but the cupboard, of course, was locked. He squeezed his little hands through the lattice-bars, and after much effort managed to reach the manuscript book. To draw it towards him required even more dexterity, but at length that was accomplished; and then came the crowning feat—to get it through the bars. During this time Sebastian had been tormented by fears lest his brother should have discovered his absence from his bedroom, and nothing but his firm determination to accomplish his purpose prevented him from quitting the room and returning to his bed.

For a long time his efforts to pull the book through the bars were in vain, but after trying each bar in turn he found one which was weaker than the rest, and having brought the book to this spot, he succeeded at last in forcing a passage for it by bending the bar, and the coveted volume was freed from its prison!

Breathless with exertion and excitement, the child

hugged his treasure to his breast and stole back to his chamber. On gaining this haven of safety, he listened for some time to ascertain whether his movements had aroused the household, but finding that everything remained as silent as before, he drew a chair to the little table before the window, and by the light of the moon, which still streamed into the room, he feasted his eyes upon the pages before him. Then, taking his pen and some manuscript music-paper with which he had provided himself, he began his task of copying out the pieces contained in the book.

An hour or more slipped away in this absorbing occupation, and it was not until the moon had shifted her position, so that her rays no longer afforded the necessary light, that Sebastian ceased to ply his pen. Then, having hidden the book away and removed all traces of his work, the now wearied little musician sought his pillow and fell fast asleep.

This was but the beginning of endless nights of toil pursued whilst the house lay hushed in slumber. For six months, whenever the moon sent her friendly rays through his casement, did Sebastian prosecute his task, until the night arrived when he found himself at the last page. The fear of discovery had ceased to haunt him as time went on, and now he could only reflect with joy at the accomplishment of his long task, and creep into bed utterly unmindful of everything else—even of the precaution of putting his work out of sight!

Alas, for poor Sebastian! he was to pay dearly for this act of forgetfulness. As he lay sleeping—his dreams filled with the realization of the fruits of his untiring industry—the books lying open on the table where he had left them, and the moonbeams falling gently on the page whereon his fingers had traced those last passages but a few minutes before, the door opened and a figure stole softly into the room. It was Christoph himself, who, fancying he heard sounds proceeding from Sebastian's chamber, had come to seek the cause. His glance fell upon the open books. With a stride he was at the

table, bending over them. The next moment he raised his head and darted an angry glance at the child's sleeping figure. But Sebastian only smiled, and murmured something in his sleep, and the elder brother turned once more to examine the writing. As he scanned the pages which witnessed Sebastian's heart-work throughout those long months his face hardened. There was no pity in his breast for the child who had thus displayed his devotion to the art which he himself must have loved after his own fashion—no sympathy for one who had spent so many hours snatched from sleep in acquiring that which he, Christoph, had had it in his power to bestow as a free gift—only anger and jealousy at the thought that he had been outwitted by his little brother. With his mouth curved into a cruel smile, Christoph seized the manuscript book and the copy, and, taking them from the room, hid them away in a new place where Sebastian could not possibly find them.

It was well for Sebastian that his love of music enabled him to overcome the bitter disappointment occasioned by his brother's cruelty, and so to continue the struggle for knowledge in the face of such terrible odds. But there was one thing which served to comfort him in his hour of trial, and of which Christoph was powerless to rob him, and that was the memory of the beautiful music he had copied with such infinite pains. This in itself must have been a resource of priceless value to him in helping him to bear with his brother's oppression.

A new life opened for Sebastian when, at the age of fifteen, he quitted his brother's roof and, with a school-fellow from Ohrdruff, entered the Michael Gymnasium, or Latin School, attached to the Church of St. Michael at Lüneburg. The discovery that he possessed a beautiful soprano voice gave him a place at once amongst those scholars who were selected to sing the principal parts in the Church services in return for a free education. Lüneburg, possessed two schools, attached respectively to the Churches of St. Michael and St. John, and the rivalry between the two was so keen that when,

as was the custom during the winter months, the scholars were sent out to sing in the streets in order to collect money for their support, the respective routes to be traversed had to be carefully marked out so as to prevent a collision.

Bach had not been long at St. Michael's, however, ere his wonderful voice, which had attracted much attention at the services of the church, began to break; but, fortunately, his knowledge of the violin and clavier enabled him to retain his place in the school and to enjoy the educational advantages which it offered. He was working hard at his musical studies, spending a portion of each day in the convent library, where the works of the best composers were to be found. But all his thoughts and aspirations were beginning to center themselves upon the instrument which, before all others, had the power to stir his musical soul to its depths. His love for the organ soon developed into a passion which overcame every obstacle offered to its gratification. The extremes of hunger and bodily fatigue were alike powerless to restrain his desire to study the capacities of the organ as these were brought forth by the ablest hands. His poverty forbade the hope of his receiving instruction on the instrument, though later on he gained much valuable help from his friendship with the organist of St. John's Church at Lüneburg. In those early days, however. Bach was almost entirely self-dependent—a penniless scholar, fortunate in finding his services rewarded by the plainest and meagrest of fare, yet swayed and urged forwards by a fixed determination to conquer and attain the knowledge upon which he had set his hopes.

Hamburg, which in those days merited the description applied to it of the 'Paradise of German music,' is situated at a distance of about twenty-five English miles from Lüneburg; but when Bach was told that the renowned Johann Adam Reinken, the 'father of German organists,' played the organ at St. Katherine's Church in the city, he seized the first opportunity that presented itself of tramping the whole way thither

in order to hear him. With Bach to listen was to learn; but to enjoy this privilege he had to secrete himself in a corner of the church where he could not be seen, for he had been warned that such great players as Reinken resented the intrusion of strangers whilst they were practicing.

The deep joy of listening to such a master must have seemed to Sebastian a fitting reward for his long tramp, and we may picture him on his homeward journey, weary and footsore, but with his mind stored with the memories of what he has heard. This visit to Hamburg was the precursor of many others, though, of course, such expeditions could only be undertaken when, by means of street singing, or in some other way, he had contrived to save a few shillings to pay for food and lodging. But he often went short of food rather than deprive himself of a chance of hearing his beloved Reinken. On one occasion he had yielded to the temptation of lingering at Hamburg until his funds were almost exhausted, and he was confronted by the prospect of a long walk with no means of satisfying his hunger until he reached the end of his journey. Nevertheless, he set forth with a light heart, for his stock of knowledge had been greatly enriched by the prolonged visit, and, after all, what were five-and-twenty miles to the young musician, possessed of limbs replete with strength and a head full of glorious dreams?

He had not proceeded many miles, however, ere the keen wind made his want of food painfully apparent, and the music within him became drowned by the clamorings of Nature. At this juncture he found himself opposite a small hostelry, from the open door of which a most savory odor was issuing—an odor so rich in the promise of all that he needed that it brought him to a standstill. The kitchen window was nigh, and he could not resist the temptation of peering into the room to ascertain what was in preparation. At that moment he heard a window above him thrown open, and a couple of herrings' heads were tossed into the road. Probably some

benevolent guest, attracted by the youth's starving looks, had taken this means of bestowing upon him the remains of his repast. The herring was a favorite article of food in Germany, and poor Bach was only too glad to avail himself of this feeble chance of satisfying his cravings. But what was his astonishment, upon pulling the heads to pieces, to find that each contained a Danish ducat! The acquisition of so much wealth fairly took his breath away, and for a moment he almost forgot that he was famishing. On realizing his good fortune, he lost no time in entering the inn and regaling himself at the expense of his unknown benefactor. The money did more than this, however, for it enabled him to reckon upon another visit to Hamburg in the near future.

That distance formed no obstacle to Bach's ardent desire to obtain knowledge is proved by the fact that he performed several journeys on foot to Celle, which was distant some forty-five English miles to the south of Lüneburg, in order that he might hear the band at the ducal Court. The Duke's musicians were chiefly Frenchmen, and French instrumental music formed the principal part of their work. There was but little opportunity in Germany of hearing this important branch of music, and Bach seized upon the first chance that presented itself. He was now making rapid progress with his studies, and his friendship with Böhm, the organist of St. John's Church at Lüneburg, was a great incentive to him in his love for the organ.

After remaining three years at the Lüneburg school, Bach obtained a post as violinist in the private band of Prince Johann Ernst, brother of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Weimar. This, however, was merely to fill up the time until he could secure an appointment in the direction in which his affections as well as his genius were guiding him. The opportunity for which he sought was not long in coming. A visit to the old Thuringian town of Arnstadt, in which three members of his family had successively filled the post of organist in past years,

took him to the new church to inspect the organ which had just been erected by the consistory. Arnstadt, in fact, was one of the centers in which the influence of the Bach family had made itself felt, and whence several of its members had gone forth to other parts of the country. The savor of the former presence of the Bachs was still fresh in the minds of the townspeople; the consistory of the new church, moreover, were on the lookout for a thoroughly capable organist, and Bach's request to be allowed to try the organ was, therefore, willingly granted.

No sooner had they heard him play than they offered him the post, and, furthermore, stated their willingness to augment the pay attached to it by a contribution from the town funds. Bach, therefore, found himself installed as organist with a salary of fifty florins, with, in addition, thirty thalers for board and lodging—equivalent in all to about eight pounds thirteen shillings of English money—a small enough salary indeed! but one which in those days was considered to be a fair emolument for the services of a young player. On August 14, 1703, Bach, who was then eighteen years old, entered upon his duties, having previously taken a 'solemn pledge of diligence and faithfulness, and all that appertaineth to an honorable servant and organist before God and the worshipful Corporation.'

The requirements of the post left him plenty of leisure in which to pursue his studies and improve his playing. Up to this point he had done very little in the shape of actual composition, his aim having been to perfect himself in a knowledge of the requirements of the instrument on which he had fixed his heart's choice, to which end he had spared no diligence in studying the works of the greatest masters. Now, however, he set about teaching himself the art of composition, for which purpose he took a number of concertos written for the violin by Vivaldi, and set them for the pianoforte. By this means he learnt to grasp the connection of

musical ideas and the manner in which they should be worked out, and as this exercise implied the rewriting of many passages in order to adapt them for the piano, he gradually attained facility in expressing his own musical thoughts on paper without first playing them on an instrument. Thus, without assistance from anybody, he worked on alone, very often till far into the night, to perfect himself in this important branch of his art.

From the outset, however, his playing at the new church excited attention and admiration, and that it should, nevertheless, have failed to entirely satisfy the authorities was due, not to any lack of power, but simply to the extraordinary manner in which the services were accompanied. The fact is that Bach had no sooner seated himself at the organ than he straightway forgot that choir and congregation were depending upon him, and began to indulge his fancy to such lengths that the singing soon ceased altogether, and the people remained mute with astonishment and admiration. Naturally, these flights of genius were not exactly in accordance with the wishes of the consistory, who, moreover, saw little prospect of their choir becoming efficiently trained under the circumstances. Yet, not-withstanding there were frequent disputes between Bach and the elders of the church with regard to his vagaries, so marvelously were the authorities influenced by the power and beauty of his playing that they over-looked his faults for the sake of his genius.

That Bach must have tried their patience sorely cannot be denied. On one occasion, being specially desirous of visiting Lübeck, in order to hear the celebrated organist Buxtehude perform on the organ at the Marien-Kirche during Advent, he obtained a month's leave of absence for the purpose. Fifty miles lay between Arnstadt and the town which formed his destination, but Bach resolutely performed the entire journey on foot, so eager was he to profit by the playing of this master. Once at Lübeck, he became so wrapped up in

the musical attractions of the town that he completely forgot his promise to return to his post until reminded by his empty purse of the fact that he could no longer prolong his stay. By this time he had gratuitously extended his leave from one month to three! Hence it is not surprising that on his return to Arnstadt the consistory should have expressed serious displeasure at his neglect. On the other hand, it affords a striking proof of the esteem in which his playing was held that the authorities should have allowed him to retain his post in spite of all that had happened.

It was not long before the services of the young musician were sought by the Church authorities of several important towns, whither the fame of his organ-playing had spread. He longed to find a wider scope wherein to prosecute his aims for raising the standard of Church music. Arnstadt had become too narrow for his desires, and, consequently, when, in 1707, he was offered the post of organist of St. Blasius', at Mühlhausen, near Eisenach, he accepted it at once. The invitation was coupled with a request that he would name his own salary—a compliment to his powers to which he modestly responded by fixing the sum at that which he had lately received; but, in addition to pay, his emolument comprised certain dues of corn, wood, and fish, to be delivered free at his door. His post at Arnstadt was filled by his cousin, Johann Ernst, to whom, as he was very poor, and had an aged mother and a sick sister to support, Bach generously handed over the last quarter's salary which was due to him on leaving.

With this improvement in his worldly prospects Bach deemed that he might prudently marry. He had been contemplating this step since the time, some months before, when he had incurred the displeasure of the Arnstadt authorities by introducing a 'stranger maiden' into the choir—a proceeding altogether contrary to rule, but one which, like the rest of his faults, was condoned for the sake of hearing him play. The 'stranger maiden' was no other than his cousin, Maria

Barbara, the youngest daughter of Michael Bach, of Gehren, with whom he had fallen in love, and to whom he was married on October 17, 1707.

It was customary in those days for organists to maintain their instruments in repair, and Bach's first duty on entering upon his new post was to undertake some extensive alterations in the organ committed to his charge. The completion of these repairs, however, was left to his successor, for Bach did not retain his position at Mühlhausen for more than a year. He was filled with a desire to raise the standard of Church music, reverently desirous of clothing the old services in a new dress—one which should elevate the thoughts of the worshippers to a higher plane by giving to the words of Scripture a fuller and more sympathetic interpretation. In this longing for freedom from the old modes of Church music, by which, owing to the rigid simplicity of the Lutheran services, the truths of religion were trammeled and obscured, Bach hoped to have secured the support and sympathy of his congregation; but he soon found that his efforts were unappreciated. For us, who now see this longing for the first time clearly expressed in his life, and who know what important fruits it was destined to bear in the future, this stage in the career of Sebastian Bach possesses a peculiar interest. In his letter to the town council announcing his resignation he explains that he has 'always striven to make the improvement of Church music, to the honor of God, his aim,' but that he has met with opposition such as he sees no chance of being enabled to overcome in the future. Moreover, he states that, 'poor as is his mode of living, he has not enough to subsist on after paying his house-rent and other necessary expenses.'

The shortness of his means, with a wife and the near prospect of a family to provide for, no doubt had a good deal to do with Bach's decision to resign his post at St. Blasius' at once. He had, in fact, already received the offer of a more important engagement. An invitation to perform before Duke Wilhelm

Ernst of Weimar early in the year 1708 had been seized upon in the hope that it might lead to an appointment at the Court. The hope was not disappointed, for the Duke was so delighted with Bach's playing that he immediately offered him the post of Court and Chamber Organist. Bach had always been on the best of terms with the elders of St. Blasius' Church, however, and the separation was accompanied by marks of friendliness on both sides. Thus we see Bach acting once more on his own initiative—choosing his path deliberately as he saw the opportunity for furthering the great objects he had in view.

The wider scope for which he had been longing was now within his grasp, and from the date of his appointment at Weimar he began to compose those masterpieces for the organ which in after-years were to help to make his name famous. Hitherto we have followed the fortunes of Sebastian Bach as a zealous student, self-dependent, and almost entirely self-instructed as regards his art, battling against poverty with stolid indifference to the drawbacks and discomforts that fell to his share, unmindful of fatigue, seeking neither praise nor reward, but with his mind wholly set upon the accomplishment of his life-purpose—the furtherance of his beloved art. The promise of his childish days had been largely sown in sorrow and disappointment. He had not been hailed as a prodigy of genius. No crowd of wondering admirers had gathered to listen to his childish efforts, and to prognosticate for him the favors of fame and fortune in the near future. Not even his parents, loving him as they doubtless did, could have done more than dared to entertain the hope that he would do honor and credit to the musical name which he bore ere they sank into their untimely graves, and left him to fight the battle of life alone. No; the childhood and youth of Sebastian Bach were stages in the life of a genius which were entirely destitute of the advantages of either wealth or the patronage of the great, and as such they command our interest and respect.

Henceforth we have to picture Bach as settled in his Weimar home, no longer as a student, but as a player and composer whose fame was gradually spreading throughout the country. So rapid had his progress been both on the organ and the pianoforte that he was even led to overestimate his own powers, and one day remarked somewhat boastingly to a friend that he could play any piece, however difficult, at sight without a mistake. The friend, disbelieving his statement, invited him to breakfast shortly afterwards, and placed several pieces on the pianoforte, amongst them being one which, though apparently simple, was in reality extremely difficult. He then left the room to prepare breakfast, and Bach, seating himself at the instrument, began to play over the pieces. Coming to the difficult work, he struck into it very boldly, but after proceeding a little way he came to a stop, then tried it again from the beginning, and once more halted at the same place. His host then appeared bringing in the breakfast, and Bach, turning to him, exclaimed, 'You are right. One cannot play everything at sight—it is impossible!'

In August, 1712, Zachau, the organist of the Liebfrauen-Kirche at Halle, and Handel's old master, died, and Bach, whose knowledge and practical skill in the matter of organ construction had now become widely known, was asked to plan a new instrument for the church. He accordingly made his plans, and then, induced by the thought of having a fine organ under his control, he, applied for the vacant post. The elders of the church, having heard a sacred cantata which he composed for the occasion performed under his direction in the following year, were most willing to accede to his application, but Bach, fearing that his independence would be threatened by the conditions attached to the position, withdrew at the last moment. Nevertheless, so great was the appreciation in which his abilities were held that when the new organ was completed he was invited to Halle for the purpose of inspecting it and testing its capabilities.

In 1714 Duke Wilhelm Ernst raised him to the position of Hof-Concertmeister—a step which afforded increased scope for the exercise of his powers. Every autumn for several years he utilized his leave of absence by journeying to the principal towns in order to give performances on the organ and clavier, by means of which his reputation was greatly enhanced. It was on one of these tours that he found himself in Dresden at a time when expectation was rife concerning the powers of a remarkable French player who had just arrived in the town. Jean Marchand, as the Frenchman was named, had achieved a great reputation in his own country, where, in addition to filling the post of organist to the King at Versailles, he was regarded as the most fashionable music-master of the day. His conceited and overbearing manners, however, had led to his banishment from the French Court, and he had undertaken a tour in Italy with triumphant success before coming to the German capital. Bach found everybody discussing the Frenchman's wonderful playing, and it was whispered that he had been already offered an appointment in Dresden. The friends of Bach insisted that he should engage Marchand forthwith in a contest in defense of the musical honor of his nation, and as Bach was by no means indisposed to pit himself against the conceited Frenchman, he gave his consent to the challenge being dispatched. Marchand, for his part, showed an equal readiness to meet Bach, foreseeing an easy victory over his antagonist. The King promised to grace the contest with his presence, and the time and place were duly fixed. It was agreed that the contestants were to set each other problems to be worked out on the piano, the victory to be adjudged by the connoisseurs who were present.

The day fixed for the trial arrived. A brilliant company assembled, and at the appointed time Bach made his appearance; but his adversary had not arrived. The audience awaited his coming for some time with impatience, and at length the news was brought that Marchand had left the city

suddenly that morning! It transpired that on the previous day Bach had been performing on the organ in one of the principal churches of the town, and Marchand, attracted by the crowd, made his way into the building and listened to Bach's wonderful playing. So greatly had the music impressed him that, when he learnt who the player was, he began to tremble for his success at the coming contest. As the time approached his fears grew apace, and at length, without a word to anybody concerning his intentions, he fled from the city.

The year 1717, in which the above event took place, was marked by a further advancement in Bach's fortunes, for on his return from Dresden he was appointed Capellmeister to the young Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen. His new position left him abundant leisure in which to follow the bent of his genius in regard to the composition of instrumental music, and many of his finest works were written at this time. His relations with the Prince were of the most cordial character. The latter was an enthusiastic lover of music, and on his frequent journeys to various towns in order to gratify his taste he insisted on having Bach as his travelling companion. Thus, for several years Bach continued to lead a life which in every respect brought him much happiness, and added not a little to his fame. Then a great sorrow befell him, for during one of these expeditions with the Prince, when, owing to their movements, he was unable to receive news from home, his wife died suddenly, and when he returned to Cöthen it was to find the family plunged into grief, and the mother already buried.

The close of the year 1721 saw Bach married to his second wife, Anna Magdalen a Wülkens, a daughter of the Court trumpeter at Weissenfels. Aima Magdalena was in every way suited for the wife of a musician, for she had a deep love for music, in addition to possessing a beautiful voice. Moreover, as time went on, her reverence for her husband's genius, which she used every effort to promote and encourage, did

not fail to make itself felt in influencing the musical tastes, of her children.

Life, meanwhile, at the Court had not proceeded so happily for Bach as heretofore, and in the year of his marriage he made a journey to Hamburg with the object of competing for the post of organist at the Jacobi-Kirche. His playing on this occasion excited the greatest admiration, though, as a matter of fact, this was not the first time he had awakened the enthusiasm of Hamburg audiences by his performances; but the organ on which he now played was an exceptionally fine one, and responded so perfectly to his touch as to assist in imparting to his improvisation the character of an inspired performance. When the trial came to an end, everyone present felt certain of the result. Not one of the competitors had approached Bach in feeling or execution. Yet, notwithstanding the popular verdict in his favor, the prize was snatched from him and given to another—a younger, unknown, and even insignificant man, who, however, was enabled to offer four thousand marks for the position, whilst Bach could only present his genius.

Nevertheless, Bach, with his characteristic indifference to fortune, made no protest against this unfair treatment, but went quietly on with his work at Cöthen, waiting for a fresh opportunity to present itself. He had now become personally known to the famous and aged organist of Hamburg, Reinken. At one of his visits he improvised on a theme composed by the master in the latter's presence, and when he had finished, Reinken seized him by the hand, and as he shook it exclaimed with emotion, 'I thought that this art was dead, but I see that it still lives in you!' This was the last meeting between Bach and the organist from whose playing he had derived so much profit, for shortly afterwards Reinken died at the age of ninety-nine, holding his post up to the last.

His life at Cöthen was largely devoted to composition. His only pupils appear to have been his wife and his sons, in whose

musical education he evinced the deepest interest, and for whose benefit he wrote many works, including several books of studies and his famous 'Art of Fugue.' Another of his great works, the 'Wohltemperirte Klavier' (Well-tempered Clavichord), better known in England under the title of 'The Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues,' was begun at this time. It is, perhaps, the most popular of all Bach's works, and the idea of writing it is said to have occurred to him whilst staying at a place where no musical instrument of any kind was available. That he should have sat down to write the first part of this monumental work (the second part was not completed until twenty years later) in a place where from sheer force of circumstances his fingers would otherwise have been condemned to idleness is not surprising when we consider the mental activity by which Bach's character was distinguished. He could not, in fact, be idle. When not playing, or composing, or teaching, he would often be found hard at work engraving his compositions on copper, or engaged in manufacturing some kind of musical instrument—at least two instruments are known to have been of his own inventing. The one idea which seems to have pervaded his whole life from beginning, to end was to be of the greatest use to the greatest number of his fellow-creatures, and it was this noble purpose which was urging him at this time to discover a wider sphere of work. The Cöthen post, while it gave him abundant leisure for composition, did not satisfy his longing to be of greater use in the furtherance of his art—a longing which can only be appreciated when we study the works which at this period were occupying his mind. Moreover, the Prince, who had recently married, no longer showed the same devotion to music as heretofore—a change of feeling that necessarily produced a corresponding slackening of the ties of friendship and interest which had formerly existed between the Prince and his Capellmeister. The opportunity which Bach sought came at length when, in 1723, he was appointed cantor of the

Thomas-Schule at Leipzig, and director of the music in the Churches of St. Thomas and St. Nicholas in the town.

With this appointment Bach entered upon the final stage of his career, for he retained the Leipzig post until his death. The story of his connection with the Thomas-Schule is one that redounds to his honor, for, in spite of considerable opposition at the hands of the authorities, who failed to appreciate his genius and hampered his activity by petty restrictions and accusations; in spite, also, of the poverty of the material with which he was called upon to deal, he labored unceasingly to raise the standard of efficiency in the scholars whose training was committed to his charge, and from whose ranks the choirs in the two churches under his control had to be furnished. Apart from his duties, however, those twenty-seven years of Leipzig work and intercourse are marked out for us as comprising the period during which he wrote and dedicated to the service of the Church those masterpieces of undying beauty—the Passions according to St. Matthew and St. John. In these works, and in the 'High Mass in B Minor,' which also belongs to this time, but more especially in the first-named work, we seem to witness the crowning-point of those generations of striving for the advancement of the art which have indissolubly linked the name of Bach with the history of music. Bach himself stood 'on the top step of the ladder: with him the vital forces of the race exhausted themselves; and further power of development stopped short.'

The life at Leipzig was distinguished by the simplicity which had always been Bach's chief characteristic. That he was imbued by deeply religious feelings is evidenced by the works to which we have just referred; his genius, in fact, found its highest and noblest expression in the interpretation of the spirit of the sacred writings. Next to his art—if, indeed, they can be considered apart—came his devotion to his family, in the training and welfare of whom he took an absorbing interest. Outside these twin centers of attraction he hardly ever

ventured, and though his fame brought him notice, and to some extent honor as well, his desire for retirement became stronger as the years went on.

His modest, retiring disposition is well illustrated by an incident which marked the latter period of his busy life. His third son, Carl Philip Emanuel, had entered the service of Frederick the Great, and was acting as cembalist in the royal orchestra. His Majesty, who was exceedingly fond of music, and a considerable player on the flute, had repeatedly expressed a wish to see Bach, and from time to time sent messages to this effect to the old composer through the latter's son. Bach, however, intent upon his work, for a long time ignored these intimations of royal favor, until at length, in 1747, Carl brought to him an imperative demand from his royal master which Bach saw that he could not disobey without incurring the King's displeasure. Accordingly, he set out for Potsdam with his son Friedemann. The King was about to begin his evening music when a servant brought to him a list of the strangers who had arrived at the castle that day. Frederick glanced at the paper, and then turned to his musicians with a smile. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'old Bach has come!' and down went his flute. Bach was immediately sent for—he had not time even to change his travelling-dress—and with many excuses he presented himself to the King. His Majesty received him with marked kindness and respect, and when the courtiers smiled at the old musician's embarrassment and his somewhat flowery speeches, Frederick frowned his disapproval. He then conducted Bach through the palace, showing him the various points of interest, and insisted on his trying his Silbermann pianofortes, of which he had quite a collection. Bach extemporized on each of the instruments, and then Frederick gave him a theme which he reproduced as a fantasia, to the astonishment of all present. The King next requested him to play a six-part fugue, and Bach extemporized one on a theme selected by himself. The King, who

stood behind the composer's chair, clapped his hands with delight, and exclaimed repeatedly, 'Only one Bach! Only one Bach!' It was a visit replete with honors for the old master, and when he returned home he expressed his gratitude by writing down and elaborating the piece which he had composed on the King's theme, dedicating it to His Majesty under the title of 'Musikalisches Opfer ' (Musical Offering), and sending it to Potsdam with a letter begging its acceptance.

Late in life, and just after he had completed his great work, 'The Art of Fugue,' Bach became totally blind—the result, no doubt, of the heavy strain to which he had subjected his sight when, in order to educate himself, he had copied out entire many of the works of older masters. Nor can we overlook the fact that, when a child, his sight must have been injured by the long, self-imposed task of copying music by moonlight. He suffered a great deal in consequence of the drugs which were administered in the hope of restoring his eyesight, but, notwithstanding, he continued to work up to the last. On the morning of the day on which he died—July 28, 1750—he startled those about him by suddenly regaining his sight, 'but it was the last flickering of the expiring flame. He was allowed to see the light of this world once more before leaving it forever.' A few hours later he became unconscious, and passed away in his sleep.

Considered apart from his works, the life of Sebastian Bach stands out as a noble example of untiring industry and perseverance; but we miss the brilliancy and fire which in the case of many other great musicians have served to render their lives so outwardly striking and marvelous. The genius of Bach was a mighty power working unseen, buried beneath a simple exterior. Unlike Handel, that other great master of his time with whom he has been so often compared. Bach lived a life of comparative retirement, never travelling beyond the confines of his own country, making no bid for popularity, and to the last remaining unaffected by praise or censure. All his

life long he was seeking knowledge and truth, never contenting himself with a belief in his own unaided powers or judgment, but always showing the keenest interest in the progress of his art as evinced by the works of other musicians of his day. One little instance will serve, perhaps, to bring out clearly this marked difference between these two great men: Bach was truly desirous of making Handel's acquaintance, and tried on several occasions to gratify this wish. On the last occasion he travelled to Halle on learning that Handel was revisiting his birthplace from the scene of his triumphs in London, only to find on his arrival that his contemporary had departed for England earlier in the day. Handel, on the other hand, is not known to have expressed the least desire to meet the man whose fame rested upon so solid a foundation of excellence. The one was self-centered, the other wholly centered upon art for art's sake—yet both were great.

It is convenient to speak of Bach's life as having been divided into three stages or periods, each marked off from the rest by the nature of the works to which it gave birth. Thus, the Weimar period is that to which is assigned the major portion of his organ music. The Cöthen period, on the other hand, produced few compositions for the organ, but was mainly devoted to instrumental chamber music; whilst to the Leipzig period belongs the production of nearly all his finest Church compositions.

Bach was laid to rest in the churchyard of St. John's Church at Leipzig, but neither stone nor cross exists to mark the spot. Only the register of deaths preserved in the town library remains to tell us that 'A man, aged sixty-seven, M. Johann Sebastian Bach, Musical Director and Singing Master of the St. Thomas School, was carried to his grave in the hearse, July 30, 1750.'

George Frederic Handel

1685 – 1759

It is now more than two hundred years ago that a bright little baby boy was born in Germany, in the town of Halle. Nobody supposed then that he was more wonderful than any other baby. His father and mother loved him dearly, but they did not know that God had given them a little music-loving child.

As soon as the baby began to talk, he would make sweet sounds, and try to sing baby songs, and stop and listen whenever he heard any music.

Now, the father, Dr. Handel, did not know or care anything about music. He said, "When George grows up, he shall become a lawyer;" for he thought that the finest thing a man could do. When he saw how much his boy loved music, he was troubled, and made up his mind that he must send every kind of musical instrument from the house. George's mother and nurse were told never to take the child where he could hear any music; and when he became old enough, he was even kept from the public school, because there he would learn to sing.

The father did not know that he was unkind; he was a good father, and he really thought it best that his child should forget all about music. But the little Handel, as I have said, was a music-loving child, and no power on earth could make him forget, or keep the love of music from growing in him. And it grew to be so strong in him that he could not resist its

influence.

He managed to hide an old spinet away in the garret. The spinet was an instrument similar to a piano, though it did not look much like the piano we have now. It was smaller, but it had the white keys to play upon. Probably George's spinet was not larger than a big box. Having no legs to stand upon, it was placed upon a table. Strips of cloth were put about the strings to soften the sound. Somebody must have helped the little boy get his spinet into the garret; perhaps it was his mother or his nurse—which, we do not know.

Up to the garret the little fellow would steal softly away, all by himself, whenever he found a chance. Sometimes it would be in the night when everyone else was asleep. He would stand by the old spinet with his little fingers wandering over the keys. Hour after hour, and week by week, he worked away, with no one to help him, finding out little harmonies, and making little songs, until at last, when he was seven years old, he could really play well upon the spinet.

At this time his poor father found it out; and this is how it happened:

Dr. Handel was going to take a journey in a coach to visit a grown-up son, who served a rich duke. Little George begged his father to let him go too, but the father said, "No!" The minute the coach started, however, the little fellow followed it, running on behind as fast as his little legs could carry him. When the doctor spied him, he stopped the coach and began to scold. The child paid no attention to the scolding, but again begged so earnestly to go that his father finally took him into the coach.

When they reached the palace of the duke, George heard some music not far away. As the older people were talking together, he crept away unseen, and, guided by the sound, found his way into the chapel, where a service was being held. When the service was over, and he was left alone, he stood for a long time gazing at the organ.

Oh! how his fingers longed to touch those white keys! At last he could resist no longer; he crept nearer and nearer, climbed up onto the seat, and began to play softly—very softly. The music was so beautiful that he forgot where he was—forgot everything but the grand organ-voice that swelled out louder and louder until it filled the chapel.

Out in another room was the duke; he suddenly stopped talking and listened. Who was playing his organ? Not his own organist! He had never before heard anyone play like that! A servant was sent to find out, and soon the trembling little boy was led in to his father and the duke. But the duke smiled, and asked questions so gently that the little heart opened to its kind friend, and the whole secret came out; how he loved music, and how he had worked all by himself, learning to play on the old spinet up in the garret at home.

Then the duke turned to the father and told him that he had made a great mistake; that his boy was a genius, and that it was wicked to try to keep him from his music. The old doctor was so surprised that he did not know what to say; but he thought the duke must know best, and so, with some sorrow, he said that he would allow his son to become a musician.

Little Handel listened with a beating heart; his eyes were fixed on the duke; for to be allowed to study music seemed to him too good to be true. He never forgot his kind friend, the duke, but loved him all his life.

When they reached home, George began to take music lessons. His teacher was Zackau, the organist of the Cathedral at Halle. You may be sure he worked hard, and he got along so fast that he surprised his teacher. At the end of three years, Zackau said that Handel knew all that he could teach him, and begged his father to send him to Berlin to study with greater masters.

Let us see what the boy had done during those three years. He learned to play the spinet or harpsichord, the organ, the

violin, and the hautboy. He studied and played the best music that had ever been written; and beside this, he learned to write music himself. Every week he composed a piece of music for his teacher. Think of it—every week for three years!

He played the organ so well that Zackau often sent him to take his place at the Cathedral on Sundays. Wouldn't you be surprised to see a little boy, not ten years old, come into your church some Sunday, and play the organ for your organist? Little Handel often played in the great Cathedral at Halle.

Besides music, he studied Latin with his father, who still hoped that when George grew older he would give up his music; but when Zackau said that George ought to go to Berlin, the father again consented. So the child left home, with a friend of the family, who was to take care of him on the journey. Think of the little boy, then only eleven years old, all alone, studying music in a strange, large city!

He soon became acquainted with two Italian musicians. One was very kind to him. He made Handel play to him hour after hour, and was more and more astonished every day at what the child could do. The other musician was jealous. It made him angry to think that a little child could play better than himself. So he did a very unkind thing. He wrote a piece of music, so hard that he thought of course Handel could not play it.

One day, when a number of people were listening to the child's playing, the musician put this hard piece up on the harpsichord and asked the little boy to play that. To his surprise the music was played without any mistake. The jealous man was more jealous than ever after this, but he treated Handel with respect, because he saw that he was a wonderful musician.

While George stayed in Berlin, people flocked to hear him play; but soon his father called him home. He said he was getting to be an old man and wanted his son near him. Handel had not been at home long when his good father died, leaving

the family very poor. So this little man, only twelve years old, had to start out into the world again, this time to earn his living and help support his mother.

When he was eighteen years old he went to Hamburg to see if he could do better there; for he wanted to earn enough money to travel about the world, and study the music of other countries. He got an opportunity to play the violin in the orchestra of one of the Hamburg theatres. Just for fun, he thought he would not let people know, at first, what a musician he was, so he made believe that he did not know very much.

One day, however, the man who led the orchestra and played the harpsichord was absent, and a friend who was in the secret made Handel sit down in the leader's place. Handel began to play the harpsichord so beautifully that the orchestra stopped playing and listened, they were so surprised.

After that he was made the leader, and so earned much more money than before. Besides this, people came to take harpsichord lessons from him. Most important of all, he composed music. He was kept busy writing in music the beautiful thoughts that crowded into his mind.

His kind mother at home was afraid her boy was not getting enough to eat and wear; so she saved up as much money as she could and sent it to him for a present. George loved his mother so dearly that he felt sorry to think how hard she must have worked to save that money. So he worked hard too, and soon was able to send back to his mother all her money and some more besides.

He kept sending home money to his mother; and he also saved as much as possible for the journey he was to take bye and bye. The great dream of his life was to visit beautiful Italy. A rich man, who admired him, invited Handel to go there with him; but George refused, because he preferred to earn his own money and be his own master. So he waited, and, after working in Hamburg three years, he found he had

earned enough to start on his journey.

He spent three delightful years in Italy—years full of work and pleasure. He heard the finest Italian music and became acquainted with great musicians. There in Italy, as in Hamburg, his mind was always full of music of his own to write.

After his visit to Italy, Handel went to London. Of course no one in London knew him at first; but he composed an opera here which made him famous at once. The poor musician was now becoming a great man in the world.

He liked living in London so well that he made it his home for nearly the rest of his life; and that is why English people feel that he partly belongs to them, although born a German.

Now that he had become one of the great men of the world, the troubles of his life began. Many people who thought themselves musicians, were so jealous of the great Handel that they did all they could to harm him; they tried to make people dislike him, and they tried to keep people from going to hear his music. Oh, for long, long years, while he worked away in London, giving the people better music than they had ever known before, the jealous musicians, and those who did not know any better, made his life hard and stormy.

I like to think of Handel as of a great rock by the ocean. The waves may dash against the rock with all their might, but it stands firm; and so stood Handel, though his heart often ached, and discouragement came to him more than once.

I hope at some Christmas time, when you grow older, you will be able to hear the oratorio that Handel wrote, called "The Messiah." It is the grandest of all his works and the best known and loved. It tells the story of the life of Christ. You will hear the beautiful Bible story—told in music—of the shepherds in the field watching their flocks by night: how the angels came with the good news that the little Christ-Child was born; how the little Child grew up to comfort and help everyone who had any sorrow; how He suffered and died, and at last rose again.

The music of the oratorio tells you the story even better than the words. For when it tells of the shepherds, the music is so calm and sweet that you seem to think of a peaceful night on the hillside, with the stars shining; and, all at once, you hear, or seem to hear, the angels themselves singing, as the chorus bursts out, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

Then, when the words tell of the love and kindness of Christ, the music is loving and tender, as Christ Himself was when on earth. And when the words tell of the Savior's suffering, the music is sad and touching. Dear Handel himself felt so sad as he wrote the music to the words—"He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"—that the tears ran down his cheeks.

Then comes the great "Hallelujah" Chorus, telling how Christ is risen—"Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" And when this is sung, all the people who are listening stand up, and you will stand with the rest. The reason why everybody stands when the "Hallelujah" Chorus is sung is this:

After Handel had composed "The Messiah," the king and many other people of London went to hear it for the first time. It filled them with such wonder that they could hardly listen quietly, and when the "Hallelujah" Chorus burst upon them, they could sit still no longer; everyone, king and all, stood right up to show how they honored Handel and his wonderful music. That was over one hundred and fifty years ago; and ever since then the listeners to the music of "The Messiah" have stood during the "Hallelujah" Chorus.

Someone asked Handel how he felt when composing the "Hallelujah" Chorus; and he said, solemnly, in his broken English: "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself."

A gentleman once came to Handel, after the singing of "The Messiah," and praised him for the beautiful

entertainment he had given the people. "Sir," answered Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better."

Handel gave the music of "The Messiah" to an Orphan Home; and it earned for the poor children over fifty thousand dollars. You see from this gift how generous Handel was; and we know that he was brave and strong and noble. One fault he had, however. When things went wrong, or people troubled him, he would sometimes get very angry.

Often when he was playing the organ for the Prince of Wales and his family, the ladies, instead of listening, would whisper to each other. Then Handel would stop playing and scold, until the gentle Princess would say to the ladies, "Hush, hush, be quiet, Handel is angry!" But Handel's passion never lasted long, and then if he had been in the wrong he would beg pardon as a gentleman should.

We how come to the saddest part of the great man's life. When Handel was about sixty-seven years old, he began to grow blind. He struggled against it for a longtime; but when, he found he could not be cured, he bore the affliction with the patience of a hero. He tried to do just as much as he would have done had he eyes to see with. He played the organ just the same, whenever "The Messiah" or any of his other oratorios were sung.

The people who were present, at one time, when his oratorio, "Samson," was sung, saw a pathetic sight; Handel played the organ first, and then sat beside it, listening to the rest of the music. When the singers reached the part where Samson becomes blind, the grand old man turned pale and began to tremble; and when he was led forward to bow to the people who were applauding his music, the sight of the poor old man's grief caused many eyes to fill with tears. These are the words that so affected Handel, as he heard them sung:

"Total eclipse! No sun, no moon!

All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! No cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day;
Why thus deprived thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me."

They were composed by the great poet, Milton, and Handel set them to music in his oratorio, "Samson."

Handel did not live many years after he became blind, but he worked to the very end, which came to him at seventy-four years of age.

The English people buried him in Westminster Abbey, where most of their greatest men lie buried.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL
was born
February 23, 1685, at Halle,
and died
April 14, 1759, at London.

George Frederic Handel

1685 – 1759

In a garret choked with lumber of various kinds, to which the dust of years had imparted the greyish hue of neglect and decay, a little fair-haired boy was seated before a spinet, fingering its yellow keys with a tenderness that betokened his fondness for the instrument. The level rays of the setting sun streaming through the dimmed casement lighted up the child's head with its clustering curls, as he bent over the keyboard. The little spinet was almost dumb, and the voice which had cheered so many lonely hours spent in its companionship was hardly more than a whisper. Yet even so the boy loved to listen to it, for the spinet could speak to him as no living voice could speak; its sweet, faint sounds stirred the heart within him as nothing else in the whole of his childish world had the power to move it, awakening and creating fresh sounds that grew ever stronger as the hours flew by unheeded. To him the greatest joy of existence was to steal away to his garret next the sky and whisper his secrets to the friendly spinet.

George Frederick Handel, as the boy was named, was the son of a surgeon of Halle, Lower Saxony, in which town the child was born on February 23, 1685. Even before he could speak little George had shown a remarkable fondness for music, and the only toys he cared for were such as were capable of producing musical sounds. With this love for music, however, the father showed no sympathy whatever; he regarded the art with contempt, as something beneath the serious

notice of one who aspired to be a gentleman, and that his child should have expressed an earnest desire to be taught to play only served to make him angry. He had decided that George was to be a lawyer, and in order that nothing should interfere with the carrying out of this intention he refused to allow the boy to attend school, lest his fondness for music should induce someone to teach him his notes. Poor George was therefore compelled to stifle his longing whilst in his father's presence, and content himself with 'making music' in the seclusion of his own chamber. It may seem strange that Handel's mother should not have interposed in order that her boy should be taught music, but there is no doubt that the elderly surgeon ruled his household with a firm hand, which not even his wife's intercession would have made him relax. Moreover, Dorothea Handel was by nature far too gentle and submissive to seek to turn her husband from his decision. 'Meister Görge,' as he was styled, had been twice married. Dorothea, his second wife, was much younger than her husband, and possessed a gentle disposition that served to win her a place in the hearts of all who knew her, and that little George Frederick had his mother's sympathy in his love for music we cannot doubt.

Handel was about five years of age when the wistful glances which he bestowed upon other children who were more fortunate than he in being permitted to learn music aroused the active sympathy of a kind friend, who procured for him a dumb spinet—a small harpsichord having its sound deadened by strips of cloth tied round the strings. The instrument was secretly conveyed to a lumber-room in the surgeon's house, where a corner had been cleared for its reception, and thither would Handel delightedly repair at such times as he could do so without attracting notice. Hour after hour would pass whilst thus enrapt, until the shades of evening fell, or the moonbeams creeping across the instrument aroused him from his reverie. Often when the house was hushed in slumber the

child would leave his bed, and steal away to the garret in order to commune with his beloved art. Day after day he labored thus, mastering his difficulties one by one, his love and his genius preventing him from feeling the hardest work a drudgery.

For some time this secret practicing continued without arousing suspicion on the part of the other inmates of the house. One night, however, when the child had resorted to his favorite spot, he was suddenly missed by those below, and, as it was known that he had been sent to bed, some fears were felt as to what could have become of him. The servants were summoned, but could give no account of him; the father was fetched from his study, whither he had retired, and a search began. The alarm increased when it was ascertained that the child was in none of the living-rooms of the house, and it was decided that the garrets and lofts must be searched. Calling for a lantern, the surgeon ascended the stairs leading to the lumber-room; it was possible that the boy might have found his way thither on some childish expedition, and there fallen asleep. Great was the father's surprise, on reaching the top-most landing, to hear faint musical sounds proceeding from behind the closed door. Noiselessly retracing his steps, he summoned the rest of the household, and then, ascending the stairs in a body, they paused outside to listen. Sure enough the old garret was full of melodic sounds! Now near, now far off, they seemed to the listeners to be wafted from another world; there was something uncanny about it, and the maids gazed into each other's faces with a scared expression, as the master softly lifted the latch, and, having peeped into the room, beckoned silently to the rest to follow him.

It might have been one of the angel choir itself whom these good people of the under-world had stumbled upon unawares! 'Meister Görge,' lifting his lantern above his head, peered forward into the darkness, whilst the women clasped their hands in astonishment at the vision presented to their

gaze. For there, seated before the spinet, was the white-robed figure of the child, his face half turned towards them, and his eyes, as they caught the light of the lantern, revealing the dreamy, rapt expression of one who is lost to every earthly surrounding.

This discovery does not seem to have produced any outburst of anger on the part of the father. Possibly he was touched by the child's devotion, or by his entreaties, and felt unwilling to deprive him of what, after all, he could only regard in the light of an amusement. At any rate, little Handel appears to have continued his practicing without interruption. The progress which he made with his studies, however, made him long for an opportunity of hearing others play, and, very naturally, of being allowed to express his musical thoughts upon an instrument capable of responding with a fuller sound, though the fulfilment of this latter wish was more than he dared hope for whilst his father remained obdurate. One day, when Handel was seven years old, his father announced his intention of paying a visit to the castle of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels to see his son—a step-brother of George Frederick—who acted as valet de chamber to the Duke. Handel was most anxious to be allowed to accompany his father, because he had heard that the Duke kept a great company of musicians to perform in his chapel. But the father refused his consent, and the boy turned away with a look of fixed determination in his eyes, which it was well, perhaps, that the elderly surgeon did not perceive. 'I will go,' muttered the boy to himself, as he sought the seclusion of his garret; 'I will go, even if I have to run every inch of the way!'

Handel did not know then that no fewer than forty miles lay between his home and the ducal castle, but having formed his bold resolution he awaited the moment when his father set forth on his journey, and then, running behind the closed carriage, he did his best to keep pace with it. The roads were long and muddy, and although he panted on bravely for a long

distance, the child's strength began at last to fail, and, fearing that he would be left behind, he called to the coachman to stop. At the sound of the boy's voice his father thrust his head out of the window, and was about to give vent to his anger at George's disobedience; but a glance at the poor little bedraggled figure in the road, with its pleading face, melted the surgeon's heart. They were at too great a distance from home to turn back, and so Handel was lifted into the carriage and carried to Weissenfels, where he arrived tired and footsore, but supremely happy at having won his point.

Handel had certainly not formed too bright a picture of the musical delights of the Duke's home. The musicians were most friendly towards him, and, as he was by no means shy where his beloved art was concerned, they soon became good friends. His delight was great when he was told that he might try the beautiful organ in the chapel. The organist stood beside him and arranged the stops, whilst the child, with a feeling of coming joy that was almost akin to fear, placed his fingers upon the keys. The next moment his hesitation had vanished, and the sounds were coming in response—one minute low and deep, then mysteriously calling to him from distant corners of the dim galleries, like sweet angel voices which he had the power to summon by the pressure of his fingers. In his lonely garret, fingering his spinet, he had longed for such an opportunity as this, to be enabled to make the great organ-pipes sing to him in whispers, or to thunder back to him in grand, deep chords that would set the whole air vibrating with music. And now the opportunity he craved for had come, and he could speak his musical thoughts into this noble instrument, which had the power to draw from the depths of his soul all that that soul contained. Ah, Handel was glad now that he had persevered and worked so hard at his music. He was glad, too, that he had undertaken that long, toilsome run behind his father's carriage, for it had brought to him the greatest joy of his life.

On several occasions after this the organist came to the chapel on purpose to listen to Handel as the latter played, and he was so struck by the boy's genius that he determined to surprise the Duke by letting Handel play His Highness out of chapel. Accordingly, on the following Sunday, when the service was concluded, the organist lifted Handel on to the organ-stool, and desired him to play. If the young player had needed courage and self-confidence, it must have been at this moment when bidden to perform before the Duke and all his people. But he needed neither, for he instantly forgot all else but the music which he was burning to express, and without a moment's hesitation complied with the organist's request.

The Duke and his friends had risen to their feet as Handel began to play, but the former, who was a good musician himself, instantly detected a difference in the playing, and, glancing towards the organ-loft, he was astonished to behold the figure of a child bending over the keys. But as he listened his astonishment became greater, for it was no longer the child's figure that arrested his attention, but the melody which was pouring forth from the instrument. Instead of walking out of the chapel, the Duke remained standing where he had risen, with his gaze riveted upon the child player, and of course the members of the household likewise kept their places. At length, when Handel ceased to play, the Duke turned to those about him with the inquiry: 'Who is that child? Does anybody know his name?' As no one present seemed to know, the organist was sent for to explain matters. After a few words from this official the Duke commanded that Handel should be brought before him. When the boy appeared he patted him on the head, and praised his performance, telling him that he was sure that he would make a good musician. At this point, however, the organist interposed with the remark that he understood that the boy's father had refused to let him follow up his musical studies. 'What!' cried the Duke in astonishment, 'is it possible that he can

contemplate anything so foolish and unjust as to stifle the genius of his own son! I cannot believe it. Who is the father? Where does he live?' On being told that the surgeon was staying in the palace, the Duke sent for him, and having told him how much he admired his son's performance, he pointed out to him that he would be doing a great wrong to the child if he persisted in placing any obstacle in the way of his advancement. 'I need hardly say,' concluded the kindly Duke, 'that such action on your part would, in my opinion, be quite unworthy of a member of your own honorable profession.' The father listened with respect to what the Duke had to say, and then (though with obvious reluctance) consented to allow the boy to pursue his studies. 'Come,' said the Duke, as he saw that his point was won, 'that is good, and, believe me, you will never regret it.' He finally turned to little Handel, and, patting him once more on the head, bade him work hard at his music, and then took his leave. The child would have thanked him, but his heart was too full for words, and tears of gratitude started to his eyes as the kindly nobleman turned away. At last the wish of his heart would be fulfilled. Happy was the journey that had so happy an ending for the young musician.

As it was now settled that Handel should devote himself to music, it became necessary to place him with a good teacher. Friederich Zachau, an excellent musician, and the organist of the cathedral at Halle, was chosen to instruct the boy in composition as well as to give him lessons on the organ, harpsichord, violin, and hautboy. Zachau was extremely pleased with his pupil, and, perceiving his extraordinary aptitude and genius, he did his best to bring him on. The organist possessed a large collection of music by composers of different countries, and he showed Handel how one nation differed from another in its style of musical expression, or, to put it another way, how the people of a particular country felt with regard to the art. Zachau also taught him to compare the work

of various composers, so that he might recognize the various styles, as well as the faults and excellencies of each. All this time, too, Handel was set work in composition. Before long he was actually composing the regular weekly services for the church, in addition to playing the organ whenever Zachau desired to absent himself—yet at this time Handel could not have been more than eight years old.

It was at the end of three years' hard work that Zachau took his pupil by the hand, and said: 'You must now find another teacher, for I can teach you no more.' Well and faithfully indeed had Zachau discharged his duty toward the pupil for whom, to use his own words, he felt he could never do enough, and grateful must Handel have been for all his care and attention. The parting was sad for both master and pupil, but with both the art which they loved stood before all else, and so Handel was sent to Berlin to pursue his studies.

It is hardly to be wondered at that the people of Berlin should have regarded as a prodigy a child of eleven who was capable of composing music for Church services, as well as of playing the organ and harpsichord in a masterly fashion. There were two well-known musicians living in Berlin at the time, named Ariosti and Buononcini, to whom Handel was of course introduced. The former received the boy very kindly and gave him every encouragement, but Buononcini took a dislike to him from the first, and seems to have done his best to injure the little player's reputation. Under the pretense of testing Handel's powers he composed a most difficult piece for the harpsichord, and, setting it before the child, requested him to play it at sight. The piece bristled with complications, and Buononcini confidently anticipated that Handel would break down over its performance. To his chagrin, however, the boy played it through with perfect ease and correctness, and from that moment Buononcini regarded him as a serious rival. Indeed, Handel's skill in improvising both on the organ and pianoforte created astonishment in all who heard him;

and despite Buononcini's hostility he made many friends. The Elector himself was so delighted with his playing that he offered him a post at Court, and even expressed his willingness to send him to Italy to pursue his studies. Handel's father, however, refused his consent to both proposals; no doubt he thought that if the boy developed according to the promise which he showed it would be necessary to keep him free from Court engagements, since it had happened in the case of others that great difficulty had been experienced in breaking away from such connections. The royal patrons of music were most anxious to obtain the services of the best musicians, and naturally were very loath to part with them when once secured. It was therefore determined that Handel should return to Halle, and be placed once more under the care of his old master. As may be imagined, Zachau was delighted to receive his pupil back again, and, with no less joy on his part, Handel set to work with increased energy to master the science of composition.

Whilst Handel was delighting the people of Berlin with his playing, a little boy, who was destined to become one of the greatest of musicians, was injuring his sight by copying out by moonlight the manuscript music which he had taken from his elder brother's cupboard, and helping to support himself by singing in the street, and at weddings and funerals, snatching every moment that could be spared from such work for adding to his knowledge of composition and playing. That little boy was Johann Sebastian Bach.

About this time Handel formed a friendship with a young student named Telemann, who was studying law at Leipzig. Curiously enough, Telemann's history up to this point bore a close resemblance to that of Handel. From a child he had been passionately devoted to music, but it was his parents' wish that he should study law, and now, in obedience to his mother's desire, he had come to Leipzig University. The love of music, however, was strong within him, and the meeting

with Handel seems to have fired his passion anew. Yet he resolutely set his face against the temptation to stray from the path laid down for him, and to strengthen his resistance he put all his manuscript compositions in the fire—all save one, which lay forgotten in an old desk. It happened that a friend lighted upon this solitary manuscript by accident, and recognizing its beauty showed it to the Church authorities of Leipzig. They in turn were so delighted with it that they immediately offered the composer the post of organist at the Neukirche, at the same time sending him a sum of money for the manuscript, and requesting him to compose regularly for the Church. At this juncture Telemann abandoned the struggle against his love for the art, and to his mother, who was supplying him with the means of living, he wrote, saying that he could no longer hold out against what he felt to be his true sphere of work, and mentioning that he had already begun to receive remuneration for the compositions. At the same time he returned the money which she had sent towards his education and begged her not to think too hardly of him. The fact that his talent for music could produce money seems to have melted the mother's heart, for she instantly wrote to her son, and not only returned the money he had sent, but gave him her blessing into the bargain.

From this point Handel and Telemann became fast friends, and worked together at their musical studies, and it is interesting to record that the latter afterwards became one of the most celebrated German composers of his day. So numerous were his compositions, in fact, that it is told that he could not reckon them, and perhaps no other composer ever possessed such a facility in composition, especially in Church music. When reminded of his extraordinary talent, however, he used to say laughingly that a good composer ought to be able to set a placard to music.

The death of Handel's father, which took place at this period, left his mother with very small means, and Handel at

once determined that he must work for his own living, so as not to deprive his mother of any portion of her limited income, to which, indeed, he hoped to make some addition ere long. But for the present, it was necessary that his education should be completed in accordance with his father's injunction, and so Handel continued to attend the University classes in classics. From this time he acted as deputy organist at the Cathedral and Castle of Halle, and a few years later, when the post fell vacant, he was duly appointed organist, with a salary of £7 1os a year and free lodging. The duties were many, and included attendance on Sundays, festivals, and extra occasions, the care of the organ, and obedience to the priests and elders of the church. The organ was of the old-fashioned kind, in which the bellows were worked by the feet of the blower, who for this reason was called a 'bellows-treader' (Bälgentreter). Handel was now seventeen, and longing for greater things; but he could not expect to earn much in so small a town as Halle, and so, in January, 1703, he said good-bye to his mother and his old friend Zachau, and set out for Hamburg to seek his fortune.

His first engagement at Hamburg was a very small one. The Opera House orchestra needed a ripieno (supplementary violin), and Handel accepted the post. What reason he had for letting it be understood that he possessed only a slight skill in playing is not shown, for to play ripieno meant that he was expected simply to help out the orchestra when additional harmonies were required, and to give support to the solo parts. As may be imagined, this must have seemed very easy work to Handel, nor was it long before he found an opportunity of showing what he was capable of doing. At that time it was the custom for the conductor to preside at the harpsichord, where, with the score of the piece before him, he kept a check upon the players, and, where necessary, beat the time. One day the conductor was absent through some accidental cause, and no arrangement had been made to fill his place.

Handel thereupon without a word stepped up and took his seat at the instrument, and conducted so ably as to excite the astonishment of the other performers. Having thus revealed his powers, he was thereafter permanently established in the post.

Handel had not been long in Hamburg before he made the acquaintance of a most remarkable man named Mattheson. In addition to being an exceedingly clever musician and composer, Mattheson was a good linguist and a writer on a variety of musical subjects. He had formed a resolve to write a book for every year of his life, and he accomplished more than this, for he lived to be eighty-three years of age, and at the time of his death he had published no fewer than eighty-eight volumes. Despite the vanity which formed so large a part of his character, Handel could not fail to be attracted by so accomplished a man, and their acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship which lasted for many years. Shortly after they became known to each other the post of organist in the church of Lübeck fell vacant, and Handel and his friend determined to compete for it. Accordingly, they set out together in the coach, with the evident intention of enjoying themselves. They had a poulterer as fellow-traveler, who seems to have been quite of the same opinion, and as they journeyed to Lübeck they told stories, composed 'double fugues,' (which it is to be hoped the poulterer appreciated), and altogether had a very merry time. On reaching their destination they paid a round of visits to the organs and harpsichords in the town, trying them all in succession, and it was then arranged between them that Handel should compete only on the organ and Mattheson on the harpsichord. Matters, however, were not destined to be carried to the point of actual trial, for they suddenly discovered that the successful competitor would be required to wed the daughter of the retiring organist, and as neither musician contemplated taking so serious a step, they promptly retreated to Hamburg

without even seeking an audience of the would-be bride!

The self-will and determination which marked the character of Handel as a child clung to him through life, and not even the closest ties of friendship prevented his obstinate temper from asserting itself whenever occasion arose. Handel's temper, opposed to Mattheson's vanity, gave rise to a quarrel between the two friends which might have been attended by very serious consequences. Mattheson had written an opera called 'Cleopatra,' in which he himself took the part of Antony, and it had been his custom after the death of this character to take his place at the harpsichord and conduct the rest of the opera. This had been the arrangement with the former conductor, and Mattheson did not doubt that it would be adhered to when Handel presided at the pianoforte. But Mattheson had clearly reckoned without his host, for when the actor-composer, having departed this life on the stage, suddenly reappeared through the orchestra door and walked up to Handel's side with the request that the latter would yield his place to him, he was met by a flat refusal on the part of the conductor in possession. Possibly Handel may have been struck by the absurdity of a personage whose decease had only a few moments before been witnessed by the audience desiring to reassume his mortal dress in the orchestra. Mattheson's vanity, on the other hand, was no doubt deeply injured by his being made to look foolish, and he left the theatre in a rage.

At the conclusion of the piece Handel found his friend awaiting him at the entrance. An altercation took place, and it is said that Mattheson went so far as to box Handel's ears. A public insult such as this could only be wiped out by a resort to swords, and the belligerents at once adjourned to the market-place, where, surrounded by a ring of curious onlookers, they drew their weapons. After several angry thrusts on either side, the point of Mattheson's sword actually touched his adversary's breast, but, fortunately, was turned aside by a

large metal button which Handel wore on his coat. The consciousness of how narrowly he had missed injuring, if not actually killing, his friend brought Mattheson suddenly to his senses, and, the bystanders at this juncture interposing between them, the duelists shook hands, and thenceforth, it is said, became better friends than ever.

The life at Hamburg was a very busy one—full of teaching, study, and composition. With the growth of his fame the number of his pupils increased, and Handel was enabled not only to be independent of his mother's help, but even to send her money from time to time. He now began to practice a habit which remained with him always—that of saving money whenever he could. Unlike most students of his age, he was impressed by the fact that, in order to produce with success works which were essentially works of art, one should be to some extent independent. It was during these student days that he composed his first opera, 'Almira, Queen of Castile,' which was produced in Hamburg on January 8, 1705. Its success induced him to follow it up with others, and then, in the following year, he set out for Italy. It was a journey he had been looking forward to during these years of hard work—ever since the time, in fact, when the Elector's offer had been refused by his father. Now he could go with the feeling that he was a composer of some note, confident that his works would at least obtain a hearing from the Italians. But this tour was not undertaken with the idea of making a holiday: it was to be a time of hard, continuous work as regards both operas and sacred music, by which his fame as a composer was to be greatly enhanced.

At Florence, where he stayed for some time, he composed the opera 'Rodrigo,' which was received with great applause. The Grand Duke was so delighted with it that he presented Handel on the first performance with fifty pounds and a service of plate. At Venice he brought out another opera, 'Agrippina,' the success of which was even greater than any

previously produced. The audience were most enthusiastic, rising from their seats and waving their arms, whilst cries of 'Viva il caro Sassone!' (Long live the dear Saxon) resounded through the house. That a German composer should thus have taken Italian audiences by storm is an indication of the power which Handel wielded through his music, especially when we consider the rivalry which existed between the two countries in regard to the art. At the same time it must be remembered that the works of Handel which were performed in Italy were composed under Italian skies, after close study of the productions and methods of the masters of Italian opera, and when the composer himself was imbued with what he had observed of the tastes and customs of the people. The quality of his works, however, must have served to convince the Italians of the strength which the sister country was capable of putting forth in support of her claim to be regarded as a home of musical art.

Whilst on this tour Handel was present at a masked ball when Scarlatti, the celebrated Italian performer, aroused great applause by his playing on the harpsichord. Handel, whose identity was unknown to both Scarlatti and the audience, was next invited to play, and excited so much astonishment by his performance that Scarlatti, who had been listening intently, exclaimed aloud, 'It is either the famous Saxon himself, or the devil!' Later on, at Rome, the two performers competed in a friendly manner on the organ and pianoforte, and though it was undecided as to which should have the palm for the latter instrument, Scarlatti himself admitted Handel's superiority on the organ, and ever afterwards, when people praised him for his playing, he would tell them how Handel played, and at the same time cross himself in token of his great reverence for his gifted rival.

In Rome itself Handel's interest was deeply aroused, and he returned for a second visit to the city in 1709. It was here that he composed and produced his first oratorio, the

'Resurrection,' which added to his fame as a writer of sacred music. During this second visit he witnessed the arrival of the Pifferari, a band of shepherd-fifers, who each year left their flocks on the Calabrian hills, and journeyed to Rome to celebrate the birth of Christ by singing and playing an ancient chant in memory of the shepherds of Bethlehem. Handel must have retained this simple melody in his mind, for many years later he introduced a version of it into his great oratorio, the 'Messiah,' where, under the title of the 'Pastoral Symphony,' it accompanies the scene of 'the shepherds abiding in the field.'

The following year Handel returned to Germany, and went to Hanover, where he was most kindly received by the Elector (afterwards King George I. of England). The post of Capellmeister, with a salary of about £300, was offered and accepted, but Handel had a further favor to prefer. He had for long cherished a desire to visit England, whither the noise of his fame had already extended, and whence he had received many pressing invitations. His request for leave of absence for this purpose was at once granted by his royal master, but ere Handel could turn his steps to these shores a stronger claim upon him remained to be satisfied: this was to visit his mother and his old master, Zachau. We may imagine the meeting—the mother proud of her son, Zachau equally proud of his pupil. How glad the hearts of both must have been to welcome back one who had so abundantly justified their confidence in his powers! Short as the time had been, the young musician had accomplished a great work for his country, for his compositions had sufficed to show the Italians the height to which the music of Germany had risen. It now remained for him to bring the English under his subjection, and of his success in this direction he had little fear. When the autumn came Handel took leave of his dear ones, and, with the sorrow of parting tempered by joyful anticipations, he set sail for England.

Italian opera had of late become the fashion in the musical world of London, but so much dissatisfaction had been aroused by the manner in which it was produced that it needed all the genius and power of such a master as Handel had shown himself to be to restore it to popular favor. We have, therefore, to think of Handel coming to London, with the fame of his Italian tour clinging to him, to a people longing for music which they could appreciate. That fame had paved, the way for a cordial reception; he must next show them what he could do. In the February following his arrival Handel produced his opera 'Rinaldo' at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, having expended just a fortnight in composing and completing it! The opera was a triumphant success. For fifteen nights in succession (a long run in those days) the house was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, and the charming airs which were first uttered within the walls of the Haymarket Theatre were afterwards wafted to the furthest corners of the three kingdoms. Even to-day, when many of us hear for the first time the airs 'Lascia ch'io pianga' and 'Cara sposa,' we seem to fall at once under the spell of their charm; and can we not imagine the effect which these beautiful songs produced upon the Londoners of nearly two centuries ago, as they were voiced by the great singer Nicolini? We have mentioned but two of the airs which have ever remained popular, but the opera abounded in graceful melodies that could not fail to captivate the ear of a people who had been languishing for the sunshine.

It is interesting to recall the manner in which the opera was put upon the stage in those days. Every effort seems to have been made to render the scenes as realistic as possible, though occasionally this straining after effect was carried to an excess that excited ridicule. Thus, in the scene for Act II. of 'Rinaldo,' representing the garden of Armida, the stage was filled with living birds, which were let loose from cages. As the opera was produced in the winter months, the only birds

available were sparrows—a fact which gave rise to sarcastic comments in the papers. The practice, however, might have been justly condemned on account of its cruelty.

Handel was now firmly established in the favor of English music-lovers. They had expected great things of him, and they were not disappointed. There was a body of true musicians in London at that time to whom the presence of the composer must have given special delight. Regular concerts, where amateur musicians could meet for the purpose of playing and hearing the best music, were unknown, and it was left to the enterprising zeal of one humble individual to originate the idea of the regular weekly concerts in London which later on became so widely known and appreciated. In a small shop near Clerkenwell Green lived a small-coal dealer named Thomas Britton. In those days 'small-coal,' or charcoal, was extensively used amongst the poorer classes, and regularly each morning Britton would shoulder his large sack of the fuel and go his round through the streets, disposing of his burden in pennyworths to the inhabitants. When the round was finished he returned home, changed his clothes, forgot that he was a small-coal man, and became a musician. Nor were there wanting many belonging to far higher stations in life who were ready to testify to the deep love for the art which distinguished the small-coal dealer. In a long, low-pitched room above the shop, which had originally formed part of a stable, Britton had collected a large number of musical instruments of various kinds, as well as the scores of some of the best music of the day. To this humble apartment would repair numbers of amateur and professional musicians belonging to all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest. No one paid for admission, and the sole qualification expected of the visitor was that he or she should be a lover of the art. Thus, at the weekly gatherings in the small-coal man's loft, might have been seen peers of the realm, poets and artists, singers and performers, both known and unknown,

mingling freely together, drinking coffee provided by the host at one penny per dish, and settling themselves down to enjoy the best chamber music of the day. Handel was not long in finding his way thither, and he became a regular attendant, always presiding at the harpsichord. The fame of Britton's assemblies grew apace, and led eventually to the establishment of regular weekly chamber concerts in London.

This first visit to England seems to have implanted in Handel a sincere affection for the country and its people, and although he returned to Hanover and took up his duties again at Court, he felt convinced that London was the center in which his genius could have its fullest play. It was not long, therefore, before he obtained fresh leave of absence to visit England, giving in return a promise to present himself at his post within a 'reasonable' time. How he carried out this promise we shall see from what follows. London was only too glad to see him again, and his acquaintances became more numerous than ever. Lord Burlington invited him to stay at his seat, Burlington House (now the Royal Academy), in Piccadilly, where the only duty expected of him in return for the comforts of a luxurious home and the society of the great was that he should conduct the Earl's chamber concerts. It is difficult to realize that Burlington House stood then in the midst of fields, whilst Piccadilly itself was considered to be so far from town that surprise was felt that Lord Burlington should have removed himself to such a distance from the center of life and fashion. The loneliness of Piccadilly at that period may be surmised from the fact that it was not safe to traverse the thoroughfare after nightfall unless protected by an escort strong enough to repel the attacks of highwaymen who haunted the neighborhood.

The time passed so quickly amidst the pleasures of society and the unceasing devotion to composition that Handel himself probably failed to realize that he was gratuitously extending his leave of absence beyond all 'reasonable' bounds. His

fame had made great progress all this while, and when the wars in Flanders at length came to an end with the signing of the peace of Utrecht, he was called upon to compose the Te Deum and Jubilate, which were performed at the Thanksgiving Service held at St. Paul's, and attended by the Queen in state. To signalize this great event, as well as to mark the royal favor in which the composer was held, Queen Anne awarded Handel a life pension of £200. It is small wonder, then, that he should have been slow to sever, even for a time, his connection with the world of London. Amongst his numerous acquaintance of this time was a certain Dr. Greene, a musician of some ability, but more perseverance, whose attentions to the composer were so persistent as to partake of the nature of persecution. Handel was never the man to cultivate an acquaintance for which he had no liking, and it was a part of his character to make no effort to conceal his dislikes either for persons or things. When, therefore, Dr. Greene sent him a manuscript anthem of his own to look over, Handel put it on one side and forgot it. Sometime afterwards Dr. Greene went to take coffee with the great man, and having waited vainly for some reference to his manuscript until his patience was exhausted, he burst out with: 'Well, Mr. Handel, and what do you think of my anthem?' 'Your antum?' cried Handel in his broken English. 'Ah, yes, I do recollect, I did tink dat it vanted air.' 'Air!' exclaimed the astonished and indignant composer. 'Yes, air,' responded Handel, 'and so I did hang it out of de vindow.'

The death of the Queen must have awakened Handel with a shock to a sense of his neglect of duty, for the Elector of Hanover thereupon came to England as her successor. That King George would be likely to receive Handel with favor was out of the question, notwithstanding the monarch's love of music and the fame which had grown about his Capellmeister's name. The offence lay far too deep for that, and Handel realized that he must employ some special means

of grace to secure his master's pardon. The opportunity he sought for came ere long. A royal entertainment on the Thames was arranged, in which there was to be a grand procession of decorated barges from Whitehall to Limehouse. An orchestra was provided, and Handel was requested by the Lord Chamberlain to compose the music for the fete, in the hope that by so doing he might pave the way towards a reconciliation. Handel acquiesced, and the result was the series of pieces which have since been known as the 'Water Music.' The King was so delighted with the performance that he had it repeated, and, learning that Handel was conducting it in person, he sent for him, and not only granted him a full pardon, but conferred upon him an additional pension of £200. Nor did the royal favor stop here, for he was shortly afterwards appointed music-master to the daughters of the Prince of Wales at a salary of £200 a year. Handel was thus raised to a position of independence, for as the original grant from Queen Anne continued in force he enjoyed a total income of £600 a year, a sum which in those days was equivalent to a considerable fortune.

It was not long after this that Handel was appointed chapel-master to the Duke of Chandos, at the latter's palace of Cannons, near Edgware. The post up till then had been held by a certain Dr. Pepusch, but he resigned at once in favor of Handel. Anything more princely in style than Cannons could hardly be imagined; its size and magnificence were the talk of the country for miles around, whilst the fabulous riches of its owner and his luxuriousness of living earned for him the title of 'The Grand Duke.' The palace itself has long since disappeared, but the chapel originally attached to it has been preserved, and now forms the parish church of Whitchurch, or Little Stanmore. The interior is furnished and decorated after the fashion of the Italian churches, but it is not on account of its structural beauty that the church has become the object of interest to thousands of pilgrims who annually

make their way to the village of Edgware; it is the knowledge that it was here that Handel composed his first English oratorio, 'Esther,' as, well as numerous anthems and other minor works. The manuscript score of this fine work—which is but rarely heard now—is to be seen in the Royal Collection of Handel manuscripts at Buckingham Palace, though a portion of it is missing. No one who finds his way to the church of Little Stanmore should fail to notice the organ, for it is the instrument used by Handel from 1718 to 1721, and on which he played the organ parts of 'Esther,' when the oratorio was performed for the first time in the Duke's chapel. With the lavishness that was his chief characteristic the Duke handed to the composer on this occasion £1,000, but in so doing he may have been actuated by a sincere desire to add to Handel's independence. Those were very happy and busy years which Handel passed at Cannons. Amongst the numerous compositions for the harpsichord belonging to this period is the suite of pieces which includes the air, with variations, popularly known as 'The Harmonious Blacksmith.' The origin of this title has for long been a matter of discussion; it is quite certain that Handel himself did not so name the piece, for the manuscript bears the title only of 'Air et Doubles,' nor was it ever known by any other name during the composer's lifetime. Yet there are few of us, perhaps, who willingly reject as fable the story which for many years after Handel's death was believed to have given a true account of its origin. According to this story Handel was one day walking to Cannons through the village of Edgware, when he was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, and sought shelter within the smithy. The blacksmith was singing at his work, and the strokes of his hammer on the anvil kept time to his song. Handel, it is said, was so struck both by the air and its accompaniment that on reaching home he wrote down the tune with a set of variations upon it. Assuming this story to have no foundation in fact, no satisfactory explanation has been forthcoming to

account for the origin of the title, and when, in 1835, the story was investigated, it was claimed that both anvil and hammer had been traced as having passed through several hands. The blacksmith's name was said to have been Powell, and the anvil is described as bearing a capital P, and, further, that 'when struck with the hammer it gives, first, the note B, but immediately afterwards sounds E. These notes correspond very nearly with the B♭ and E♭, of our present concert pitch, and therefore coincide very closely with the E♮ and B♮ of Handel's times.' Again, with regard to the air itself, the contention that Handel took it from another composer has never been proved, and there is 'absolutely nothing to show that it is not the work of Handel.'

It is difficult for us to imagine the road leading from the Marble Arch (then called Tyburn) to Edgware as being infested by highwaymen. This fact, like that regarding the condition of Piccadilly, serves to show in a striking manner how circumscribed the London of those days must have been. Handel must often have had to travel between Cannons and London, but we do not hear of his having been robbed by the way. The Duke, however, was attacked on more than one occasion, and he always performed the journey with an escort of his favorite Swiss Guards, of whom a body was kept to protect the palace.

For several years the production of opera 'after the Italian style,' which Handel on his coming over had done so much to stimulate, had languished for lack of funds. To many Londoners who were fond of music the sight of the closed doors of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket imparted a feeling of regret and loss. When, therefore, a number of rich patrons of music met together and decided to form themselves into a society for the purpose of reviving the opera in London, the project was received with signs of general pleasure. The King was greatly interested, and subscribed £1,000

to the venture. Handel was at once engaged in the double capacity of composer and 'impressario,' the latter duty charging him with the selection and engagement of singers. The new society was to be called the Royal Academy of Music, but we must not confuse this body with the Royal Academy of Music existing at the present day, which was founded in 1822.

Handel now set out for Germany with the object of visiting Dresden, where the Elector of Saxony was maintaining a company of the best singers for the performance of Italian opera. On his return journey he paid a visit to Halle, where he found his mother alive, and overjoyed to see him, though the cheery welcome of his old master Zachau could no longer be heard, for the old man had gone to his rest. There was another sad note about this visit, for on the very day that Handel left for England Sebastian Bach, filled with a longing to meet his great contemporary, arrived at Halle, whither he had journeyed from Cöthen, only to find that he was a few hours too late. This was the last chance of their meeting, for when Handel paid his next visit to Germany Bach was dead.

Early in the following year the doors of the theatre in the Haymarket were besieged by a huge crowd, anxious to secure seats for the performance of Handel's new opera, 'Radamisto,' which was being produced by the Royal Academy of Music. The applause was deafening, and the success of the opera was assured. But Handel was not to be left to enjoy his honors in peace; an opposition party had already arisen, who were moved to do him evil partly from envy, and partly because he had stirred them up to resentment by his dominancy and self-will. From Hamburg came his old enemy, Buononcini, to try his fortune with the new society, and it was not long ere the rival composers were engaged with a third musician, whose name is uncertain (though some state it to have been that of Handel's friend of his Hamburg days—Ariosti), in the composition of a new opera. It was arranged that this work should form a kind of competition, with the object of determining

whether Handel or Buononcini was the better composer. Thus Handel wrote the third act, and Buononcini the second, the first act being committed to the hands of the third musician, whose claim to be regarded as a rival was very small in comparison with the others. When the new work, 'Muzio Scævola,' was performed Handel's act was pronounced by the principal judges to be much superior to that of Buononcini's; the latter's friends, however, refused to accept a defeat, and being joined by others, the battle waxed exceedingly hot. The newspapers took it up, and very soon nothing else was talked about but the rival merits of the two composers. Numerous verses were composed on either side, as well as others which poked fun at both parties. Amongst the latter was an epigram written by John Byrom, the Lancashire poet, which, without the knowledge of the author, got into all the papers, and was considered to hit off the situation more neatly than any which had gone before. Thus it runs:

'Some say, compar'd to Buononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a Ninny;
Others aver, that be to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a Candle;
Strange all this Difference should be,
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!'

That Handel showed scant consideration for those who differed from him in regard to his works is proved by his treatment of the artists who were engaged to perform for him. He could not be thwarted from his bent, nor cajoled into doing anything that he disliked, whilst his stubborn pride prevented him from yielding to any, whether great or small. When, in 1723, his opera 'Ottone' was about to be produced, he had engaged as prima donna the great Continental singer, Francesca Cuzzoni. The lady does not appear to have possessed the sweetest of tempers, and she showed her independence by not putting in an appearance in England until the

rehearsals were far advanced. This could not have been pleasing to the composer, but when on her presenting herself at the theatre she flatly refused to sing the aria 'Falsa Immagine' in the way Handel had written it, he burst into a rage, and seizing her in his arms, cried: 'Madam, you are a very she-devil, but I vill have you know dat I am Beelzebub, de prince of devils!' with which he made as if to throw her out of the window. Cuzzoni was so frightened by his fury that she promised to do as she was bid. Accordingly, she sang as he directed, and made one of her greatest successes with the song. How much the public appreciated the singing of this gifted artist we may guess when it is told that the directors obtained as much as five guineas for each seat when she was advertised to sing.

Although he would brook no contradiction on the part of those who were engaged to execute his works, Handel spared no pains to help them over a difficulty, or to show how his music should be expressed. At times, however, his temper took the form of the most unsparing sarcasm. One day a singer at rehearsal protested against the manner in which Handel was accompanying him on the harpsichord, and in a fit of anger exclaimed: 'If you continue to accompany me in that fashion I will jump from the platform on to the harpsichord, and smash it!' 'Vat!' cried Handel, looking up in surprise, 'do you say you vill jump? Den I vill advertise it at once, for people vould come to see you jump dat vill never come to hear you sing!'

We have not space to describe the whole of the works which Handel wrote for the Royal Academy of Music. His industry was untiring, and the fertility of his genius was such that within a period of eight years from the beginning of the Society's work he had composed and produced no fewer than fourteen operas. Amongst this number was the opera called 'Scipione,' in which is to be found a 'Triumphal March in D,' which the Grenadier Guards claim to have been specially

composed for their regiment by Handel before its inclusion in the opera. The Guards are very proud of their march, and the band still plays it under the title of the 'Royal Guards March.'

During the whole of this time, however, Handel's enemies never ceased their opposition, and, despite successes, it was soon apparent that the rival parties were bent on destroying each other. The enormous cost incurred in producing operatic works, added to the losses occasioned by quarrels and dissensions amongst the singers, many of whom deserted Handel to join his enemies, at length brought the Royal Academy to the end of its resources. In 1727, when the society was tottering to its fall, the rival theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields brought out the famous work called 'The Beggar's Opera,' written by John Gay, which formed the first English ballad opera. Its success was stupendous; London was taken completely by storm, and everybody was soon singing and humming its catching airs. Fickle as the public taste had hitherto shown itself to be in regard to musical productions, it now became fixed on the new work, and opera in the 'Italian style' was completely deserted. What was the secret of this wonderful success? Simply this: a poet seized upon a number of the most entrancing airs which the musical genius of England and Scotland had produced, many of them belonging to ancient times, together with the favorite melodies of the day, and he set them to words which were utterly unworthy of the sentiment inspired by these beautiful compositions. The richest stores of ballad music were pillaged for this degrading work; the march in Handel's 'Rinaldo' was stolen to form a robber's chorus, whilst the exploits of Captain Macheath and his highwaymen companions were held up as models of daring and gallantry when performed to the most captivating of airs. The public hailed the piece with delight; the ladies modelled their dresses on the stage costume of 'Polly,' the heroine, and decorated their fans with the words of her songs, and for sixty-two nights the walls of the Lincoln's

Inn Fields theatre shook with thunders of applause from gallery, pit, and stalls. In thus speaking of a work which not only held London captive for so long, but was afterwards performed in every part of the kingdom, we must not forget that its remarkable popularity was due in some measure to the brightness of its dialogue; to its witty sayings hitting off men and manners of the day; but, above all, to the exquisite beauty of its melodies, which served to lay a glamour over what otherwise would have undoubtedly been condemned as vulgar.

The success of the 'Beggar's Opera' completed the ruin of the Royal Academy of Music, but Handel, undismayed by the failure of this great scheme, and setting his enemies at defiance, went once more to Italy to collect a new company of singers, for he was determined to carry on the work himself with the fortune which his operas had brought him. On his way home he paid a visit to Halle, where he found his aged mother stricken by illness. She lingered until the following year (1730), when she died at the age of eighty. For several years Handel struggled to build up the fortunes of Italian opera in London, but the persistent rivalry and opposition of his enemies, combined with the decadence of musical taste on the part of the public, caused his losses to accumulate, until, in 1737, he found himself, after repeated failures, deeply in debt, and with his health broken down by overwork and anxiety. The whole of his fortune of £10,000 had been swallowed up in this disastrous enterprise, and it was a poor consolation for him to know that his rivals failed in the same year with a loss of £12,000. Not even at this juncture, however, would his indomitable will submit to the force of circumstances. After a brief rest at Aix la Chapelle, with a course of vapor baths, he returned to London prepared to begin the battle afresh, and although he had lost to a great extent the favor of the rich, his popularity was such that a statue of himself was executed by public subscription, and erected in

Vauxhall Gardens, an honor which, as has been truly observed, had been paid to no other composer during his lifetime.

It was only after several failures that Handel was at length convinced that it was useless to attempt to re-awaken the interest of English audiences in Italian opera, and yet, although he made no concealment of his regret at the abandonment of a line of composition in which he had so greatly excelled, it was with no diminished vigor or determination that he now, at the age of fifty-five, turned his attention to work of a serious character. And if we admit that Handel excelled in operatic work, what shall we say of the oratorios which formed the later creations of his genius? To many of us, perhaps, his name is so intimately associated with the titles of his religious works that we are almost ready to believe that all which had gone before was merely in the nature of preparation for such noble works as 'Satil,' 'Israel in Egypt,' 'Samson,' 'Jephtha,' and, above all, the 'Messiah.' It is on the 'Messiah' alone that our space permits us to dwell, and we will endeavor to relate the story of how this great oratorio came to be written.

It was in 1741 that the plan of writing the 'Messiah' was formed, but it is not known whether the subject originated with Handel himself, or was suggested to him by a friend named Mr. Charles Jennens, a man of great literary tastes and acquirements, who lived a retired life in the country. It is certain, however, that Mr. Jennens selected and wrote out the passages from the Scriptures, and sent them to Handel to set to music, and for the care and choice exercised in this compilation we owe to Mr. Jennens a deep debt of gratitude. Towards the end of this year Handel received an invitation from the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland to visit Dublin, as the Irish people were very desirous of hearing some of his compositions performed in their country. Handel accepted the invitation very willingly, for he saw in the tone in which it was

conveyed an assurance of the sympathy of the sister isle, as well as a prospect of being enabled to retrieve his fallen fortunes. He left England at the beginning of November, having previously sent a promise to Dublin that he would devote a portion of the money realized by his performances to three charitable institutions in that city. The music of the 'Messiah' must have been actually composed before he set foot upon the ship at Chester, for at the end of the following month we find him writing to Mr. Jennens from Dublin, and referring to the latter's oratorio, '"Messiah," which I set to music before I left England.' Moreover, he must have had the manuscript score with him on his voyage, though his friends in London were ignorant of the fact; for we learn that being detained at Chester for some days by contrary winds, he got together at his inn several of the choir boys from the cathedral in order to try over some of the choral passages in the work. Needless to say, the title of the oratorio was not allowed to transpire on this occasion, but many of us may feel curious to know whether any of these young singers felt impressed by the beauty of the parts which it was their envied lot to 'try over' in the composer's room at the hostelry. One at least of these trial performers must have carried away an unpleasant experience of the great man's impetuous temper. 'Can you sing at sight?' was the question put to each before he was asked to sing, and one broke down lamentably at the start. 'What de devil you mean!' cried Handel, snatching the music from his hands. 'Did not you say you could sing at sight?' 'Yes, sir, I did,' responded the confused singer, 'but not at first sight!'

The welcome extended to Handel by the people of Dublin was a very warm one; the performances were a great success, and then we get the first public mention of the new oratorio. At the 'Musick Hall in Fishamble Street, Dublin' is to be performed 'Mr. Handel's new grand Oratorio, called the "Messiah," in which the Gentlemen of the Choirs of both Cathedrals will assist, with some Concertos on the Organ, by

Mr. Handel.' It was further announced that the proceeds would be devoted to two charitable institutions, and 'for the Relief of the Prisoners in the several Gaols.' These latter were miserable persons who had been imprisoned for debt, and whose sufferings through neglect and poverty were such as to excite deep compassion. Four hundred pounds was the sum realized by this performance, which took place on Monday, April 13, 1742, and no doubt the poor prisoners felt very grateful to the composer, who had thus put into practice the very precepts which his sacred work inspired. So great was the success of this first performance that a second was called for, the announcement of which contained an earnest appeal to the ladies to leave their hoops behind them. This singular request was obeyed, with the result that accommodation was found for one hundred more persons than on the first occasion.

The citizens of Dublin seem to have been very loath to part with Handel, whilst he, for his part, must have felt in the warmth of his reception some recompense for the neglect from which he had been made to suffer in London. The visit was therefore prolonged for many months, and it was not until March 23, 1743, that a London audience gathered to witness their first performance of the 'Messiah.' How is it possible to give, in a few words, an idea of this great work? When we hear the 'Messiah' performed we are struck by its magnificence and beauty of expression; the language of Scripture seems to be clothed, as it were, in a beautiful garment of music which, ever changing as the oratorio proceeds, appears to give the fullest and most exact expression to each portion of the sacred story. At one time the music blazes forth like a jeweled crown when it catches the sun; at another it soars heavenwards like the song of the lark; once again it pours forth like the thunderous roar of a huge cataract, filling our ears with the majesty of its volume; then, again, it sinks to the tender moan of the wind as it sweeps through the trees; but everywhere and at all

times it seems to exactly fit the words, and to give them their noblest expression. The oratorio opens within overture, grand, yet simple, and designed to prepare our minds for the story which follows. Then we hear the words of the prophet Isaiah, 'Comfort ye my people,' telling of the coming of the Messiah, and relating the signs by which His approach is to be heralded—'Ev'ry valley shall be exalted,' etc.—and leading up to the revelation, 'The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light,' and so to the mighty outburst of harmony—'Wonderful! Counsellor!'—with which the prophecy reaches its culminating point. When these words are thundered forth in chorus we seem to have suddenly presented to our eyes a picture of the Messiah as He was revealed to the mind of the Prophet. But note attentively what follows. With the concluding notes of that grand choral outburst still ringing in our ears—the designation of a mighty Prince, a great Counsellor—we find ourselves, at the ushering in of the Nativity, not, as the words of the chorus would seem to predict, at the welcoming scene of a great Prince in all his splendor, but in the presence of a group of lowly shepherds tending their flocks in the quiet fields of Judaea. How wonderfully striking is the contrast between the grandeur of the concluding chorus and the simplicity and quiet beauty of the scene now presented to us by the Pastoral Symphony! It is founded upon the ancient melody which Handel had heard the Calabrian shepherds play at Rome many years before, and soon the air is ringing with the chorus of the heavenly host, 'Glory to God in the highest,' followed by the joyful outburst, 'Rejoice greatly.' Then comes the revelation of what Christ shall be to His people—'He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd,' 'His yoke is easy and His burthen is light'—with which the first part comes to an end.

In the second part we are shown the incidents leading up to the Passion, and our emotions are deeply stirred by the pathetic music indicating the sufferings of our Lord. What

could be more touchingly beautiful than the air, 'He was despised and rejected of men'? in the writing of which Handel is said to have burst into tears. Then, the Passion past, we have the realization of all that that sacrifice meant, the awakening of hope, followed by the triumphal chorus, 'Lift up your heads, ye gates!' and after a succession of beautiful airs and choruses we reach the culminating point of the Recognition in that grand hymn of praise, the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' with which the second part concludes.

Scarcely have the glorious hallelujahs of the last chorus died away ere the beautiful strains of the air, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' are ringing in our ears; from this we are led to the chorus, 'Worthy is the Lamb,' indicating the glorification of the sacrifice, and the marvelous concluding chorus of the 'Amen,' which strikingly portrays the unified assent of heaven and earth to the Godhead of Christ.

On the occasion of the first performance of the 'Messiah' in London, at which the King was present, the vast audience were so impressed by the grandeur of the music and the reverence which it inspired that when the 'Hallelujah Chorus' began, and the words, 'For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth,' rang out, they one and all, including the King, sprang to their feet as if by a given signal, and stood until the last notes of the chorus had been sounded. From that time forward it has been the custom at performances of the oratorio to stand during the 'Hallelujah Chorus.'

No other sacred musical work has been the means of securing for the sick and needy so much relief as that which the 'Messiah' has effected by its frequent performances in various parts of England and on the Continent. Handel, as we have seen, gave the proceeds of its first performance to help the sick and miserable, and his good example has been followed by many others. Later on his compassion was aroused by the poor, helpless little inmates of the Foundling Hospital. We all know the Foundling Hospital, in Guilford Street, Russell

Square, but perhaps we do not all know why it is that Handel's portrait is there accorded the place of honor, or why the foundlings should hold the composer's memory in such reverence. Handel did not, it is true, establish the hospital; it was founded in 1741 by one Captain Coram, out of the profits of a trading vessel of which he was the master. But nine years later (in 1750) he presented the hospital with a fine organ, and, in order to inaugurate the opening of the instrument, he announced that he would perform upon it the music of the 'Messiah.' So great was the demand for seats upon this occasion that it was found necessary to repeat the performance. Handel afterwards presented a manuscript score of the oratorio to the Foundling, and undertook to give an annual performance of the work for the benefit of the charity. Eleven performances under his direction were given at the Foundling before his death, by which a sum of £6,955 was added to the hospital funds. Nor did this good work cease with the composer's death, for we learn that the annual performances continued to be given, and that seventeen of these brought the total amount by which the 'Messiah' benefited the hospital up to £10,299, a fact which of itself speaks volumes for the appreciation in which the oratorio was held.

In connection with the gift of the 'Messiah' score to the Foundling an amusing story is told, which serves to illustrate the imperiousness of Handel's temper. The directors of the hospital were desirous of retaining for themselves the exclusive right to perform the 'Messiah,' and with this idea they sought to obtain an Act of Parliament confirming their rights. When Handel heard of the proposal, however, he burst out in a rage with, 'Te teufel! for what sall de Foundlings put mein moosic in de Parliament? Te teufel! mein moosic sall not go to de Parliament!' And it is hardly necessary to add that 'de moosic' did not go to 'de Parliament.'

It is difficult, within the compass of this little story, to convey a just idea of the extraordinary amount of work which

Handel's life comprised. One oratorio after another followed the 'Messiah,' none of them entitled to rank with that great work for either loftiness of subject or grandeur of expression, yet many containing passages of unrivalled beauty. 'Jephtha,' which was the last oratorio he composed, contains the magnificent recitative, 'Deeper and deeper still,' and the beautiful song, 'Waft her, angels.' It was while writing 'Jephtha' that Handel became blind, but, though greatly affected by this loss, it did not daunt his courage or lessen his power of work. He was then in his sixty-eighth year, and had lived down most of the hostility which formerly had been so rife against him. Who, indeed, could for long withstand so imperious a will, backed by such unquenchable genius? With increased fame, moreover, his fortunes had built themselves up once more, so that when he died he left £20,000 to be disposed of by his executors.

The range of Handel's compositions was gigantic; there was no branch of the art which his genius did not penetrate and adorn, but it is as a writer of choruses that his power is seen at its best. 'No one,' writes Mr. Julian Marshall, in his biography of the composer, 'before or since has so well understood how to extract from a body of voices such grand results by such artfully simple means as those he used.' No master, we may add, has given us music which expresses with greater clearness, beauty, or force the passages of Scripture it is intended to illumine than that which is to be found in the choral parts of Handel's oratorios. Handel was the greatest master of counterpoint the world has ever seen, and this power enabled him to give musical expression to written words with an ease and fluency which can only be described as marvelous. Yet it is not its marvelous character which strikes us when we hear his work for the first time so much as its oneness with the subject it portrays; we feel that it is like some grand painting, in which color and form are so charmingly blended as to make a perfect and indivisible whole.

It is often alleged that Handel copied from other composers, and that such was the case there is abundant evidence to show. It must be remembered, however, that in his day people did not attach to originality of ideas the value which we allow to them now. Handel, however, did more than this: he not only borrowed ideas or themes which—to a great extent, at least—were regarded as common property, but he actually embodied in some of his works entire passages taken from the compositions of comparatively unknown composers. For this no justification is possible; nor, on the other hand, can it be urged that Handel stole other men's brains because he lacked power to use his own. The only thing that it seems possible to say by way of explaining a practice which must be condemned as dishonest is that Handel in all probability did not realize his offence or view it in the light in which we view it at the present day. Everything in his life and character argues against the idea of his committing an action which he held to be mean or dishonest. No man could have been more fearlessly independent, either in thought or action, and, whatever other faults he possessed, his character has always been regarded as strictly honorable.

Handel was a big man, with a very commanding presence and a fiery temper, which, as we have seen, was apt to explode at trifles. He did not hesitate to launch the most virulent abuse at the heads of those who ventured to talk whilst he was conducting, and at such times not even the presence of royalty could make him restrain his anger. But when Handel raved the Princess of Wales would turn to her friends, and say softly, 'Hush, hush! Handel is angry.' He had a rooted dislike to hearing his orchestra tune up in his presence, and he gave strict orders that the performers were to get this business over before he arrived. One night, however, when the Prince of Wales was to be present, a wag gained access to the orchestra and secretly untuned every instrument. When the Prince arrived and the audience were all seated, Handel 'gave the

signal to begin con spirito, when such a discord arose that the enraged musician started from his seat, overturned the double-bass, seized a kettledrum, threw it at the leader of the orchestra, and lost his wig. He advanced bareheaded to the front of the orchestra, but was so choked with passion that he could not speak. Here he stood, staring and stamping, amidst general convulsions of laughter, until the Prince presently, with much difficulty, appeased his wrath, and prevailed on him to resume his seat.'

Handel's fondness for the pleasures of the table was one of the weaknesses which his enemies did hot fail to make the most of, and which has given rise to more than one story. For instance, it is told that he went into a dining-house one day and ordered 'dinner for three.' The waiter, having received the order, disappeared, and was absent so long that Handel lost patience, and, ringing the bell, demanded to know why the meal was delayed. 'Sir,' replied the waiter, 'I was awaiting the arrival of the company.' 'De gompany!' cried the famished musician, in a voice which made the glasses jingle, and caused the waiter to start back in dismay, 'I am de gompany!'

Dr. Burney, the eminent musician and friend of Handel, has described the composer's countenance as having been 'full of fire and dignity.' 'His general look,' continues the doctor, 'was somewhat heavy and sour, but when he did smile it was the sun bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and good humor beaming in his countenance which I hardly ever saw in any other.' His sense of humor was keen, and he could relish a joke—especially when it was not directed towards himself. When visiting Dublin he was accompanied by the celebrated violinist Dubourg, who was engaged to play at his performances. One evening Dubourg was delighting the audience with an extempore cadenza, and wandered so far away from the original key that he found it no easy matter to return to it. At length, after some moments of suspense, the shake was heard

which announced that the violinist was about to return to the theme; Handel thereupon looked up from the harpsichord, and, in a voice loud enough to be heard throughout the hall, exclaimed, with significant emphasis, 'Velcome home again, Mr. Dubourg!'

In bringing our story of Handel's life to a close, we are tempted to make a brief comparison between Handel and that other great master who lived and worked at the same time—Sebastian Bach. When we compare the two men we perceive this marked difference between them—namely, that, while Bach evinced a complete indifference with regard to public praise, but a very deep interest in the works of other musicians, Handel cared a great deal for what the public thought of his works, and was too much absorbed in his own music to give much attention to the compositions of others. The one wrote for posterity; he published but little, and it was only when half a century had passed since his death that the musical world awoke to a sense of the inestimable value which attached to the works which that life had produced. Handel, on the other hand, studied the tastes of his own day as regards both sacred and secular music, and devoted the whole of his life to the supply of that demand on the part of the public which he had done so much to create and develop.

Full as was Handel's life as regards the fulfilment of its great object, it was in other ways extremely simple. Few things outside his incessant round of work interested him, but he was fond of going to the theatre, and he had a passion for attending picture sales. Of his charity we have spoken, but we may add that he was always ready to help those in distress, and he helped to found the Society for Aiding Distressed Musicians. The last occasion in which he appeared in public was at a performance of the 'Messiah' at Covent Garden, on April 6, 1759. On the 14th of the same month his death took place at the house in Brook Street where he had resided for many years. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a grand

monument was later on erected to his memory. His chief manuscripts came into the possession of King George III., and are preserved in the musical library at Buckingham Palace.

Frederick the Great

The Boy of Potsdam

1712 –1786

A little boy and girl sat playing on a harpsichord in one of the great stiffly-furnished and lofty-ceilinged rooms of the Potsdam Palace, outside Berlin. The boy wore his yellow hair in long curls, his eyes were merry and he laughed often, while his sister, who was a little older, seemed quite as happy. The children were practicing for their music lesson, and only too glad to be free of their teachers for a time, because music was dearest to them both.

Without a word of warning the door of the room was thrown open, and a big, heavy-faced man stood on the threshold.

"What's all this?" he cried, his voice snarling with anger, and his small eyes shot with red. "Haven't I given orders that you're never to touch that thing again?" At the sound of the man's voice both children had jumped from their chairs and stood, stiff as ramrods, facing the speaker. The boy had raised his hand to the side of his head in salute.

"Please, sir," said the girl, "we're both so very fond of music."

"Silence," commanded the man, who was no other than their father, Frederick William, King of Prussia. "Fritz can speak for himself; he doesn't need a girl to defend him."

"Wilhelmina has told you, sir," said the boy, "how much

we both love music. Indeed I'd rather listen to it than do anything else, and I want to learn how to play it for myself. I don't care anything about being a soldier." The King's face was almost purple with anger. He looked as though he would box the boy's ears on the spot, but he held himself in check.

"You little brat!" he cried. "A soldier you shall be, and nothing else! Do you think the kingdom of Prussia can be ruled by a crazy fool of a musician? Don't talk to me of harpsichords, or books, or pictures. You're not to be a woman, but a king!"

The boy knew his father too well to attempt any answer; there was no one in Prussia who would dare speak freely before King Frederick William.

After scowling at his son in silence for some minutes the man spoke again. "Listen to my orders and see that you obey them. From to-day your music-masters are discharged, every instrument is moved from the palace, and if either of you two is found playing such things I will have you locked in your rooms for a week to live on barley and water. Now, sir, step before me to the hair-dresser. I'll have those locks of yours shorn so that you'll look less like a girl and more like, a grenadier."

Fritz, keeping back the tears in mingled shame and terror, walked to the door and paced down the hall before his father. He tried to hold himself straight like a soldier, but it was hard when he felt as though he were being marched to execution.

The King handed the boy over to the hair-dresser, and in fifteen minutes the curls were all gone and Fritz's hair was close-cropped like a man's. As soon as he was free he ran to his mother's room, and there the gentle Queen, Sophia Dorothea, took him in her arms and comforted him. She knew how sensitive her little son was, how absolutely different from his father, and she could sympathize with both the children's suffering under the King's cruelty.

For once the mother dared to disobey her husband. The

next week she told the two children to go to a distant part of the palace grounds where there was a deep wood, and see what they should find there. They obeyed, and ran eagerly down the path to the forest where they had often played under the trees and in the caves in the rocks. They came to a little greenwood circle completely hidden from the roads and there found their music-master. He led them to a cave, and showed them Wilhelmina's little spinnet, and Fritz's flute lying on it. That was their mother's surprise. She had arranged that the children's music teacher should meet them out there and give them the lessons they wanted. Boy and girl were happy again; they took up their music eagerly, and were soon playing as of old. Perhaps the very secrecy lent the lessons charm.

The hours spent in the forest and cave were a great success, but one day Fritz found a small drum at the palace, and forgetting the King's orders he started to march about the halls beating it, followed by the admiring Wilhelmina. Suddenly, in the middle of the triumphal procession, the King came upon them. Poor Fritz dropped the drumsticks and stood at attention, while Wilhelmina, behind him, grew white with fear of what should happen.

To their amazement the King's stern face softened; he smiled, then he laughed and clapped his hands. "Ah, Fritz, now you're a soldier! I mistook you for one of my own guard, boy."

The King was delighted. He thought that at last his son was fired with martial fervor. While the boy went back through the halls beating his drum Frederick called the Queen to watch his soldier son, and immediately ordered the court artist to paint a picture of the scene on canvas. A day or two later he told Fritz of a plan he had in store. He would form a military company of boys of his own age for him, build them an arsenal on the palace grounds, and have them drilled by officers of the army.

With the King to speak was to act. A month had not passed before the small boy, dressed in a general's uniform, found himself in command of about three hundred youths of his own age, all properly equipped with uniforms and arms, and known as "The Crown Prince Cadets." They made a remarkable contrast to that other regiment of which King Frederick William was so proud, which was made up of giants, men all over six feet six inches tall, seized wherever they were found in Prussia and elsewhere and forced into his army.

The boy general and his cadets were drilled hours at a time day after day by the Prussian officers, in the hope of making soldiers of them and nothing else. Fritz hated it; he wanted to read and to learn music, and day by day he found less and less time to steal off to those wonderful meetings in the woods or to romp with Wilhelmina in the schoolroom. The French governess who had taught him was taken away, and he was placed under military tutors who made him learn gunnery and battle tactics at the arsenal which his father had built for him on the grounds. When the boy was ten the King started to take him to all the military reviews. In going from garrison to garrison the King rode on a hard wagon called a sausage-car, which was simply a padded pole about ten feet long on which the riders sat astride. Ten or more men would jolt over the roads on such cars with the King summer and winter, and he made the boy ride in front of him, through the broiling sun or the winter snow, waking him whenever he fell asleep by pulling his ear and saying, "Too much sleep stupefies a fellow."

In such iron fashion the father did his best to change the sensitive, gentle nature of his son to something like his own.

At the age of ten Fritz's days were marked out hour by hour by Frederick William. Not even Sunday was free. He was marched from teacher to teacher, all sports were denied him, and he was never allowed to read or play. His hair was kept close cut, his clothes were heavy and coarse, he was treated more like a prisoner than a prince. To the boy's masters the

King gave one direction: "Teach him to seek all glory in the soldier profession." When his mother or sister dared to interfere the King would turn on them in a rage; Wilhelmina was sent time and again to her room, to be starved until she grew more docile.

The boy's time was divided between Berlin and the Palace of Wusterhausen, a country seat some twenty miles outside of the capital. The palace was a very simple dwelling set in the middle of swampy fields, with a fringe of thickets. In the grounds were many natural fish-ponds, and game of all kinds was plentiful in the woods. The somber old monarch loved this place, and had built there a fountain with stone steps, where he liked to sit in the evening and smoke his long porcelain pipe. He often had his dinner served by the fountain, and afterward would throw himself down on the grass for a nap. Aside from this simple entertainment, the King's only pleasure lay in hunting in the woods.

The children and their mother found Wusterhausen very unattractive. The only pets they were allowed were two black bears, very ugly and vicious. They had no comforts indoors, and were treated as though they were children of the meanest peasant. Some boys might have found sport in the fish-ponds, the groves and the streams about the place, filled as they were with fish and game, but Fritz cared nothing for such things. Their loneliness drew the two children closer and closer together, and their dislike of their father increased with each year that he took them out to Wusterhausen.

The father, on his part, was growing more and more contemptuous of his son. He found Fritz cared nothing for the army, nothing for the chase, that the hardship and exposure of rough life were torture to him. Worse than that, he had discovered some verses in French that Fritz had written, and spoke of him scornfully to the men of his court as "the French flute-player and poet." It would have been very hard for the boy if he had not had a mother and sister who were so devoted

to him, and did everything they possibly could to protect him from his father's tyranny.

When he was fourteen, Frederick William appointed Fritz captain of his Grenadier Guards. This was the regiment made up of giants, and was one of the most singular passions of the very singular old King. He sent men through the whole of Europe and Asia to search for very tall men. Some of the regiment were almost nine feet high. When a foreign monarch wished to curry favor with the King of Prussia he would send him a giant. The King showered favors on these men. He had court painters paint portraits of each one of them. They were the very centre of that great army which was the sole pride of the old warrior, and which he was building up so that it should become the greatest military force in Europe.

Fritz tried to do his duty as captain of the regiment, and gradually acquired something of a military bearing. For a short time his father was pleased, but his pleasure did not last long; for the boy could not keep away from the fascinations of music and of books, and all of the various arts which were constantly coming into Prussia from France.

The flute was Fritz's favorite instrument, and it so happened that a very celebrated teacher of the flute came from Dresden about this time, and gave lessons in the Prussian capital. As soon as Fritz learned that this man was a splendid teacher he arranged to have him come secretly to his room at Potsdam. The boy's mother knew of this plan, and did her best to keep his secret; but it was a very dangerous matter, for the old King was growing more and more suspicious, and also more and more fierce. A friend of Fritz's, who was about his own age, stood guard outside the boy's room, while he was having his lessons on the flute, and another guard was stationed at the entrance to the palace grounds with orders to send word at once if the King should appear.

When Fritz was satisfied of his safety, he would go up to his own room, throw aside the tight, heavy military coat

which he hated, and put on a flowing French dressinggown, scarlet colored, and embroidered with gold. Then, dressed to suit himself, he would take his music lesson, and enjoy every minute of the stolen pleasure.

One day, however, in the middle of his playing, the friend at the door rushed into the room announcing that the King was coming. This boy and the teacher seized the flutes and music books and ran into a wood-closet, where they stood shaking with fear. Fritz threw off his dressinggown, pulled on his military coat and sat down at a table, opening a book.

Now the old King, his brows bent with anger, burst into the room. The sight of his delicate son reading seemed like fuel to his rage. He never minced his words, and proceeded to heap abuse on the head of the poor Prince, when all of a sudden he caught sight of the end of the scarlet gown sticking out from behind a screen. "What is that?" he cried, and stepping across the room pulled the gown out. Beside himself with rage he crammed it into the fireplace, and threw after it many of the ornaments the boy had used to decorate his room. Then he walked to the bookshelves and swept all the volumes to the floor, saying that he would have a bookseller buy the library next day, because his son was to be a soldier and not a scholar. For an hour he stayed there, pacing up and down the room, lecturing Fritz until the boy was almost sick with shame.

Finally he left, and the two in the wood-closet were able to come out, both of them almost as badly frightened as the Prince himself.

But if the King treated his son so badly, he treated his daughter Wilhelmina none the less so. He could hardly stand the sight of her at times, and her mother had to arrange a series of screens in her room so that when Frederick William came to see her the daughter could escape behind them. After such scenes Fritz and Wilhelmina would try to comfort each other, but the boy was gradually growing more sullen and

rebellious.

Again and again the boy thought of escape; he would have been only too glad to give up his position as Prince in exchange for the chance to live simply in some foreign land, free to follow his own tastes as other boys did theirs. He would have made the attempt, but he knew only too well that should he escape his father's hand would fall in terrible wrath on his dear sister Wilhelmina. He decided to stay and bear the burdens of this life the King had planned for him rather than desert his mother and sister. He was not a coward even if he was not made of iron.

At last the boy felt that he must act in self-defense. His father, suffering from the gout, took to flogging Fritz in the very presence of the lords and ladies of the court. The boy had pride, though his father had done his best to kill it. Once, after striking blows at Fritz's head before the assembled court, the King cried, "Had I been so treated by my father, I would have blown my brains out. But this fellow has no honor. He takes all that comes."

Fritz could stand such treatment no longer. Praying that Wilhelmina might not suffer he planned an escape with a friend.

His father was taking him on a journey to the Rhine in the company of a small guard of soldiers who were told to treat the boy like a prisoner. Three officers were ordered to ride in the same carriage with Fritz, and never to leave him alone. The King was a hard traveler, and seemed positively to wish for extra hardships and fatigues, the party scarcely stopping for food or sleep. At one place, however, a short stay was made, and there Fritz planned to escape.

They had arrived at the town very late, and the boy with his officers slept in a barn, as was not infrequently the case. The usual hour for starting in the morning was three o'clock. A little after midnight Fritz saw that his companions were sound asleep, and rose and crept out into the open air. He

had made arrangements with a servant to meet him with horses on the village green. The boy reached the green and found the horses, but at the same moment one of the guards, who had been awakened by the noise Fritz made in leaving the barn, caught up with him, and demanded of the servant who held the horses:

"Sirrah! What are you doing with those beasts?"

The man answered, "I am getting the horses ready for the start."

"We do not start till five o'clock. Take them back at once to the stable." The officer pretended not to see Fritz, who had to slink back at his heels to the barn, fully conscious that his chance to escape was gone.

News of this attempt reached the King, and the next day, when he met his son, he said sarcastically, "Ah, you are still here then? I thought that by this time you would have been in Paris."

All the boy's spirit had not been crushed out of him, and he dared to answer, "I certainly would have been there now had I really wished it."

Again he tried to escape, and again he was caught, and this time he was brought directly to the King. The father stared at his son as though he were some wild beast, and then said angrily: "Why did you attempt to desert?" "I wanted to escape because you never treat me like you son, but like some common slave."

"You're a cowardly deserter," said the King, "without any feelings of honor."

"I have as much honor as you have," answered Fritz, "and I've done only what I've heard you say you would have done if you had been treated as I have."

The King, maddened beyond description, drew his sword, and would have struck the boy had not a general in attendance thrown himself between them, exclaiming: "Sire, you may kill me, but spare your son."

The boy was taken out of the room and locked in prison, where he was guarded by two sentries with fixed bayonets. The King proclaimed him a deserter from the army, and ordered him tried for that crime. It is small wonder that Fritz declared he would have been glad to exchange his place for that of the poorest serf in Prussia.

Fritz was placed in a strongly barred room like a dungeon, with no furniture in it, and lighted by a single slit in the wall so high that the boy could not look out of it. The coarsest brown clothes were given him to wear. He was allowed only one or two books. His food was bought at a near-by butcher-shop, and was cut for him, for he was not allowed a knife. The door of his prison was opened three times a day for ventilation, and he was provided with a single tallow candle which had to be put out by seven o'clock in the evening. This was the way the Crown Prince of Prussia lived when he was nineteen years old, and if the father did not actually succeed in breaking all the boy's spirit, he was at least changing this lovable, gentle-natured youth into a stern and gloomy young man.

Eventually the boy was released from his prison, but as long as his father lived he was treated with all the harshness the King's mind could devise. His sister Wilhelmina was kept away from him, and finally married to a man for whom she cared little. Fritz was cut off from all interests save that of the army, but gradually he began to acquire something of his father's interest in creating a splendid fighting machine.

In time he became King of Prussia himself, free at last to do as he would. He sought out men of genius, musicians, poets, and thinkers. He offered Voltaire, the great Frenchman, a home with him, and his happiest hours were spent in his company, or listening to music, or playing the flute he had loved as a boy. But that was only one side of him, and the side which was least seen. On the world's side he was the grasping ruler, the great general who forced war on all his neighbors,

and who came to be known as the conqueror of Europe.

The boy Fritz of Prussia might have become one of Europe's greatest sovereigns, for he was naturally endowed with a love of all the finer things of life. Instead he became a despot who plunged Europe for years into the horrors of useless war. For this misfortune his father was responsible. The loving mother and sister could not counterbalance the terrible severity of the cruel King. Gradually Fritz changed from the sunny lad who had played in the gardens of Potsdam with Wilhelmina to a severe and arbitrary monarch.

His father had taught him that a country's greatness depended on its soldiers, and so Fritz made Prussia an army and compelled the world to admit the might of his troops. To Europe he was the ambitious tyrant, Frederick the Great. It was only to Wilhelmina and a few friends that he showed a little of that softer nature which had been his as the boy of Potsdam.

At the Charlottenburg Palace hangs the famous portrait of him playing upon the drum. It was a long step from that boy to the man Frederick the Great.

Katherine Elizabeth Goethe

The Mother of Goethe

1731-1808

The mother of Goethe was only eighteen when he was born. At seventeen she had married a man whom she did not love, from the spirit of filial obedience which is so peculiarly German. There can be no question that it was the mother who set the wheels of his imagination in motion, and that he inherited from her little store of quick observation, vivacity, good-humor and youthfulness, the wit and elasticity of feeling that illumine and pervade his writings.

Goethe's biographer, George Henry Lewes, says that "she is one of the pleasantest figures in German literature, and one standing out with greater vividness than almost any other. Her simple, hearty, joyous and affectionate nature endeared her to all. She was the delight of children, the favorite of poets and princes." Although her culture was not very deep nor very extensive, yet she had made herself acquainted with the best books in German and Italian. One writer, after an interview with her, reflected, "Now I understand how Goethe has become the man he is."

"Hearty" is just the word to describe Katherine Elizabeth Goethe, who, as the town clock struck the hour of noon, on the 28th of August, 1749, gave birth to Johann Wolfgang Goethe.

Another biographer says: "All the freshness, the wit, and the humor we find in Goethe, all the depth of feeling and the

poetry, were foreshadowed in his mother's character."

Goethe himself has told us that he learned from his mother the love of stories and poems that appealed to the imagination. She herself has given a more particular account of this mutual pastime: "Air, fire, earth and water I represented under the forms of princesses; and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning, in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearers. As we thought of paths which led from star to star, and that we should one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should meet there, I was a eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves; I was quite curious about the future course of my own improvisation, and any invitation which interrupted these evenings was disagreeable. There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me in his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favorites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples, I saw him repress his tears. He often broke in with, 'But mother, the princess won't marry the nasty sailor, even if he does kill the giant.' And when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would in the mean time think it out for himself, and he often stimulated my imagination. When I turned the story according to his plan, then he was all fire and flame and we could see his heart beating underneath his dress! His grandmother, who made a great pet of him, was the confidante of all his ideas as to how the story would turn out; and as she repeated these to me, and I turned the story according to these hints, there was a little diplomatic secrecy between us which we never disclosed. I had the pleasure of continuing my story to the delight and astonishment of my hearers, and Wolfgang saw with glowing eyes the fulfilment of his own conception, and listened with enthusiastic applause."

Through this story-telling, and even the harmless deception practised through the intervention of the beloved

grandmother as mutual confidante, the mother exercised a very powerful effect in stimulating the original genius of the youthful auditor.

The fairy tales of the nursery bear an indelible impression. Aged authors and statesmen recall at fourscore the feelings of delight with which they first read or heard the "Arabian Nights" and "Robinson Crusoe." No gift of nurse, mother or sister is more valuable and at the same time more rare than that of a good raconteur of children's stories, or an original inventor of them. We can weave the plot as she goes on. The imagination, which includes the exercise of reason, as in the tracing of cause and effect, the conjecture of the outcome of complex circumstances, the moral judgments which the youthful listener passes upon the several characters, and the anticipation of the ultimate result, is the faculty which more than any other divides man from the beast. The chambers of imagination are none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven.

The late Lord Beaconsfield declared that lack of imagination was the chief cause of suicide. Perhaps an excess or distortion of it is quite as frequently so. But as a lightener of physical and worldly burdens; as the fount and origin of hope—for it has not other; as the sunshine that lights the dark corners and broken windows of this hard, suffering life of ours, and bids us look onward and upward to the distant mountains of deliverance and freedom—imagination is heaven's greatest gift to man, the magic wand which can bring "water from the rock, and honey out of the stony rock," and which alone can "make the wilderness to blossom as the rose."

Take away Shakespeare's imagination, and there is no Shakespeare. Take away Goethe's imagination, and there is no Goethe.

If this be true, as it unquestionably is, how awful is the responsibility of parents in choosing the early choir leaders, so to speak, of the nursery, those whose Homeric songs and

stories, like those of the old troubadours, awaken the responsive echoes from the hearts of children. A vicious or feeble imagination in the storyteller of the nursery is perhaps worse than none at all, because the impressions it leaves on the white surface of the young child's mind do not tend to educate, but to pervert and embarrass the right ascension of this noble faculty.

Goethe's mother possessed the great gift of storytelling and plot-weaving in a remarkable degree. Her own perceptions were as quick as intuitions, and her own nature was full of sunshine, kindness, and the enthusiasm of humanity. Her own words describe her better than any analysis which could be made by others. "I am fond of people," she writes, "and that every one feels directly, young and old. I pass without pretension through the world, and that gratifies men. I never bemoralize any one, always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles. In this way I make myself happy and comfortable." "Order and quiet are my principal characteristics. Hence I despatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. When all has returned to its proper state, then I defy any one to surpass me in good humor."

Not only, as Goethe writes, did he inherit

> "From mother dear the frolic soul,
> The love of spinning fiction"

—but that radiant sense of happiness and contentment which sparkles in all his life. Her picture gives us a good idea of the jovial, intellectual, life-enjoying housewife, who picked up all she knew from insight and experience of men and things, not from regular study.

How deep and tender was the natural affection of Goethe himself while yet a child, the following brief anecdote will serve to show. The small-pox had carried off his little brother

Jacob. To the surprise of his mother, Johann Wolfgang did not shed a tear, for he believed with a young heart's trust that God had taken little Jacob to dwell with Him in heaven. His mother, not understanding the cause of his equanimity, asked him, "Did you not love your little brother, then, that you do not grieve for his loss?" He ran up to his room, and from under the bed drew a quantity of paper on which he had written stories and lessons. "All these I had written," he said to his mother, "that I might teach them to little Jacob." He was then only nine years old.

Those who had known Goethe's mother never forgot or ceased to love her. "How did we hang upon her lips," says one, "when in her joyous yet earnest manner she related to us, then girls of twelve or fourteen, a story by Wieland, or recited a poem by her son! How intense was her attachment to her friends! How efficient a mediator and helper, how faithful and discreet a confidante was she!"

"How many hours of intimacy," says another, "have I passed with her nailed to my chair, listening to stories!" As the shadows of old age gathered around her, her spirits became more subdued, tranquillized by a deep trust in God. Frau Rath's death was somewhat sudden, and occurred on the 13th of September, 1808, when she was seventy-seven years old. Her faithful servant was with her to the last. Death did not take her by surprise, for she had prearranged all the details of her funeral, even to the wine and biscuits for the mourners.

"To the last her love for her son, and his for her, had been the glory and sustainment of her happy old age."

Franz Joseph Haydn

1732 – 1809

While Bach and Handel, grown to full manhood, were carrying on their noble work at Leipsic and at London, the next great musician came into the world many miles away from either, though still of the German nation.

Franz Joseph Haydn was born March 31, 1732, at Rohran, Austria. Rohran is a tiny village situated on the River Leitha, about fifteen miles southeast of Vienna. The Haydn family had been as unimportant as the village, until this child grew up and made the name famous.

The grandfather was a master wheelwright at Hainburg, a town close to the Danube River. His seven sons, one by one, learned their father's trade and went away to earn their living. One of the youngest sons came to this little village of Rohran, where he married a good wife and built for himself a little house. In this low, thatched- roofed cottage, at the edge of the town, in the midst of meadows and trees, twelve children were born, the second one being our musician, Joseph Haydn.

Long after the Haydn family were no more, people still came to see this humble birth-place of a great man. It stood for many years, until in 1899 it burned down.

The father and mother were simple, honest, hard-working peasants, who trained their children to love God, work and cleanliness. Their lives of hard toil were cheered by music. Both parents sang well, and the father could accompany their voices on the harp, which he played by ear without knowing

a note of music. They were able to earn a trifle by singing in church and at festivals, but above all did their music brighten their home life.

While very young, little Joseph began to join in their simple songs with his sweet voice and true tones. One day, after seeing the school-master play the violin, he picked up two pieces of wood and tried to draw music from them like the master's. After that when singing time came with the evening, Joseph would sit in his own nook on the stove-bench, and keep perfect time upon his little dumb violin, never doubting that it really made the music he heard so plainly in his own mind.

During one of these home concerts, a cousin from Hainburg came in. He noticed the child's earnestness, perfect time and fine voice, and being a school teacher, with some knowledge of music, offered to take him home to his school and train him for a musician. The mother hesitated, for she wished her boy to become a priest, but the father was overjoyed. He began to dream at once of seeing his son as high up in the world as a Capell-meister. The mother at last yielded, and six-year-old Joseph went away from home never to live there again.

A school under a severe master and without a mother, is a far different place from a loving home. Joseph's life now meant study, study, study, and if the lessons were not perfect, that meant a whipping and going supperless to bed. But he was a brave little man and worked with all his might at his reading, writing and Latin, as well as singing, violin and the art of writing music. He learned quickly and his hard master was fond and proud of him. Joseph loved his teacher in return, and long afterward said to a friend, "I shall be grateful to that man as long as I live, for keeping me so hard at work, though I used to get more flogging than food."

He tells a funny story of his life at Hainburg. There was to be a procession, but the drummer was absent. The master who

seemed to think that Joseph could do anything in the line of music, proposed that he should beat the drum. He had never tried before, but they showed him how to make the stroke, and away he went at the head of the procession. It was a comical sight, for he was so tiny and the drum so big, it had to be carried on the back of a boy who marched in front of him. This drum is still kept in the choir of the church at Hainburg as a memento.

When Joseph was eight years old, his master could teach him no more. At this time George Reuter, Capell-meister of St. Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna, came to Hainburg. He heard Joseph sing and offered to take him to Vienna and educate him as one of his boy choir. To go to that famous musical city, seemed the greatest thing in the world to the boy, and he eagerly obtained his parents' consent.

At Vienna, a new life opened to Joseph, by no means easier, but full of music such as he had never dreamed. Connected with St. Stephen's Cathedral was a school to train the choir-boys, where, Haydn says, "Besides the regular studies I learned singing, the clavier and violin of good masters." The school was near the Cathedral and from his window Joseph could look right up at the glorious spire which rose to a height of 453 feet, about twice as high as our Bunker Hill Monument. It was a sight to fill a sensitive child with never failing wonder and delight.

But music and Cathedral spires, however they may lift up our natures, cannot supply all that we need. The city paid for the pupils' board and clothes, but not enough to keep them from growing very shabby, and being often cold and hungry. The little boy sadly missed his mother's care, nobody mended his clothes or kept him clean; beyond his education he was wholly neglected.

This distressed the child whom his mother had trained so carefully. When he became an old man, he said, recalling his school days, "I could not help seeing, much to my distress,

that I was gradually getting very dirty, and though I thought a great deal of my little person, I was not always able to avoid spots of dirt on my clothes, of which I was dreadfully ashamed —in fact, I was a regular little ragamuffin."

In spite of cold, hunger and dirt, he put his whole heart into his work. When other boys played he studied, and if they disturbed him by their noise, he says—for we will let him tell his own story, wherever it is possible—"I would take my little clavier under my arm and go away to practice in quiet."

Before long he felt a new impulse. The wonderful music that he heard, awakened the desire to compose music for himself. His cousin-teacher had given him some training in writing music, but at St. Stephen's he had to get on by himself. Herr von Reuter once discovered him at work composing a difficult anthem, and told him dryly that he would better learn how to write music before he tried to compose; but he never offered to teach him how.

No difficulty, however, was ever known to keep Joseph Haydn from his purpose. Music came to his mind that must be written. "I certainly had the gift," he said, "and by dint of hard work I managed to get on." He read every book on the subject that he could get, and every sheet of music-paper that came to hand, he covered with notes. The more music he could crowd on to a page, the better he was satisfied, for he "thought it must be all right if only the paper was nice and full."

All this time his clothes and shoes were wearing out and he became so very shabby that he wrote home for some money. In reply his father sent six florins—about three dollars—but when it came he felt that after all new clothes were not what he needed most, and so his money was spent for two books of music. One of these books became his dear constant companion and was even kept under his pillow at night.

When Joseph had been in Vienna a few years, his younger brother Michael came to attend the school and sing in the

choir with him. Their school days went on as before until Joseph was sixteen, when his voice began to break.

He had often sung in the Imperial Chapel, before the Empress, Maria Theresa, who loved to listen to him, but one day, noticing the change in his tones, she told the singing master that young Haydn's voice sounded like a raven. He was never asked to sing there again, but at the next festival Joseph's solo was given to his brother, who sang it so beautifully that both the Emperor and Empress were delighted and gave him twenty-four ducats—about fifty dollars in gold.

Joseph naturally felt very anxious. As he could no longer please by his singing, his master. Reuter, did not care what became of him and only waited for an excuse to send him away.

The chance soon came. Joseph, although filled with one earnest purpose in life, was very fond of fun and mischief. He had a pair of new scissors, and one day in school it came into his head to try them upon the pig-tail of the boy who sat in front of him. The pig-tail dropped off and naughty Joseph was threatened with a whipping. In vain he implored his master to excuse him; he said he would rather leave school than be so disgraced. The master answered that he must first be whipped, and then he might leave school just as soon as he could pack his things together.

So he was punished and turned out into the streets of Vienna, without a penny or a friend, so ragged and dirty that he was ashamed to be seen. It was a stormy evening in November, and he walked up and down the streets all night. In the morning, almost faint from weariness and hunger, he met a singer whom he slightly knew. This man was so poor that he could scarcely support his wife and child, yet he invited Joseph home to the shelter of his miserable attic.

Weeks followed, which tested the true worth of Joseph Haydn. He might have gone home to Rohran sure of a warm welcome, but he would not burden his father and mother,

who had a large family to care for and who had such high hopes of him. Above all, he felt within himself the divine gift of music, and it was his determination to make his way in the world by that alone.

All winter he shared the dreary attic, the cold and the hunger of these friends who first took pity on him. He searched earnestly for work and found a few opportunities to play the violin at dances and parties. He next succeeded in getting a few pupils. This money barely kept him from starving.

His next friend was a tradesman who lent him enough money to hire a room where he could be by himself. It was still a very miserable little place, only a garret boarded off from a large room—not much bigger than a closet, with hardly any light—and the roof leaked so that in stormy weather, rain or snow fell upon his bed. But now he could study and practice without interruption. He had a rickety harpsichord for a companion, which made him forget poverty, hunger and cold. "Sitting at my own old worm-eaten harpsichord, I envied no king upon his throne."

For a year and a half Joseph lived alone in his little garret practicing, studying, composing and earning what he could. In the same house lived a noted poet who was educating the two daughters of a Spanish gentleman. He often met Joseph on the stairs and before long stopped to chat with him; as he grew better acquainted, he became charmed with Joseph's character and talent and in a short time gave him charge of the musical education of one of the Spanish girls.

This led to a more important acquaintance. His pupil took singing lessons of an Italian musician named Porpora, the greatest singing-master in the world, and Joseph went with her to Porpora's house to play her accompaniments. For the sake of being near and learning of this crusty old musician, Joseph performed many a servant's duty for him, even brushing his clothes and blacking his boots. He received in return

invaluable lessons, though mixed with much growling and abuse.

Haydn says, "I put up with everything, for I learned a great deal of Porpora, in singing, composition and Italian."

Joseph was now about twenty years old, and though not quite so destitute, the weary struggle went on for some years longer. He composed some sonatas which attracted the attention of a Countess and a Baron who became very friendly and did all they could to help him. When he was twenty-seven years old, they introduced him to Count Morzin, a rich nobleman of Bohemia, who was a great lover of music. He had a small but good orchestra, and as soon as he discovered Haydn's worth, he appointed him the director with a good salary.

Joseph's struggle with poverty was now at an end forever, and best of all, his life of hardship had not in the least spoiled his serene, hopeful, happy temper.

The very next year after his good fortune began, Haydn married a wife who made his home life very unhappy. He soon found that she had a bad temper, a coarse nature, and as he said, "did not care a straw whether her husband was an artist or a shoemaker."

Soon after this marriage. Count Morzin had to dismiss his orchestra, but among the visitors at the Count's was Prince Esterhazy, who so admired the originality and spirit of Haydn's music that he immediately engaged him as Capellmeister. This Prince, the richest nobleman of Austria, had a fine country place at Eisenstadt in Hungary. This became Haydn's next home. On the estate was a private chapel devoted to the music. There were solo singers, a chorus, and the finest orchestra Haydn had ever heard. In less than a year the kind prince died, but the brother who succeeded to the title was even more passionately fond of the Arts, and music was more cultivated than ever at Eisenstadt.

After five years, the prince built a splendid new summer

residence and named it Esterhaz. This estate in the country, far away from the rest of the world, was magnificent beyond description. Back of the castle stretched a delightful grove, containing a deer park, flower gardens, spacious summer-houses, cool grottoes and temples. The beautiful palace, filled with rare paintings, statues, and elegant furnishings, was open to a constant stream of guests. Princes and princesses, dukes and counts, with their ladies, came and went. Fine horses and carriages were always ready for driving, and Prince Esterhazy was a most charming host.

Haydn and his musicians were brought to this new home and the hours rolled by to the rhythm of music. Concerts were given by the orchestra; operas were sung in the elegant new theatre; noted singers and players came from afar, and in the intervals the musicians and actors met together like one great family.

Even the Empress Maria Theresa honored Esterhaz with a visit. For her Haydn composed a new symphony and two operas which won him great favor.

Let us try to form a picture of Haydn amid these fine surroundings. He wore a uniform of light blue and silver, with knee-breeches, white stockings, lace ruffles and white neck-cloth, always extremely neat. He was a little below the middle height. His face was stern until he talked, when it lighted up with a winning smile. His manner, was very courteous and flattering. This courtly manner added to his genius and his noble character, won him the notice of many royal personages, who showed their favor, by such gifts as gold medals, gold snuff-boxes and diamond rings.

The prince grew so fond of this summer residence that he would stay until the very end of autumn, and after spending only a few months at his town house in Vienna, returned to Esterhaz with the first days of spring.

Separated thus from the rest of the world, Haydn poured his whole life into his music, and being conductor of an

orchestra, his energy was bent in the direction of orchestral music.

Through his pleasant relations with those about him, his life at Esterhaz seemed all harmony. "My prince," he says, "was always satisfied with my works: I had not only the encouragement of constant approval, but as conductor of the orchestra, I could make experiments, observe what produced an effect and what weakened it, and was thus in a position to improve, alter, and be as bold as I pleased. I was cut off from the world, there was no one to confuse or torment me, and I was forced to become original."

Added to the prince's approval was the good-will of the musicians. Haydn was a friend to every member of his orchestra and chorus. He always spoke a good word for them to the prince, and tried in every way to help them. In return they loved him like a father, and did their best to render his music exactly as he wished.

He wrote so unceasingly that he composed enormous quantities of music, not only many symphonies, but quartets and trios for various instruments: yet he never wrote carelessly. Every composition was clearly thought out, carefully worked over, and never left until he was "fully convinced that it was as it should be."

With such genius impelled by the one earnest purpose of raising his music as high as God meant it, guided by extreme carefulness in every little thing, and made perfect through years of daily practice with an orchestra—it came to pass that Haydn made instrumental music, great music; and because he was the very first one to make it great, he is known by the world as the Father of the Orchestra.

Loved and looked up to, by old and young, an especial friend of little children, his warm-hearted German people called him "Papa Haydn."

Soon his composition became known beyond Vienna, even as far as London and Paris, and he was referred to in a

certain magazine as "our national favorite."

When Haydn was about fifty years old, a gifted young musician named Mozart, came to Vienna to try his fortune. For some time he admired Haydn in silence, then he affectionately dedicated to him six fine quartets. After hearing them, Haydn said to Mozart's father, "I declare to you on my honor, that I consider your son the greatest composer I have ever heard. A beautiful friendship grew up between these two great men, almost as if they were father and son, or an older and younger brother, each admiring the other to veneration.

Before this Haydn had often been entreated to come to London, but he refused to leave his master. When he was fifty-eight years old, to his great grief, Prince Esterhazy died. In his will he left Haydn a pension of five hundred dollars a year. The brother who became the next Prince Esterhazy was no musician, and dismissed his chapel. Haydn was now free for the first time in many years and was persuaded to make a journey to London.

His last hours in Vienna were spent with Mozart who urged him not to go, saying, "Papa Hayden, you have not been brought up for the great world; you know too few languages." To which Haydn replied, "But my language is understood by the whole world."

The parting was very sad on both sides, for Mozart, whose health was failing, said with tears in his eyes, "We shall never see each other again on earth." This proved true, for in one year, while Haydn was still in London, Mozart died at the age of thirty-five. Haydn mourned as for a son, and wrote to a friend that his joy of returning home would be gloomy because he should not be greeted by the great Mozart.

Haydn arrived in London on New Year's Day, 1791, but his fame was there before him. Noblemen and ambassadors called upon him; he was overwhelmed with invitations from the highest society; musical societies almost fought for his presence at their concerts; his music was played everywhere,

famous singers sang his songs, and the newspapers praised him to the skies.

Most important of all, he composed and conducted six new symphonies, superior to any he had yet written. Among these was his well-known "Surprise" symphony. It shows how Haydn's love of a joke sometimes crept into his music. In the Andante movement, at the end of a softly played theme, a sudden explosion of the drums takes everyone by surprise. "There all the ladies will scream," Hayden said with a twinkle in his eye.

During that year, a Handel Festival was held at Westminster Abbey, at which a magnificent performance of "The Messiah" was given. Haydn had never heard anything so grand, and when the Hallelujah Chorus rang out, and the vast audience rose to their feet, he wept like a child and exclaimed, "He is the Master of us all!"

Haydn's visit to London lasted a year and a half. On his way home he travelled through the city of Bonn, the home of Beethoven, now twenty two years old, who seized this opportunity to ask Haydn's opinion of some of his music.

At Vienna the people warmly welcomed him home, and were eager to hear the symphonies he had composed abroad.

Shortly after his return, young Beethoven came to Vienna to study with him. The two did not get on well together as teacher and pupil, for neither understood the other. Yet Beethoven respected and admired Haydn, especially as he grew older, and when, on his death-bed, a picture of Haydn's birth-place was sent him, he received it with delight and exclaimed, "To think that so great a man should have been born in a common peasant's cottage!"

In 1794 Haydn went again to London, and again remained a year and a half. This visit was, if possible, more brilliant than the first. As before, he composed and conducted six new symphonies. He played for the King and Queen, who urged him to spend the summer at Windsor Castle; but in the

meantime another Prince Esterhazy succeeded to the title, who wished to re-establish his orchestra under Haydn's direction. So he went home rich and famous.

Soon after his return, Haydn was taken by a party of noblemen, to a park on the River Leitha, near the village of Rohran, where a pleasant surprise awaited him in the discovery of a monument and statue of himself which these gentlemen had erected there during his absence. He could hardly find words to thank them. The party then went on to visit the little house where Haydn was born. He was so overcome that before entering he kneeled down and kissed the threshold. He then pointed to the stove-bench and told them on that very spot his musical life began.

While in London, Haydn often envied the English their "God Save the King," and he determined that his dear Austria should have a national hymn too. A poet was commissioned to write the words, and in January, 1797, Haydn set them to music, so simple, noble and dignified, that it is still sung in other lands than Austria as a dearly loved hymn. On the Emperor's birthday, the next February, this anthem, "God Save the Emperor Franz!" was sung at this hour, in all the principal theatres of the country. It was Haydn's favorite work and toward the close of his life he often played it to himself with great expression.

He was getting to be an old man when he began to compose a kind of music he had never tried before, but which became one of his most popular works. It was an oratorio called "The Creation." Its subject is the Old Testament story of the creation of the world, as told in Milton's great poem, "Paradise Lost." Step by step, up from chaos the world is made; the heavens and the earth, the light, the waters, plants and animals—all completed with Adam and Eve. How reverently Haydn entered upon this task we realize when he tells us, "I knelt down every day and prayed to God to strengthen me for my work."

The oratorio was not finished for two years. "I spent much time upon it," he said, "because I want it to last a long time." It was first given in public March 19, 1799.

The whole audience was deeply moved, and Haydn himself so agitated, that he confesses, "One moment I was as cold as ice; the next I seemed on fire." As soon as the music could be printed, "The Creation" was sung everywhere and it soon grew to be loved next to Handel's "Messiah."

When this oratorio was finished Haydn was persuaded to write another called "The Seasons." It was as beautiful and fresh as if written by a young man instead of one nearly seventy years old. But the strain of these two great works was too much; he himself said, "'The Seasons' gave me the finishing stroke." He composed little more and was too weak to appear in public.

Some years followed—years of feebleness, brightened by occasional gleams of sunshine. In these happy moods, Haydn loved to unlock his cabinet and look over his souvenirs, presents and diplomas. He enjoyed showing them to his intimate friends and telling them stories of days gone by.

The old man was not forgotten in his retirement; old friends and new were proud to visit him. Among them were noted musicians, the Esterhazy family, Mozart's widow, who could never forget her husband's best friend, and her son Wolfgang, fourteen years old, who composed a cantata for Haydn's seventy-third birthday.

After a long seclusion, came a day of final triumph. On March 27, 1808, an especially fine performance of "The Creation" was given, and Haydn was taken to hear it. He was carried in his armchair to a place of honor, and received with the warmest welcome. There is a wonderfully effective passage near the beginning of the oratorio. The heavens and earth are in darkness; the chorus chants softly with minor harmonies, "And God said—Let there be light—and there was light! The final "light" bursts out in a full, strong major

chord, as of a sudden, at the word of God, the darkness vanished and the light streamed forth.

At these words, "And there was light," Hayden was quite overcome, and pointing upward, exclaimed, "It came from thence!" As the music went on, he became so agitated it was thought best to take him home after the first part. As he was carried out, people of the highest rank crowded about him to say "Good-bye" and Beethoven reverently kissed his hand and forehead. At the door, Haydn stopped, turned around, and lifted up his hands as if blessing the people.

He lived for more than a year after this, but it was his last appearance in public. On May 26, 1809, he called his servants about him for the last time, and was carried to the piano where he played his Emperor's Hymn, three times over. Five days afterward, May 31, 1809, he died at the age of seventy-seven years.

In all the chief cities of Europe, services were held in memory of him and Mozart's Requiem was sung in Vienna.

This is the keynote to Haydn's character—that he looked upon his talent as a gift from God, to be used entirely in serving Him. In his modest way, he said of the beginning of his career, "Almighty God, to whom I render thanks for all His unnumbered mercies, gave me such facility in music that by the time I was six years old, I stood up like a man and sang masses in church, and could play a little on the clavier and violin."

And at the close, after he had lived, worked, suffered and triumphed, he sums up his life work in these words:

"I know that God has bestowed a talent upon me and I thank him for it: I think I have done my duty and have been of use to my generation by my works; let others do the same."

Wolfgang Mozart

A Little Boy with a Long Name

1756 – 1791

A notice was once posted up in the big city of London. The notice was printed in big letters. It said that a little boy was coming to play the clavier for the people of London. The clavier was the kind of piano that was used then.

The boy was eight years old. His name was Wolfgang Mozart. At least, this was a part of his name.

Wolfgang lived at a time when few children could play on the clavier. He had come many miles to play for the people of this big city. He wanted to earn money for his father who was very poor.

The people said "What! Can such a little boy make good music? It can't be true! We will go and see."

Then they went to hear little Wolfgang Mozart play. The hall was filled with people. Everyone looked to catch sight of the boy who was so young to play.

At last he came in. What a dear little fellow he was! He had such a beautiful face and his eyes shone with joy.

While he played, some cried, others smiled. It was the most beautiful music that many had ever heard.

A great many of the people gave the little boy beautiful presents. Wolfgang had so many things he could have started a shop. There were toys, candies, books and even laces and shawls.

A few of the people could not believe that such a little

boy could play so well. They thought that there must be some trick about it. They invited Mr. Mozart and his son to visit them. They found some music that the child had never seen. This they asked him to play. He did so well they were ashamed. He even let them cover the keys of the clavier with a cloth. Then he played without being able to see any notes. After that, he made up pieces.

The people did not know what to think of it. The boy's father was pleased. He said, "My little boy could play when he was but three years old."

Mr. Mozart spoke the truth. When the boy was only three, he could play little tunes. At four, he could learn a short piece in half an hour. When he didn't have any more music, he would make up some.

When Wolfgang Mozart was four years old, his father gave a party. Many friends came. One of these friends saw a piece of music on the clavier. The friend played the piece. Everyone listened. How very beautiful it was!

Mr. Mozart said, "I never heard that piece. Who wrote it?"

His friend said, "I found it on your clavier."

Mr. Mozart called his daughter. He said, "Did you write that piece of music?"

"No, father," she answered. "I did not write it."

Then Mr. Mozart thought of Wolfgang. "Surely my little boy did not write it," he said. "He could not write such a beautiful piece, for he is too young."

"Ask him," one of the friends said.

Mr. Mozart called the child. "What do you know about that piece of music over there?" he asked. As she spoke, he pointed to the clavier.

"I will show you," replied the boy.

Wolfgang sat down and played the music for Mr. Mozart and his friends. They all clapped their hands. Wolfgang was the one who had written the music!

In a few years the King asked Wolfgang to play for him. The little fellow pleased the King very much. The King's daughter was also pleased. The little boy would jump up into the lap of the princess and kiss her. He thought that she was a fine lady, for she was very good to him.

Wolfgang liked the princess very much indeed, but he liked his father the best of all. He would say, "Next to God comes papa."

Wolfgang Mozart went to play in London. We have told you about that. After a while he left London. He went to other cities. Everyone was glad to hear him.

At one time Wolfgang was taken ill and had to stay in bed for a long time. "I will do as you wish," he said to the people who took care of him. "Will you do something for me? Get me a piece of paper, a pencil and a board. You can lay the board across the bed."

The little fellow's wishes were granted, and on the paper Wolfgang wrote beautiful music.

This was not the last time that Wolfgang wrote music. When he was well enough to be about again he kept on writing beautiful pieces. He wrote and wrote for many years. When he had grown to be a man someone counted his pieces. There were more than six hundred of them. Wolfgang Mozart had worked very hard, for he was only a young man when he died.

Now it is your turn to work hard, also. Wolfgang had a long name and you will want to learn to read it. This is the long name: JOHANNES CHRYSOSTOMUS WOLFGANG THEOPHILUS SIGISMUNDUS MOZART.

Wolfgang Mozart

1756 – 1791

The good fairies must certainly have been very busy around a certain cradle in the old city of Salzburg on the 27th of January 1756, for that was the day on which the little Wolfgang Mozart was born. There seemed no end to the gifts bestowed upon this special child, but most wonderful of all was his gift for music, greater than any fairy gift, for it was the divine touch of genius.

Everything beautiful was a delight to Wolfgang as soon as his eyes learned to look at things and his ears learned to listen. The beautiful old city in which he dwelt, the churches with their slender spires and the splendid palaces, and beyond the snow-capped mountains keeping sentinel like guardian angels, all made life beautiful to the boy. How he loved to stand and watch the great church processions, where the priests in their gold-embroidered vestments swept through the dim aisles of the cathedral! The high altar blazing with a hundred candles, veiled only by the faint haze of blue smoke which wreathed up from the swinging censers below, made him wonder if this was indeed the very gate of heaven, but most glorious of all was the sound of the organ as it swelled through the great cathedral and died away like the echo of angel voices. Little Wolfgang, kneeling there with the holy water still wet on his forehead, felt as if heaven had opened and the music was carrying him upwards upon angels' wings. But afterwards, when the candles were put out and the music

had died away, Wolfgang came quickly back to earth again, and was a very happy ordinary little mortal. Life was so full of sunshine for him, and he had such a happy home, that he did not in the least want to be an angel yet. His father, who was one of the court musicians, in the band of the reigning Archbishop, was one of the kindest and most loving of fathers, and his good-natured, kindly mother still carried about with her much of the calm and peacefulness of her convent training, so that the little household was a very happy one.

Then too there was Nannerl, the elder sister, four years older than Wolfgang, who was always ready to play with him, and whom he loved dearly, although she was not quite such a splendid playfellow as Herr Schachtner, the court trumpeter, whom he adored with all his heart.

There was nothing that Herr Schachtner could not do, and he played the most delightful games, and what was best of all, he always understood that every game must be played to music. Even when they carried the toys from one room to the other, a march was sung or played upon the violin, to make it a real procession.

"Dost thou love me, Herr Schachtner?" Wolfgang would stop to ask every now and then, very anxiously, and sometimes the trumpeter, to tease him, would shake his head.

"No, I love thee not," he said.

Then, seeing the great tears beginning to gather in the child's eyes, he quickly told him it was only a joke, and then the play and the music went on cheerfully again.

When Wolfgang was three years old, his father began to teach Nannerl to play the piano, and the little boy always stood near watching his sister, full of wonder and interest. His great delight then was to stand by the piano and pick out "thirds" for himself, until his father, almost in sport, began to give him lessons too. Then it was that his great gift first began to be noticed. He could learn a minuet in less than half an hour, and once learned, he played it without one fault and in

perfect time. It was all the more wonderful because his tiny hands could only stretch a few notes, but it seemed indeed as if some magic dwelt in those small fingers.

Soon it was seen that Wolfgang's head was as full of magic as his hands, and when he was five years old he began to compose music himself, writing down the notes without looking at the piano. His father and Herr Schachtner, coming home together from mass one day, found the boy very busy with paper, pen, and ink, and asked him what he was doing.

"I am writing a pianoforte concerto," answered Wolfgang, looking up, "it is nearly finished."

His father smiled at the important little face and the very inky fingers.

"Let me see it," he said.

"It is not quite finished," said Wolfgang.

"Show it to me," said his father; "no doubt it is something very fine."

Now Wolfgang always dug his pen into the very bottom of the ink-pot, and so of course a large blot ran off each time the pen touched the paper. Naturally the only thing then to be done was to smear off the blot with the palm of the other hand, and write over the blotty part, so there was a good deal of ink spread over everything.

His father took up the inky, smudged paper, and smiled as he saw the notes scrawled all over it, like ants running after each other. But as he looked more carefully he started with surprise, and his smile of amusement died away. This was no mere childish scrawl; it was a real musical composition.

"Herr Schachtner," he said, tears of pride shining in his eyes, "only look how correct and according to rule all this is written, and yet it cannot be made use of, for it is so difficult that no one could attempt to play it."

Wolfgang was listening, and hastened to explain that of course it would need to be well practiced before it could be played.

"See," he said, "this is how it should go," and he climbed on to the piano-stool and began to show them what his idea had been when he wrote the music.

The boy was certainly a musical genius, there was no doubt of it, and his sister, too, played almost as wonderfully, so their father made up his mind that he would show them to the world, for he was sure they would win both fame and money.

So first of all the children were taken to Munich and then on to Vienna, and it was like a royal progress, for everywhere the people flocked to hear the wonderful little performers.

The Empress Maria Theresa, who was a great lover of music, ordered that the children should be brought to play before her, and so to court little Wolfgang and his sister went.

The boy did not know what shyness meant. He was always so sure of being welcomed and loved wherever he went, that he was never afraid of strangers and was never awkward nor ill at ease. He put up his face to be kissed when he was brought to greet the Empress, and then offered to sit on her knee and talk to her. He was only six years old and was small for his age, so he looked a very quaint little figure in his court suit, full-skirted coat and knee-breeches, powdered hair, and buckled shoes. It seemed almost impossible that such a tiny child could be the wonderful musical genius that everyone talked of. But it was a very dignified little boy that sat down to play when he had finished his talk with the Empress. Sitting perched up on the music-stool, he looked calmly round and then beckoned to the Emperor, who was standing close to the piano. Wolfgang could not bear to play to people who did not understand and love music, and he was not quite sure about the Emperor.

"Is not Monsieur Wagenseil here?" he asked anxiously. "We must send for him. He understands the thing."

The composer was sent for immediately, and on his arrival the Emperor gave up his place by the piano. Wolfgang nodded

his approval.

"Sir," he said, "I am going to play one of your concertos. You must turn over the pages for me."

The court might smile at the quaint little figure issuing his commands like royalty, but amusement gave place to wonder as soon as the child began to play. It was almost unbelievable that those tiny hands fluttering about the notes could produce such music. Courtiers watched and listened and almost held their breath.

The little princess, Marie Antoinette, drew nearer and nearer to the piano. This little boy, who was just her age, must have come with his music out of fairyland. Everyone called him a wonder, and she had never seen anyone so like a fairy prince before.

Then the music stopped, and Wolfgang was lifted down that he might go and receive the thanks of the Empress.

Perhaps the music was still surging in his head, or perhaps the polished floors were too slippery for the buckled shoes, but at any rate Wolfgang, after a few steps, lost his balance, slipped and fell. In an instant the little princess ran forward and helped him on to his feet again, and the two children walked the rest of the way together.

"You are good," said Wolfgang, holding her hand tightly and standing on tiptoe to kiss her cheek. "I will marry you."

The Empress smiled when she heard this.

"Why do you wish to marry her?" she asked.

"Out of gratitude," replied Wolfgang, with his courtly little bow; "she was kind to me."

Poor little kind princess, if only it had been a real fairy tale, and the fairy music-maker of six years old could have carried her off to fairyland out of the reach of all human cruelty and treachery!

But although Wolfgang did not carry off the princess as he suggested, there was something else he carried home which meant far more to him than all the princesses in the

world, and that was his first violin.

Scarcely had the family arrived home in Salzburg when a famous violin-player came to visit Herr Mozart to ask his opinion about some music he had been composing. It was arranged to try it over at once, the composer himself playing first violin and Herr Schachtner second. Wolfgang, greatly interested, hugging his little violin under his arm, begged that he might be allowed to play second violin.

"That is a most foolish request," said his father sharply; "thou knowest nothing about the violin, and hast never been taught to play upon it."

"There is no need to learn to play second violin," persisted Wolfgang.

"Run away at once," said his father, "and do not trouble us further with your silly requests."

Wolfgang turned to go, hugging his little fiddle tight, the tears running down his cheeks. "Let him play with me," said Herr Schachtner, who could not bear to see the child cry.

"Oh well, then, play along with Herr Schachtner," said his father, "but play so softly that no one can hear thee, or else thou must go away."

Wolfgang, all smiles once more, dried his tears and made ready his violin, and then crept close to his friend. He meant to be as quiet as a mouse, and at first he played very softly as he had been bidden, but presently he forgot everything but the music, and then it was that Herr Schachtner began to play more and more softly, until he stopped altogether, and left Wolfgang playing alone. Not a note was missed, the little violin sang its way in perfect time and tune, and the small fiddler ended by being quite sure he could play first violin if they would let him try.

But although all this came so easily to the child, his father always insisted that he should learn everything from the beginning, and learn it thoroughly. His other lessons, too, were not neglected, for his father was very strict, and was

anxious that Wolfgang should not be spoilt by the admiration he received. The simple home life, the regular lessons, and the habit of prompt obedience were better, he knew, for his little son than being a little court butterfly, petted and admired by royalty and allowed to do just what he pleased.

Wolfgang loved his father with all his heart, and was such a sunny-tempered, happy child that even difficult lessons and hard rules were no hardship to him. His father came "next to our gracious God," as he used to say, and so he never dreamed of disobeying him.

Every night the father and son sang a little duet of nonsense rhymes before Wolfgang went to bed, and then he kissed the tip of his father's nose for good night and made a little speech. "When I am older," he said, "I will put thee under a glass case, to keep thee from the cold and to keep thee always at home."

Every year saw the little Mozart grow more and more wonderful, as he ceased to be a child and grew into boyhood. He learned to play the organ, so that the priest at Heidelberg, having heard him there, wrote the boy's name upon the organ and the date of his visit, as a remembrance of this "wonder of God." He reigned like a little king in Paris, and in England King George IV and Queen Charlotte gave him a most royal welcome. He had his first commission to write an opera when he was ten years old, and it proved quite an easy thing for him to do. It seemed indeed as if there was nothing he could not do in connection with music. Every note he heard he could distinguish separately by ear. He could compose music without a piano, play everything at sight, and accompany any song by ear alone.

It was a happy, sunny childhood this, and if the clouds came later, they cast no backward shadow over these happy days when the little maker of magic music used his fairy gift to fill the world with the beauty of the melody which was always singing in his heart.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

1756-1791

The Child Mozart

Far, far away over land and sea lies the little down of Salzburg. What a beautiful place it is! Old Mother Nature herself has given it its charm. The town lies in the midst of a smiling plain. On one side are the forest-clad hills, dark and green. Behind the town rise the mountains, steep and rugged. As the great white clouds float across the blue sky above, their shadows are seen on the bare rock of the mountain sides below.

Here in 1756, in the home of a musician, a little child was born. The fair-haired baby boy was very welcome. He was the pet and plaything of the whole household. His sister Marian was especially fond of him. She was four years older than her little brother. She looked forward to the time when he would be old enough to play with her.

The baby's father was an organist and violinist. He played in the king's chapel. The child's mother was a beautiful, loving woman. So it is not strange that little Wolfgang Mozart, for that was his name, became a musician.

No two children ever had a happier childhood than Marian and Wolfgang Mozart. Their father and mother were always planning how to make them happy. Leopold Mozart, the father, was not a rich man, but his heart was full of love and tenderness.

Dearly did little Wolfgang love his father. He never went to bed without kissing him on the tip of the nose, and singing a little good-night song. He used to say, "Next to God comes papa."

Leopold Mozart devoted much time to the training of his two children. When Marian was quite small, he began to give her piano lessons. The child learned rapidly. Little Wolfgang, three years old, liked to listen while his sister was having her lesson.

One afternoon Marian's father was giving her a music lesson. Wolfgang stood close to the piano, as he was fond of doing. He was as quiet as a little mouse. All through the lesson he watched and listened. When it was over, he surprised his father. He searched for a few moments among the white keys. Then with his baby fingers he played one of Marian's exercises. He was only a tiny lad, and yet he played the exercise correctly. Leopold Mozart caught his little son in his arms, exclaiming, "Who would have thought the baby understood what I was teaching Marian?"

Little Wolfgang was fond of games and had many toys. Often some little friend played with him. Wolfgang was happiest when they had music in their games. Indeed, he would not play when there was no music. Even when they carried their playthings from one room to another, the one who went empty-handed must sing a march.

When the boy was four years old, his father began teaching him. He learned music easily, often mastering a piece in half an hour. A year later he began to compose little pieces, which his father wrote down.

One day Leopold Mozart came home from church with a friend. He found his son daubing notes on a sheet of paper. The child dipped his pen to the very bottom of the inkhorn each time. He made many blots on his paper; but he was not discouraged. He wiped them off with the sleeve of his coat and went cheerily on.

"What are you doing there, my boy?" asked his father. "I am writing a concerto and have almost got to the end of the first part," replied Wolfgang. The father took the paper and showed it to his friend. They laughed heartily at first. After a time, however, they saw that it was written according to rule. The father said, "It is a pity it cannot be made use of. It is so difficult that no one could play it." "It is a concerto," said Wolfgang, "and must be studied till it can be played properly. See, this is the way it should be given." Going to the piano, he tried to play it for them.

Wolfgang Mozart was the most gentle and loving of children. He would say many times a day to those about him, "Do you love me well?" Sometimes they laughingly replied, "No." At this answer, tears would run down the little fellow's cheeks.

Mozart's First Travels

Marian and Wolfgang had studied so hard and practiced so faithfully, that their playing was remarkable. Indeed, they played so well that, in Wolfgang's sixth year, their father decided to take them to Munich.

In 1762 they set out for that city, where they remained for three weeks. Many people attended the concerts which the Mozart children gave. All who heard them were delighted with their playing. Later in the same year Leopold Mozart took his children to Vienna. Vienna, the capital of Austria, is a larger city than Munich. Part of the journey was made by boat. How much Marian and Wolfgang enjoyed seeing the blue waters of the Danube! They could look far away across the green fields which border the river, to the mountains beyond.

While the Mozart children were in Vienna they were invited to play at court. The empress and her husband were great lovers of music. Little Wolfgang, with his delicate face and large soft eyes, became a great favorite in the palace.

They liked his music too. Sometimes he played hours at a time for the empress. The emperor called him his "little magician."

One day the emperor said in jest to little Wolfgang, "It is not very difficult to play with all one's fingers. To play with only one would be far more wonderful." The young musician showed no surprise. Using only one finger he began at once to play with great clearness.

He afterward asked that the keys of the piano might be covered. A cloth was spread over them and he continued to play as well as before. It seemed as though he must have practiced playing in that way.

Wolfgang was not at all spoiled by the praise he received. He did not think of the empress as a sovereign. To him she was only a kind, loving friend. Sometimes he would spring into her lap, throwing his arms about her neck, and kissing her.

The empress had a little daughter called Marie Antoinette, who afterwards became queen of France. One day, at the palace, Wolfgang was playing with her. He slipped on the polished floor and fell. Marie Antoinette helped him to his feet. "You are kind and I will marry you," he said.

Before the Mozart children returned to Salzburg, the empress sent them each a present. To Marian she gave a beautiful white silk dress. Wolfgang's gift was a lilac-colored suit, trimmed with bands of gold braid.

Wolfgang often wore this suit when he played in concerts. With his powdered curls, bright knee buckles, and little sword, what a picture he must have made!

Up to his sixth birthday, Wolfgang had played only the piano. On his return from Vienna he brought with him a small violin which had been given him there. He often amused himself with it.

A short time afterwards, two friends came to visit the Mozart family. Both were violinists. Leopold Mozart and his friends were going to play some new music together. One of

the guests was to play the first violin and the other the second violin. Leopold Mozart played the bass viol.

Now you must know that the second violin is the easier part. Wolfgang asked if he might play that part. His father said, "No, my son, you have never received any violin lessons. You could not possibly play it well. Run away now."

Wolfgang was so hurt at these words that he began to cry bitterly. As he was going away with his little violin under his arm, one of the guests said, "Let the child stay and play the second part with me." At last the father consented. "You may play with us," he said, "if you play very softly and do not let yourself be heard."

The music was begun, Wolfgang playing the second part. Soon the violinist who was playing the same part saw that he was not needed. Without saying anything, he laid down his violin. The father, too, noticed how well the child played and shed tears of joy at the sight.

The picture gives you an idea of the bronze statue of Mozart, made in 1883 by the artist, Barrias. The original is in Paris; but an excellent copy stands in the Art Institute of Chicago.

Mozart in France, England, and Holland

After visiting Vienna the Mozart family spent some months quietly at home. This time was well used by the children. Never a day went by that they did not devote many hours to their studies. Their progress was amazing. In fact they improved so much that their father concluded to take them on another tour.

This time they were to go to Paris. The summer after Wolfgang's seventh birthday, Leopold Mozart set out with his children. They stopped at so many towns and cities that it took them five months to complete the journey to Paris.

They decided to give a concert in Frankfurt, one of the German towns that they visited. At that time Goethe was a

lad of fourteen. He attended the concert and never forgot little Wolfgang Mozart. Years afterward the poet wrote, "In imagination I can still see the little man in his wig and sword."

The first Paris concert was a great success. The people applauded again and again. When the children came upon the stage, the men clapped their hands, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. In writing about this very concert to a friend, Leopold Mozart said, "We burned more than sixty candles."

At New Year's the Mozart children were presented at the French court, where they were kindly received by the king and queen. The queen had Wolfgang placed beside her and talked with him in German. He had the honor of playing the great organ in the kings chapel. Those who heard him play both the piano and the organ could not decide which he played the better.

The children of a royal family are not often allowed to play with children of lower rank. The king's daughters admired Wolfgang and Marian Mozart very much. The princesses and the little musicians had many romps together in the palace.

From the French capital the Mozarts went to London. On their journey the children saw the sea for the first time. They liked to watch the great waves break against the cliffs. They clapped their hands with delight when the spray dashed over the rocks on the shore. They liked to run down upon the beach to meet the incoming waves. "See, brother," exclaimed Marian, "how the sea runs away and grows again."

The young musicians gave many concerts in London. The English people were even better pleased with their playing than the French had been. They were invited to Buckingham Palace, where Wolfgang amazed his hearers by playing difficult music at sight.

King George was very fond of music and Handel was his favorite composer. He was surprised that this little fellow

could play much of Handel's music. One day, at the palace, Wolfgang played while Queen Charlotte sang. He was very proud to be chosen to play for the queen.

The queen's music master was a son of the great Sebastian Bach. He took quite a fancy to little Wolfgang. They became good friends and often played together. One day Bach took his little friend on his knee and they played a sonata together. First Bach would play a few measures; then Wolfgang would play three or four. They continued in this manner until they had played the whole sonata. Those who did not see them could not have told that the sonata had been played by two persons.

In London, Wolfgang Mozart had his first singing lessons. They were as easy for him as his piano lessons had been. While in that great city he wrote six sonatas. He sent them to Queen Charlotte, with a little letter. At the end of fifteen months Leopold Mozart and his children left England. They had been invited by the Princess Caroline to visit Holland. So once again they crossed the rough English Channel. They spent several happy months among the Dutch people. The good Princess Caroline was very kind to them. Wolfgang composed several pieces of music for her.

In November, 1765, the child musicians returned from their long journey. They had been traveling for three years. They had been petted and honored at all the great courts of Europe. They had received many beautiful presents, yet they were glad to be in Salzburg once again.

Mozart in Italy

After much serious study at home, Mozart went to Italy. His father thought that it would benefit him to visit that country. Musicians and artists from all over Europe went there to study. The finest musicians played in the large cathedrals. No better music could be heard in the world than in that country. It was worth a journey of many miles to hear

one of the organs, when played by a master.

Leopold Mozart wished his son to hear this music and to become acquainted with the great Italian musicians. He hoped that he could talk with the composers. He told him to visit the art galleries and study the paintings. All this Wolfgang did and more, too.

He spent much time in the art galleries. He listened to much beautiful music and became acquainted with musicians and composers. Besides all this, he practiced regularly, and he studied French. He spent several hours each day composing.

In a letter to his mother, Wolfgang wrote: "Today I had the pleasure of riding on a donkey. Everyone in Italy rides a donkey, and I thought I must try it too." In the same letter he asked: "Does my little canary still sing in the key of G? Is there anyone to pet my dog, now that I am so far away? Take good care of him."

Wolfgang and his father visited many Italian cities. There were no railroads in those days, so the father and son journeyed from place to place in a carriage. That is a slow and very tiresome way to travel, and Wolfgang sometimes became weary and impatient. Then he would jump from the carriage and race with the horses.

Often they stopped at some quaint old inn for lunch. The meal was occasionally served out of doors. How good the honey and fresh milk tasted after the long dusty ride! How sweet were the figs and how juicy the melons!

After visiting Florence, Verona, and other cities, Leopold Mozart and his son arrived in Rome. It was the week before Easter. Wolfgang liked to attend the services held each day in the magnificent cathedrals. He liked to watch the priests moving softly about the altar. He liked the faint odor of the incense and the glimmer of the candles.

When the great organ pealed forth, he forgot all these things. He forgot even his father, seated at his side. He had never heard such music before. It seemed to him like music

from heaven.

In some of the churches there was singing as well as organ music. One day, while in Rome, Wolfgang visited the Sistine Chapel. He heard some singing that he never forgot. A choir of about thirty voices sang a very beautiful, yet very mournful, piece of music.

When the music began, all the candles were burning brightly. As the singing went on, the candles were extinguished one by one. The chapel became more and more dim. The choir sang softly and still more softly. At last not one candle was left burning. No sound could be heard but the sad, sad music and the sobs of the people.

Throughout the whole service, the child Mozart sat with clasped hands and bended head. When the music died away, he arose and walked home in silence. He went to his own room and wrote from memory the music which he had heard.

It is a rule of the Sistine Chapel that only the members of the choir shall have copies of this music. Many others had asked permission to copy it. They had always been refused. Many had tried to write it from memory; but they had always failed. So it was a wonderful thing that this youth had written the difficult music from memory. When Wolfgang showed the music to his friends, they could not believe that he had written it correctly.

"Let us have a concert," they said. "Let the lad sing the chapel music for us. We shall hear whether or not he has remembered it correctly." The concert was held. Young Mozart sang the music from his own copy. It was perfect from beginning to end.

While Wolfgang was in Rome, the Pope bestowed a great honor upon him. He made him a Knight of the Golden Spur. That was one of the greatest honors that he could have received in Italy. Wolfgang was very proud to wear the beautiful golden cross.

From Rome, the Mozarts went to Naples. There Wolfgang

gave a concert before a large audience. When he was in the middle of a sonata, the people became uneasy. They whispered to one another; they pointed to the hands of the young musician; they became more and more excited.

Young Mozart wondered at the noise, yet he went on with the sonata. At last his father learned the cause of the disturbance and explained, it to his son. He told him that the people believed there was a charm in the diamond ring which he wore upon his left hand. "If the ring is not a charm," they said, "how can he play so rapidly with the left hand?"

When Wolfgang heard this, he laughed merrily and took the ring from his finger. When he began to play again, the audience thought the music was even more wonderful than before.

In 1771 Mozart made a second trip to Italy, and wrote the music for a royal wedding. The empress was so pleased that she presented him with a gold watch set with diamonds. On one side of the watch was a beautiful portrait of the empress. Can you not imagine how proud he was to be the owner of such a treasure? Do you not fancy that he always kept it?

Mozart, the Composer

Mozart's boyhood and youth had been filled with sunshine. At many of the courts of Europe he had been praised and petted. Kings and queens were proud to be numbered among his friends. The remainder of his life was not so bright, and he learned how sad a thing it is to be without a home and friends.

When Mozart was twenty-one years of age, he set out for Paris, accompanied by his mother. They traveled in a carriage, as Wolfgang and his father had done in Italy. On their way to the French capital they made several stops. Mozart gave a concert in each of the towns in which they stopped.

The people of Paris had been so kind to Mozart when he had visited it long ago, that he expected the same treatment

again. In that he was disappointed. He was now a man and they treated him as a man.

Mozart was looking for some work as a musician and composer, but found none. That made him sad. It troubled him, too, that the Parisians were no longer eager to hear his music; but a still greater sorrow came to him. His dear mother died in Paris, and Mozart returned to Salzburg alone.

During the next few years, Mozart spent much time in composing. Among his compositions were several operas. An opera is much like a play, except that all the parts are sung instead of spoken. When a composer wishes to write an opera, he generally selects some beautiful story or poem. He then writes music that will help to tell the story.

In an opera some parts are sung by many voices; others are sung as solos. The composer must arrange parts of music for women's voices. Some, too, must be suited to the voices of men. Still other music must be written for the orchestra. All this requires a musician of great talent.

In August, 1782, Mozart married and settled in Vienna. His wife was the daughter of a musician. Mozart and his wife were always poor; yet they were very happy.

Once upon a time Mozart was invited to write an opera for a festival. By and by the work was all finished except one part for the orchestra. The singers had learned their parts and all was ready but the one piece of music. When it lacked only one day of the time when the opera was to be given, Mozart had not completed his work.

The day passed by, but nothing had been done. Evening came, and Mozart had a merry time with his friends. He knew that the music must be written that night; so he asked his wife to sit up with him while he wrote it.

When he grew sleepy, she told him fairy stories. She made the stories of Cinderella and Aladdin's Lamp so funny that Mozart laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. In spite of the tales he grew so sleepy that he felt obliged to lie down.

His wife promised to call him after he had slept an hour.

The hour passed and Mozart was sleeping soundly. Another hour and still he did not waken. At last, when his wife called him, he arose and began his work. In two hours he had written a beautiful composition for the orchestra.

Mozart was fond of playing at night and often played for hours at a time. If he sat down to the piano at nine o'clock in the evening, he seldom left it before midnight.

In 1785 Mozart's father visited Vienna. He attended a concert given by his son. He was pleased to see that the emperor was there. Leopold Mozart watched him to see how he was enjoying the music. At the end of the concert the emperor rose and, waving his hat, cried, "Bravo, Mozart!" The father was delighted that his son had won the emperor's praise.

While in Vienna, Mozart's father talked with the great musician Haydn, who said, "I declare to you before God and as an honest man that I regard your son as the greatest composer I have ever heard."

This was high praise from so great a man as Haydn. It was a fine compliment, too, to have the emperor shout "Bravo"; yet Mozart was poor and often sad. He worked hard and composed much beautiful music. Sometimes he received no pay for his work; sometimes he was cheated out of money that he had honestly earned.

Once the king asked Mozart to write music for a court concert. He put it off until he had no time to write the part which he was to perform himself. So he went to the concert with his part unwritten. He placed a sheet of paper on the piano, and looked at it as if the notes were written there.

The king, who was peeping everywhere, happened to look at the sheet of paper. Surprised to see nothing but empty lines, he said to Mozart, "Where is your part?" "Here," replied the musician, tapping his forehead.

Mozart is best known as a writer of operas. Most of his

operas were composed in Vienna. One of them is called The Marriage of Figaro. Another is named The Magic Flute. Many people like it the best of any opera that Mozart ever wrote. It was composed a short time before his death.

Mozart was ill before The Magic Flute was finished. After it had been completed, he grew much worse. His only pleasure, during his suffering, was to hear the news of how well the people liked his opera.

Only the day before his death, he wished that he might hear the music of The Magic Flute once again. A friend who was with him at the time went to the piano, and played and sang some parts of it. This seemed to cheer the sick man greatly.

On the 5th of December, 1791, the master passed away. No stone marked Mozart's grave, and today no one knows where the great composer was laid to rest. More than a century after his death, the people of his own city erected a fine monument in his memory.

When Haydn heard of Mozart's death, his eyes filled with tears. He exclaimed, "Oh, my friends, will the world ever find such an artist again?" Years afterward, when someone spoke of Mozart, Haydn wept bitterly. "Pardon me," said he, "but I can never hear the name of my gentle Mozart without breaking my heart."

Ludwig Van Beethoven
1770-1827

Early Life of Beethoven

Someday you may be fortunate enough to cross the broad Atlantic and visit European countries. If you are, you will surely wish to go to Germany. Many hundreds of travelers go there every year to take a trip down the Rhine. It is said to be the most beautiful river in all the world.

There are many interesting things to be seen on a trip down the Rhine. On one side green vineyards slope down to the river. On the other side rocky bluffs rise abruptly from the water's edge. Old castles stand on many of the bluffs. Some of the castles are in ruins and are almost hidden by the overgrowing ivy.

Many are the cities and villages that have been built along the banks of the Rhine. Some of the cities are quaint and old-fashioned. Bonn is such a city. The people of Bonn are very proud of a certain low building that faces a narrow street.

They take every traveler to see it. They point over the door to a tablet on which are carved words meaning, "In this house Ludwig van Beethoven was born, December 17, 1770."

Ludwig van Beethoven was one of the great German composers. In fact, many people consider him the greatest composer that the world has ever known. Whether this be true or not, certain it is that his music is loved in every land. Nearly a century and a half has passed since Ludwig van Beethoven

was born in his humble home in Bonn. Ludwig's father was a singer. He was a good-for- nothing sort of fellow. He never earned enough money to support his family well.

He was paid about one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year for singing in a church. Besides this he made money by giving music lessons. He spent the little money that he had carelessly. He often spent it for himself when it was greatly needed by his wife and children.

Indeed, if it had not been for the good old grandfather, things would have gone hard with the Beethoven family. As long as he lived, he was a great help to them in every way. There were several Beethoven children, but Ludwig was his grandfather's pet and was named for him.

Ludwig was only three years old when his grandfather died. Well did the boy remember the old gentleman's scarlet coat and flashing eye. Well did he remember, too, his love and kindness.

The mother of the great Beethoven was a patient, hard-working woman. He never forgot the lessons of truth and obedience he received from her. Beethoven always spoke tenderly of his mother and never forgot her patience. When he was a young man, he wrote, "She was a dear, good mother and my best friend."

Little Ludwig was hardly out of his cradle before his father gave him music lessons. While he was still a tiny lad, he was compelled to practice many hours each day. When he was only four years old, the neighbors often saw him sitting on a bench by the door, sobbing. He cried because he knew that he must soon go in to work at his scales.

Ludwig's father hoped that his son would learn music rapidly. He wished to have him play in concerts as Mozart had done when a boy. He thought that in this way much money might be earned. So he kept the lad almost constantly at work at his music. Ludwig practiced almost all the time when he was not at school or sleeping.

The boy studied two instruments, the piano and the violin. At first his father was his only teacher. But soon a regular music teacher was employed. The boy practiced hours at a time. When we think how much work was required of the little fellow, we almost wonder that he did not hate his music. But this was not the case. On the contrary, he liked it better than anything else in the wide world.

By the time Ludwig van Beethoven was ten years old, he had become a fine organist. He had received some lessons on the organ. His teacher was organist in the prince's chapel. Once upon a time this man was called away from Bonn. Wondering whom he could get to play in his absence, he thought and thought. Finally he said: "Perhaps the boy, Beethoven, could take my place. I will give him the chance, and we shall see what the lad can do."

How proud was the boy when his teacher honored him in this way! He said to himself: "I must do my very best. I do not want my master to be ashamed of his pupil." He put forth his best efforts, and everyone who heard him had words of praise for his playing. When the master returned and heard of it, he said, "Someday this boy will be as famous as Mozart."

The organist in the chapel at Bonn did not know how true his words were. He did not dream that one day the German people would be proud to erect a monument in Bonn to this same Beethoven. Little did he imagine that the one word Beethoven would be considered sufficient to carve at the base of the monument.

With the other Beethoven children, Ludwig was sent to school. He had lessons in all the common school studies and in French, Latin, and Italian besides.

Early in his teens, Ludwig was appointed second court organist. He was paid for this work, but the knowledge of great composers which he gained was worth more to him than the money he received.

Although in after years Beethoven was untidy, he cared

much for dress when he was court organist. Everyone turned to look at the little fellow in his sea-green coat and white flowered waistcoat. With his hat under his arm and with his sword at his side, young Beethoven looked very much like one of the gentlemen of the court.

Beethoven in Vienna

The year 1787 was one which Beethoven never forgot. That was the year in which he first went to Vienna. He was at that time seventeen years old.

For many months he had been longing to visit the Austrian capital.

For a long time Beethoven had been saving his money to take this trip. Like all other young musicians of those days, he had a great desire to study in Vienna. He hoped, too, that he should be fortunate enough to play for Mozart. In this he was not disappointed.

You may imagine how happy Beethoven must have been to meet Mozart one day and to be allowed to play for him. He played selections from the great composers, until Mozart said: "Many others can do what you have just done. I have heard that you often compose as you play. Sit down again and compose for me."

The young musician was excited, but he was not afraid. He knew that he should succeed. He had often composed as he played, and felt sure that he could do it now. For a few moments only there was silence. Then the boy's fingers moved swiftly over the keys, and the room was filled with the sweetest music. Not once did the lad falter, not once did he make the slightest mistake.

Mozart was astonished. He was amazed that this German boy showed such skill. He listened for a while in silence; then he arose and tiptoed from the room. He whispered to some friends, "Keep your eye on this youth. He will make a noise in the world someday."

Beethoven had been in Vienna only a short time when he received sad news from home. A letter from Bonn told him that his mother was dying. He hastened home, and reached there only a few days before her death.

Beethoven was very sad. He wrote to a friend, "Who was happier than I so long as I could speak the sweet name of mother? There is none to whom I can say it now."

Beethoven decided to remain in Bonn. He felt that he must do something to help support the family; so he made up his mind to give music lessons.

Among his pupils was a lad from one of the wealthiest families of Bonn. The mother in this family was a woman of culture and refinement. She often invited Beethoven to her home and talked with him as his own mother might have done.

She gave him the finest books to read. He became interested in the best writings. He read the poems of Goethe with great pleasure, and was fond of English poets as well. He spent many hours studying the works of Shakespeare and Milton.

For five years Beethoven taught music in his native town. During this time he made many friends. One of these was a count, and a very good friend he proved to be.

After Beethoven's first visit to Vienna he longed to go there again. His friend, the count, had often heard him express this wish. The gift of a piano and some money from the count helped Beethoven to obtain his wish.

In 1792 he went to Vienna to study music. He became the pupil of Haydn. He did not have many lessons from that teacher, for Haydn soon left the city.

When Mozart was twenty-five he had published nearly three hundred compositions. Beethoven at the same age had published almost none. After his arrival in Vienna, however, he began to write down some of the beautiful music which filled his mind. These compositions won for him many friends among the families of rank in Vienna.

Princes and nobles vied with one another in entertaining him. They saw in him a musician of great promise. They were proud that such a composer had chosen Vienna for his home. They appreciated his music and were always glad to hear it.

Scarcely a day passed that Beethoven did not play in the home of some person of wealth. During the first few years that he spent in Vienna, he did not appear in concerts. He played only in the homes of his friends, where his symphonies delighted all hearers.

Beethoven was an eccentric man. His friends were people of fashion, but he cared little for style. In fact, he was often untidy in his dress. His clothes were loose and ill-fitting. His hair was long and unkempt. His aristocratic friends were polished and courteous in their manners. Beethoven was impolite and even rude at times.

In spite of all these faults, his friends were fond of Beethoven. It has been said of him, that he "never let go of what seemed to him the right." He was honest and sincere in all that he did. He was warm-hearted and generous. For all these things he was loved.

Among Beethoven's friends was a prince. He and his wife lived in a beautiful palace and kept many servants. They invited Beethoven to live with them. He was a member of their household for several years.

The prince had four musicians in his home. These men played together to entertain the prince, the princess, and their friends. Beethoven devoted much time to the training of these musicians. He spent many hours in teaching them the works of the famous composers.

Those years in Vienna were filled with hard work for Beethoven. He learned to play upon many instruments. He studied the horn, viola, violin, and clarinet. He did this that he might know better how to write music for the orchestra.

The citizens of Vienna were a music-loving people. Many of them had never had an opportunity of hearing Beethoven

play. They were anxious to listen to some of his own compositions; but he did not like to play before a large audience. At last he appeared in public. In 1795 he gave several concerts. One of these was for the benefit of Mozart's widow and children.

When Beethoven was about thirty years old, a sad misfortune befell him. He realized that he was becoming deaf. He tried the best doctors, but they could do nothing for him. His deafness slowly increased.

When the musician first knew of his deafness, he told no one. He seldom went to the homes of his friends, for he could not bear to have them know that he was deaf.

Beethoven was never happier than when he was in the country. He spent all his summers there. Every day he wandered for hours through the woods. When he became deaf, he wrote to a friend, "It makes me sad to think that others can hear the notes of a far-off flute or a distant shepherd's song, and I cannot."

To another friend he wrote: "My deafness troubles me less here than elsewhere. Every tree seems to speak to me of God. How happy am I to wander through the cool paths of the forest! No one can love the country as I do!"

Even though he was deaf, Beethoven sometimes tried to lead the orchestra. One time a symphony of his was played at a concert. Every seat in the large hall was filled. Beethoven took his place, and at a signal from him the music began. It was the Ninth Symphony. The people listened in silence to the beautiful music. When the last note had died away, the room was perfectly quiet for a moment. Then a storm of applause broke forth.

Beethoven, with his back to the people, did not hear it. He knew not that his symphony had so greatly pleased them. The clapping grew louder and louder. Then one of the musicians touched Beethoven upon the arm. He turned and saw what he had not been able to hear. As the deaf musician

bowed, the eyes of many were filled with tears.

Beethoven often went to the park when he wished to write. There, in the thickest part of the wood, some of his most beautiful music was composed. He sat in the fork of an old oak and wrote, sometimes a symphony, sometimes a sonata.

The master was once invited to try a new organ in a large monastery. A few friends went with him. When they arrived, the chapel was almost empty. No one could be seen except a few monks at their prayers and some peasants sweeping out the long aisles.

Beethoven went at once to the great organ. At first the music was soft and sweet. Gradually the tones grew richer and fuller. The music rose and fell until the beautiful tones were echoed from every corner of the shadowy chapel.

Little by little, the church, at first so empty, became filled with groups of black-gowned monks. Beethoven had no thought of the silent, listening people and they had no thought of him. The heavenly music had turned their thoughts to God. The lips of the monks moved in prayer, and the peasants, before so busy, had dropped their brooms and were standing with folded hands and bowed heads.

Beethoven was a hard worker. Strange to say, the greater part of his work was done after he became deaf. He often rose at three in the morning to write a concerto or a symphony. Sometimes he worked far into the night, composing a sonata or a serenade. His published works number several hundred pieces of music.

The last years of the great master's life were sad. For a long time he had been unable to hear the notes of his loved piano. "He, the maker of sweet sounds, could not hear his own voice, or catch the words that fell from the lips of those he loved."

During his last illness Beethoven found great comfort in reading music. A friend sent him some of Haydn's compositions. Beethoven passed many pleasant hours reading them.

He found much comfort, too, in Schubert's Songs.

Beethoven died in 1827. A few days before his death he said, "I shall soon go upon the long journey." His last words were, "I shall hear in heaven."

Ludwig Van Beethoven

The Moonlight Sonata
(Adapted)

It happened at Vienna. One moonlight evening, in early summer, a friend called upon Beethoven.

He said, "Come, let us walk together in the moonlight." Arm in arm the two friends strolled through the city. In passing through a dark, narrow street, Beethoven paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said. "What sound is that? It is from my sonata in F. Hark, how well it is played!"

It was a mean little dwelling before which the two friends paused to listen. The music went on. Almost at the end of the beautiful sonata, the music ceased, and low sobs were heard instead. A girl's soft voice said, "I can go no farther. It is too beautiful. I have not the power to play it as it should be played. Oh, what would I not give to go to one of Beethoven's concerts!"

"Ah, my sister," said another voice, "why wish for that which you cannot have? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right," answered the girl, "and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music."

"Such a wish will never be granted," said her companion.

Beethoven looked at his friend. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in! Why should we go in?"

"I will play for her," said the master, in a low tone.

"This girl has the soul of a musician. I will play for her, and she will understand." Without waiting for an answer his

hand was upon the door.

As the two friends entered the room, they saw a pale young man sitting by a table making shoes. Near him sat a young girl. She was leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord. Her long golden hair fell over her neck and shoulders. Both the young man and the girl were very poorly dressed. Both started and turned toward the door as the strangers entered the room.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard the music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man appeared annoyed. "I also heard something of what you said," continued Beethoven. "Shall I play for you? Shall I give you a concert?"

Beethoven's manner was so friendly and his voice so kindly that a smile took the place of the frown on the young man's face. The four, who but a moment ago were strangers, became friends at once.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker, "but our harpsichord is so poor and we have no music."

"No music," echoed Beethoven. "How then does the young lady play so—" He stopped suddenly, for the girl turned her face toward him, and for the first time he saw that she was blind.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, "but I had not noticed before. Then you play by ear?"

"Yes, entirely," the girl answered.

"And where do you hear music, since you attend no concerts?" asked Beethoven.

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us. During the summer evenings her windows were often open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen."

The girl seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more. He seated himself quietly before the harpsichord and began to play. Never before had Beethoven played as he played that night for the blind girl and her brother. From the moment that his

fingers began to wander over the keys, the very tone of the instrument seemed to grow sweeter.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder. The young man laid aside his work, and the girl sat perfectly quiet. She leaned forward a little as if afraid lest she might miss a single note of the sweet music.

Suddenly the flame of the one candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused. His friend rose quietly and threw open the shutters. A flood of soft moonlight filled the room, so that it was almost as light as before. The moonbeams fell brightest upon the piano and the player.

But the music had stopped. The master's head dropped upon his breast, and his hands rested upon his knees. He seemed lost in thought, and sat thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker arose. Eagerly, yet timidly, he approached the musician. "Wonderful man!" he said in a low tone, "who art thou? "

One of the composer's rare smiles flitted across his face. "Listen!" he said, and with a master's touch he gave the opening bars of his own sonata in F.

The girl seemed to know that no one but the composer of the music could have played it so well. "Then you are Beethoven," she exclaimed. Beethoven rose to go, but they begged him to stay. "Play to us once more—only once more."

He again seated himself at the piano. The moon shone brightly through the window. Looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars, he said, "I will compose a sonata to the moonlight." Touching the keys lightly, he began to play a sad and lovely melody. The music filled the room as gently as the soft moonlight creeps over the dark earth.

Then the time changed. The music became brighter and more rapid. One no longer seemed to see the moon gliding through fleecy clouds. Instead, one thought of sprites and fairies dancing merrily together.

Once again the music changed. The notes were as rapid

as before, but they seemed fraught with sadness. It was such music as fills the heart with wonder.

"Farewell to you," said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door. "Farewell to you."

"You will come again?" said the brother and sister in one breath.

He paused and looked tenderly at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said, "I will come again and give you some lessons. Farewell! I will come soon again." His new friends followed him in silence and stood at the door until he was out of sight and hearing.

"Let us hasten home," said Beethoven to his friend. "I must write out that sonata while the music is still in my mind." When they reached home, Beethoven seated himself at once and began to write. He worked until daybreak. When he had finished, he had written the Moonlight Sonata.

Ludwig Van Beethoven

It was a beautiful spring morning; the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and the birds were singing blithely on the branches of the trees just outside the window, as if inviting the child who stood within to come out into the sunshine and be as free and happy as themselves. But he could not respond to their call, for he was not yet half-way through his long task. A pitiful little figure he made, mounted on a footstool in front of the pianoforte, with his head resting wearily on his hand, and his absent, dreamy gaze fixed upon the window. Scarcely five years old, and yet condemned to practice endless finger-exercises until his eyes grew dim with straining over the notes; kept a prisoner indoors, apart from his playmates, when the sun was shining and the birds were singing—and all because he happened to possess a great gift for music, and because his father, realizing this fact, had determined to use the child's talents for the support of the family.

Suddenly the door of the sitting-room opened, and a stem face was thrust inside.

'Ludwig!'—the tone was harsh and severe, and at the well-known sound the boy awoke from his reverie—'Ludwig! what are you doing? Go on with your exercise at once, and remember there will be no soup for you until it is finished.'

Then the door closed again, and Ludwig turned with a sigh to his monotonous task. Why should his life be made so much harder than that of other children? he might have asked himself bitterly. It was not that he disliked music—no,

he loved it—but he yearned for the brightness and sympathy which seemed to be given freely to others, and yet were denied to him. And as he strove to master his long exercise his eyes wandered from the music to a portrait which hung over the piano. It represented an elderly gentleman with a kindly face, bushy dark hair, and large dark eyes. It was a humorous face, not handsome, yet frank and pleasant, and decidedly clever. How clearly Ludwig could recall the bright blue coat, with its large gilt buttons, which the artist had faithfully portrayed! As the boy's glance rested upon the portrait the recollection of the merry times he had spent with his grandfather was presented to his mind. Once more he heard the old man's genial laugh, and felt the gentle pressure of his hand upon his curls. And then his playing! How little Ludwig had listened enrapt whilst Grandfather Ludwig charmed forth those mysterious melodies which seemed to be locked up at other times in the silent, prim little clavier! Those were delicious day-dreams that Grandfather Ludwig had the power to conjure up in his grandson's mind. But two years had passed since the kindly old musician had gone to his rest, and during those years the surroundings of Ludwig's childhood had changed for the worse.

The parents of Ludwig van Beethoven, as the boy was named, were extremely poor. Johann Beethoven, the father, was a member of the Court band of the Elector of Cologne, at Bonn, in which town Ludwig was born on December 16, 1770. The German Princes of those days maintained companies of musicians for the performance of Divine service in their chapels, as well as for their private entertainment, and such companies frequently comprised musicians of considerable ability. Johann's position as tenor singer was but a humble one, bringing in not more than £25 a year. The grandfather, who also belonged to the band, first as bass singer, and later as music director, had, on the other hand, achieved a considerable reputation, both as performer and composer,

and during his latter years his earnings had gone far to support Johann's family, with whom he lived. With the old man's death, however, this help ceased, and the family means became greatly reduced.

It was, no doubt, in consequence of the privation felt at this time that the father was induced to keep Ludwig so hard at work. Mozart as a boy had exhibited marvelous powers, and his performances in public at an early age were attended by success. Johann, therefore, seemed to think that his little son would have a chance of earning money by his forced capacities for music. That a child of such tender years should have been regarded in the light of a bread-winner for the family appears unreasonable and hard; and it is not to be wondered at that Ludwig failed to understand the necessity which led to such pressure being put upon him. In his mother, Marie Magdalena, however, he could always find a ready sympathy and a tenderness which must have served to counteract, to some degree, the unhappiness occasioned by the father's severity. But not even a mother's love could make up for the loss the child had sustained by his grandfather's death, for the excellent qualities of head and heart which the old man had exhibited were just those which the boy missed in his father. To Ludwig music meant everything—or, rather, it would have meant everything, even at that early time, had its development only been continued under the same kindly influence.

Despite his severity and unreasonableness, however, Johann must be credited with the determination that his boy's knowledge of music should be as thorough as it was possible to make it with the means at his command, and to this end he spared no pains. Moreover, in order that Ludwig should not grow up in complete ignorance of subjects which lay outside his art, he was sent to the public school of Bonn to pick up what learning he could, though this chiefly comprised reading and writing. With his schoolfellows Ludwig bad little

in common. They thought him shy, because he kept to himself, and showed no desire to join in their games. The truth was his mind was almost wholly absorbed by music, and the consciousness that this great love had taken possession of his soul, and was growing stronger day by day may have made him inapt for games or boyish society, and thus may have led to his taking refuge in his own thoughts. In the companionship of music he could never have felt lonely, and in his walks between school hours he found plenty to interest him. He never tired of sounding Nature for her harmonies, and as he pursued his way through the fields and lanes he listened to the peasants singing at their work, and then, catching up the simple tunes, he fitted his own notes to them, so as to produce beautiful and subtle effects of harmony. Many of those old folk-tunes were closely connected with the history of the country to which they belonged; they were often the musical expression of the feelings, struggles, and passions of the people, and to Beethoven's sensitive ear they conveyed a deeper meaning than they did to the simple peasants who hummed or caroled them to the whirr of the spinning-wheel, the blows of the forge-hammer, or the speeding of the plough.

Thus, with the drudgery of unremitting toil and constant reproof, the years passed away until Ludwig was nearly nine. Hard as the lessons of those years had been, there could be no doubt as to the progress which he had made. Not even the severity and harshness of his father could lessen or abate his yearning for musical knowledge; and so it came about that one day Johann, regarding him with an expression more akin to pride and satisfaction than that which Ludwig was accustomed to read in his father's face, said, 'I can teach you no more; we must see about finding you another master.'

But how this was to be accomplished it is as difficult for us as it must have been to Johann himself to imagine; for, so far from the family circumstances having improved, the poverty was even more acute than before, and such further efforts

as the father may have been induced to make to increase their comforts were negatived by his growing addiction to drink—a fact which must of itself have caused a further reduction in their resources. Fortunately, at this critical period help was forthcoming in the shape of a musician boarder, who agreed to give instruction to Ludwig in part return for his accommodation.

The coming of Tobias Pfeiffer, as the new boarder was named, must have been regarded by Ludwig with some curiosity. Would he turn out an even harder task-master than his own father had been? This question was soon settled by the glimpse which Tobias early gave to his pupil of his peculiar method of imparting instruction. Johann's evenings were now chiefly spent at some tavern resort, whither it became the custom for Tobias to repair at a very late hour, in order that he might give his drunken landlord a safe convoy home. By this friendly help the erring Johann escaped falling into the hands of the police—an eventuality which would have resulted in his losing his employment. Having fulfilled his friendly mission, Pfeiffer would betake himself to Ludwig's bedside, and, with a shake which soon became familiar, would arouse the boy with, 'Now then, Ludwig, time for practice!' At this gentle admonition the sleepy child would rise obediently, rubbing his eyes, and master and pupil descended to the sitting-room, where they would play together till the early hours of the morning—Pfeiffer giving out a theme, and Beethoven extemporizing upon it, and then Ludwig in his turn giving the lead to Pfeiffer. Extemporization would be followed by duets, until the approach of day gave warning that it was time to retire to bed. Such music as these two players made in the still hours of the night was, no doubt, but rarely heard in the district in which they lived, and on the other side of the open window, in the early dawn of the summer morning, a small knot of listeners frequently gathered, attracted by the unusual performance proceeding within.

For about a year this curious mode of instruction continued, and during this time Ludwig's education received a stimulus in the shape of lessons in Latin, French, Italian, and Logic, given by a man named Zambona. This Zambona was an eccentric personage, whose peculiarities would appear to have been well adapted to the condition of things prevailing in the Beethoven home. He apparently considered himself qualified to fill a variety of posts, as he had acted as innkeeper, chamber-porter at the Court, and bookkeeper, in addition to being a teacher of languages; but his worth was proved by the fact that Beethoven made good progress under his tuition. Hitherto Ludwig's playing had been confined to the pianoforte and violin, but at this point a friendly hand was held out to him by an old friend of his grandfather, named Van den Eeden, who for many years had held the post of organist at the Court. 'Come to me, and I will teach you the organ,' the kindly old musician said to Ludwig, and the boy's heart leapt with pleasure at the generous offer. No doubt Van den Eeden saw in the young player the signs of genius such as his old friend had exhibited in no small degree in past years, and felt drawn towards him in consequence. A new field was thus opened to Beethoven, and when, at the end of a year, Van den Eeden resigned on account of ill-health, and the post was given to Christian Neefe, Ludwig was happy in the discovery of a new friend, who not only expressed his willingness to carry on the instruction, but was quick to recognize the boy's extraordinary talent. At this point of our story we get our first glimpse of the fruits of Beethoven's work at composition. The death of a friend who had assisted the family with money gifts inspired him to write a cantata in his honor; but though it was performed at the funeral, no trace exists for us of this little outcome of gratitude on Beethoven's part.

Ludwig was now ten years old, and in the winter of 1781 he made his first essay at bread- winning for the family. The state of things at home was wretched in the extreme, and the

hopelessness of looking to the father to retrieve the condition into which they had fallen decided Ludwig's mother upon undertaking a tour through Holland with the boy, in the hope that his playing at the houses of the rich might bring in money. We may well believe that sheer necessity alone impelled the gentle, ailing woman to such a step. Her faith in her son's powers was evidently of a higher order than that of Johann, and she must have seen that this exhibition of his talents at so early an age not only implied an interruption to his studies, but also, to some extent, a debasing of the art which she felt that he loved for its own sake. The tour produced money—that chiefest need of the moment—and, so far, it was a success; but Ludwig himself did not carry away any pleasing recollections of his visit. 'The Dutch are very stingy, and I shall take care not to trouble them again,' he afterwards remarked to a friend; and there was no repetition of the experiment.

In the following year a notice appeared in Cramer's Magazine, calling the attention of music-lovers to a young player who, though not more than eleven years old, could play with force and finish, read well at sight, and—most remarkable of all— play the greater part of Bach's 'Wohltemperirte Klavier' (Well-tempered Clavier), 'a feat,' declared the writer, 'which will be understood by the initiated.' 'This young genius,' the article went on to say, 'deserves some assistance that he may travel. If he goes on as he has begun, he will certainly become a second Mozart.'

The writer of this notice was Christian Neefe, and the subject of his praise was none other than his pupil, Ludwig Beethoven. That the boy should have mastered a work of such extraordinary difficulty as Bach's collection of preludes and fugues may well have excited the astonishment of his friend and teacher, whose praise was thus deservedly given. But Neefe's confidence in his pupil's abilities was shown in a more substantial manner during this same year. Van den

Eeden's death took place in June, and when the Court band had played the old organist to his last resting-place Neefe received orders to proceed with the rest of the performers to Münster, whither the Elector had already gone. Two days before the band left Bonn Neefe called Beethoven to his side, and told him that he was going away for a time. 'I must have a deputy to take my place at the organ here,' continued the organist, looking keenly into his pupil's face as he spoke. 'Now, tell me, who do you think I ought to appoint to the post?'

Ludwig's face was crossed by a shade of trouble. If his kind tutor was going away, how did he know whether he would find his deputy equally willing to teach him? But Christian Neefe was waiting for his answer, and his eyes were shining with a kindly, half-amused light. 'I do not know,' Ludwig began hesitatingly. But Neefe's eyes had grown serious, and he now spoke with earnestness.

'I have thought of a deputy, Ludwig, and I think I can trust him—yes, I am sure I may trust him. The deputy shall be yourself!'

Beethoven's surprise and delight may be imagined. But Neefe knew what he was about, and in this preferment we may mark the first step in the recognition of Beethoven's genius. The honor was great. To be entrusted with the conduct of Divine service at the chapel, and to receive the deference due to the position of organist—it must have seemed incredible to Ludwig at first; and he was only eleven and a half! To his mother he must first have carried the good news, and if the father's expression had in it less of joy and thankfulness than hers it must be attributed to the fact that no pay was attached to the exalted position which Ludwig had obtained.

Beethoven had now practically the choice of three instruments to select from; but his heart did not waver for long, ere it became fixed upon the pianoforte as the fittest interpreter

of his genius, and he was true to his first love to the end. His 'Three Sonatas for the Pianoforte,' written about this time, gives us the first record of his published works. Evidently those terrible finger exercises were beginning to bear fruit, for the young musician had acquired considerable command over the instrument of his choice—indeed, his musical life was now beginning to open itself before him, and the longing to do great things had taken possession of his soul. There were no more tears at being forced to work, for the greatest incentives to work—love and ambition—were now swaying him and impelling him onwards at a speed which nothing could check. Neefe's confidence and praise were more than justified, and before he had completed his thirteenth year Beethoven received his first official appointment at the hands of the Elector. He could now sign himself 'Ludwig van Beethoven, Cembalist im Orchester,' and his duties comprised not only the playing of the pianoforte in the orchestra, but the conducting of the band at rehearsals. With this accession, however, there was still the fact staring him in the face of no money coming in. Just at this time, too, the Elector Max Friedrich died; and it was not until a year later, when Beethoven was appointed second organist to the Court, under the new Elector Max Franz, that he began to receive a small salary in return for his services. Thirteen pounds a year sounds very little for so much work and responsibility, but Ludwig was overjoyed to think that he could back up his announcement to his parents with so substantial a fact as the receipt of an income. For the poverty at home was keener than ever; Johann's earnings did not exceed £25 a year, and as his voice was steadily declining, the outlook for the family had become exceedingly black.

The time would not appear to have been propitious for joking; nevertheless, Beethoven sat in the organ-loft one day planning a joke. He had just had a conversation with one of the chief singers of the band—a tenor named Heller—and

the latter had been boasting that his knowledge of singing was so great that he could easily surmount any difficulty as it presented itself. Beethoven inherited from his grandfather a love of joking, and the temptation to lower the singer's vanity was too great to be resisted. Accordingly, on the following Sunday, whilst Heller was singing a solo to Ludwig's accompaniment, the latter adroitly introduced a modulation of his own. Heller unsuspectingly followed his lead, and fell into the trap devised for him, with the result that, after attempting to keep up with the organist, he lost himself entirely and, to the astonishment of the congregation, came to a dead stop; and it was only when Beethoven returned to the original key that the disconcerted singer could proceed. Heller was naturally furious at the trick played upon him, and lodged a complaint with the Elector. The latter, however, was too good a musician himself to be angry at this exhibition of skill on the part of his youngest performer, and he contented himself with admonishing Beethoven not to attempt any more clever tricks.

There was a dream which had taken possession of young Beethoven's mind at this time. It was constantly recurring during the hours of work, and when he lay down to sleep in his poorly-furnished attic it was with the hope that the dawning of a new day might bring him nearer to its realization. Yet for some time the dream remained only a shadowy companion to his working thoughts, ever present, it is true, and sometimes glowing in brighter colors that seemed to give to it the semblance of reality—but still, only a dream. But the vision seen afar off was to be realized at length—Beethoven was to visit Vienna! It was the city of his dreams, the center of his longings, this Vienna, just as it was the center of the musical world of Germany at that time. A kind friend had come forward with the offer to pay his expenses for the journey, and Ludwig knew that his dream had come true.

As we have seen, the dire straits into which the family had fallen had not hindered Beethoven's pursuit of musical

knowledge. His genius had steadily asserted itself under the most adverse conditions; and now we are to picture the young musician, at the age of seventeen, full of fire and energy, setting out on a journey which must have been fraught with the brightest anticipations. He was to meet in Vienna the greatest composer of the day. Mozart—the divine Mozart—was staying in the city, planning the production of his opera, 'Don Giovanni,' and it had been arranged that he should receive Beethoven and put his powers to the test.

On reaching Vienna, Ludwig made his way to Mozart's house, and with a heart beating high with expectancy, and a face aglow with excitement, he was ushered into the presence of the maestro. Mozart received him kindly, but it was evident that his thoughts were preoccupied, for, after desiring Beethoven to play, he began to turn over his papers in a listless fashion. 'Ah!' thought Beethoven; 'he imagines that I have merely come to play him something which I have practiced for the occasion.' Dismayed by this reflection, he took his hands from the keyboard and, turning to Mozart, said, 'Will you give me a theme on which to extemporize?' Aroused by his appeal, and the earnest look which accompanied it, Mozart sat down and played a simple theme; and then Beethoven, taking up the slender thread, improvised so finely —allowing his feelings to flow into the music as he went on— that a bystander could not fail to have been struck by the change which came over Mozart's face as he listened. The abstracted look gave place to one of pure astonishment. Then he arose from his seat, and, stepping softly into an adjoining room, where a number of his friends were waiting to see him, he exclaimed, 'Pay attention to this young man, for he will make a noise in the world someday.' Beethoven, meanwhile, played on and on, lost in the intricate melodies which he was weaving out of the single thread, until the touch of Mozart's hand upon his shoulder recalled him to earth to hear the master's praises sounding in his ear.

Vanished in a moment were the memories of the trials and hardships which he had undergone in order to perfect himself for this day of trial, for Beethoven realized that he possessed the power of impressing so great a judge as Mozart; and praise and encouragement were needed at that time, when he was trying to do his best, rather than later on, when his powers were assured. Nor was this the only recognition which his talents received on his visit. The fame of the young player had reached the ears of royalty itself, and he was granted an audience of the Emperor Joseph, whose love of music had made him desirous of hearing for himself what the Bonn performer could do.

Beethoven's happiness, however, was soon to be clouded by sorrow, for shortly after his return to Bonn his mother died—the mother to whom he owed so much gentleness and sympathy in his childhood; she who was always ready to forgive his outbursts of temper and impatience, and to cheer and encourage him to further effort. How deeply he felt her loss may be gathered from the letter which he wrote to a friend at the time. 'She was, indeed, a kind, loving mother to me, and my best friend. Ah! who was happier than I, when I could still utter the sweet name of mother, and it was heard? But to whom can I now say it? Only to the silent form resembling her, evoked by the power of imagination.' That her death inspired some of his most beautiful compositions we may suppose, for it is natural that his grief should have found its best expression in music. A few months later his little sister Margaretha died, and the sense of loneliness deepened.

And then something bright came into his life. He made the acquaintance of a family named Breuning, comprising a widow lady and her four children—three boys and a girl—all of about his own age. The youngest boy and the daughter became his pupils, and a close friendship sprang up between them. He stayed at the house for several days at a time, joined in their excursions, and in every way was treated as one of the

family. As the Breunings were intellectual people, their friendship was a great help to Beethoven; his whole nature expanded in the sunshine of their society, and very soon he found himself taking a deep interest in the literature of his country—a subject of which he had previously been ignorant. An affection for English authors likewise grew from this intimacy with a family of wide tastes and acquirements—indeed, new interests and fresh paths of pleasant intercourse were opening to him every day, whilst the separation from the miserable surroundings of his own home invigorated him for work. Every hour that could be spared from his official duties or his teaching was devoted to study and composition. Most of his composing was done in the open air; and for this purpose he provided himself with rough sketch-books, one of which he always carried with him, so that he might jot down in it such musical ideas as occurred to him during his rambles through the lanes and fields.

It was during this happy intercourse with the Breuning family that Beethoven made the acquaintance of a generous young nobleman, with whom he not only became on the most friendly terms, but who both helped him and encouraged his talents. Count von Waldstein, as the nobleman was named, called one day on Beethoven in his poor room, and found the composer, whose works he so much admired, seated before an old, worn-out piano, on which he was elaborating one of his compositions. The Count said nothing at the time, but shortly afterwards Beethoven was astonished and delighted at receiving a fine new instrument, accompanied by a message from his friend praying his acceptance of the gift. It went to the Count's heart to observe the poverty-stricken conditions under which the composer worked. That he himself should be surrounded by every luxury, whilst the gifted musician who labored for his enjoyment was driven to practice all manner of shifts to maintain himself in food and clothing, seemed intolerably unjust. Yet Waldstein knew and respected

Beethoven too well to offend his pride by offering presents of money where no service was required in return; and so he hit upon the harmless device of helping his poor friend under the pretense that the Elector was making him an allowance. But though he opened his purse in another's name, he took care to let Beethoven see into his own heart, in order that he might there read the sympathy and affection for which, happily, no cloak was needed.

How deeply Beethoven was moved by this friendship we may understand when we listen to the grand sonata which, though it was not composed until some years later, he dedicated to the Count. We want no better title for this exquisitely beautiful work than that by which it is known to the world—the 'Waldstein Sonata.' As the grand chords which follow the opening bars strike the ear it seems as if Beethoven were speaking to his friend—speaking to him out of the fullness of his heart, out of his poverty and mean surroundings—and rising by the strengthening influence of love to a height of eloquence and grandeur which no spoken words could have attained.

The conditions at home, meanwhile, were growing worse. Carl and Johann, Beethoven's two younger brothers, of whom no previous mention has been made, were engaged, the one in studying music, and the other as apprentice to the Court apothecary, but neither was bringing grist to the mill. The father had sunk still deeper under the degrading influence of drink, and his voice was almost ruined by his excesses, so that it had become increasingly difficult to maintain for the family even the appearance of respectability. On more than one occasion Beethoven, in returning home at night, had encountered his drunken father in the hands of the police, from whose custody he had succeeded in rescuing him only after much persuasion, and it seemed as if his discharge from the band must be merely a question of time. The state of affairs, in fact, could no longer be concealed from the Elector, who,

knowing the circumstances with which Beethoven had to contend, finally ordered that a portion of the father's salary should be paid over to Ludwig, in order that the money might be properly expended for the support of the family.

Meanwhile, at the Court itself great changes had been effected in regard to the band. With a view to encouraging the growth of operatic art, the Elector had established a national theatre, and Beethoven was appointed viola player in the orchestra, in addition to retaining the post of second organist to the chapel. The numerous performances of operatic works by the company must have given Beethoven an insight into what was to him a new branch of his art, from which he did not fail to profit later on. His work in the band was not increased by the changes which had been made, and as the Elector was frequently absent from Bonn, he found ample leisure to pursue his studies in composition, and to enjoy the intellectual society of his friends. Four years thus slipped away, until the month of July, 1792, saw the Bonn musicians preparing to receive a distinguished visitor. Haydn was to pass through Bonn on his way to Vienna from London, where his compositions and playing had created a sensation, and the band had arranged a grand reception in his honor. Beethoven, of course, was amongst the invited guests on the occasion, and he seized the opportunity of submitting to the master a cantata which he had lately composed. Haydn praised the composition highly, and warmly encouraged Beethoven to go on with his studies—words which sent the young composer back to his work with glowing cheeks and a determination to accomplish greater things.

The commendation of so renowned a master as Haydn must have gone far towards convincing the Elector that by keeping Beethoven at Bonn he was burying talent and cramping powers that only required a wider scope in order to produce great works, and that, therefore, some step should now be taken to develop his genius. It was with a heart overflowing

with joy and gratitude that Ludwig learnt that the kindly Max Franz had decided to send him to Vienna, at his own expense, to take lessons in strict counterpoint from Haydn. Surely this could mean nothing less than that the days of adversity and struggling with poverty had closed behind him forever, and that a future bright with hope had opened, upon which, though he might not forecast its results, he could enter with courage and determination. He was now twenty-two, and his compositions—published and in manuscript—had brought him such fame and appreciation as the small German town could give to one born and reared within its narrow sphere. Now, however, the bonds which hitherto had fettered his genius were to be broken, and, freed from the restraint of Court duties, he would be able to give full vent to the powers which he was burning to express. In November of this year he bade farewell to Bonn and his friends, and set forth on his journey, though not, we may be sure, without regrets at parting with such true helpers and sympathizers as Count Waldstein, the Breunings, and the man to whom he owed so much—Christian Neefe. With the last named he left these words of thanks: 'Thank you for the counsel you have so often given me on my progress in my divine art. Should I ever become a great man you will certainly have assisted in it.' In an album provided for the purpose his musical brethren inscribed their farewells, and Waldstein's message ran as follows:

> 'Dear Beethoven,
> 'You are travelling to Vienna in fulfilment of your long-cherished wish. The genius of Mozart is still weeping and bewailing the death of her favorite. With the inexhaustible Haydn she found a refuge, but no occupation, and is now waiting to leave him and join herself to someone else. Labor assiduously, and receive Mozart's spirit from the

hands of Haydn.

'Your old friend,
'Waldstein.
'Bonn,
'October 29, 1792.

Little did either Beethoven or his friends imagine that he would never set foot in Bonn again, but so it was to be. Two years later war had broken out with France, Bonn was captured by the French Republican army, and the Elector and his retinue were forced to fly the town. Those two years had witnessed great strides in the march of Beethoven's career. He had arrived in Vienna as a comparatively unknown musician —though not, it is true, without recommendations from Count Waldstein—but his marvelous command of the pianoforte, and, more especially, his powers of extemporization, had electrified his hearers to such a degree as to secure for him a place in the front rank of performers of the day. He was a constant visitor at the houses of the aristocracy, with several members of whom he had become on terms of intimacy. In the Prince and Princess Karl Lichnowsky he had found true friends and sincere admirers, who not only welcomed him as one of the family, but provided apartments for him in their house, and bestowed upon him an annuity of £60. Many who had heard him play forthwith engaged him as teacher, and on every hand his genius and powers were the theme of the hour.

It is hardly to be wondered at that with all this praise and patronage on the part of the wealthy aristocracy (and it is necessary to bear in mind that in Vienna at that time the musical profession was entirely dependent upon the patronage of the nobility), Beethoven should have encountered considerable hostility from other members of his profession. For a good deal of the enmity which his success aroused he himself was no doubt to blame; he took no pains to please or

conciliate, and he showed even more independence towards the rich and great than towards those of his own rank. The result was that only those who could afford to overlook his faults for the sake of his genius—and for the sake of something else which lay beneath his crust of obstinate pride and openly expressed disregard for rank and wealth—remained constant to him. Of his obstinacy and self-will several instances will be given in the course of our story; but it is necessary at this point to draw attention to the early period at which this determined force of character began to assert itself. It is an astonishing fact, and one that demonstrates the extraordinary power of Beethoven's genius, that in spite of everything that could be urged against him—his origin, rudeness of manner and speech, refusal to pay homage to the great—even his youth and the comparative shortness of the time during which he had been before the public—Beethoven should have not only won a front place as a performer, but also retained the sincere regard and respect of men and women belonging to the worthiest as well as the highest ranks of society.

In the midst of the whirl of work and entertainment into which the musical life of Vienna had plunged him, Beethoven was constant to those whom he had left behind him at Bonn. He had not been absent more than a month before he received news of his father's death. There had been very little affection in his heart for the parent whose severity had called forth his childish tears, and whose selfish indulgence had increased the burden of his mother's existence, nor was Beethoven the man to pretend what he did not feel. But with the father's death the allowance which had been paid through Ludwig for the support of the two sons, Carl and Johann, ceased, and this fact awoke Beethoven to instant action. He wrote to the Elector begging that the grant might be continued for his sake, and the request was granted. Later on we shall see to what extent he carried his affection for at least

one of these brothers.

With the Prince and Princess Lichnowsky Beethoven shortly became, as we have said, on terms of the greatest intimacy. All Vienna looked to the house of Lichnowsky for patronage and help wherever art or science was concerned, and none looked in vain. To Beethoven—young, rough, and almost untutored in the usages of society, but with his commanding genius and his equally remarkable personality—the Lichnowskys were kindness itself. The Princess saw to his comforts, and arranged his engagements in the same motherly fashion as Madame Breuning had done after his mother's death, whilst the Prince even went so far in his consideration for Beethoven's sensitiveness as to direct his servants to attend to the musician's bell before answering his own. Extreme sensibility to what he deemed indifference or neglect on the part of his friends was undoubtedly one of Ludwig's chief weaknesses; but he resented angrily the Prince's discovery of the fact, and to mark his displeasure he immediately engaged a servant of his own to wait upon him. The regularity of the household arrangements at the palace was another matter which grated against Beethoven's love of Bohemianism; to be forced to dress for dinner, especially at a set hour of the day, was to him an abomination not to be suffered. The workings of his genius were not to be regulated by the clockwork contrivances of civilized life, and hence he first took to dining out at some tavern, where he could be at his ease, and finally went altogether into lodgings. But the Prince and Princess, like the good, sensible people they were, only smiled at the vagaries of their favorite, and if his seat at their table was henceforth but too frequently vacant, they kept for him a warm corner in their hearts; whilst, as for Beethoven himself, his affection for his kind friends remained as strong as ever.

Careless as he was with regard both to dress and manners, there was no trace of either carelessness or haste in his

compositions, and he was most insistent in having the latter performed in exact accordance with his plans. One night, when his great work 'Leonore' was to be rehearsed, the third bassoon failed to put in an appearance, and Beethoven stamped about in a fury, heaping execrations upon the head of the absent player. Prince Lobkowitz, who was present, and who was one of Beethoven's chief patrons, laughed heartily at the composer's outburst, and then tried to calm him by saying: 'Well, well, what does it matter? You have the first and second bassoons safely here, surely the third man doesn't count for much.' The rehearsal was at length allowed to proceed, but Beethoven could not forget that his judgment had been questioned by the Prince's mocking laughter, and as soon as the performance had ended and the company had dispersed, he rushed across the Platz to the gates of the Lobkowitz Palace, and shouted at the top of his voice: 'Lobkowitzscher Esel! Lobkowitzscher Esel!' ('Ass of a Lobkowitz! Ass of a Lobkowitz!')

Beethoven's temper was of the passionate order that is apt to explode at the slightest provocation, and when once aroused he seemed to lose all power of self-control. As one of his greatest friends has remarked, he needed at his elbow someone who possessed the ability to give a humorous turn to what was spoken in the heat of the moment, so as to put them all on good terms with one another again. As it was, he would say the unkindest things even to his greatest friends, and afterwards bitterly regret having said them. His manners were rude and abrupt, but his great genius, combined with the absolute simplicity and straightforwardness of his character, won him his way everywhere. A personality so rare as Beethoven's had a charm for those who worshipped genius, and thus he was forgiven speeches which no one else in his position would have dared to utter. He manifested complete indifference with regard to what people said of him or of his works—only when his honor was in any way impeached did

he blaze forth in his own defense. He hated deception of any kind; in both heart and action he was as open as the day, and he was quick to resent a suspicion of deception on the part of others. On one occasion a hitch occurred with regard to a performance of his works, and he suddenly suspected three of his friends of having created the obstacle for their own ends, although they had in reality been working hard to overcome the difficulty. He accordingly sat down and wrote to each as follows:

'To Count Lichnowsky.

'Falsehoods I despise. Visit me no more. There will be no concert.

'Beethoven.'

'To Herr Schindler.

'Visit me no more until I send for you. No concert.

'Beethoven.'

'To Herr Schuppanzigh.

'Visit me no more. I give no concert.

'Beethoven.'

Haydn and Beethoven did not get on well together; there seems to have been something antagonistic in their natures which prevented anything approaching to reciprocal feeling between them. Beethoven from the first considered that he had a grievance against his master in the fact that he did not make sufficient progress, owing to Haydn's being so much occupied with his own work. This dissatisfaction led to his seeking guidance in other quarters; but for about a year after his arrival in Vienna he refrained from doing this openly, until Haydn's departure for England gave him the opportunity of changing masters. Thereafter he took lessons every day of the week from several of the best musicians in the city both in playing and composition. Albrechtsberger was the famous

contra-puntist of his day, and Beethoven derived much from his teaching; he does not appear to have impressed his master, however, with a high opinion of his powers, for the old man advised one of his pupils to have nothing to do with the young man from Bonn. 'He has learnt nothing,' Albrechtsberger added, 'and will never do anything in decent style.' This was in allusion to Beethoven's willfulness in persistently transgressing certain established rules of composition. The old teacher failed to see that Beethoven's refusal to be bound by hard-and-fast rules arose, not from mere caprice, but from the force of a genius which would not submit to be, trammeled by any kind of artificial limitations. The wisdom of Beethoven is, however, shown by the fact that he wrote out his exercises with the most scrupulous care, and in exact accordance with what were regarded as the laws of composition, for his genius, great and original as it was, would not presume upon ignorance.

But who could resist the young player when he seated himself at the pianoforte and began one of those wonderful improvisations about which so much has been written, but of the effect of which we can only faintly judge by the fact that the hearers were held spellbound until the finish? Who amongst that audience, gathered from the best and most critical followers and lovers of the art that Vienna contained, gave a thought to how many rules had been broken, or were likely to be broken, by the player, or, indeed, had room for any other thought but one of admiration for the music which was filling their ears and charming their senses? 'His improvisation was most brilliant and striking,' wrote Karl Czerny, the player and composer, and pupil of Beethoven; 'in whatever company he might chance to be he knew how to produce such an effect upon every hearer that frequently not an eye remained dry, while many would break out into loud sobs; for there was something wonderful in his expression, in addition to the beauty and originality of his ideas, and his spirited style

of rendering them.' Ferdinand Ries, another of his pupils, has declared that no other artist that he ever heard could approach Beethoven in extemporization. 'The wealth of ideas which forced themselves on him, the caprices to which he surrendered himself, the variety of treatment, the difficulties, were inexhaustible.' And it must be borne in mind that in respect to this art Beethoven was brought into competition with several older and undoubtedly brilliant performers of the day, who, until he came amongst them, had swayed their respective circles of admirers.

Yet, strangely enough, the emotion aroused in his hearers seemed to find no response in Beethoven himself. Frequently when he discovered how deeply he had moved his audience he would burst into roars of laughter; at other times the sight of their emotion stirred him up to angry resentment, and he would shout, 'We artists don't want tears, we want applause!' That a player should open his soul in his music and then abuse his audience for their inability to suppress the feelings which he had aroused appears strange indeed. But the caprice and willfulness which marked his public playing are shown equally in his relations with people in everyday life. What may have been his true feelings is concealed—it is only the mask which is seen; and the mask was so constantly worn that it no doubt deceived many. Every now and again, however, we get a glimpse of his true nature in his intercourse with those who knew him best. Irritable to a degree, and occasionally outrageous as his conduct appears to have been, it needed but the touch of another's grief to draw from him the golden thread of sympathy. On one occasion he offended the susceptibilities of the company assembled in one of the most fashionable drawing-rooms of Vienna by using his hostess's snuffers as a toothpick! Yet, later on, when that household was plunged into mourning by the loss of a beloved child, and visitors were denied, it was Beethoven to whom the bereaved mother opened her doors, and to whom she turned for

sympathy.

It is much to be regretted that the nobility of nature which was really and truly Beethoven's attribute should have been so constantly overshadowed and dominated by something else which, without being a superior force, seemed by a strange perversity to be always to the fore. Whilst, however, we would wish to give to every instance of his goodness of heart its fullest weight, it would be useless, as well as wrong, to endeavor to hide the fact that his conduct, even towards those who desired to be his friends, and to whom he owed obligations for acts of sympathy and kindness, frequently admitted of no excuse. His anger, though sharp, was short, and left no sting behind; but his unjust suspicions and scornful treatment of men whose confidence he had won by his genius and force of character, were the cause of sorrow and suffering to those whom he attacked, as well as of remorse to himself, whereby his whole life was embittered, and his better nature warped to ignoble ends.

The good people of Vienna must, indeed, have been somewhat at a loss how to take the genius who had thus burst into their midst and laid them under captivity. Attempts at conciliation were more often than not frustrated by his variable temperament; for though none was apter than Beethoven to take offence, there was no one quicker to resent any effort at mediation by a third party, on whose unfortunate head it was only too likely that the irate composer would empty the vials of his wrath. Nevertheless, his erratic behavior did not sensibly lessen the circle of his admirers or diminish the popularity which his fame had brought him. Many of the fashionable ladies of Vienna came to him for lessons instead of requiring his attendance at their houses; but such condescension made no difference to the man who held that mind and character alone were the qualifications by which men and women were to be weighed in the social balance. If, therefore, the young ladies talked or showed

inattention during their lessons, he became furious, and would tear up the music and scatter it over the floor. His rage, indeed, seems to have been quite ungovernable at times. On one occasion he was playing a duet with his pupil Ries when his ear caught some fragments of a conversation which a young nobleman was carrying on with a lady at the further end of the room. Instantly he jumped up from the piano in a rage, and, taking Ries's hands off the keyboard, he bellowed, 'I play no longer for such hogs!' nor could either apologies or entreaties induce him to resume the performance.

It was often a matter of some difficulty to get him to play, especially when he was not in the humor. On such occasions he would preface the performance by striking the keys with the palm of his hand, or draw his finger along the keyboard from end to end, roaring with laughter, and in other ways behave like a spoiled child. He would not bear being pressed beyond a certain point. Once, it is related, he was asked to play before strangers at the country-house of one of his rich patrons, and flatly refused to comply; whereupon the host jokingly threatened that, if he would not play, he should be confined as a prisoner in the house. Beethoven on this jumped up and ran out of the mansion, and though it was night, he walked three miles to the next town, and thence posted to Vienna. The next day a bust of this patron which stood on Beethoven's bookcase fell to the ground, and was shattered to pieces!

His views as to the superiority of mind and character over everything else were certainly borne out by his actions. One day, when he was walking with the poet Goethe near Uplitz, the Imperial family were observed to be approaching. Goethe at once stood aside and removed his hat, at the same time plucking his friend by the sleeve, to remind him that they were in the presence of royalty. Beethoven, however, seemed to regard this as a fitting opportunity for illustrating his views on the independence of art, for, shaking off the hand that

detained him, he buttoned up his coat in a determined manner, planted his hat firmly on his head, and, folding his arms behind him, marched straight into the ranks of the Imperial party! If Goethe felt dismayed at his friend's lack of respect, he must have been astonished to note the result; for the Archduke Rodolph not only made way for Beethoven to pass, but removed his hat, whilst the Empress was the first to bow to him.

In appearance Beethoven was short, broad, and strong-looking. His face was not prepossessing. 'He was meanly dressed, and very ugly to look at,' wrote a lady who knew and admired him, 'but full of nobility and fine feeling, and highly cultivated.' It must have been difficult to describe a face which was subject to such frequent changes of expression, but its forcefulness must have been apparent to every beholder. The eyes were black and bright, and they had a way of dilating when the composer was buried in thought so as to impart to his face an expression of being inspired. Gloomily abstracted as he would be at times, when possessed by some absorbing train of ideas, nothing could have been more cordial or more winning than the smile which lighted up his face at the sight of a friend. With a mass of dark hair surmounting a high and broad forehead, and the quick, penetrative glance which shot from beneath the large overhanging eyebrows, Beethoven's face must have struck the observer with a sense of its strong individuality. Nevertheless, only a few of the portraits have succeeded in conveying a true likeness of the man who was so unlike everyone else. His hands were hairy, and the fingers 'strong and short, and pressed out with long practicing.' He was very particular about the position of his hands when playing, and as a rule he kept his body quite still. When conducting, however, his movements were constant and curious. At a pianissimo passage 'he would crouch down so as to be hidden by the desk, and then, as the crescendo increased, would gradually rise, beating all the time, until at the

fortissimo he would spring into the air with his arms extended, as if wishing to float on the clouds.'

It was one of the most striking of Beethoven's characteristics that he dearly loved a joke. Ever since the time when he played off the rather unkind joke on the singer Heller the passion for joking had grown upon him to such an extent that evidence of its ruling force appears in every chapter of his life. He occasionally introduced a joke into his compositions. Thus, in the 'Pastoral Symphony,' we come across a trio between a nightingale, a quail, and a cuckoo. Again, in other works, such as the No. 8 Symphony, the bassoons are brought in unexpectedly, in such a manner as to produce a humorous effect. He never missed an opportunity of playing off a joke upon any of his friends, both in season and out of season, and he always showed his appreciation of the victim's discomfiture by roars of laughter. His letters are full of puns, and he bestows uncomplimentary nicknames upon his intimates. One day his brother Johann, who had acquired a small property in the neighborhood of Vienna, called upon him in his absence, and left his card, bearing the inscription, 'Johann van Beethoven, Gutsbesitzer' (Land proprietor). Beethoven was so tickled with the conceit of this designation that he could not resist returning the card to his brother with the following inscription scrawled upon the back: 'L. van Beethoven, Hirnbesitzer' (Brain proprietor). Some of his jokes, however, were in extremely bad taste. On one occasion a lady admirer preferred a request for a lock of his hair as a keepsake, and he sent her instead a wisp cut from the beard of a goat! With his inordinate love of joking, however, he was a poor hand at bearing a joke that told against himself. It is related that, having once been rude enough to interrupt a player named Himmel in the midst of the latter's improvisation by asking when he was going to begin, Himmel afterwards wrote to him that 'the latest invention in Berlin was a lantern for the blind'—a joke which Beethoven not only failed to see, but

'when it was pointed out to him he was furious, and would have nothing more to do with his correspondent.'

His carelessness in matters of dress was very noticeable. Czerny, his pupil, has described how he found him at home on his first visit, with his shock of black hair and his unshaven chin, and his ears stuffed with cotton-wool, whilst his clothes seemed to be made of so rough a material, and were so ill-fitting that he resembled nothing so much as a Robinson Crusoe. It is related that once, when he was engaging a servant, the man stated as a reason for leaving his last situation that he failed to dress his master's hair to the latter's satisfaction. 'It is no object to me to have my hair dressed,' remarked Beethoven, as he signified his approval of the engagement. He always described himself as 'a disorderly creature,' and he certainly merited the designation. He was clumsy and awkward in his movements; he could not shave without cutting himself, or handle delicate things without breaking them; and whilst composing he invariably spilt the ink over the pianoforte. His handwriting was so illegible as to call forth objurgations from himself whenever he was called upon to decipher it. 'Yesterday,' he writes to a friend, 'I took a letter myself to the post office, and was asked where it was meant to go to; from which I see that my writing is as often misunderstood as I am myself.' Nevertheless, he was very fond of letter-writing, as the collections which have been preserved abundantly testify.

The letters of great men are often valued for the opinions they contain on persons and subjects of the day, as well as for the insight they afford into the private thoughts and feelings of the writers. Beethoven's letters contain no word-pictures of scenery or events; nor do they express his views on questions or matters in which the world at large might be supposed to take an interest. But they are none the less valuable on that account; for they reflect the openness and simplicity of his character, and lay bare his wishes, his hopes and his

disappointments, his joys and his sorrows—and especially his love of fun—just as one or another of these feelings or aspirations was uppermost at the moment.

As a teacher Beethoven exhibited none of the carelessness or impatience that characterized his personal habits. If the rendering of a passage was not in accordance with his own ideas of what it should be, he insisted upon the pupil playing it over and over again until he was satisfied. He was comparatively indifferent to the playing of wrong notes, but failure on the part of a pupil to give the right shade of expression, or to grasp the true character of a piece, never failed to arouse his anger. The one, he would say, might be an accident, but the other showed a want of knowledge, or feeling, or attention.

Beethoven was by nature exceedingly unpunctual, and frequently kept his pupils waiting for their lessons. Even Madame von Breuning, for whom he had a strong affection, and who was one of the few people who could be said to have managed him, often failed in persuading him to be in time. 'Ah! I may not disturb him—he is in his raptus,' she would exclaim despairingly, in allusion to his habit of relapsing into gloomy reverie. And not even his dearest friend dared to intrude upon him at such moments. His absent-mindedness was the subject of many a joke. He often forgot to come home to dinner—a fact which, seeing that he was a man, deserves to be recorded; and it is even said that, on one occasion, he insisted on tendering money for a meal which he had not ordered, under the belief that he had dined. At another time he composed a set of variations on a Russian dance for the wife of an officer in the Russian service—a compliment which was acknowledged by the gift of a horse. Straightway Beethoven forgot all about the horse until he was reminded of its existence by a long bill presented for its keep. He persisted in shaving himself at his bedroom window, without a blind, and exposed to the view of passers-by; and when he

discovered that this habit caused a crowd of jeering idlers to collect in front of the house, he flew into a rage, and exchanged his lodgings for others situated in a more retired spot, rather than discontinue the practice. His explosive temper has furnished many amusing anecdotes. One day his cook, who, in consideration of her master's incurable unpunctuality, must be regarded as an aggrieved personage, served up some eggs which were not to his taste, and he emphasized his displeasure by throwing the entire batch at the head of the unfortunate domestic. On another occasion a waiter who mistook his order was rewarded by having the contents of a dish of stew poured over his head. Even where his temper was not concerned his manners were directly opposed to those prevailing in polite society—though, in a large measure, this may have been due to his perfect simplicity and his ignorance of what was expected of him. Thus, it is told that, returning from one of his long walks in the pouring rain, he would make straight for the sitting-room of the house in which he happened to be staying and calmly proceed to shake the water from his hat over the carpet and chairs, after the fashion of a retriever just emerged from a pond, humming to himself the while some theme which had been occupying his thoughts during his walk. One of his pleasanter habits, to which he was greatly attached, was washing. He would pour the water backwards and forwards over his hands with childish delight, and if, as frequently happened, a musical idea suggested itself to him during the operation, he became oblivious to everything else, and would continue to send the water to and fro, spilling it in huge quantities, until the floor resembled a miniature lake.

Beethoven would never allow that his disorderliness was anything more than personal, always contending that he had a love of order and neatness with regard to his surroundings and arrangements. Yet here is a sketch of the condition of his living-room, as seen by one of his friends: 'The most exquisite

confusion reigned in his house. Books and music were scattered in all directions; here the residue of a cold luncheon, there some full, some half-emptied, bottles. On the desk the hasty sketch of a new quartet; in another corner the remains of a breakfast. On the pianoforte the scribbled hints for a noble symphony, yet little more than in embryo; hard by a proof-sheet, waiting to be returned; letters from friends, and on business, spread all over the floor. Between the windows a goodly Stracchino cheese, and on one side of it ample vestiges of a genuine Verona Salami....' If an article were missing Beethoven would declare that he knew just where to put his hand upon it; and then, when two or three days' search failed to discover its whereabouts, he would storm at the servants, asseverating that they hid his things away on purpose to annoy him. But the storm would clear as quickly as it had gathered, and peace reign once more, until the next occasion called it forth; and the servants knew their master's heart too well to be angered by his reproaches.

The mention of his rambles in the rain recalls his fondness for the open air. It was a passion which clung to him through life. As each summer came round, during these years of unremitting toil, he would hail with delight the moment when he could close the door of his lodgings in the hot, stuffy city, and betake himself to some retired spot where he could ramble about and hold communion with Nature, secure from interruption. 'No man,' he wrote to one of his friends, 'loves the country more. Woods, trees, and rocks give the response which man requires.... Every tree seems to say, "Holy, holy."' A forest was to him a paradise. He would penetrate its cool depths, and, selecting a tree which offered a seat in a forking branch close to the ground, he would climb into it and sit there for hours, buried in thought. It was amidst the trees of Schönbrunn that he made the first rough notes for several of his great works. With his back planted against the trunk of a favorite lime-tree, his legs stretched along the big branch, and

his gaze fixed upon the network of branchlets and quivering leaves above him, he sketched the framework of the oratorio 'The Mount of Olives,' the opera 'Fidelio' (or 'Leonore,' as it was first called), and that glorious symphony which is known by the title of the 'Eroica.'

When not resting amidst the trees Beethoven would set off on long walks through the fields, sketch-book in hand, and humming or roaring to himself as he went along. The rough jottings in the sketch-books were later on developed with the utmost care, being written out again and again, with fresh alterations and additions each time, until every trace of crudeness had disappeared, and the finished work stood out with such clearness and precision as to suggest that it had been but that moment created. Nothing, indeed, has struck those who have followed the gradual development of his work from the first sketches which have been preserved more than the number of attempts which mark the growth of the idea in the composer's mind, until it assumed its final form. Yet there was no trace in the finished work of the process of refining and elaboration through which it had passed.

Very curious was the origin of some of the suggestions which found their way into the sketch-books. It was Beethoven's practice to keep one of these books by his bedside, in case an idea occurred to him during the night, and it is told that he was once aroused by the knocking of a neighbor who had been accidentally locked out of his house in the small hours of the morning. The irate neighbor knocked four raps at a time, with a pause at the end of every fourth rap, and the rhythmic regularity of the sounds not only startled Beethoven out of his sleep, but suggested a musical idea to his mind. Up jumped the composer, and down went the idea in his sketch-book, and the next morning the jotting was included in one of his most striking compositions—the 'Violin Concerto in D,' where the passage, given to the drums, is many times repeated.

A village which formed one of his favorite resorts was Heiligenstadt, situated about seven miles from Vienna. Here he went in the summer of 1802, after a severe illness. For some time past he had been suffering from increasing deafness, and the malady seemed now to have reached an acute stage, so that his country surroundings failed to exercise their accustomed charm, and he fell into a deep melancholy. Indeed, he appeared to have become impressed with the idea that his life-work was ended, and that he had nothing to look forward to but the companionship of an affliction which must sever him from the social intercourse in which he delighted, and render his remaining years solitary and miserable. It would be difficult to imagine a more terrible calamity than that which had befallen Beethoven, or to exaggerate its effects upon an over-sensitive nature such as he possessed. As his deafness increased, his efforts to conceal the results of the malady from those outside his own immediate circle became more and more painfully evident. No one failed to observe how he was affected, yet none dared to commiserate with him; and when he discovered that his mistakes were drawing public attention to what he was so anxious to hide, his mortification was intensified to a degree that for the time destroyed his peace of mind and left him a prey to melancholy. It was whilst in this state of mental and physical depression that he penned from his village retreat the touchingly eloquent letter which has since been called his 'will.' In this epistle, which is addressed to 'My brothers Carl and Johann Beethoven,' and which they are admonished to 'read and execute after my demise,' Beethoven pleads for consideration both on account of his irritability and his apparent lack of affection. To his misfortunes, not to his faults, must be attributed the obstinacy, the hostility, or the misanthropic attitude which he has shown towards those whom he loves, and by whom he is loved in return. 'My heart and my mind,' he says, as if in extenuation of this fancied ill-feeling, 'were

from childhood prone to the tender feelings of affection.' It is a pathetic appeal to natures which, unfortunately for the writer, were the least likely to echo its tenderness in their own hearts; for neither of the brothers had ever shown him true affection. They had followed him to Vienna to found a livelihood for themselves, and thenceforward, with selfish zeal for their own interests, they had simply served to clog his progress. Blinded by the nobility of his own character, however, Beethoven now takes upon himself the entire blame for what he imagines to be a lessening of the affection between them, and, sunk in health, and viewing his future through the darkest of glasses, he reproaches himself for what he could never have helped. Though his brothers are the only persons who are actually named in this remarkable letter, no one who reads it can doubt that Beethoven is addressing the world at large, who will judge both himself and his works.

Towards the end of this year his health had improved, but the deafness remained constant, and he was at length compelled to desist from conducting his works. Shortly after this an incident occurred which must have served to convince him of the sympathy which the public felt for him in his affliction. His great work, the 'Choral Symphony,' was being performed, and the composer was standing on the platform with his back to the audience, intently following the music. As the concluding chords died away the whole house broke out into enthusiastic applause. Again and again the shouts rent the air, but Beethoven stood motionless, unmoved—a pathetic figure amidst the storm. Possibly at this moment those whose ears he had charmed by his music realized to the full the ineffable sadness of his condition, for a reverential hush fell suddenly on the gathering. The next moment, however, the storm of cheers broke out afresh, for a young singer, named Caroline Unger, who had been taking part in the symphony, went up to the unconscious composer, and, taking his hand, turned him round to the audience. As the glance of the deaf

man lighted upon the sea of upturned faces, and he witnessed the emotion which his work had aroused, he was deeply moved.

The 'Choral Symphony' ranks amongst the greatest of Beethoven's works, but we should like to mention one of his smaller, though not less famous, compositions—that which is known by the title of the 'Kreutzer Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin'—because no fitter illustration could be found of the rapidity with which the composer worked under pressure than is afforded by the beautiful work which he dedicated to his friend Rodolphe Kreutzer, a violinist attached to Count Bernadotte's suite of performers. He had undertaken the writing of the sonata at the instance of a violinist, a mulatto named Bridgetower, who was staying in Vienna, and it was to be jointly performed by Bridgetower and himself. The concert was announced to begin at 8 a.m., but when the public were hastening to the theatre in the Augarten at that early hour of the spring morning, the music for the pianoforte part was practically unwritten, with the exception of a few scattered suggestions, whilst the variations, which are justly renowned for their grace and beauty, were hurriedly written in at the last moment, and had to be played by the violinist at sight from the rough manuscript. The andante is of unsurpassable beauty, and it was rendered by the composer in such a manner as to excite the audience to enthusiasm. Beethoven's powers of playing were never shown to greater advantage than in his andante movements. His execution of the quicker parts was apt to be confused by his frequent use of the pedal, but nothing occurred to mar or obscure the clearness and depth of expression with which he rendered the slower movements, and it was in these that his playing was most truly inspired.

The year 1804 is a memorable one in the life of Beethoven, for it witnessed the completion of his grand symphony, the 'Eroica,' the rough idea of which had been sketched amidst the woods of Schönbrunn two years before.

The suggestion of the work is said to have come from Count Bernadotte, the French Ambassador at Vienna, with whom Beethoven was on terms of intimacy; but the man whom it was intended to honor by its dedication was the General whose exploits had shaken the whole of Europe—Napoleon Buonaparte. Beethoven had been greatly attracted by Napoleon's character. He believed in him as the one man who was capable of making his adopted country a pattern for the world, by establishing a Republic on the principles laid down by Plato. But his confidence in the unselfishness of Napoleon's aims was soon to receive a rude shock. The fair copy of the symphony, with its dedicatory inscription, had been completed, and was on the point of being dispatched to Paris, when suddenly the news reached Vienna that the hero's glorious entry into the French capital had culminated in his allowing himself to be proclaimed Emperor. In a moment Beethoven's worship was turned into hatred and contempt. He seized the manuscript, tore the title-page to shreds, and flung the work itself to the other end of the room. 'He designs to become a tyrant, like the rest,' he exclaimed, with scornful bitterness; and it was a long time before he could even be induced to look at the music again, or to consider the question of its publication. Eventually, however, he consented to its appearing under a new title, the 'Sinfonia Eroica,' by which it has since been known to the world.

It is impossible within the limits of a short story-life to give even a brief description of the composer's chief works, or to convey more than an idea of how much work, despite his irregular habits, Beethoven accomplished. His untiring industry in developing the rough jottings which formed the foundations of his compositions has been mentioned; but without following his life from year to year we can have only a very imperfect conception of the actual amount of labor which was involved in bringing to perfection the long list of works that we see appended to the biographies of the

composer. When we follow the story of his life in detail, we are struck by the fact of his unceasing toil. Nothing seems to have checked the constant flow of composition; yet many causes were at work to hinder it, such as ill-health, poverty, an ill-balanced temperament, and an over sensitiveness with regard to the petty troubles arising out of his injudicious mode of life. 'I live only in my music,' he writes, 'and no sooner is one thing done than the next is begun. As I am now writing, I often work at three or four things at once.' And think what such work meant! It has been said that it is difficult to find in Beethoven's life anything corresponding to the extraordinary beauty and grandeur of his creations—in other words, there seems to exist no parallel in his life, as he lived it, to the outpourings of his musical soul. There is, indeed, little doubt that Beethoven had but one channel through which to express his deepest thoughts and feelings—the language of music. Through his music he reaches our hearts; by his music we are brought into contact with his innermost soul; and by his music alone can we know the man Beethoven as he really was.

Yet his life was by no means devoid of noble qualities. It was in every sense a great life, full of energy, full of power, full of a determination which carried him through every obstacle, and enabled him to hold his own against the attacks of his enemies. Apart, however, from the genius that ennobled it, it was not a life which could altogether compel admiration. The down-right simplicity and directness of purpose which shone forth as Beethoven's chief characteristics, and in themselves were undoubted virtues, were, unhappily, overshadowed by faults and shortcomings of such magnitude as to shut out much of the friendship and sympathy that he might otherwise have enjoyed; and no one reading his life can doubt that he stood greatly in need of such assistance.

Nevertheless, Beethoven's faults were of the head, not of the heart. At heart he was a man capable of loving and worthy

to be loved. His simple nature was easily touched by distress, and just as easily imposed upon by those who designed to use him for their own ends. Many of his quarrels and dislikes were either brought about or fomented by persons in whom he had placed a mistaken faith. This was notably the case with regard to the quarrel with Stephen Breuning, his best and truest friend, to whom, after a separation of years, he turned with an appeal for pardon that did honor to his heart. The letter accompanied a miniature of the composer, and ran as follows:

'Beneath this portrait, dear Stephen, may all that has for so long gone on between us be forever hidden. I know how I have torn your heart. For this the emotion that you must certainly have noticed in me has been sufficient punishment. My feeling towards you was not malice. No—I should no longer be worthy of your friendship; it was passionate love for you and myself; but I doubted you dreadfully, for people came between us who were unworthy of us both. My portrait has long been intended for you. I need not tell you that I never meant it for anyone else. Who could I give it to with my warmest love so well as to you, true, good, noble Stephen? Forgive me for distressing you. I have suffered myself as much as you have. It was only when I had you no longer with me that I first really felt how dear you are, and always will be, to my heart. Come to my arms once more, as you used to do.'

Carl, the brother in whose unworthy behalf Beethoven had taken up the cudgels against his best friend, was dead when this touching appeal was written, but he had bequeathed to Beethoven a solemn charge which was destined to bring to him who undertook it in the goodness of his heart a burden of sorrow and bitterness. Carl had died penniless, and his boy, who bore the father's name, thenceforth became to his Uncle Ludwig as his own son. How good, how generous and self-sacrificing Beethoven was to his nephew is testified by all who have written of his life. He supplied him freely with money when money was by no means too plentiful; he strove

to satisfy his every need, either fancied or real; and he lavished upon him a great love and solicitude to the last day of his life. But Carl showed himself to be utterly unworthy of this affection. He treated his uncle shamefully, and instead of endeavoring to repay his kindness by steady perseverance, he was a disgrace to the family whose name he bore. There is, unfortunately, only too much reason for believing that Carl's want of affection, coupled with his dissolute habits, embittered his uncle's existence, estranged him from his friends, and hurried on his death.

Of Beethoven's tenderness of heart numerous instances are recorded. He devoted much of his time to arranging concerts for the benefit of the poor and suffering, and in the midst of his popularity and the heavy demands upon his time and strength he always found a means of helping others. When he first came to Vienna to reside, he made the acquaintance of a musician named Förster, from whom he received instruction in the art of quartet writing. Beethoven never forgot this kindly help, and long afterwards, when Förster was living in the upper part of his house, he gave music-lessons to his friend's little six-year-old boy. The lessons could only be given before breakfast, and as Beethoven was an early riser, the boy had to get up in the dark on those winter mornings and go down to the practice-room. May we not picture for ourselves the little child seated beside the grave composer in the dimly-lighted room, striving with chilly fingers to find the right notes, whilst the master, bending over him, sets him right with a tenderness which no one else is near to witness?

'I feel as if I had written scarcely more than a few notes,' were the words used by Beethoven in writing to a friend in 1824, when he was near the close of his full and eventful life; and they serve to show how exhaustless was that energy which neither sorrow nor disease had the power to repress. Still, he yearns to 'bring a few great works into the world, and then,' he adds, 'like an old child, to end my earthly course

somewhere amongst good people.' These latter years had, indeed, been very full ones, both of work and anxieties, and the inroads of disease had been steadily undermining his strength. Yet the picture which is given to us of the composer when within a few months of his death is a vivid portrayal of the triumph of mind-force over physical weakness. He was staying in the country, at the house of his brother Johann, and the picture of his daily life there is drawn by the hand of his serving-man. 'At half-past five he was up and at his table, beating time with hands and feet, singing, humming, and writing. At half-past seven was the family breakfast, and directly after it he hurried out of doors, and would saunter about the fields, calling out, waving his hands, going now very slowly, then very fast, and then suddenly standing still and writing in a kind of pocket-book. At half -past twelve he came into the house to dinner, and after dinner he went to his own room till three or so; then again in the fields till about sunset, for later than that he might not go out. At half-past seven was supper, and then he went to his room, wrote till ten, and so to bed.'

One more picture, and our story ends. Beethoven was lying on his death-bed when the news was brought to him that Hummel, the musician, with whom he had been intimate in the old Vienna days, had just arrived in the city. Many years had elapsed since Beethoven had severed his friendship with Hummel in a sudden fit of pique, and there had been no attempt at reconciliation. But now, wasted by disease, and fast sinking into his grave, there was no room in his heart for aught but joy at the knowledge that one whom he had formerly liked was so near him. 'Oh,' he cried, raising himself in bed when he heard the news—'oh, if he would but call to see me!' No one seems to have carried the message from the dying man, but it was answered. A few days later Hummel came, and the old friends were at once in each other's arms. Hummel, struck by the terrible signs of suffering in Beethoven's

face, broke into bitter weeping. Beethoven tried to calm him, and, pulling from beneath his pillow a sketch of Haydn's birthplace which he had that morning received, he cried, 'Look, my dear Hummel, here is Haydn's birthplace! So great a man born in so mean a cottage!'

Beethoven died on March 26, 1827, having recently completed his fifty-sixth year. Two days before his death he received the last Sacraments of the Church. 'As the evening closed in, at a quarter to six, there came a sudden storm of hail and snow, covering the ground and roof of the Schwarzspanierplatz, and followed by a flash of lightning and an instant clap of thunder. So great was the crash as to rouse even the dying man. He opened his eyes, clenched his fist, and shook it in the air above him. This lasted a few seconds, while the hail rushed down outside, and then the hand fell, and the great composer was no more.'

On March 29, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Beethoven was laid to rest in the Währinger Cemetery, Vienna. The funeral was a very grand one. Twenty thousand people followed him to his grave, and soldiers were needed to force a way for the coffin through the densely packed mass awaiting its arrival at the cemetery gates. Amongst the mourners was Schubert, the composer, who had visited him on his death-bed, and who acted as one of the torch-bearers. A choir of men singers and trombones performed and sang several of the master's compositions, as the great procession wended its way to the graveside, and Hummel laid three wreaths of laurel upon the coffin before it was lowered to its resting-place.

Frederich Perthes

1772 – 1843

In the year 1772 the town of Rudolfstadt was the chief city of one of the small German states. It was built upon the river Saale, and in view of the beautiful Thuringian mountains, on the heights of which the Castle of Schwartzburg stood, to defend the country in time of invasion. Such a time was then just over. The terrible Seven Years' War, of which you may have heard, had not long since come to an end; but it had left behind it the miseries which always follow after battle—a fearful pestilence and a famine, from which hundreds of the people died.

No one was surprised at these troubles. They were a natural consequence of the times through which the country had just passed. One can easily believe that if people are occupied in preparations for defence, and in battles against invaders, they have no time to sow their seed and reap their crops; so the harvest fails, and the pastures are ruined and destroyed by the enemy's army. Then when the fearful battles are over, and dead men and horses lie buried in heaps below the sods, the winds blowing across the fields become tainted and unwholesome, and carry disease instead of health to those living near at hand.

This year of 1772 was sometimes called 'the great hunger year;' and the people of Rudolfstadt were suffering, as were so many other people in other towns on the continent of Europe. It was no wonder in such times that when the father of a

family died, he had no money to leave his wife and children for their support; and so it happened that when Christopher Frederich Perthes, a young lawyer of Rudolfstadt, died suddenly, his widow and her little baby were left without any means of living. They had some relations in the town, but these were all almost as poor as themselves; so the young widow went out as nurse to some richer people who needed her services, and could pay for them; and her old mother took care of the little boy till she died, which happened when he was seven years old. The child was named Frederich, after his father. How the mother must have longed to keep him with her, and try to train him to become as good a man as her husband had been. We can fancy in the quiet hours, as she sat watching by the sick-bed of the patient whom she nursed, how her thoughts would turn to the boy, and to the happy time when she would find her lost treasures safe in heaven.

When his grandmother died, a new home opened for the lonely child. In a little house in Rudolfstadt lived Ferdinand Heubel, his mother's brother. He was a young man, and poor, living on a small sum which he received from some office he held in the service of the Prince. His sister Caroline kept house for him, and this good uncle and aunt gladly adopted the little boy, and made a happy home for him with them.

Frederich was very like many English boys living now. He was not at all clever. It is said that he had no memory for numbers, and no talent for learning languages, so that when he was sent at twelve years of age to the large school or gymnasium in Rudolfstadt, although he had spent much time in lessons with his uncle, and had been carefully taught with other boys whose tutor's lectures he had shared, yet he was more ignorant than most of his schoolfellows, and did not know enough to prepare him for his work at school But you must not think of him as idle. He had a great love of reading, and the old books in the Court library, to which he was allowed to go, were a great delight to him. One of these was

a history of the world, in several huge volumes. Another was a book of travels by land and water, in one-and-twenty volumes. In this way he gained a great amount of information, and his steady perseverance seems to prove that his slowness at school arose from no fault of his own.

I should think it must have been a disappointment to him sometimes to see his schoolfellows carry home their prizes, and find himself always low down in the class. But his friends were very patient with him; they saw he did his best, and probably they remembered that the best education is not always marked by a high place in school. Frederich was learning perseverance and humility; and in after years he was able to look back to that happy home with his uncle and aunt, and see how he learned from them a horror of any kind of evil-doing, that kept him safe when he was afterwards often in temptation.

Into his quiet life many great pleasures and excitements did not come; but all the more, on that account, he learned to value any little change or treat that came in his way. It is a great thing to be able to find happiness in the small interests and everyday joys of life; and sometimes even children lose the power of doing so when they are used to many larger treats and pleasures. So poverty brought some blessings to this boy of whom you are reading, and he learned to make the most of and value thoroughly every little blessing that he had.

His greatest pleasure was to spend his holidays among the beautiful Thuringian mountains, that were to be seen from Rudolfstadt. His uncle, John David Heubel, lived in the old Castle of Schwartzburg, as bailiff to the Prince. Day after day he used to wander with his uncle over the hills and through the pine forests, and visit with him the huts of the fowlers who caught the wild birds on the estate. You can guess what a delight it must have been to this town-bred boy to hear the birds' songs in the woods, and feel the fresh winds blowing over the mountain tops; and at night, tired with the long ramblings he

had enjoyed by day, to fall asleep, lulled by the roar of the torrent that flowed deep down in the valley below the old castle walls. He learned in these visits to Schwartzburg to love the country dearly, and to know much about plants and stones; and something, too, of the wonderful instincts and habits of the living creatures in the woods. They became like friends to him, and he could no more have robbed a bird's nest, or teased a helpless animal, than he could have injured the relations with whom he lived, who were so good to him.

So his life passed, sometimes at school, and sometime in this old castle upon the mountains, until he was fourteen years of age. He was thought old enough then to earn his living and to work his own way in the world. It was a difficulty to find money to keep him longer at school. Besides, he made so little progress, though he worked his hardest, that to do so seemed an unwise act.

What had he to take with him to help him on in life? He had very little learning and no money; but he had a dread of evil-doing, and a love of goodness, and a persevering, patient spirit, and a kindly feeling for every living thing. In addition, his heart was full of gratitude to his friends who had brought him up, and he had a longing to be worthy of their care, and to be diligent and honest, if he could be nothing else in the world. The question was, to what trade should he be apprenticed? His love of reading was so great, that to be a bookseller seemed the most fitting employment he could have. He knew very little about the business, however, for Rudolfstadt, though a large town, contained no bookseller.

It was a great event to him, you may be sure, when Sirach, the printer of Rudolfstadt, offered to take him to the great fair held at the town of Leipsig, many miles away, that they might seek a bookseller there willing to have him as an apprentice. Leipsig was nearly two days' journey from Rudolfstadt They travelled by open coach, and Frederich felt as if he were indeed seeing the world when they passed two nights in strange

towns upon the way. The fair at Leipsig was the great meeting-place of the year, where shopkeepers and merchants assembled to sell their wares and make bargains; so it offered a good opportunity for finding the wished-for situation.

Among the crowds of people in the large marketplace Frederich felt very shy. He kept close to Sirach; and when the printer had finished his own business, and had begun to talk to different booksellers about the errand on which he had brought the boy, Frederich felt very anxious, lest he should be thought too ignorant or too young. The first bookseller, who was in want of an apprentice, spoke kindly to him, and asked him some simple questions about the Latin grammar. Poor Frederich, whose knowledge did not lie there, could not answer him, and the bookseller said he must have an older and wiser boy. Another bookseller, also seeking an apprentice, was a tall, thin man, in a red overcoat which reached down to his boots. He was a strange, gaunt figure, and Frederich, who had seen little of the world, was frightened at the thought of such a master, and could not say a word. 'He is too shy for the book-trade,' said the tall man to Sirach, and turned away in search of a bolder lad. Poor Frederich began to despair. He thought how sad it would be to have spent so much money over his journey, and to go home again without the promise of a situation. He did not want to be a burden on his uncle any more, and he said to himself, 'If some one would only try me, they should find I could work well.'

It happened that in Leipsig lived the bookseller who supplied the Rudolfstadt library with books. This bookseller, whose name was Boehme, knew both the printer Sirach and Frederich's uncle; and believing that the boy whom they recommended was certain to be trustworthy, agreed to take him, but not until a year was over. He looked at present too small a boy and not strong enough for the work he would be required to do; but in twelve months' time there was more chance that he would suit.

So Frederich went back to Rudolfstadt with the printer, and waited until he was fifteen years old. Then he set out for Leipsig again, this time by himself. Before he went, however, a paper was drawn up and signed by his uncle and the bookseller—a common arrangement in those days—each making certain promises with regard to the young apprentice. This German bookseller believed that something more than diligence and good business habits was needful for success in trade. He believed that religion must enter into everyday employments, and that work done in a shop or office could only be rightly done by one who loved God and tried to please Him. So he promised to teach the boy, not only the bookselling trade, but also how to live virtuously and in the fear of God. His uncle, on his side, promised to supply him with clothes during his apprenticeship, to warn him to be anxious to serve his master honestly, to be pious, industrious, and cheerful, to go to church regularly, to avoid bad company, and to fulfil all the duties of a faithful apprentice. It was a cold, rainy September day when Frederich left his uncle's home in Rudolfstadt. He carried a little bundle of clothing with him, and felt rather dismal as he sat in the open mail-coach, without even the kind printer who had travelled with him the year before. On the 11th of September, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he reached Leipsig, and found his way to his new master's door. The house was a small one in Nicholas Street. Frederich's room, which he was to share with another apprentice, was a tiny attic up four flights of stairs. It had a small window in the roof, from which only sky was to be seen; two beds, a table, two trunks, two stools, and a stove filled up the attic, so that there was hardly room to turn.

Mr. Boehme met him with the words: 'Why, boy, you are no bigger than you were a year ago! but we will make a trial of it, and see how we get on together.' This was not encouraging; but he and his family gave the boy a kind welcome, and in the evening the bookseller wrote to tell Frederich's friends

that he had arrived safely.

In a few days Frederich had discovered that this was no easy situation to which he had come. Many an English boy when his school-days are over, and he goes out to serve in a shop or at a trade, finds it at first weary work to run all the errands that he is sent, and to keep his temper when hasty words are spoken to him. Often, too, an English girl in her first place grows tired of the heavy baby she has to nurse, and the hard work she has to do. She is tempted to be idle and sullen, and longs to give it all up, and to wander out in the sunshine, and have nothing to do but to amuse herself the whole day long. This German boy must have found many things hard to bear at first; but he was not afraid of hardships, and wrote cheerful letters home. He kept steadily before him the thought of all that his friends had done for him, and what they hoped from him, and thus he was able to make light of burdens that would have been very wearing if he had had only himself to think about.

His work began at seven o'clock in the morning, and lasted till eight o'clock at night. Most of the time he was occupied in going errands to other shops in the town, in search of books required by his master's customers. This work was all very well in the summer; but through the winter months, when the climate is very severe in Leipsig, he often got wet through, and after dusk shivered on the stone floor of the cold warehouse, where no fire was ever lighted. The book-seller himself was a strong, hardy man, who never knew what it was to be ill. If he were cold, he stamped his feet and rubbed his hands, and his apprentices were expected to do the same. Perhaps, too, he did not bear in mind how hungry a growing boy becomes, for Frederich suffered sadly from hunger, a cup of tea and a little halfpenny roll being all the food that was given to him to support him in his work through all the morning hours of each day.

Another trouble was the irritable temper of his master.

The small mistakes which in his ignorance of the business Frederich could not at first avoid making, brought forth storms of passion and abuse, and though Mr. Boehme regretted them afterwards, the anger was hard to bear at the time. In his own mind Frederich made excuses for this failing, for he soon discovered the great troubles that weighed upon his master's mind. The bookseller's wife, sad to tell, had fallen into intemperate habits, and the house and children were neglected.

We can imagine the sorrow this terrible sin of drunkenness brought into the home which might have been so happy. We all know, too well, how it destroys the reason and the self-control, and makes a human being sink lower and lower, till he is ready to commit any crime. It was little wonder if the poor bookseller was sometimes almost beside himself with trouble, when he saw the wife whom he loved so dearly losing her womanhood, and all that was once so sweet and lovable, and his little children growing up without a mother whose example they could follow and respect. Frederich wrote sadly when he spoke of this in his letters home. He was sorry that there seemed no way for him to lessen the trouble, and he longed to help to mend matters if he could.

Five months passed away, and the winter was nearly over. The shopkeepers in Leipsig had begun to like the cheerful, willing errand-boy, and they pitied him when they saw him limping along through the rain and cold, his feet lamed by the chilblains which the wet walks and cold warehouse had caused. At last he could not walk at all, and the nearest surgeon was sent for. For nine weeks after this the boy lay in the little attic unable to move. He grew very home-sick, and thought longingly of his friends in Rudolfstadt, and of the beautiful hills and woods at Schwartzburg. Sometimes, when he lay sleepless at nights, or woke in the early morning, he fancied he heard his uncle's voice calling to the dogs, and he seemed to see again the winding paths over the hills, and the

torrent rushing down among the rocks.

One of the bookseller's six children was a girl named Frederica, at this time twelve years old. She had always liked the kind-hearted boy who was so good-natured to her and her brothers and sisters, and who seemed so sorry for the sad times through which they sometimes passed. She pitied him in his loneliness, lying in the attic up so many flights of stairs, and used to bring her knitting and sit by his bedside, and listen to his tales about his home and the rambles he used to have with his uncle, in the holidays he spent at Schwartzburg. Sometimes she told him of the worries in her daily life, which seemed to grow lighter when they were shared with some one else; and a strong friendship grew up between the children. On the floor of the attic lay some large volumes of an old history of Italy, dusty and battered with age, for which the bookseller had not been able to find a purchaser. During the nine weeks the little girl patiently read several of the volumes aloud to Frederich, who was as eager for any book he could obtain as he used to be in the old library of the Court at Rudolfstadt She never stopped to think how dull the old book was, or how difficult to read the oldfashioned spelling; and she never thought how much pleasanter it must be in the open air and sunshine, than in the gloomy attic with its crowded furniture. When Frederich was well again and able to go about his work, you may be sure he did not forget her patience, and the kind way in which she had cheered so many hours; and the friendship which was thus begun did not end with his illness. He tried to help her in her anxieties, and to lighten her burdens in any way he could, bore with the greatest patience her father's ill-humour, and tried to keep peace in the little family which had such a heavy trouble to bear. Until he was just about to leave, Frederich found no young companions in Leipsig beside Frederica and his fellow-apprentice, who was named Rabenhorst.

Rabenhorst was four years older than himself, and, like

the bookseller, had a very irritable temper. At first, Frederich used, without intending it, to provoke him half-a-dozen times in an hour; and he found it difficult to learn not to return a hasty answer, or try for the last word in an argument. But he managed so well that every one was surprised to see how they suited each other; and Rabenhorst liked him much, and was really a good friend to him, teaching him many things in the business, and urging him to use his time rightly and to be steady in his work. In eighteen months Rabenhorst left Leipsig, having passed through his apprenticeship, and Frederich missed him very much.

The other apprentices in the town were very unlike Rabenhorst. They used to spend Sunday, their only holiday, in merry-making, and often in some tavern. Frederich, who had been taught so differently by his uncle and aunt, shrank from this evil-doing which he could not mend. How well it would have been if all the booksellers in Leipsig had thought, as Mr. Boehme did, that it was not enough for a boy to learn the trade only, but that he must try to serve God in his book-selling! If there had been this thought among them, the young apprentices would have been taught to lead better and happier lives.

Frederich tried to teach himself French and English when his working hours were over. Rabenhorst had often said to him that to make a good bookseller he ought to be able to read the books that were being published in other languages besides his own. So, after nine o'clock, he used to shut himself up in his attic, and read the grammar and learn lists of words; but he was so weary with his hard day's work that he often fell asleep, and the book dropped from his hand. He had no money by which he might gain the help of a master—the little money he had was scarcely enough to provide him with shoes. His uncle's half-worn clothes were made up again for him, and his linen was sent by a carrier once a fortnight to Rudolfstadt to be washed and mended by his aunt Once a

year, two dollars were given to him as pocket money, and we hear how he saved them to buy a greatcoat to protect him in his cold, wet walks. 'I must have a greatcoat at Michaelmas,' he wrote to his uncle, 'and then the old dollars must spin. Hurrah! I have the two still; but I shall look my last at them then.' Notwithstanding his poverty and his hard work, and the troubles and worries he met with, he was very happy during the years he spent at Leipsig. Six months before the full time for which he had been apprenticed was over, a bookseller at Hamburg, who, when he came to attend the book-fairs at Leipsig, had seen the boy's industry and willingness, offered him a place in his shop; and Mr. Boehme was so satisfied with him, that he would not let him lose so good a chance, and released him from the remainder of his time.

Frederich was very glad to think that now he should be dependent on no one; he would be able to earn his own living, and in time to help other people also. But he was very thankful for the six years of 'earnest striving,' as he called the time he had spent as an apprentice in Leipsig. He had learned his trade there, and he had learned better things with it: to keep his temper, to bear hardships, to fight against temptations, and to keep out of bad company. He had gained some happy thoughts at Leipsig, too, which were like good companions to him as he went his errands to the booksellers about the town; for he used to ponder as he walked on books he had been reading in his quiet attic at night, or on Sundays when he had a holiday from his work.

You must know that in Germany a great many books were written and read which were called philosophical books. There was a wide-spread love of wisdom, which is the meaning of this word philosophy, among certain of the German people, and they used to have many puzzles about the beautiful world we live in and the great Maker of it, and about our own minds and our strange lives, and where our home will be and what we shall become after death. Frederich used to find

some of these books in the warehouse, and his master let him read them, as he was always careful with those that were lent to him. They led him to think about his own life and the puzzles he found in it. He used to wonder why this work in bookshops in a noisy town was given to him to do, instead of a country life, such as the fowler's boys had who were at work on the Prince's estate round Schwartzburg Castle. Still more, he wondered why the bookseller and his children had to bear such a heavy trouble, and why the poor mother had been allowed to come into the way of temptation to drink, if, as he was sure must be true, there was a good Providence over all.

He remembered how, when he was a schoolboy at Rudolfstadt, and was so dull and stupid that he was always low in the class and gained no prizes, he was taught that there was still something to try for; if he could not be clever, yet he could be good, and he must keep before himself the aim of growing every year better, and truer, and holier than the last. He puzzled over it until he began to see a meaning in it all, and believed that life was given to us by God to teach us to grow gradually perfect, and that, like children in a school, we are all pressing forwards to the same hope and aim; and the troubles we have to bear, and the temptations we have to fight against, are really meant to make us holy, just as the hard lessons in our schooldays are meant to make us wise. The thought of how he had failed in his school lessons made him feel great pity for those people who were weak and fell into sin; and he used to be glad to think that some time a chance would come for even them to grow strong and good; so that everything was for the best, and would end well for all. But to himself he used to say when he had failed in any way: 'If other people had the same impulses to good as you have, they would certainly have acted better.'

I must tell you about one thing that caused him trouble before he left Leipsig. Not long after Rabenhorst went, a new apprentice, named Nessig, came to live at the bookseller's

house. He was a merry, clever youth, who amused every one by his lively talk; and Frederich found that he, with his quieter ways and rather silent manner, was often unnoticed and left on one side, while even his old friend Frederica seemed to forsake him for a time to laugh and talk with Nessig. Here was just one of the lessons which the philosophy of books and his own thoughts had taught Frederich that he was here on earth to learn. He felt cross, and as if he would like to do Nessig some ill turn. It was hard work to overcome this jealous feeling; but what was the use of all his good thoughts, if he did not carry them out in deeds? There was nothing for it but overcoming his ill-will, doing some kindness to Nessig the first time he had a chance, and trying to make a friend of him and rejoice in his good fortune. A kind act done to a person towards whom we feel unkindly soon changes our feelings, and Frederich and Nessig soon became friends. When he left Leipsig, he was glad to think that Frederica still had some one near her who could help her in her troubles, and he told Nessig of many little ways in which he might be able to be of use and comlort to her.

In 1793, at Easter, Frederich left Leipsig with Mr. Hoffman in his travelling carriage. The journey to Hamburg was a longer one than he had yet made. The fresh spring tints by day, and the moonlight nights, gave him great delight. When they came to the country which is watered by the river Elbe, it seemed like one large garden to him, after the smoky grass and town-grown trees to which he had been accustomed in Leipsig. They were ferried in a large boat across the mouth of the Elbe, and after a little more travelling found themselves in the beautiful town of Hamburg. A clear, wide river flowed through the middle of its streets. Close to the town was pretty country, through which the Elbe wound among meadows and under shady trees, till it was lost in the great North Sea which lay not very far away. 'It was something to feel this country at hand, even if he had no time to visit it,' thought Frederich.

Certainly he had not many leisure hours. The bookseller's shop was not closed till nine o'clock in the evening, and once a week they were obliged to sit up half the night. But sometimes there were holidays given to them, and then Frederich, with young companions of whom he found a large number, used to go sailing down the river Elbe, singing and enjoying the sunshine and the rippling of the waves.

The German people have many more pleasures of this kind than we English people have, and in Hamburg it was the custom to spend holiday hours in the open air. To Frederich at first it was very delightful to find himself among young people, for he had had few companions of his own age since his school-days were over. With flags flying, amid laughter and joking, the merry party used to spend some hours in a boat on the river, finding pleasant shady nooks where they could land to picnic on the grass, and return in the cool of the evening to Hamburg. The summer passed quickly away, and for the time, philosophy and French and English grammars had less attention than when he lived at Leipsig.

It was not strange, however, that Frederich, who had been used to the society of wise books and grave thoughts, grew weary of the endless joking and merriment of his new companions, and began to wish for more earnest and sober friends. It seemed to him a waste of the precious leisure hours to spend them thus, when he was so ignorant and there lay so much before him to be learned. The young girls, who appeared at first so charming, cared for nothing but laughter and foolish talk; and he could not help thinking how much better it would be if they would use the influence they possessed for some higher and better aim, and cared sometimes to be in earnest, and to lead those who talked and laughed with them to be in earnest too.

Frederich still wrote long letters, as he had always done, to his uncle and aunt, and told them all that happened to him. They were very glad at length to hear from him that he had

found three friends in Hamburg who were all he wished his friends to be. They were about his own age, between twenty and twenty-five years old; but they had had more time and opportunity than himself for reading, and they were cleverer and wiser than he. They liked him, however, when they saw what he was wishing to become, and how eager he was to improve himself, and to learn all he could from books and the experience of other people. They had another reason, too, for liking him, and for wishing to make a friend of him; a reason which made them say to one another, 'Though he is small and slender, and looks like a boy, after all little Perthes has the most manly spirit of us all.' Can you guess why they said this? The fact was they had two or three times seen how strong his will for goodness and right action was, and how it gave him power even over rough men when they were doing wrong, and over stubborn determined people who tried to tempt him to be less truthful or less honest than he knew he ought to be.

These three friends were a great contrast to the giddy boys and girls who invited him to their pleasure parties down the Elbe. Frederich was grateful for their invitation; but he never regretted the loss of the pleasant sail and the music and the merry picnic dinner, when he spent his leisure hours in more sober talk with his wiser friends, or in reading books which should make him a better companion for them. These holiday hours, however, were few and far between, and Frederich felt each day more and more that his time must be given to his business, and that he could make very little progress in study. He used to console himself by the hope that some time in years to come, when he had worked long and hard, perhaps he might go to live in some quiet country place, and, surrounding himself with books, read to his heart's content. But that was only a dream. Meanwhile he must live in the busy present, and his life became, as you will hear, more full of interests and cares.

After he had been three years in Hamburg, the notion

came to him, that as he now knew the bookselling trade well, if he could begin a business of his own, he should be in a more useful and better position than when serving other masters, as he was doing at present. But he was very poor, as you know, and his relations had no money to lend him. How could this be done? It was a question he often asked himself. You shall hear how he managed it.

In the first place, it was no longer needful, as was once the case, for a bookseller to spend a large sum of money in filling his shop with a number of books that perhaps he might never be able to sell again. Publishers in Germany were willing to trust an honest bookseller with a stock of volumes, to take back those he did not sell, and to pay him a certain sum for those he sold. Frederich Perthes had a good character. Every one who knew him spoke well of him, and his old master in Leipsig and his later master in Hamburg told gladly of the honest, upright way in which he had served them. Publishers were therefore willing to trust him with their books, and some rich men in Hamburg offered to lend him money, which he could repay to them when his business began to succeed. His old friend Nessig, about whom you have heard at Leipsig, became his partner, a young Hamburg merchant joined them, and they opened a bookseller's shop in the town, which was filled with the best and choicest books. It was an anxious, busy time for Frederich when he was opening this new business, and you will think he had not many holidays to spend either in sailing down the Elbe or with his three friends; for there were journeys which must be made to different publishers, and book-fairs to attend, so that he was often obliged to be much away from Hamburg. Still he had often spoken of his hopes, and aims, and if his friends could not help him, he knew that they were wishing him success.

Of course, one of his designs in beginning this business of his own was to make money and a place for himself in the world. Every young man wishes to do that. But he had

another hope, which was much stronger. You must know that while he was an apprentice, he had learned a great deal about the character of the people in the towns to which his master sent their books. He had observed that in the towns where there was no bookseller's shop—and there were many such places then in Germany—the inhabitants had very little love for reading. He observed, too, that in towns which had a bookseller, if the bookseller was a wise and educated man, good, first-class books were bought; but if he were a man of low tastes, and ignorant, then bad, worthless books only were bought. This discovery made him think how much influence a bookseller might have upon the German people, and made him wish above all things to be wise in choosing books, and to spread among them only those that were really good. 'Germany is full of wretched, bad books,' he said one day; 'it will never be improved till booksellers care for something better than gold.'

But he was not content to wait idly for the coming of that distant time. 'Rather,' thus he wrote to a friend, 'let us first see we are ourselves what we ought to be; let us also increase our knowledge, and try as much as possible to win for our opinions friends and advocates among the young people of our own standing, and to spread a high tone in our own circle. If we persevere, and if God help us, what may we not accomplish? what good may we not be the means of bringing about?' No wonder his friends wished him success, and said, 'Little Perthes has a manly spirit.' He was young and poor, but he did not say to himself, 'I shall have more influence when I am older; it will be time enough then to try to mend the world.' Instead of that, he began just where he was; and surely there is as good a work for any one of us to-day, as for Frederich Perthes seventy years ago. For our own land is full of ignorance and sin. We may be young and ignorant, but who knows what good any one of us, with God's help, may bring about, if we first try to make ourselves what we ought to be, and then

to spread around us only good examples and right thoughts!

Old friends became no less dear to Frederich as time passed by and brought him many new ones. Far from this being the case, they seemed to grow each year dearer, for, like every other quality, our power of loving increases with use, and it is a true saying that 'the more we love, the more we may love.' His old home at Rudolfstadt, his Schwartzburg uncle, and all whom he had cared for in his boyish days, became more precious to him. Thus, too, he thought of Frederica, and remembered the friendly hours they had passed together, her sympathy when he was ill and home-sick, and the unhappy home in which she lived. He had seen her again in her father's house in his recent visit to the book-fair at Leipsig, and found her unchanged; and now that he had a home and a business of his own, he longed to make her happy and to remove her from the troubles which made her life so sad. Frederica had a friendly feeling for her old friend, but she could not do as he wished. Let us hope that she found happiness in caring for her little brothers and sisters, and in knowing that her father would have missed her sadly if she had gone to another home. You will not hear anything more of Frederica. Her decision gave Frederich great sorrow at first. He felt inclined to lose all interest in his work, and to be gloomy and idle; but good resolutions came to his aid. He fought against the temptation, and finding how contented he became in doing the duties that God sent, learned to trust that a similar life would make her happier too than he could ever have made her.

Now we must leave Frederich Perthes for a time, working with all his might to make himself wiser and better, and to spread good thoughts and good books abroad in Germany. By degrees the way seemed to open for him to do this; but for a long time great patience was required, and for the first two years so little profit was gained that his partners withdrew from the business, in the belief that it could never be made to

succeed. Frederich worked for a time alone, and then a new partner named Besser joined him, with hopes and aims like his own. Publishers gladly sent books to those hard-working, earnest young men, and many families far out in the country, or in towns which possessed no bookseller, arranged that Frederich should choose books for them and keep them supplied throughout the year.

Three miles from Hamburg, in the village of Wandsbeck, lived a family of the name of Claudius. The father was the editor of a paper called the Wandsbeck Messenger, and he cared for books and the thoughts of wise men, and taught his children to care for them also. This was a very happy family, for they all loved each other dearly, and lived quiet, useful lives. The children found all their happiness at home, and never wanted to seek pleasure in picnics and excursions, or in anything more than their daily lives brought to them. I do not know that they ever went from home. They were never idle, and never wearied of each other; and the work and interests of every day never seemed to lose their charm and freshness.

I daresay the young people of Hamburg, who delighted to spend so much time in the merry parties on the Elbe, used to wonder how these children managed to be happy without any of the pleasures that seemed so needful to themselves. Very likely they would have found it difficult to understand the joy they had been taught to find within their own souls in mere doing of the duty of each day.

In the year 1796 Frederich Perthes spent Christmas Eve with Mr. Claudius and his family at a friend's house at Hamburg. Christmas Eve in Germany is always a time of great rejoicing, and on this night they had merry games and a splendid Christmas tree, from the branches of which hung lighted tapers and gilded apples, and many presents. You know by this time how Frederich cared for what was good and beautiful in the characters of the people whom he knew. It is no wonder, therefore, that as he watched this family he thought he should

like to know them better. It is to be feared that some other children that night liked to be first in the games, and tried for best places near the tree. One could not help seeing how differently these children acted, and Frederich noticed that the eldest daughter Caroline, unobserved by others, exchanged with her youngest sister the presents they had received from the tree, because the little one's was less beautiful than her own. It was only a small action, but life is made up of little things; and as a straw shows the way the stream flows, so a small deed or word will show what spirit we are of.

After this, Frederich often used to go out to Wandsbeck when his day's work was done, and before many months were over they had all become dear friends to him and he as dear a friend to them; and Caroline and he had agreed to try to make another home in Hamburg as peaceful and happy as her own home in her father's house had been. She wrote to a friend to tell her of her happiness, and said: 'My Perthes is a good man, who does not think himself yet all he might be, but who knows and feels that he is not yet perfect. I think, therefore, that he and I may make common cause, and with God's help make progress.'

On the 2d of August 1797 they were married, and Caroline entered on her untried life in Hamburg. People cannot live together without influencing each other. It may be in words, or it may be that silently, but even more powerfully, our characters make themselves felt by the people with whom we come in contact. So this husband and wife influenced each other, and it was always towards being nobler and better than before. In the midst of all his hard work and constant activity, it was good for Frederich to watch the quiet, peaceful character of the woman he loved so much, and learn that its beauty arose from the grace and peace of God within. For her, too, there was a lesson to be learned. In her country home she had been far removed from the haste and the excitement of a busy life. Now, in Hamburg, all was changed;

and she often felt sorrow and perplexity, and feared that she was losing the hidden peace of God which had made her so happy in her former quiet life. Frederich helped her to discover that we are not meant to withdraw from the world, but rather to help to make it better, and that, while we try to help our fellow-men, God will guard our peace of heart so long as we never lose our love and trust in Him. Thus it was that as time passed on, and her household cares increased, and there were many calls upon her sympathy by people outside her home, and her children needed her thought and care, that in this work, which she did from love to God, she found inward happiness and peace, and learned to be calm and unruffled when great troubles came, and she was threatened with the loss of family and friends.

For nine or ten years everything prospered with Frederich Perthes and his family. The bookselling business flourished, and it was not only to Germany that good books went out from the warehouse in Hamburg. Frederich and his partner were beginning to find that publishers of other nations were willing to send their books to Germany through them, and that they could send German books to England, Italy, and France. This was a grand way of uniting different people who at that time knew little of each other's thoughts and ways. His home in Hamburg became a meeting-place for wise, earnest men from distant homes, and, as he travelled on his business journeys, he made friends among Protestants and Roman Catholics, and men of other languages and faiths. One thing only seemed to him needful for all men—difference of creed was a small matter, if men were only in earnest and strove after the love of God.

Six little children, Agnes, Matthew, Louisa, Matilda, John, and Dorothea, gladdened the house, and grew up together happily and lovingly as their mother and her brothers and sisters had done at Wandsbeck. Their first trouble came when the baby Dorothea died. 'Dear mother,' wrote Caroline then,

'God has taken my angel calmly and gently to Himself; I thank our heavenly Father that He has heard my prayer and taken our darling child without pain. She looks so peaceful that we must be so too.'

So they bore their loss patiently, and the days passed gently on, till terrible news came like a thunder-clap on this peaceful time. You remember how, just before Frederich Perthes was bom, the Seven Years' War had ended, and left want and disease behind it in the land. The people of Europe had not yet learned to shun the horrors of war, and a fresh series of terrible battles began, when Napoleon Buonaparte, of whom you have often heard, sought to add other lands to France, of which he was the ruler. At the beginning of this nineteenth century he had conquered Italy, and was making preparations to conquer Germany too. The battle of Jena was fought, and when they had gained the victory, the French soldiers spread themselves through the country, and homes were broken up, and orphan children cast on the world, and misery and want were everywhere.

Still Hamburg was free; but Frederich Perthes could not rest happily in his own home when other homes were desolate. Wherever Napoleon's power reached, all freedom was lost. There was an end to the hope of spreading knowledge among the people, and of uniting all nations by means of the interchange of books and thoughts; for tyrants always fear free speech, and Napoleon forbade the sale of literature, and put an end to trade, and every means for uniting and strengthening people, and making them earnest to be free. Frederich Perthes dearly loved his wife, and family, and friends; but his love did not end there. It spread out to the town in which he lived, and beyond that to his native land. It was terrible to him to think of his countrymen, crushed by the Emperor's power, with no chance of growing wise and noble; and, fearless of consequences to himself, he tried to waken a longing for unity in the country, and warned all whom he could reach,

that 'young and old, rich and poor, strong and weak, all who love the Fatherland, freedom, law and order, must now act together.'

To him it appeared that, horrible as it was, war must come, and that the highest duty was to cast aside all thought of self and happiness, and give up life even for the sake of the land he loved. The histories of nations and the lives of men we have to take as we find them, and all right motives we must respect. There was no love of conquest in Frederich Perthes' mind, no notion that it was brave to take a fellow-creature's life. War was altogether terrible to him, and he was eager to sacrifice himself for his fellowmen; but there was something beyond this which he had not reached. It is right for a man's love to go out beyond his family to his town and native land; but it should reach out farther still, and lead him to see that all nations are brethren, children of one Father. When that time comes, disputes and wars must cease. Meanwhile, we must take things as we find them, and remember that there is a soul of truth and goodness in all men who act up to the light they have.

A year after the battle of Jena, the French marched into Hamburg. Twelve French soldiers were quartered in the house of Frederich Perthes, all trade was stopped, and intercourse with England forbidden on pain of death. In consequence of the French regulations, many houses of business failed, and Perthes lost in this way, through the failure of others, so much money, that the savings of the past ten years were swept away. Still he did not lose his courage; his own losses seemed a very slight matter to him, and he remained true to the belief he had gained when a boy, that everything that happens will end for the best. 'God is guiding us,' he wrote to a friend, 'into a new order of things by paths of trouble and distress. The game cannot be played backwards, it must go forwards. The actors in the great play are playing their parts, but behind the scenes is the great Invisible

Director, God, who is a comfort and support for us poor spectators, whose lot is bad enough. Every other support is giving way, in order that we may learn to trust in God.'

You can fancy those were dreary times for the little children, when they saw their father and mother so anxious about the future of their country. They were still more sad when John, the second brother, died, and the new baby who came soon after could not make up for the loss of their old playfellow. You will be glad to hear that the bright, warm, summer weather brought a great pleasure for them, and with it rest and change.

Nearly twenty years had passed since the happy time when Frederich Perthes used to spend his holidays at Schwartzburg Castle with his uncle, John Heubel; and now, at the urgent wish of the old man, he went with his wife and children to see again all that was so dear to him there. The long journey was a great treat, and when they came within sight of the beautiful Thuringian mountains, of which they had heard so often, their joy increased. The husband and wife left the carriage when the steep road wound up among the pine trees, and walked silently together, listening to the roar of the river, and gazing at the sharp crags above them standing out clearly against the morning sky. At a turn of the road the old uncle met them, and, in the German fashion, fell upon his nephew's neck, whom he remembered only as the 'little Fritz.' You must picture to yourselves his delight over the wife and children, and fancy them all gathered for breakfast on a flat rock beneath the trees, listening to tales which he seemed never tired of telling of the walks and adventures he and the boy had had so many years before.

During the visit, Frederich and Caroline cast aside their anxiety, and were as light-hearted as their children. By day, they all rambled together through the woods, and in the evening, when they had watched the sunset from the castle, and the little ones had gone to bed, the elders talked in the

twilight of the years that were gone, and of the prospects of the years to come. This happy time passed quickly, and then returning by Gotha, to stay for a few days with an uncle who was a bookseller there, they came back to Hamburg.

Frederich Perthes went back to his work refreshed by the holiday and the sight of his old friends, but he found gloom and sadness awaiting him. Hamburg was full of French spies; accounts were daily arriving of fresh conquests; and the people were losing all hope that their country could ever be free and happy again. The publication of a newspaper which he had set on foot was forbidden; and this was a wide-spread loss, for it contained each week the earnest, wise thoughts of many men, who tried with Frederich Perthes to spread a good spirit through the land. It had also become a matter of great difficulty to obtain any book ordered by his customers. It seemed hopeless to fight against so many difficulties. What was the use of trying to keep alive any love of truth and knowledge, when the French were masters, and were using threats and even violence to prevent such efforts? Should he not give it all up, he asked himself, leave his own land to do as she could, and go with his family to England, where he knew peace and a better trade awaited him? We may speak now in few words of the wearing anxiety of that time; but it is difficult to realize how great it really was, and to imagine how tempting this chance of safety and peace in England for himself and his family must have been. But, true to his belief that his love ought to spread out from his home and embrace his countrymen, he determined rather to throw in his lot with theirs, and work his hardest in faith to help on better things.

While Hamburg and other towns were being guarded by the French, Napoleon and his army were carrying the war farther into Russia. Each day news was expected that he had taken the Russian city Moscow, when suddenly different tidings came. The French army had been driven from the city, and hundreds of French soldiers, worn out with a hasty retreat

from the pursuing Russians, had fallen on the line of march, and were left to die among the snow far from home and friends. Quiet dwellers at Hamburg were startled after this news arrived by the confusion and tumult in the town, for the citizens armed themselves, rose against the French, and, with the hope of Russian help, were driving the French out of Hamburg.

'Ah!' said Caroline Perthes, as she watched the crowds gathered together in the evening when the struggle was over, and saw them moved with the feeling of rejoicing and of welcome to the Russians, 'never have I seen such a union of hearts—the feeling of thousands centred in one principle. If we could only centre ourselves in God, the best point of all, what a glorious Church we should form!' Hamburg slept quietly that night without sentinel and guard; but such a peaceful state of things was not to last.

Before many days had passed, the French returned and laid siege to the city. Day and night, for nearly a month, the noise of cannon was to be heard; every man was armed, and women and little children waited in fear to hear that some one dear to them was killed. For twentyone nights Frederich Perthes never lay down in bed. He was constantly to be seen among the people, quieting their fears; and sentinels at distant posts, who began to think themselves forgotten in the general alarm, gained courage from the words of the calm man who had no fear, when every one else was in dismay. His wife and four children, who would not leave their mother, were in Hamburg; she, like a brave woman, forgot her own fears in caring for other people. Sacks of straw to rest the weary were spread over the floors of the house, and food was always ready for any hungry man who might come in; but whenever the steady tramp of feet sounded in the street, she knew the wounded were being carried past, and hurried to the balcony to see if her husband might be among them.

At length the day came when Frederich Perthes could be

of no more use, for the city must be given up to the French. He escaped with his wife and children, first to Wandsbeck, where two little ones were safe with their grandmother, and then to a lonely cottage on the shore of the Baltic Sea, which was offered to them as a refuge by one of his friends. His house was plundered by the French, his books and papers dispersed, and a large sum was offered to any one who would find and deliver him up to death. You can fancy the homeless family arriving in the twilight at the low, damp, empty house. Gloomy pinetrees surrounded it, and they could hear the beating of the waves on the beach, and the moaning of the wind as it reached them from the Baltic Sea. For a short time, the father, mother, and children lived here together, with an old faithful servant and one of Caroline Perthes' sisters. Frederich Perthes was busied each day till late at night in looking into his business affairs. It troubled him much to think that possibly this stoppage of his business might bring loss to other people, and he never rested until he had formed plans by which all to whom he owed money should be paid, though it left him in great doubt how he should provide even necessaries for his wife and children while this evil time should last.

Aschau, his present refuge, belonged to Denmark, and very soon he received notice that if the French demanded him, the Government would have no power to refuse to give him up. It was a sad parting that took place beneath the gloomy pine-trees, when he once more set out as a wanderer, and this time alone. The prospect was open to him still of a safe home in England. Doubtless he and Caroline both pictured to themselves the welcome rest in some quiet place far away from this danger and trouble, and the certain livelihood that awaited them if they would turn from this poverty and ruined trade; but however tempting the picture might be was of no consequence to them, for they believed that God had still work for them in their native land.

I think you will like to know the kind of life the little

family led in their lonely house. The dwelling was built without storeys, and the windows opened without shutters to the ground. The kitchen, which contained only four pots, a bowl, and a few plates, was forty paces distant from the house. In the rainy season the rooms were very damp, and Caroline and her children were often ill, with no doctor's advice within a long distance. For eighteen weeks they had neither white bread nor meat, and the coarse black bread and other food could only be obtained after a walk of several miles. The eldest boy used to go at seven o'clock each morning a long distance through dreary country, to be taught with the sons of the Count Reventlow, to whom this summer-house belonged. The other children helped their mother and aunt in the house, and learned lessons better than those which the books they did not possess could have taught them.

It was weary work for Caroline to wait and hope for letters, which in that time of war were sent by hand, and often lost upon the way. For two months she could hear nothing of her husband; and for them all, nothing remained but prayer and patient waiting for the end. Sometimes in this life the hardest thing we have to do is to wait and trust. It was easier for Frederich Perthes to bear the anxiety he felt when he had the constant work to occupy him, about which you will soon hear; but still he was very sad, and the sight of little children used to fill his eyes with tears in the longing for his own so far away. His brave wife tried to cheer him in her letters, and, in the midst of her sufferings, told him how she struggled to keep heart and fancy, thought and yearning, under control. 'God is my witness, who is more to me than even you are, that though I suffer inexpressibly, I do not wish you to do anything but your duty.' The chance letters that reached her told how Frederich was needed in Germany. The 'war of the German patriots' had begun, and the German people, aided by other nations, were in constant conflicts with the French. Frederich Perthes' work was to go from town to town carrying help to

the widows and orphans, whom the war had left without home and friends, and who had fled thither for refuge from the enemy. Large sums of money were sent to him from England as well as by German people, and the great trust was placed in his hands of using this wealth rightly to lessen the misery which was so widely spread. He kept careful accounts of all he received and spent; and in addition to this work, he gained great influence over the young men who were enrolled as soldiers for the war. They saw how he never shrank from hardships and danger, and, trusting in his courage, they learned to trust too his earnest words when he warned them from the temptations to evil, in their reckless, often idle, lives.

People are sometimes tempted, when they hear of generous gifts and self-denying labours in time of war, to think lightly of its horrors, and fancy it cannot be altogether hateful if it brings forth such good feeling and action. They forget that in peaceful times too there are always poor and sorrowful people, who need our help, and that we may always find endless opportunities for showing our sympathy and love; and they lose sight, in gazing at these brighter pictures, of the terrible passions and cruel selfishness which war never fails to awaken among men. Probably the people of Hamburg had only one thought of war. To them it must have been altogether horrible, when in the bitter winter cold the French general, Davoust, who was in possession of the town, drove out 20,000 helpless people into the snow-covered plains outside, and set fire to the hospital, while the drunken soldiers fought for the clothing and bedding of the sick. For many nights the sky was red with the glare of burning villages, and starving, broken-hearted women and children wandered among the ruins of their homes for miles round Hamburg, and bands of outcasts were to be seen traversing the bleak country in search of help and refuge.

There was plenty of work for Frederich Perthes, and other men such as he, in those fearful days. When on two occasions

he made hurried secret visits to his wife, he once found a new-born baby in her arms, and at the other time a little one lying dead, yet they allowed themselves only four or five hours together. Then he returned to his work, and she to her patient watch.

Travelling from one town to another, providing food and clothing for the outcasts from the towns occupied by the French, and visiting the wounded in hospitals, he took no rest until illness confined him to bed for nine weeks. It was then discovered that for a fortnight he had been undergoing the great pain of a broken bone in his foot. Greatly thankful to have him with her again, his wife nursed him at a friend's house in the Danish town of Kiel, where it was then safe for him to live. News came to them each day of the retreat of the French, and at last of the possession of Paris by the allied armies. By the time Frederich Perthes was well enough to be moved, their house in Hamburg was free for them again.

In May 1814, on a spring day never to be forgotten, they watched the white banners floating from the towers of Hamburg, and the long procession of people streaming back into the town. Green branches, which they had broken from the trees as they passed through the country lanes, were waving in their hands, and shouts of joy were heard on every side. But it was a sad sight too, for the travellers were worn and ragged, and had few goods to call their own, and the old homes of which they came in search were empty and desolate, often only a heap of tottering walls. In the meadows near at hand, more than one thousand lay buried of those grey-haired men and women, and feeble little children, who had been driven in the winter from the town and had perished in the snow. Everywhere there was hunger and want, and many orphan children, whose parents had died in the hospitals of other towns, were brought to Frederich Perthes' door. His own house was filled with rubbish and was blackened with smoke, and all the wood-work was burnt, while the floors

were a foot thick with dirt and mud. Furniture had to be replaced; but there was little money or time for such a purpose, when hundreds of sufferers on all sides were praying for help.

Ceaseless activity was needful. There were houses to be rebuilt, workmen's tools to be replaced, and ruined shopkeepers to be helped into trade again. Money was not wanting to provide for these needs. The distress in Hamburg had awakened general pity, and the task of dispensing the relief fell to Frederich Perthes, whom every one could trust. There were no homes in the town that sad summer where he was unknown; and in addition to gifts of food and clothing, the people of Hamburg owed greater blessings to him. In his visits to their wretched houses he found something besides mere physical comfort was wanting. Doubt and ignorance were wide-spread, the Bible could only be obtained at a high price, and was unknown among the poor, and there were few to speak to them of trust in God. By his efforts a Bible society was founded, and the first meeting took place at his house. This was not enough, however. He knew that the mere reading of the Bible was not all that was required. Good men joined with him to collect subscriptions and then to establish schools. They went up and down through the city streets and among the ignorant little children tending cattle in the fields, and before long seven hundred boys and girls were in their charge. Women of Hamburg with time and money at their command caught their spirit; and those who visit Hamburg now can see in the many schools and societies established there the results of the work which was thus begun.

In addition to all this labour, his own family must be supported and his ruined book-trade renewed. All his customers were dispersed, and the books scattered by the French must be restored. He and his partner sent out a circular, and set to work to get a fresh business together, and toiled bravely with the same high aim they exhibited before. It was wonderful to see how the aspect of affairs changed before winter set in, and

how hope and happiness took the place of despair and grief.

Yet however earnestly men may work in the present, they must always reap the fruit of actions done in the past. Nothing could be again exactly as it would have been if the war had never taken place, and Frederich Perthes felt this in his own home. Anxiety, as well as the damp and hard work borne at Aschau, had told upon his wife, and brought upon her a heart complaint and much weakness and suffering. The old people at Wandsbeck, too, her father and mother, had suffered greatly. They had been driven from the home where they had lived fifty years to seek a shelter elsewhere, and in cold and want had occupied one wretched little room until the war was over. Then their daughter and her husband would not permit them to return to Wandsbeck, but the Hamburg home received them, and they were lovingly cheered and nursed for the few months that remained till the old man died peacefully at the age of seventy-four.

The story of the next seven years can be quickly told. For Frederich Perthes it was a life of hard work and frequent long business journeys. To both him and his wife it was a great trial that they were obliged to spend so much time apart 'There is nothing I can do but love him,' she wrote to a friend, 'and bear him ever in my heart till it shall please God to bring us to some region where we shall no longer need house or housekeeping, and where there are neither bills to be paid nor books to be kept.' Illness obliged her to lead a quiet life, sometimes spending sunny days with her mother in the garden at Wandsbeck.

One by one her children were leaving her. Some of her daughters married, and her sons went out into the world; still, by her constant letters, she seemed almost as near to them as she was to the little ones at home. Some of these letters have been preserved, and they show us how, when ill health prevented active work, her gentle influence did not cease to make itself felt. All the lessons and experience she had

learned in her past life were now helpful to her children. Perhaps she remembered how, when she had first married, the trifling interests and cares of her busy life seemed harassing and wearing; for she often mentioned the little things which form our work in life, and the small troubles and perplexities which may increase our faith and love.

'It refreshes my spirit,' one of her letters said, 'to hear that, like me, you are seeking and finding God in many things that seem small and trivial, but do really gently stir and gladden our hearts all the day long. I can't say much about them; but I can thank God, and long for more. Let us only be faithful and earnest in little things, and perhaps in heaven greater things may be committed to us.' Now and then, for some festival, children and grandchildren gathered together in the old Hamburg home, and those were happy occasions for the father and mother. One day in August 1821 Frederich Perthes wrote to his absent children to tell them that their mother's illness had greatly increased; and that same evening she died so suddenly, that there was no time for farewells to those who stood around her bed.

Twenty-five years had passed since the evening when they had first met, and the love of the husband and wife had grown stronger every year. Two or three children had been removed by death, and now that their mother had followed them, Frederich Perthes felt surely that there was another home preparing for them all in heaven. But the house was terribly sad and dreary, and it almost broke his heart to see the little ones seeking for their mother everywhere, and to hear their sobs when she was nowhere to be found. He had long planned to resign the Hamburg business to his partner; and by the next spring he and the children had left the home which now seemed so lonely to them, and he had begun a new publishing business at Gotha, where three of his married daughters lived.

To the children Gotha seemed a wonderful place. It was a strange little town in those days, and notwithstanding all

the learned men who lived there, and who were always seeking new ideas, it had retained many curious customs from old times. At night, the little ones were wakened from their sleep by the loud horn of the watchman as he went his rounds through the town; and they used to start up to listen for the tramp of his footsteps and to the words he said as he passed along the street;

> 'Put out fire and put out light,
> That no evil chance to-night;
> And praise we God the Lord.'

On market-days they liked to watch the gaily dressed peasants from the Thuringian hills filling the town-hall square; and sometimes they were taken to buy eggs and butter from them there, and to see the strange wooden figure on the town hall, which opened and shut its mouth when the clock struck the hour. Poor students used to wander singing through the town, or to stand in groups outside some rich man's door, earning money by their part-songs to pay their college fees. Several times a month, peaceful tradesmen of the town, in long white cloaks, with heavy swords and spurs, used to stalk fiercely up and down the place, in imitation of the ancient guards that years before were always at their posts.

It was in this quaint town that Frederich Perthes at fifty years of age began his new business, by means of which he hoped to increase the sale of good and useful books, and also to have it in his power to help on young authors who were as poor as he had been when he first set out in life. His history tells us how earnestly he threw his whole heart into his work, and how it was his great desire by means of the book trade to make the Germans, who had been torn and divided by war, into a united and wisdom-loving people. His countrymen had to thank him for many religious books which were published at this time; and it must have been a happiness to him to think, as he sat in his own well-filled library, that the Bible

was now finding its way into the poorest houses. But in both work and rest he sadly missed at every turn the dear companionship and counsel of his wife; and though his children loved him fondly, and did all to comfort him that was in their power, they could not prevent the loneliness he felt. Mrs. Claudius was much grieved to see this when she came from Wandsbeck to stay for some time with him after he had removed to Gotha. She told him how earnestly she hoped he would in course of time find some loving woman whom he could make as happy as her daughter Caroline had been, and who would be a companion to him and a second mother to his little children. Frederich did not believe this possible; but the good Providence that leads us all to happiness brought him into the way of comfort and fresh hopes.

In the next house to himself lived a widow lady named Charlotte Becker, with her four little children. She had had heavy troubles, and they had left their marks upon her countenance; but yet she was always cheerful, and no one could help admiring the loving way in which she taught her children, and watched over and nursed the two younger ones, who had been invalids from their birth. Frederich Perthes, as you know, was always quick to see worth and goodness in the characters of the people whom he knew. He saw them in this faithful mother, who made her children and home duties her first thought. Perhaps, too, the knowledge that they had suffered a similar loss drew them together. However it might be, there was nothing but rejoicing among their friends, when in four or five years' time these two lonely people agreed to love and care for one another, and they and the seven children made one happy home together.

In course of time, Frederich Perthes became very ill, and change of air and rest were recommended to him. It was needful he should leave the town during the hot summer, and pleasant country was to be found not far from Gotha. Nine miles away, in a lovely valley which leads up among the

Thuringian hills, lies the little village of Friedrichroda. Fine old fir-trees surround it, and a winding road leads past it up to mountain lakes and grand views of distant mountain peaks. Here, loving the country more than ever as he grew older, he found a house, and came to it with his family in the summer of 1837, and occupied it each summer for five or six years afterwards, when the days were long and warm. A few steps only from the house door lay a portion of the great Black Forest, which covers so much of the central part of Germany. Shade is to be found there on the hottest days, and countless winding paths lead through mossy dells and thickly wooded glades to sunny open spaces in the midst of forest land, where wild deer congregate, and where, morning and evening, the sun casts long shadows on the turf, and tinges the stems of the neighbouring fir-trees with a ruddy glow. The woodmen, meeting Frederich Perthes in these forest paths, used to wonder at first what brought any one there who had neither a woodman's axe nor a hunter's horn. To them, the forest was a place where they earned their daily bread, where they cut down the tall trees, and sent them floating down the river Neckar, to be used by builders and carpenters in busy towns which they themselves had never seen. But Frederich Perthes, with his wide sympathy, knew well how to interest with his words these ignorant forest people, and they soon began to greet him gladly, and welcome him wherever he went. As a proof of their respect, they gave him the freedom of their little town of Friedrichroda, a gift bringing no practical advantages with it, but the dearest to him of the many honours he received.

While he was thus spending his time in a busy life at Gotha in the winter, and among the forest beauties in summer, many of the old friends of his earlier years were passing away from the earth. Among these were the dear old uncle and aunt who had adopted him when a child, and the still dearer Uncle John Heubel, who had all lived together at

Schwartzburg Castle. Both at Gotha and at Friedrichroda he was only a short distance from the old people, and often managed to visit them, riding through storm and snow to Schwartzburg at appointed times. It is easy to guess how these visits must have cheered them, as they waited, feeling themselves almost the last of their generation, for the summons to depart. After one of these visits, old John Heubel wrote: 'I thank you, dear Fritz, for all your love. You love me now just as you did sixty years ago, when you used to ride upon my knee. This consciousness is ever with me in my solitude, and I thank you for it.' One by one the old people died, and when the last had departed, Frederich Perthes said: 'Schwartzburg is now desolate; the playground of my childhood is no more. The family is now dispersed. So goes the world. Who can suppose that this is our home?'

Yet there was no lasting melancholy in his mind; he was always full of hopefulness and content. On Saturdays and Sundays his house was cheerful with the voices of happy children, who filled it from roof to cellar; and he loved to show strangers his favourite forest paths, and take them to the lonely lakes and mountain views; for at seventy years of age he could still walk for hours over hill and dale. He was very thankful, too, that his eyes remained strong and keen. He could read for eight or ten hours at a time without weariness. 'God be praised for this,' he wrote to his sister-in-law, Augusta Claudius. 'I can understand everything said to myself, but general conversation escapes me. I comfort myself with the thought that I have heard enough; but I am sorry to lose the prattle of my little girls among themselves. A certain inward feeling tells me that my life will not last more than two or three years. I have long fought the battle of life. I scarcely dare hope for the crown of life; but I know that the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," will be accepted of God.' His forebodings were correct. The summer of 1843 was the last he spent at Friedrichroda. In Gotha, that year, the members of

his family gathered from long distances to spend Christmas day with him. Within a week afterwards, illness attacked him, and before the end of March he was too exhausted to leave his room. It was hard for one who had been so active and strong to bear those months of powerlessness patiently; but no one ever heard him murmur, or saw him even for a moment irritable. On the twenty-first of April 1844, he was seventy-one years of age. For the last time his friends assembled in his room. On tiptoe the little ones came in, full of sorrowful wonder, to see the grandfather, who had been as merry as the youngest of them, lying there so worn and still. In grief, the older ones gathered round his bed. Spring flowers filled his room, and quietly he spoke thus to them all: 'Should it be God's will that I should still spend a little more time with you, I shall do so gladly; and I should return with pleasure to my dear Friedrichroda, but this may not be. A rich life lies behind me. I have indeed had my trying days and hours, but God hath ever been gracious to me. Do not mourn for me when I am dead. I know that you will often long for me, and I am glad of it. I need not say to you, "Love one another," but so bring up your children that they may do so also. I die willing and calmly, and I am prepared to die, having committed myself to my God and Father, Here there is no abiding city—we needs must part. Death cannot harm me; it must needs be gain.' He lingered for two or three weeks afterwards, and during that time his thoughts often turned to old times and old friends, and he spoke of the children and their mother who waited for him in the better land. Sometimes, in broken sentences, he repeated a favourite hymn, and his wife, standing near him, could catch the whispered words:

'Ye loved ones, bless the Lord for me,
And wipe away your tears;
You must not weep, for I am free
From sorrow, pain, and fears.

Steer for the port where storms shall cease,
Watching with stedfast heart;
When God shall fill you with His peace,
You shall with joy depart.
' I've given myself to God, how dear
My Father and my Friend;
There is no life for ever here,
All things of earth must end.
Death has no power to harm,
'Tis welcome to my heart;
If God upholds me with His arm,
I shall with joy depart.'

He was always calm; and one of his daughters afterwards said; 'When he folded his cold hands and prayed, it was all so sublime, so blessed, we felt as if our Lord Jesus Christ were with us in the room.'

So, with his family about him, he lay one evening, while the darkness gathered round, and the silence was only broken by his prayer, 'Lord, pardon!' When lights were brought, no trace of pain was on his face. His friends forgot their grief in the knowledge of his peace and joy. Three days after, in the early morning, they gathered round an open grave in the churchyard of Gotha. There they laid the worn-out body, and sang together the hymn he had loved to repeat in his sick-room.

The woodmen of Friedrichroda, grieving that they should see their old friend no more, erected a monument to mark his favourite walk. Far and wide through Germany sorrow was felt for his loss, and honours were heaped upon his memory.

We, before whom the whole course of his life is lying, can turn more easily than his contemporaries could do to his earlier years, and trace there the secret of his noble later life.

Franz Peter Schubert

1797-1828

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of gladness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again.

— *Longfellow.*

One winter's night in 1797 a little child was born in Vienna. He was called Franz Peter, and his father was Schubert the schoolmaster. The home into which the child came was one of poverty. There was a large family of children to be cared for, and there was but little money with which to feed and clothe them.

On the day that Franz Schubert was born in that humble home, Haydn was sixty-five years of age, and the great Beethoven was a young man of twenty-seven. Mozart had passed away six years before. Little did Schoolmaster Schubert and his good wife dream that their little son would one day make the name Schubert as famous as any of these.

Famous, indeed, did the family name become through Franz Peter. And to-day, if you were to visit Vienna, you would find his first home marked with a gray stone tablet. Carved into the marble are words meaning Birthplace of Franz Schubert.

Franz started to school when he was six years old. A year or two later he began the study of music. His teacher soon found that the boy already knew a great deal. At the close of

a lesson one day, he said to the child, "Who has been your music teacher?"

"May it please you, I have had none but yourself."

"How, then, have you learned so much about music?"

Then the boy told his story. He said that a playmate of his was an apprentice in a piano factory. Franz often begged to be allowed to go to the shop. At last his friend said, "You may go with me just this once." When he was ready to go home, Franz could not be found in the workshop. The apprentice hurried from one room to another. At last he found the little lad in the room where the pianos stood. He had been having a delightful time, picking out exercises on the white keys. Many times after that he went to the piano factory. Soon he had taught himself all that most children learn in a great many lessons.

The boy's singing teacher often said to the school-master, "I have never before had such a pupil."

One day he came to the father with tears in his eyes, saying, "Whenever I want to teach Franz anything, I find he knows it already."

The boy's father was anxious that Franz should become a member of the choir in the emperor's chapel. Those who sang in the choir first passed an examination in music. Then they were allowed to enter a school where music and other studies were taught.

Franz often saw the choir boys in their uniforms trimmed with bands of gold, and studied harder that he might one day enter the choir. When he was eleven years old, he passed the examination. The chapel master said, "You sing well, indeed, my boy."

When Franz arose to sing for the chapel masters, some of the boys began to point their fingers at his poor clothes. Franz could hear them whispering among themselves, "He must be a miller's son." When he began to sing, the whispering ceased. The sweet, pure tones filled the great room and the silence

was unbroken.

One day the chapel master saw some music that Franz had composed. He said to himself "Franz Schubert is no ordinary child. He must study composition in earnest. He shall have the finest harmony teacher."

Franz and his new teacher became fast friends. The lad was eager to learn, but the master found little to teach. He used to say, "He has already learned everything, and God has been his teacher."

During the years that Franz attended the choir school it was his custom to visit his parents on Sunday afternoon. The schoolmaster and three of his sons had formed a quartet. The father played the violoncello, Franz the viola, and the others the first and second violins.

Although Franz was the youngest, he was the first to notice a mistake. If it was one of his brothers who made the mistake, Franz would frown. If it was the father who played a wrong note, no notice of it was taken the first time. If he played incorrectly the second time, Franz would smile and say modestly, "There must be something wrong, father."

The Writer of Sweet Songs

It was in 1813, when Franz Schubert was sixteen years old, that a great change came into his life. His voice lost its purity and sweetness. He could no longer reach the high notes with ease. For these reasons he was obliged to leave the chapel choir.

The boy knew that he must earn his own living. He became an assistant in his father's school. There, day after day, for three years, he taught the little children their A B C's. He did not enjoy his work, and the moment school was over he busied himself with something far dearer to him than teaching. Composition was his heart's delight, and he spent all his leisure time in writing music.

One of the best compositions of his early years was a mass in F. It was given in a large church, where Franz went to hear it. It so happened that his old teacher was there and heard the young man's music with great pleasure. At the close of the mass, he came hurrying to his friend, exclaiming, "Franz, you are my pupil—one who will do me much honor!"

Teaching and being taught—that was the way in which young Schubert spent a year or two after he left the emperor's chapel. Teaching the primer class in his father's school and being taught the science of writing music was the work which filled his hours.

Many of Franz Peter's friends spent their leisure time in outdoor games. Should you not think that young Schubert would have been glad to join them when school was over? He often wished that he might join his comrades, but he would say: "No, I cannot go. There is much work to be done."

Few composers ever spent so busy a year as did Schubert in 1815. Indeed, it was the busiest year of his life. In those twelve months he composed church music, operas, symphonies, and a hundred songs. He never wrote songs more tender or sweet than those written at that period.

Often, when Schubert read a poem that pleased him, he set it to music. The words of many of his songs are the poems of some of the best German writers. He was particularly fond of Goethe's works and set many of his poems to music. The words of two of Schubert's most beautiful songs, The Erl King and Gretchen at her Spinning Wheel, we're written by Goethe.

Although Schubert wrote so many beautiful songs, the German people knew little about them. Perhaps they might never have known them well, had it not been for a good friend of Schubert's. This man was a singer. He admired Schubert's songs and sang them well. In fact, he sang them at almost every concert in which he appeared. He it was who first gave The Erl King in public.

There is a story telling how Schubert chanced to write the well-known song, Hark, Hark, the Lark. Returning one evening in July from a long walk, he strolled into the park to rest. On one of the benches he found a friend reading Shakespeare. When his friend had finished reading, Schubert picked up the volume. Idly turning the pages, his eye fell upon the verses beginning, "Hark, hark, the lark at heavens gate sings."

As he read, music fitting the words passed through his mind. Hastily taking pencil and paper, he drew the staves, and, without once glancing up, he wrote every note of the music.

Schubert had only a few friends, but these were near and dear to him, The "King of Song," as we sometimes call him, was a man unselfish and true. To the last days of his life he was poor. He never complained, nor was he sad on this account.

In many respects, Franz Peter Schubert had a different life from most other great composers. He never played at the courts of queens and emperors. He was never given diamonds or other costly presents. He seldom played at concerts. He never had the joy of hearing his compositions cheered again and again. He never saw an audience sit silent under the charm of his music.

Many songs that Schubert wrote have never been published. Among his best-known works are The Wanderer, Hedge Roses, The Wanderer's Night Song, The Pilgrim, Prayer before the Battle, and the Slumber Song. He also set to music Scott's Lady of the Lake.

We must not forget that, although Schubert is best known as a song writer, he also wrote much exquisite instrumental music. One of the loveliest compositions for the piano is the Serenade. Many serenades have been written, but no other is so lovely as Schubert's Serenade.

Although Schubert and Beethoven lived at the same time, they seldom saw each other. It was during Beethoven's

last illness that he first came to know Schubert's compositions. A friend brought him a number of Schubert's songs to read, and the master was delighted. In the procession of friends at Beethoven's funeral, Schubert was one of the torch-bearers.

Scarcely a year had passed before Schubert, too, had passed away. He was buried in Vienna, near the graves of Mozart and Beethoven. A stately monument marks the last resting place of "The Writer of Sweet Songs."

Felix Mendelssohn

A Bit o' Pink Verbena

1809 – 1847

Once upon a time a many-gabled house stood in a quaint quarter of old Hamburg. It was a stately structure, and the people living there were rich and cultured. They had flocks and herds and merchant vessels and gold and silver plate, and their name was known to everyone in the harbor town. But for all their possessions they were not honored as the wealthy usually are, for they were of the race of Israel, which in that day was scorned and shunned. But that mattered little to them. They were happy in their home beside the Elbe, and there, in the year of our Lord 1809, a child was born. The moon gleamed gloriously over the fresh-fallen snow on that eventful night, and a star, like an angel's eye, peeped through the half-open blind into the room where the baby lay. The old nurse said it was a good omen, and meant that he would be great and happy, so when the christening time came they named him Felix.

Twelve years passed, and the babe born in Hamburg had become a boy in Berlin. His home was a splendid house in the Neue Promenade, set in the heart of a lovely garden, and there was only one thing he liked better than to race through the grounds with his sister or to have tugs of war with his brothers. That was to work at his music—but that comes later in the story. He was slender and delicate looking for his years, but could run and leap and climb like an Indian.

One autumn morning when the martens were moving in long black lines away from Berlin, and now and then a weird cry above the tree tops told that a flock of storks was making its flight toward Egypt, there was a romp in the Mendelssohn garden. Felix was chief of a brigand band, and Fanny a captive girl the brothers were carrying away into the mountains. It was a favorite game with all of them, and they played it with a vim, until, just as the weeping victim was being thrust into a cave to be held for ransom, a maid called from the doorway.

"Come in, children," she said. "Your mother has a surprise for you."

Instantly the play stopped and there was a rush for the house. In the living-room they found a man talking with the mother, and at sight of him came exclamations and merry greetings. It was Herr Zelter, Felix's teacher and their good comrade, who always had a tale or a riddle, and was never too tired to entertain them. Fanny hurried to ask if he wouldn't tell her the answer to the last conundrum he gave, because, try as she would, she could not guess it.

Everybody laughed as he told it, and Fanny felt quite stupid for not having thought of it herself, and was sure the boys would tease her. But they didn't, because, before they had a chance, there came a wonderful message.

"Felix and I are going to take a vacation trip," Herr Zelter announced. "What think you of a journey through the Harz Mountains and into the provinces beyond?"

A shout went up from the brothers and sisters, but Felix stood silent for a moment and looked in big-eyed wonder.

"The Harz Mountains," he said as if awakened from a dream.

"Yes," the mother spoke gently. "Do you want to go?"

"Do I want to go?" he repeated. "Oh, mother, it will be splendid."

Frau Mendelssohn smiled. She was a beautiful woman, with velvet, lustrous eyes, and her face, like her voice, was

sweet.

"I knew you would like it," she said as she stroked his soft, dark hair. "You have worked hard at your music and studies, and deserve a vacation."

And the brothers and sisters nodded as if they thought so too.

"Yes," Herr Zelter added, "and there may be some surprises along the way."

Felix was so excited over the prospect that he couldn't eat his lunch, and Fanny declared he'd get as thin as a fish worm. But the picture she painted of him didn't seem to make any difference, for although he usually had a healthy boy's appetite, he had none at all now, and couldn't think of anything but wild mountain passes, and caves, and haunted glens. He had always wanted to go into the Harz country, for he had heard many fantastic tales of the elves and gnomes peasants say abound in that region and play pranks on all who come their way, but had no idea he would get there so soon. Sometimes, however, wishes come true. That very afternoon he and his teacher left Berlin, and then wonderful things came to pass.

Once in the highlands there was always something interesting and exciting. One day, as they followed the forest path up Mt. Kyffhäuser, a woodman pointed to a grotto where the country folk declare Frederick Barbarossa sleeps beside a banquet table. Felix listened, fascinated, to the mountain legend of how the emperor's beard had grown until it trails on the ground, and will continue to grow for ages and ages, until it has wound seven times around the legs of the table. Then the monarch will awaken, bestride a charger, and scatter his foes, after which time there will be peace as long as the world lasts. He was wild to get inside the cavern, but the peasant shook his head and said it was impossible. Only once a twelvemonth, when the cock crows with the dawning of the new year, can the enchanted grotto open, and woe to him who

tries to force an entrance at any other time! So he knew it was useless to coax, but made up his mind to come back some New Year's Eve. Then they went to a miners' carnival and joined in the yearly festivities of the salt seekers, after which there was a visit to a clock making village. One delight followed another as they journeyed, until at last they came to Weimar.

Felix was up at dawn the next morning, for they had been stopping only one day in each place, and he wanted to see as much as possible of this one. He went with Gretchen, the inn maid, when she drove the geese to pasture, and she told him many things about her native town.

"There is the castle where the Grand Duke lives," she said, pointing to a great structure whose towers rose above the frost-painted maples; "and beyond is the cathedral with the chimes."

Felix nodded.

"Yes," he answered, "Herr Zelter told me about them. I think Weimar is a wonderful place, because Goethe lives here."

"Ah, yes," the girl said softly, "the master! Aren't you glad you are going to see him?"

Felix whirled and looked at her.

"Going to see him!" he exclaimed; "what makes you say that?"

Gretchen twisted her yellow braids into a rope and smiled as she answered, "Because I heard Herr Zelter tell Frau Lippe last evening that you came to Weimar to visit Goethe."

Felix didn't want to hear another word. He turned and ran from the grazing place along the path that led back to the inn, and people who saw him wondered why he hurried so. Over rock heaps and brambles he bounded with long, agile leaps, and did not stop until he came to the stone stairway leading up to the entrance of Elephant Inn.

Herr Zelter stood on the topmost step watching him, and

at sight of him the boy gave a joyous exclamation.

"Is it true?" he cried as he dashed up the steps. "Gretchen says we are going to visit Herr Goethe."

His teacher smiled and answered, "Yes, that is why I brought you to Weimar. Didn't I tell you in Berlin that there might be a surprise?"

"In Berlin," Felix repeated. "Did you know it there?"

"To be sure I did. The master wrote me, asking that I bring you because he wants to hear you play. That is why we started on the trip, and because you are so fond of surprises, your mother and I decided to keep it a secret, so you would enjoy it even more."

Felix could hardly believe what he heard. It seemed impossible the great Goethe could have sent for him, not because he was accustomed to being shunned because he was a Hebrew boy, for he never had been made unhappy by that. There was more refinement and better understanding in the Prussian capital than in the harbor town, and the culture and sterling qualities of the Mendelssohns won them the friendship of Jew and Gentile alike. But Goethe was the master poet of Germany, to whom even princes gave homage, and why should he care about the playing of a little Berlin boy? All of which goes to show what an unspoiled, lovable lad Felix was.

He stood wondering about it until Herr Zelter said, "Go and make yourself presentable, for we start in half an hour."

It was not necessary to tell him a second time. He ran upstairs and changed his clothes so rapidly that long before the half hour was over he was waiting for Herr Zelter in the hall.

Just as they started, Gretchen, the inn maid, came running after them, waving a cluster of pink blossoms.

"Here," she called as Felix turned toward her. "Give these to the master. Frau Lippe let me take them from the house box, and there are no lovelier ones in Weimar."

And she handed him a cluster of verbena, each petal of which was perfectly unfolded and pink as the heart of a conch

shell.

Felix never forgot that walk as he and Zelter went along the maple-skirted promenade toward the home of Goethe, never forgot the splendid houses of the great, the ducal palace, the cathedral, the peasant cottages, and the wind-whipped fields they passed on the way, and years afterward described them as vividly as if they had been beheld only a half hour before, for every sight in Weimar seemed to be painted on his brain in unfading colors. He walked eagerly, expectantly beside his teacher, and finally they came to a great house, rambling like a Saxon citadel, and heavily windowed on every side. As they went in at the gate a voice from among the trees called, "Zelter! Have you brought the Mendelssohn boy from Berlin?"

A heavy, rather short man, with blue, piercing eyes and hair softly flecked with gray, came down the path to meet them. Then Felix heard his teacher saying, "This is Herr Goethe," and he knew he was face to face with the poet all Germany declared was greater than a king.

Impulsively he took the wrinkled hand out- stretched to meet his own, and presented the verbena Gretchen gave him. His blue eyes were luminous as the master smiled down on the blossoms, saying, "Thank you, boy, and thank the little inn maid too. I shall keep them and remember you both."

Suddenly, from the cathedral tower, came the notes of an old German choral, and a Kyrie Eleison, sweet as an angel's song, sounded across the garden. Felix stood like one entranced, drinking in the beauty of the music and forgetting everything but the glory of the chimes. Perhaps he would have stayed there for a long time in a sort of reverie, but the master, who had been watching him curiously, laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Let us go into the house now, for I want to hear music sweeter than that of the chimes."

Then Felix remembered what Herr Zelter had told him, and wondered if the men could hear his heart beating. It

seemed they must, for joy had set it thumping like a hammer, because he knew the master meant to ask him to play.

Half an hour later the drawing-room of the Goethe house was flooded with light. The master and Frau Goethe, Fräulein Ulrike, her sister, Herr Zelter, the Schopenhauers, and several other friends sat side by side. But no one spoke. No one thought of anything or heard anything but exquisite music exquisitely rendered. Was it an angel orchestra dispensing such sweet sounds? No, it came from the piano at the touch of a brown-haired boy. Little wonder they seemed bound by enchantment as they listened. Little wonder smiles and tears played hide-and-seek in the poet's eyes, for Felix Mendelssohn Barthelody, then just turned thirteen, was playing a fugue from Bach.

He finished, and Goethe went over and laid his hand on the dark head.

"You have given me an hour of pleasure," he said tenderly. "What can I do to reward you?"

Felix looked at him, as if wondering what to request. Then a smile flashed across his face and he spoke in a low voice, "Sire, I should be glad if you would give me a kiss."

And the gray-haired immortal bent and kissed the brow of him who was destined to become an immortal, while Zelter and the others applauded, and bonny Adele Schopenhauer set a wreath of leaves on the brown head.

*To crown you, like a victor!" she exclaimed.

And the next day Felix wrote home to his mother in Berlin, "After that we all had supper together, and I sat on the master's right. Now, every morning, I have a kiss from the author of 'Faust' and 'Werther,' and two kisses from friend and father Goethe. Think of that!"

Just at dawn several mornings later Zelter shook Felix out of a sleep.

"Get up quickly!" he exclaimed. "Don't you remember that to-day the Grand Duke and Duchess and the hereditary

Grand Duke are coming to visit? Bestir yourself, and don't lie there as if nothing extraordinary is about to happen."

The lad looked up, blinking, for he was just like other boys, and not eager to get out of bed in the morning.

"Y-yes," he muttered, "but that isn't as wonderful as being here alone with Goethe. Mother says no one, not even a king, is as great as he." And Zelter nodded agreement, for he, too, believed that. But he hurried the boy out of bed and into his clothes, and soon afterward the royal visitors arrived.

Of course they wanted to hear Felix play, for they had been told of the concert that ended with a fugue from Bach, but even if they had known nothing about it they would have been eager to listen to his music, for Felix Mendelssohn Bartholody, even at that time, was known throughout Germany as a wonder child. Great folk in Berlin, as well as strangers who visited the Prussian capital, delighted in going to his home in the Neue Promenade, for Abraham and Leah Mendelssohn, his father and mother, were among the brilliant scholars of their day. The charm of their conversation was a magnet to draw the gifted, and their reception hall became one of the noted German salons. Painters, musicians, scholars, learned men, and beautiful women gathered there, and whenever guests came Felix played, sometimes alone, sometimes in duet with his sister Fanny, and always his hearers wondered if it was really a child who made such lovely music. They took word of his attainments to their homes and their friends, and although he never had appeared in public, the story of the Hebrew prodigy spread. Thus Goethe heard of his genius, and became so interested in the lad that he asked Zelter to bring him to Weimar. So of course the Grand Duke and Duchess would have wanted to hear him, even if they had known nothing of that memorable Sunday night.

Well, Felix played. He began at eleven in the morning, and finished at ten that night, stopping to rest only two hours during that long period. The royal visitors were delighted, and

said such charming things about his genius that he'd have had his head turned if he had not been a very sensible boy. But he had a wonderful mother, and praise from the royal family did not mean half as much to him as praise from the poet meant. He was glad he had pleased them, for they were pleasant and kind, but most of all he was glad he had pleased Goethe.

The days passed joyously, with games and sports in the garden and quiet hours at the piano, with the poet sitting close by listening while he played. These were times of rare delight to Felix.

"Every afternoon," he wrote home to his mother, "he opens the piano and says, 'Now make a little noise for me.' And that voice of his! Mother, the sound of it is wonderful. He can shout like ten thousand warriors, yet when he speaks to me it seems very soft and low."

Gladly he would have stayed on in Weimar for weeks and months, but that could not be. A fortnight after his arrival he went home with Zelter, bearing with him recollections of a never-to-be-forgotten visit, and leaving behind with the poet memories that were sweet.

Then swiftly sped the days, and wonderful triumphs they brought to Felix Mendelssohn Barthology. He began playing in public, at concerts and musicfests of the Prussian capital, and people went by thousands to see the boy and listen to his music, to have a good look at the lad who was the pet and favorite of Goethe. And how he played at those memorable concerts, sometimes difficult numbers from the masters, sometimes melodies of his own composing, always with feeling, always with exquisite finish, and always with light divine in his gleaming eyes.

Then, between public appearances, there were joyful days at home with his sister Fanny in the Garden House, a place as beautiful and sweet as could be imagined. A fountain splashed by the window, and all summer long birds held concert in the linden boughs. Here together brother and sister

read Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and here, when seventeen, Felix composed the music suggested by that fairy play, which, had he never created another melody, would have made his name immortal.

After that, other works followed in rapid succession. He loved his music and kept at it constantly, resting occasionally by taking a trip into some quaint nook of Germany, traveling on foot in the vagabond way. Then he would return to work, composing every day, with Fanny, his gifted sister, and his mother, who were his first and best teachers, auditors and critics. If they pronounced a work good he was satisfied, and no taunts from envious but less gifted musicians could shake his faith in the worth of a composition when it had been secured by the approval of those at home.

Thus Felix Mendelssohn Bartholody, at an age when most boys are thinking of beginning their life-work, was secure and famous in his. England called him, and France and Austria, and honors innumerable were heaped upon him. But they did not shrivel and warp his soul. He was the child of Leah Mendelssohn, that rare, gentle woman whose fragrant nature and brilliant intellect would have made her home the retreat of the great of Berlin even if it had not housed a wonder child, and he never forgot the lessons learned during those early days. His nature was as lovable as his genius was great, and the beggar in the streets, the child in the market place, rich, poor, and mighty alike, received a pleasant word and kindly smile from him. The brown hair Goethe loved had turned black now, but his eyes were as blue and tender, his soul was as sweet and serene as in those distant Weimar days.

Like Mozart and Chopin, this great master died early, before he was forty-five, yet in his short career enriching the world as much as if he had lived through many lifetimes, for his soul was pure, his heart was kind, and his genius was supreme. Goethe loved him in childhood, Germany adored him in manhood, and the world reveres his memory now that

his work is done. It is sweet to think that the great are always simple, unassuming as little children, tender of memories, loyal to friends, gentle and compassionate toward the unfortunate. This was Felix Mendelssohn Bartholody, the child of Leah. He never forgot those Weimar days, never ceased to think of the great poet as "friend and father Goethe." How do we know? Because after he went to his rest, they found among his treasured things a bunch of dead stuff that once had been a nosegay, blackened and withered to the color of earth, and seeming as if it never could have been a cluster of blossoms. It was the verbena cut from the window box by the golden-haired inn maid and given by Felix to the author of "Faust." Upon the death of the poet it was returned to the musician, who treasured it with memories of those fragrant days, and for years it remained among the Mendelssohn relics, a memorial of the day when two of the world's immortals, one gray and crowned with the laurels of achievement, the other with his childhood still about him, stood in a garden at Weimar, while November winds whistled through the trees, and cathedral bells chimed out a Kyrie Eleison.

And what of the Hamburgers who had scorned his people because they were of the race of Israel? They seemed to have forgotten that, or to have grown ashamed of it, and were proud indeed of the fact that Felix was born among them. They spoke fondly of "unser Mendelssohn," and never in the history of the harbor town was there such a storm of indignation as when some of the people of Prussia tried to make it appear that he was a native of Berlin.

"No, he is ours," declared their northern neighbors, "for he was born among us."

And so these great capitals disputed and contended for the honor of having cradled a Hebrew baby, just as, long, long ago, seven Grecian cities each claimed to have been the birthplace of a blind old man.

Frédéric Chopin

The Wonder Child of Warsaw

1810 – 1849

They said he was nine years old, but he was so little and delicate looking that he seemed not a day over seven; and when the great Niemcewicz, a famous Polish writer, saw him standing in the doorway, watching the snow float down like fairy rose leaves, he was sure he had made a mistake and looked again at the address on the paper. But there it was, plain as ever an address was written; and since this was the street and number, of course this must be the boy. Yet how could it be— the sensitive-faced, fragile child, with his shock of curly hair and wide dark eyes that gleamed like living jewels—how could he be the lad of whom such wonderful tales were told in Warsaw?

And for a minute he just stood and wondered. And while he wondered, Frédéric wondered too, but about something very different from what was in the mind of the poet. Who was this velvet-coated stranger who rode in a carriage with a coat of arms and wore a crimson-plumed bonnet fine enough for a king? Great folk did not often come to his home, and something very important must have brought this man there.

Then a fear went through his mind. Could it be the prefect of police come to arrest him? And he wished he had not run away that morning to watch the skaters on the ice-bound Vistula.

The man had stepped out of the carriage and was coming

up the steps now, looking straight at Frédéric with his dark, piercing eyes. Yes, surely it must be the police official, and the boy wanted to run away and hide. But before he had a chance even to turn, the stranger called to him.

"Are you Frédéric Chopin?" he asked.

And Frédéric was so badly frightened he could hardly answer.

"Yes; but please, please don't take me this time!" he begged, as his eyes filled with tears, "I'll never run away again."

At his words and actions the man looked much surprised, and spoke as if to explain something:

"Why, I didn't—"

But before he had time to finish the sentence Madame Chopin opened the door. Seeing her little lad in tears, she did not know what it meant.

But Niemcewicz told her what Frédéric had said. Then she knew all about it—knew how badly frightened he was at the thought of going to prison, and she laid her hand lovingly on his dark curls.

Niemcewicz stood looking at her gentle eyes—they were dark, and big and brilliant like Frédéric's—and he thought what a fair woman she was.

"Poor little Frédéric!" she said in a voice that was like low music. "He ran away this morning to watch the skaters on the river, which is a very dangerous pastime for little boys, because horses might tread them underfoot or the city streets swallow them up and lose them; and his father declared that if it ever happened again he would surely put it into the hands of the police. But I think it never will."

And Frédéric's big eyes looked bigger and darker than ever.

"No, it never will," he promised; "so please let me go this time. I didn't mean to be bad, truly I didn't. I couldn't help going, because I knew they would sing as they skated, and I

love to hear their songs."

And Madame Chopin nodded her head, because she knew it was true. Niemcewicz nodded too, for he, like all Warsaw, had heard that Frederic loved music as butterflies love sunshine, and his voice was almost as gentle as the mother's when he spoke.

"Don't be afraid," he comforted. "I didn't come to take you to prison, because I am not the prefect of police. And even if I were, I know you'll never run away again. But I did come to see just you, Master Frédéric Chopin."

Which caused Madame Chopin to wonder a very great deal. But she was a gently born woman, and her courtesy was greater than her curiosity. So she invited him to come inside and led the way to the living-room, where the boy's sisters, Emily and Louisa and Justinia, were bending over their embroidery.

It was a small room and plainly furnished, not at all like the ones to which the poet was accustomed; but brightness and cheer were there, and he knew it was not just an abiding place but a home. The cat nodded beside the piano-stool that was Frédéric's wonted place, and over the instrument hung a fine old painting, brought by Nicholas Chopin from France when he came to Warsaw some fifteen years before. For he was a son of the Southland, of the sweet, green country of Lorraine, who had married a Polish woman. So in Frédéric's veins were mingled the warm, red blood of the Latin and the warm, red blood of the Slav, both of whom see visions and dream dreams.

The fire on the open hearth sent long bright tongues up toward the chimney, and as they walked near it, Niemcewicz spoke some words to Madame Chopin that the children did not understand. But certainly they were pleasant words; for when they were finished, the mother threw her arms about the boy and exclaimed, "Frédéric, this is Pan [Mr.] Niemcewicz, come to ask you to play at a concert."

And he was as much surprised as he had been frightened a few moments before. No prison cell for him, but a lovely invitation!

"Yes," the man spoke; "and if you do, you will be helping the poor of Warsaw, because all the ticket money is to be given to them."

And the big dark eyes brightened as he said: "Oh, I should like that! Please let me do it, Mother. Please!"

And the smile on Madame Chopin's face said, as plainly as words could say, "Yes."

So it was decided, and a little later the poet Niemcewicz went out of the house and drove away through the whirling snow, leaving behind him Emily and Louisa and Justinia much excited. It would be very splendid to have their brother play before the great of Warsaw, and they wanted to go out and spread the news throughout the neighborhood.

But Frédéric wasn't excited at all. Of course it was delightful to think of helping the poor, but he had played before people so often that it seemed just a usual event. And not until the next day, when his father brought home a new suit for him to wear, did it seem like a great occasion. But at sight of the velvet coat and broad white collar with its frill of lace he wanted the concert to begin immediately so he could wear them, and thought Pan Niemcewicz must be a sort of fairy godfather, for, if he hadn't come to ask him to play, the splendid clothes would not have been bought. It was still fifteen days until the appointed night, and it seemed as if they would never pass. He began to think that men who say February is the shortest month in the year are mistaken, and that surely it is the longest, for although the day would wane and the night would come, there was always another day and then another night, and still no concert time. But at last the much desired occasion came, and arrayed in his velvet suit with its splendid collar he walked across the stage of the concert-hall, as proud as a young prince.

The great lords and ladies in the audience looked surprised. He was small for his age, and so slender and delicate that he looked younger than he was, and one powerful noble said in a loud whisper, "Why does Niemcewicz bring us to hear a baby when he might have had a man who could play well?"

And he expected to be very much annoyed.

Little Frédéric sat down and began to play, first somewhat hesitatingly, for the piano was not the accustomed one of his home, and the action was a trifle strange. But in a moment the keys and his fingers seemed to understand each other, and he played as never a child of Warsaw had played before. The lords and ladies in the audience sat very straight and very still, and, when he finished, applauded with hand and voice. Even the Grand Duke Constantine, who seldom gave praise to anyone, called "Bravo! bravo!" while the noble who had blamed Niemcewicz for bringing the boy there, sought the poet's side and exclaimed, "Surely he is Poland's wonder-child, even as little Mozart was Austria's! Have him come out again!"

So the child played again to the silently listening throng, after which the applause thundered once more and some of the ladies had tears in their eyes. And what thought little Frédéric? Oh, he was very much pleased. He was too young to understand how marvelous was the music that he had made, and thought they applauded because they liked his clothes. So a little later, when he went home and his mother asked him which number the people liked best, he said, "Oh, Mama, everybody was looking at my collar."

But he was much mistaken, for most of them hadn't noticed his collar. They saw only a wonder-child with a mop of curly hair and eyes like living jewels.

A year passed, and many times since that concert had carriages of noblemen come to the humble Chopin house. The high-born folk of Warsaw petted the little musician and made his life very bright, and he had so many invitations that his

mother said he no longer belonged to her, but to all of Poland; which was true, for a genius belongs not only to his family, but to his country and the world. His father was only a teacher and not rich, but very often the boy went as a guest to some splendid castle of his land, where he lived the life of a young noble, and Polish nobles of those days lived luxuriously indeed. They loved his sunny youth and joyous ways; loved the melody he drew from the piano; and always, when they heard him, said that someday he would bring honor to his name and glory to Poland.

Then something happened that brought him both joy and sorrow.

It was January, and Catalani, a great Italian singer, with a voice of gold and a face of ivory and rose, came into snow-wrapped Warsaw. Great was the excitement there, for Poland was a music-loving land, and she was the empress of song of her day. Up from Italy she came to sing the melodies of the South in the frozen North; and people talked of it in the streets and at the public meeting-places.

"We will fill the concert-hall," said one, "and prove to her that we Poles love the best."

"Yes," his neighbor answered, "and we will take our children to hear her too, so that long after childhood is past they will remember Catalini, the great singer." One of the first to hear the news was Nicholas Chopin.

"It is rare good fortune for us of Warsaw," he announced as they sat at supper that night. "She will give four concerts here in the town hall."

At the words Frédéric gave a shout.

"Catalani to sing!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Father, I want to hear her!"

And the big man nodded in reply.

"That you shall, my Frédéric, because I know it will make you very happy."

And Frédéric's heart beat faster at the thought that he

was to hear the greatest singer of her time, and one of the greatest of all time. Nothing so wonderful had happened in his short life, not even when he played at the charity concert and wore his velvet suit and lace-trimmed collar. And as he sat beside his mother, among the great lords and ladies assembled in the music-hall on the eventful night, he scarcely breathed, for Catalani was singing, and all the jewels, all the flowers, and all the gorgeous colors ever dreamed of seemed mingled in her tones, and, as they floated out, wonderful pictures passed before his eyes. Sometimes it seemed as if a thousand streams purled over a rainbow meadow, sometimes as if elves and sprites were floating through the air. He shut his eyes, but still he saw the pictures, which seemed very strange. For he did not know that the rainbow colors were not in the concert-hall, but in his own soul, and were painted there by the music because he was a wonder-child.

Thrice after that night he heard Catalani sing, and every time he dreamed dreams and went off into that realm whose gates open only to those who have rainbows in their souls. Then, like the most beautiful dream of all, she asked him to play for her. Niemcewicz the poet brought the news, and although he seemed a sort of fairy godfather who could make anything come to pass, Frédéric could hardly believe it was true. For how could the golden-voiced singer know of a lad like him? But she did know, because the Grand Duke Constantine and other great folk of Warsaw had told her all about him, and she wanted to hear the music of the boy who was called a wonder-child. So he was dressed in his best, just as he was dressed the night of the charity concert, and drove away to the castle in whose music-room he was to play.

A throng of noble folk welcomed him, and the great piano there responded like a living thing to the magic of his fingers. Catalani heard, and, hearing, thought with the others that he was, indeed, a wonder-child; and when he finished, she applauded and said as lovely things as song-loving Warsaw

said about her singing, which made him very happy. Then regal Princess Lowica, the Grand Duke Constantine, Count and Countess Skarbeck, and golden-haired Countess Potocka came close to the piano, saying gracious things and petting him so that he seemed like a little king receiving homage, and all in all it was the most splendid holiday he had ever known.

But suddenly the blue went out of his skies and the music out of his world, for Catalani asked him to tell her his birthday. That seemed a terrible thing, for although he could do wonders at the piano, he couldn't remember his birthday, no matter how hard he tried. His mother had told him over and over again, but he always got it mixed, and didn't know if it was the twelfth of February or the twenty-second, or the twenty-second of March.

So he hung his head and said, "I don't know, but one is coming soon."

At which all the lords and ladies laughed, and the singer remarked, "I must surely find out when it is!"

He was so full of shame about it that he had to bite his lips to keep back the tears, and, as he drove home with Niemcewicz, though the sun was shining and the skies clear, everything looked black and cloudy to him. Catalani, golden-voiced Catalani, would think him a stupid, and he had been so eager to have her like him. But there were some things little Frédéric didn't know.

Madame Catalani had said she would find out when his birthday came, and find out she did, for early in the morning of that day a messenger came to the house where more than a year before Niemcewicz the poet had come to ask a big-eyed boy to play at a charity concert. He struck the iron knocker on the door, spoke a few words to Emily, and went away; and a minute later Madame Chopin called, "A package for you, Frédéric."

Frédéric came on the run, as any boy would do when it is his birthday and packages come. Then he pulled off the

wrapper and saw something that made his eyes dance.

"A watch, Mother, a watch!" he shouted.

And upon the shining gold case was engraved the date and the words, "Given by Madame Catalani to Frédéric Chopin, aged ten years."

Which made him so glad that he broke into a dance that his sister Louisa said was neither polonaise nor mazurka, but the mother knew it was a dance of joy. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "oh, oh, oh! She likes me even if I didn't know."

And he stood by the window looking out across the snow, seeing in memory the singer of the Southland with her face of ivory and rose.

Well, from that day forth Frédéric remembered his birthday. Who wouldn't with a watch like that? For whenever he forgot, one look set him right, and he went on thinking Catalani was one of the sweetest women in the world as well as the most glorious singer. And he worked at his music, too, playing more wonderfully than any child had played since the boy Mozart, until, when he grew older and went to seek his fortune in Paris, the great of the French capital honored the man as the great of Warsaw had honored the boy; and there was no home so splendid or so exclusive that it shut its doors to him.

But he was always the slender, delicate man, just as he was the slender, delicate child whose frail appearance almost made the poet Niemcewiez think he was not the lad he sought; and he died at the early age of forty. But sometimes, when the heart is great and full, short lives are as rich in achievement as those that stretch out to four score years and ten. And so it was with Chopin. He gave more to the world than many have given who have lived to be twice his age, because nothing but his best seemed fine enough to give, and of that he wanted to give abundantly.

So with infinite care and patience he labored to make each composition nobler and more beautiful than the

preceding one, more nearly what seemed to be the perfect fruit of his soul and brain.

And he never ceased to love his Slavic land. Memories of his childhood home in Warsaw, of the quaint old houses and winding streets, of the nobles in whose castles he had spent so many golden hours, of the shimmering, restless Vistula, where peasants sang as they rocked in their boats through summer twilights, sang too as they whirled on the glistening ice in the long white winters, were ever with the exile there in Paris, and were ever dear—so dear that he made his best music when his heart was in Poland.

More than sixty years have passed since his melody-making ended and he went to his rest beside Bellini and Cherubini in quiet Pére Lachaise. But his music still lives on, still is loved, is exquisitely beautiful. For beauty, like truth and goodness, is immortal; and as long as the world loves melody, it will revere the name of that wonder-child of Warsaw, Frédéric Chopin.

Robert Schumann

1810 – 1856

Boyhood of Schumann

"Left, face! Forward, march!" Clear rang out the words of the little commander. Quickly the straight ranks moved across the playground. Back and forth they marched, everyone in step. When the drill was over, the little general dismissed his troops. Day after day the boy soldiers drilled on the playground. Each day they chose a color bearer, but the commander was always the same. Among all the boys, no other made so good a general as Robert Schumann. Although his manner was gentle, the lads knew that his orders must be obeyed.

Robert Schumann was born in a quaint little Saxon town in Germany. His birthday was the 8th of June, 1810. His father, a studious man, kept a bookstore in the town. His mother was a good woman, busy caring for her five children, of whom Robert was the youngest. One of Robert's grandfathers had been a surgeon and the other had been a minister, so why it was that Robert cared for music no one knew. But care for it he did with all his heart.

He was the happiest boy in all Saxony when his father told him that he might study music with the organist at St. Mary's. He was seven years old when he had his first lesson. By the time he was eight, he could compose dances for his little friends. His teacher was proud of the lad and often said:

"Robert, God has given you a great talent, and very precious is such a gift. Use it well."

Robert once thought of a new game, which afterward became a great favorite with his playmates. The game was once carried on in this way. Robert went to the piano and played for several minutes. Then, turning about, he said, "Whom was I describing in that music?" All the children shouted, "Franz!" That was the very person Robert had in mind, and the music had told the children very well that it was none other than the merry, laughing Franz. Then the young musician turned to the piano again. The music was no longer bright and gay, but low and sweet. When the last note had been played, the children clapped their hands and exclaimed: "Robert, you are a capital player. You have told us as plainly as can be that you were thinking of little Gretchen."

When Robert Schumann was nine years old, he attended a concert given by a young English musician. The young Englishman played remarkably well. Robert had never heard such music before. He wondered if he could ever be so skillful. "At least," he said to himself, "I can try." From that moment, the desire to become a musician never left his mind. He always kept a program which the pianist had touched, and every time he looked at it he thought: "Each day I must do my best. I shall succeed in no other way."

Sometimes Robert forgot his good resolutions. He had much rather play pretty tunes than practice his scales. It was not so pleasant to toil over his lesson as to play the songs that he liked. When he grew older, he saw the mistake he had made and tried to make up lost time by working at his music in earnest.

Robert Schumann was interested in his studies at school and in the games on the playground, but most of all he was interested in music. He formed an orchestra which consisted of two violins, two flutes, a clarinet, and two horns. Robert was conductor of the orchestra and played the piano. This

piano was a fine instrument, a gift to Robert from his father. When the little leader could find no music which his musicians could play, he composed some for them himself.

"Let us do our best with this concerto," Robert often said to the boys of the band, "that my father may be pleased when he comes." Then, so interested did they become in the rehearsal, that they did not notice the father as he came softly into the room. When the concerto was finished, he said: "You have done well, my lads. Here is some new music as a reward."

Once Robert's teacher gave a concert. A chorus of many voices sang a beautiful piece of music. No orchestra played while the chorus sang; their only accompaniment was a piano. The audience was amazed to see a small boy take his place at the instrument and play the accompaniment with skill. The boy was Robert Schumann.

While Robert was in the high school, he set the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm to music. He composed not only the music for the singers, but also an accompaniment for the orchestra. About this time, too, he often appeared in public concerts.

In 1825 Robert's father died. The boy felt his loss keenly, for no one else had encouraged him in his music as his father had done. His mother loved him dearly, but she wished that he might become a lawyer rather than a musician. She hoped that he might graduate with honors from the law school. She dreamed that her boy might one day become the finest lawyer in the empire.

Schumann a Law Student

At last the long course at the high school was completed. Then Robert Schumann left his native town and journeyed to Leipzig to become a student of law. He had no desire to be a lawyer, but he loved his mother too dearly to disobey her wishes. Now Robert should have spent every moment at his studies, and he knew this all too well. Instead, he spent many,

many hours with his loved instrument or with friends who cared for naught but music. He did not mean to slight his work, for he had made up his mind not to disappoint his mother. He wrote her from Leipzig: "I have no taste for the law. My studies are dry and irksome; but I have resolved to become a lawyer. When a man determines to succeed, he can indeed do all things."

At the time that Schumann was attending the university, Frederick Wieck was one of the best piano teachers in Germany. Schumann had made rapid progress with this teacher. He spent more time than ever at the piano and grew more and more to dislike his lectures at the university.

After some twelve months spent in Leipzig, Schumann wrote to his mother, asking permission to go to Heidelberg to continue his studies. He wished to hear the lectures of one of the most famous lawyers in Germany. Now you must know that this famous man was also a musician. Perhaps Schumann knew this and cared more for the music than for the law. At any rate he was very happy when his mother granted his request, and he left Leipzig with a light heart.

Schumann had not had his piano sent to Heidelberg, and he missed it greatly. Two or three days passed, and he had not once touched an instrument. One day, while he was out walking, so the story goes, he passed a music store and saw some pianos in the window. Schumann was a timid man; but his desire to play overcame all his fears, and he walked boldly into the shop. Seating himself before one of the pianos, he played for three hours. At the sound of the sweet tones, the men in the shop put aside their work and gathered about the musician. Schumann did not see the group of listeners, did not hear their cries of wonder, nor notice their applause. His thoughts were far away.

It was not long before Schumann found lodgings and hired a piano. He was very happy in his new home. He said to a friend, "I look from my window and see a splendid old

mountain castle. The green hills covered with oaks meet my view on every side. I feel like a prince, and a real prince could not ask for anything more lovely than the view from my window."

Although Schumann had gone to a new city, he retained his old habits. It was much more pleasant to go to the open piano than to dust-covered law books. We are told that he practiced seven hours a day, and that the evenings were spent with music-loving friends. Yes, life was bright and happy for Schumann then.

Every moment that he spent among his law books was hard work for Schumann; but he would practice a sonata or a symphony for hours at a time and consider it mere play. He was often invited by his friends to take long drives. Even on these little pleasure trips, he always carried a dumb keyboard with him. On it his fingers performed the most difficult passages, as the carriage rolled over the broad avenues of the city or by the side of some winding stream.

It was in 1828 that Schumann went to Heidelberg, and in September of the same year he took a little trip into Italy and Switzerland. He talked but little of the grand old mountains, the clear Swiss lakes, and the blue Italian skies. Though he said nothing, the beauty of it all sank deep into his soul, and every song which he wrote afterwards was the sweeter for it.

On this journey Schumann heard some of the greatest musicians of his time. One of these was a violinist famed for his skill. As Schumann listened, he thought: "I should be perfectly happy if I could play as well on the piano as that man plays upon the violin. I need try no longer to become a lawyer. It is of no use. When I return to Heidelberg, I shall ask my mother's permission to devote all my time to music."

The letter was written. Before the mother made reply, she wrote to Leipzig and asked the advice of Frederick Wieck, Robert's former teacher. In response he wrote, saying that it might be a good plan to give Robert six months to show what

he could do as a pianist. So it was decided that Schumann should give up law and study music in Leipzig.

In Leipzig, Schumann found lodgings near Wieck's home and again took up his music studies. He was so anxious to excel that he was willing to begin with the simplest music, although he could read a concerto at sight. He practiced even more than his teacher thought was best. The third finger of his right hand seemed weaker than the other fingers. In order to make it strong, he fastened it in a strained position and kept it so for hours at a time.

Instead of the hand growing stronger, it became crippled. This made Schumann very sad. He knew then that he could never become a master of the piano. He did not, however, give up his music, though he could play so little. The hours formerly spent in practice were now used for composition. Had it not been for the change in Schumann's plans, perhaps he would have become famous in Germany only as a pianist, but now the world knows him as a composer.

It happened that Schumann met in Leipzig a young girl, who loved music with all her heart. She was Clara Wieck, the winsome daughter of Robert's teacher. She had a marvelous talent for music and even when a child played the piano with remarkable skill. She appeared often in public concerts and was much petted and praised. Praise, however, did not spoil her. In fact, each day she became more gentle and lovable. She and Robert Schumann became fast friends.

Among Schumann's other friends in Leipzig were some young men. They were all interested in music and met every evening for study. When a new piece of music appeared, they discussed its good points. At that time much poor music was written, and many poor musicians were receiving praise that they had not earned. The young men knew that this was not right. They wished that the good musicians might become better known.

This circle of friends were thoughtful, earnest young

men—friends of the good, enemies of the bad. They could think of no way to make matters better. One evening Schumann said to them: "Let us publish a paper that will help things to grow better. We will boldly speak the truth, and if a man's work is poor, we will pay no heed to him. If any musician does well, he shall have our praise."

As the young men agreed, the paper was started. Robert Schumann was chosen editor. His articles for the little paper were well written and he never spoke ill of any one. He once wrote kindly of Mendelssohn's work. When Mendelssohn saw the article, he said: "I am quite delighted. Such praise comes from a pure heart. Ten thousand thanks to the man who wrote this."

In 1832 Schumann composed his first symphony in G minor. One movement of this symphony was played at a concert, and the pianist was none other than the wonder-child, Clara Wieck. The people at the concert often heard good music, but the girl's playing amazed them. They applauded her again and again; they waved their handkerchiefs and tried in every way to show their admiration.

This symphony of Schumann's was never published. His compositions were not popular. "As surely as every gleam of sunshine found its way into Mendelssohn's music, so every shadow found its way into Schumann's." For this reason many did not care for the music which Robert Schumann wrote. Still he worked on, not caring for the praises of men. He was happy in this—that he could express in music the beautiful thoughts that filled his mind.

While Schumann had been busy with his paper and his compositions, Clara Wieck had become a beautiful young woman. Schumann saw her often at her father's house and grew to love her dearly. In 1840 she became his wife.

We have told you that Clara Schumann had been called a wonder-child. At the time of her marriage, she was known as the finest pianist in all Germany. She played Chopin, Bach,

and Beethoven at the concerts which she gave in many large cities. In all of these places she was highly praised.

All of Robert Schumann's best music was written after his marriage. In one year alone he composed over a hundred songs, and what beautiful songs they are! In almost every country the songs of Schumann are well known. Just as Wagner is known as a writer of operas, so Schumann is known as a writer of songs. Some of his most famous songs are: The Stranger, Butterflies, and The Poet Speaks.

Robert and Clara Schumann worked together at their music in their cozy little home. They were very happy, and home was the dearest spot in the world to them. Sometimes they made long concert tours, but they always rejoiced when they could return to Leipzig once more. On one of their concert tours, they visited northern Germany, Sweden, and Russia. In all of those countries they met with the greatest success.

While they were in Russia, they spent some time in St. Petersburg, where they were invited to court. The royal family and all the nobility showed them the highest honors; and when Clara Schumann played, she received the compliments of all. Even the princess came to the Schumanns, begging them to remain in St. Petersburg.

Clara Schumann was fond of playing her husband's music. In Russia, the people liked one of Mendelssohn's compositions better than anything else that she played. It was the Spring Song, one of the beautiful Songs without Words. So delighted were the people when she played it, that they called for it again and again. The emperor demanded it three times.

Outside of his own home Robert Schumann was a very silent man. It is said that he once went to a friend's house, entered the music room with a friendly nod, went straight to the piano, and opened it, softly whistling the while. Seating himself, he played a few chords, followed by a charming melody, closed the piano, and walked out, nodding his head

in a friendly way. Then off he went without a word to anyone.

Although at different times Schumann lived in various cities, most of his compositions were written in Leipzig. He was a hard worker, in one year writing thirty pieces of music. Some of his well-known compositions are The Pilgrimage of the Rose, the music for Faust, and the music for Byron's Manfred.

In 1845 Schumann was obliged to leave Leipzig on account of failing health. He chose Dresden for his home. He heard no music, for his doctor had forbidden it. He led a very quiet life, seeing few friends. It was at that time that he made the acquaintance of Richard Wagner. At the end of the year his health was much improved. He took up his work once more and wrote his second symphony.

During the next eight years Schumann wrote many beautiful compositions. He lost much time, however, on account of ill-health.

Two years before his death, Schumann and his wife took a trip through Holland. The composer was very much pleased to find that the Dutch people knew his music and loved it well.

On his return to the Fatherland, his health failed utterly. His mind, which had not been strong for some time, grew weaker day by day. During the last months of his life he spent much time at his beloved piano. He died in 1856 and was buried in Bonn.

Richard Wagner

1813 – 1883

Early Life of Wagner

Richard Wagner was born in Leipzig, in 1813. He was the youngest of a family of nine children. His father died when Richard was only a baby. Mrs. Wagner was left with a large family of little children to care for. Her eldest son was a lad of but fourteen years of age.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Wagner received a small pension from the government. She was a thrifty little woman and made the best use of every penny of her small income. It was not sufficient, however, to feed and clothe her large family of boys and girls.

An old friend of the father came to her aid. He helped the Wagner children in many ways. In 1815 he became their stepfather. Shortly afterward they moved to Dresden. The children's new father was an actor, and he had been appointed to a position in the Royal Theater in that city. In a few years the four eldest brothers and sisters became actors also.

The boy, Richard, heard nothing talked about so much as music and the theater. When he was allowed to go to the theater he clapped his hands for joy. When his mother thought it best that he should stay at home, he was sometimes naughty. He would stand in a corner and cry.

Richard was a delicate child and on this account was

greatly petted. Up to the time that he was nine years old, he had no lessons either at school or at home. He spent his time with his stepfather. The two good friends took many long rambles into the woods. On these little trips Richard took a sketch-book and pencil. His father tried to teach the boy to draw, but soon made up his mind that Richard would never become an artist.

At that time almost every family in Germany had a piano. There was one in the Wagner house- hold. Richard's mother managed to give her little daughters music lessons, but Richard had none. He was not even taught his notes. He sometimes fingered and thumbed the keyboard as every boy likes to do. The bits of music that he could play he had learned by ear.

He heard his sisters practicing their music lessons. He liked one piece that they played better than any other. It was a wedding song. He heard it played so often, that he could hum it to himself. One day, when alone, he went to the piano and tried to play it. The first time he was not pleased with his efforts; but the second time he could play it perfectly. His mother, overhearing, stopped her work to listen.

Richard's stepfather was ill at this time. When his wife told him how well the boy had played the wedding song, he was delighted. Richard was asked to play it again. He did so, and his father said, "Can it be that the child has a talent for music?"

Soon after the stepfather died. As Richard grew to man- hood his father's words came back to him again and again. It was six years, however, before he began really to work at music.

In 1822 it was decided that Richard should attend a boy's school in Dresden. For some time his uncle had been helping the lad with his lessons. He was to enter a school that he might have more studies.

School opened on the 22d of December. The Wagner

children were all busy preparing for the Christmas tree. The three days before Christmas were always such happy days in this German home. Richard did not wish to begin school until after the holidays; so he coaxed and pleaded to stay at home.

His wise mother would not give her consent, for she did not wish him to miss even a day at school. But he begged that he might just help trim the tree, and was allowed to rise at dawn to do his share.

Richard Wagner always spoke very tenderly of his mother. He called her his "dear little mother." In after years he said to a friend: "I cannot see a lighted Christmas tree without thinking of my mother. I cannot keep the tears back when I remember how she toiled to give her children pleasure."

At school, Greek was Richard's favorite study. He liked history and geography also. He was a patient worker, and never gave up a point before he had mastered it. For five years he remained at the school in Dresden, working so well that he became a favorite with his teachers. During these years he had a few piano lessons, but made little progress.

In 1827 Richard's mother moved to Leipzig, and for three years the boy attended school there. Later he entered the university in that city.

When Richard was about fifteen years old, he listened to some of Beethoven's music for the first time. The boy thought the symphonies of that great composer were the most beautiful that he had ever heard. They ran through his mind all the day, and he dreamed of them at night. He thought Beethoven the greatest composer in the world. He longed to be like him. Richard now decided how his life should be spent; he, too, would be a musician.

Then for the first time young Wagner worked at his music in earnest. He had an excellent teacher who encouraged the boy to do his best. The lad soon began to write music. Beethoven, the great composer, was his daily study. He knew much of the master's music by heart. The Ninth Symphony

was his especial favorite.

Wagner and His Work

The early years of Wagner's manhood were spent in different cities of Germany. Sometimes he was leader of a chorus. Sometimes he was composing operas. At all times he had a hard struggle to support himself. His compositions were not popular, for no one had ever written such music before, and the people could not understand it.

It was while Wagner was managing an opera company in a small German town that he was married. He and his wife soon went to the eastern part of Germany, but did not remain there long. They were heavily in debt. Wagner was paid little for his work and had no idea how to save his earnings.

Stories reached his ears of the large sums of money which composers received for their work in Paris. He resolved to go to France. In Paris he met with disappointments and failures. He had wished to have one of his operas sung there, feeling sure that the French people would admire his music after hearing it. But the Paris opera company would not even consent to sing it.

Then Wagner tried to obtain some position as a musician. He was willing to take the poorest appointment and do the hardest work, but he failed. For many months the Wagners, sad and lonely, lived in Paris.

After three weary years in France, Wagner returned to his native country. How happy he was to see the land of the Rhine! He said to his wife, "Is it not good to be in the Fatherland again?"

When he lived in Paris, he wrote an opera and sent it to Dresden. It was accepted and the opera company of that city sent for Wagner to come to take charge of the music. This took place in 1842. Three years before, he had left Germany because the people did not care for his music. Now, they were glad and proud to welcome him on his return from France.

After several weeks, all was ready for the first performance of Wagner's opera. The theater was crowded. The singers who took part had said much in praise of the music, and everyone was anxious to hear it. They were not disappointed. Indeed, they all praised it highly, and Wagner became the hero of the hour.

Not long after this, another of Wagner's operas was sung in Dresden. It is called The Flying Dutchman. It was so well liked that everyone in the city was glad to honor the composer. That made Wagner very happy. His life was filled with joy, for he was doing the work that he loved. How different were these days from those spent in Paris—those days of hunger and poverty! Now that all was sunshine and happiness, Wagner's life in France seemed like a bad dream.

Tannhäuser, one of Wagner's greatest operas, was written in Dresden. Sung for the first time in 1845, it was even better liked than his first two operas. After it had been given, people stopped the composer on the streets to give him words of praise.

The best loved of all Wagner's works is Lohengrin. Not only in Europe is this opera known and loved, but in America as well.

In 1848 Wagner was obliged to leave the country on account of political troubles. Switzerland became his home. The beautiful scenery there afforded the composer much pleasure. The snow-capped Alps could be seen all about, and in many places clear mountain lakes reflected the blue skies above.

Wagner lived in Switzerland about ten years. In that time he composed several operas. He wrote not only the music for these operas, but the words as well. The words alone form beautiful poems. Four of the operas written in Switzerland tell the old fairy story of the gold hidden at the bottom of the Rhine. Indeed, the first one of them is called The Rhinegold. Richard Wagner put the legend into poetry and then

composed exquisite music to fit the words.

While Wagner was in Switzerland, the German people were learning to love his music more and more. You remember that Lohengrin was written just before he left Germany. At that time it had not been sung.

Franz Liszt, a friend of Wagner's, became greatly interested in Lohengrin. Under his direction it was sung in a small town. All who heard it liked the beautiful story and still more beautiful music. Soon nearly everyone in Germany had heard Lohengrin, the beautiful opera of the Swan Knight.

Wagner, far from home, was cheered by the news that his opera was well liked. He longed to hear it himself. He said: "Nearly every German has heard Lohengrin. Soon I shall be the only one who has not heard it."

After many years Wagner returned to the Fatherland. He and the king of Bavaria became great friends. The king had heard Lohengrin sung many times. It was his favorite opera. It is said that he used to dress himself in armor like Lohengrin's and sail about the lake in a swan boat for hours at a time.

The king thought the theaters in Germany were not well built. He thought that a special opera house should be erected in which Wagner's operas could be given. Plans were made and a model opera house was built.

Many people throughout Germany became interested in Wagner's opera house, as it was called. The money that they gave, with the sum given by the king, paid for the building. The building, which Wagner himself planned, is still used, and Wagner's operas are still sung there.

The last opera that Wagner composed is called Parsifal. Many think it is finer even than The Rhinegold and Lohengrin. Like Lohengrin it tells a story of the Holy Grail.

In 1870 Wagner was married for the second time. The last years of his life were spent in Venice, with his wife and children. Theirs was a bright and happy home, for the gentle

Wagner was a kind and loving father. All the people of Venice loved him. In a short time all the poor and needy of the city knew the great-hearted man, for he was ever ready to help those in trouble.

Wagner's unselfish life and sweet character won him many friends. At his death people on both sides of the Atlantic mourned for him.

The great composer died in Venice, and his body was taken to Germany for burial. At every station on the way to Germany, fresh flowers were scattered on the casket. The king sent a beautiful wreath, on which were words meaning, To the Deathless One.

Otto von Bismarck

The Boy of Göttingen

1815 – 1898

A tall, slender boy, followed by a great Danish hound, walked down the main street of the German town of Göttingen in Hanover one spring morning in 1832. The small round cap, gay with colors, told the world that the boy was a student at the University, and also that he belonged to one of the students' clubs, or fighting corps, as they were called. But this boy looked quite a dandy. A wide sash was tied about his waist, high-polished boots came up to his knees, and he wore a knot of colors on his breast, the same colors he sported in his cap, the emblem that he belonged to the Brunswick student corps. Moreover he carried himself with rather a haughty manner, and the big dog, following at his heels, walked in much the same way.

Presently there came strolling along the street a group of a half dozen boys who wore the round caps of the Hanoverian Club. Something about the boy with the dog struck them as comical, and they began to laugh, and nudge each other, and when they came up to the boy they stopped and stared at him in undisguised amusement. Quick color sprang to his cheeks, he hesitated, and then came to a full stop. It was not pleasant to be singled out as a laughing-stock in the main street of Göttingen.

"Well, what are you laughing at?" he demanded, looking squarely at the group of boys.

One of them waved his hand airily in answer. "At the magnificence of our new little Brunswicker," he answered mockingly.

"So? And are you accustomed to laugh at magnificence?" The boy's brows were bent and his lips had set in a very stern line.

"When it amuses us we laugh," put in one of the others.

"Then I'd have you know it's ill manners to laugh, and I'll teach you better as soon as we get schlägers in our hands."

"And who may you be?" asked the one who had spoken first.

"My name is Otto von Bismarck. I come from Prussia, and I'm a new student here."

"And which of us will you fight?"

"I'll fight you all. Send your man to me at my room, and I'll agree on any time and place." Then, with his head held very high the boy walked on, and the great Dane followed at his heels.

"Bismarck?" said one of the Hanover boys to the others. "It seems to me I've heard of him. They say he's splendid company."

"He's surely got pluck enough," agreed another. "I like the way he faced the lot of us." So they went on down the street, discussing the new student.

Otto, no whit daunted by his adventure, shortly after returned to his room. He lighted a big china-bowled pipe, and was smoking and reading when the messenger from the boys he had challenged came to see him. Otto offered him a pipe, and the two were soon eagerly discussing horses and dogs and telling about the fine hunting there was to be had in the different parts of Germany in which their homes lay. They got on together famously, and finally the visitor, who was the chief of his corps, said, "What a shame we got into this trouble over nothing. You're too good a fellow for any of us to fight. We shouldn't have guyed you that way. Let me see if I can't

fix matters up."

"I'm quite ready to fight them all," said Otto stoutly. "I told them so, and I always stand by my word."

"I know," said the other, who by now had taken a great liking to the young Prussian. "But you're not the sort to get really angry at such a little thing, and I like you too much to want to cross swords with you."

"And I like you," answered Otto warmly, "but remember I'm quite ready if the others aren't of your way of thinking."

The Hanover boy went back to his clubmates, and told them the result of his talk with Otto. He said the latter was not a coxcomb or a dandy, but one of the best humored fellows he had ever met, and if he had been driven to showing his temper on the street that morning it was the result of their rudeness, and not Otto's ill will. The other boys quite agreed with what their captain said, and he was asked to carry their regrets to Otto for the unfortunate meeting and their hope that the duels might not be fought. The reconciliation was at once carried out, but the adventure did not end there as far as the young paladin named Bismarck was concerned. The Hanover captain, who was a year or two older than Otto, and knew much more about the University, became his best friend, and soon one boy was rarely seen without the other. There was no regular Prussian student corps at Göttingen, and so Otto, when he had reached the University and had been invited to join the Brunswick Club, had at once accepted. Now his chum began to show him how much better the Hanover corps was than that of Brunswick, and argued with him that as it was not a matter of home pride, but simply a question as to which boys he liked best, he had better join his new friends' club. It took little persuasion to convince Otto that his wishes really all lay that way, and so he resigned from the corps of Brunswick and was received into that of Hanover.

As soon as this news spread through the University the

Brunswickers were very indignant. They declared they had been grossly insulted, and that Otto von Bismarck should be made to pay for this slight upon them. Their captain and best swordsman at once challenged Otto to fight with the schläger. Otto accepted, and the duel quickly took place.

This schläger fighting was an old custom of all the German universities, and every boy who belonged to a corps was pretty sure to fight one or more such duels. The schläger is very heavy and clumsy compared with a dueling sword, and requires a very strong wrist and arm. Instead of dexterous fencing the fighting is done by downright slashing and cutting and usually ends when one or the other fighter has received a cut on the face. The duel takes place with a great deal of ceremony, each student being attended by a number of his own club, and each corps values as its highest honor the reputation of having the best fighters in the university.

Otto proved his strength in this first duel with the Brunswick captain. He himself received a number of hard blows, but he gave more than he took, and finally cut his opponent on the cheek. That ended the duel, and each boy retired satisfied, Otto because he had won, and the Brunswick captain because he had another scar to prove his fighting spirit.

But the Brunswickers were not yet satisfied that their reputation was entirely cleared, and so in a few days Otto received a challenge from the next best fighter of their corps, and having fought him was challenged by another, and so the affair continued until he had met and defeated almost every student in the Brunswick corps. He fought twenty schläger duels during his first year at the University, and came out of them so well that he was ranked as one of the best fighters at Göttingen, and the Hanoverians were very proud of him.

In only one encounter was the young Prussian wounded. He was fighting with a student named

Biederwig, and the latter's sword-blade snapped in two as

Otto was parrying his fierce attack. The broken edge gave Bismarck a slight cut on the cheek, and Biederwig at once claimed a victory. The officers of the clubs, however, decided that the duel was a drawn encounter. By this time Otto, who was just eighteen, had become the leader among the students of Göttingen.

Such customs seem strange and almost barbarous to Anglo-Saxon boys, but this dueling played a large part in the college life of Germans at that time. Otto was not by nature quarrelsome, but he was bound to hold his own with his friends, and to do that he felt that he must take his part in the rough life about him. Very soon after the fight with Biederwig he was drawn into a much more serious affair.

Among his close friends was a young German baron who had fallen out with an English student named Knight. Each of them felt that their quarrel demanded serious settlement and they determined to fight with pistols instead of swords. At first Otto refused to have anything to do with the meeting, but at the last minute the Baron's second withdrew, and the Baron begged Otto to take his place. Otto could not refuse this appeal of his friend, and so reluctantly consented.

When the two met Otto paced out a much longer distance than was usual in such cases, and had them stand very far apart. When the word was given each student fired, but both were so nervous that their shots went very wide. Then Otto at once interfered, stating that the honor of each was now fully satisfied, and refusing to let them continue. Here he showed that masterfulness of character which had already made him a leader, and which now at once compelled the duelists to submit.

Such a meeting as this was, however, contrary to the laws of the University, and all the boys who took part in it were at once severely punished. The other students told how Otto had ended the fight and begged that he be let off, but the rector would not listen to their requests, and Bismarck was

ordered to undergo eleven days of solitary confinement. When he was released he was welcomed back by all the student corps, and became more of a hero than ever.

But Otto von Bismarck's college life was not all fighting. Although he was not much of a student, he was keenly interested in everything about him, and fond of arguing on all sorts of subjects. History was his favorite study; he devoured stories of great kings and statesmen and soldiers, his keen mind always intent on discovering the reason for the success or failure of each.

There was then at Göttingen a young American, by name John Lothrop Motley, who was as much interested in history as was Otto, and even more fond of an argument. The two became close friends, and often sat up half the night to settle some dispute between them. Motley was the more eager, and often the young German would wake in the morning to find his American friend sitting on the edge of his bed waiting to go on with their discussion of the night before. It was Motley also who interested Otto so much in American history that he took a leading part in celebrating the Fourth of July at Göttingen.

His college life taught the young Prussian student many valuable things that are not told in books. He grew up with a fine knowledge of the boys of his own age, and with a strength and courage which made him admired by all his friends.

A little later, when he was at home on a vacation, he was riding with several neighbors around a pond. The banks of the pond were very steep. Suddenly Otto heard a cry behind him. Turning he saw that a groom's horse had stumbled and pitched the rider into deep water. The man was terribly frightened, and it was evident that he either did not know how to swim or was too excited to try to do so. The other horsemen stood still, doing nothing but call to the groom. Otto, however, tore off his coat and sword, and plunged in. The man caught at him, and clung to him so tightly that it looked as

though Otto would be pulled down with him. Once both disappeared entirely under water, but Otto's great strength saved him, and after a short time he was able to drag the groom to shore.

Great events call for great men, and usually find them. The adventures of his college life had never found the Prussian boy wanting in nerve or courage; he had always seized his chance and made the most of it. He did the same thing as he grew into manhood, and tried for a time life in the army, then on his father's farmland, and then in Parliament.

Great changes were coming over Europe as Otto grew to manhood; old countries were falling apart, and new ones being formed, and there was need of strong men to advise and to check the people. Especially was this true of Germany, which was then a collection of small kingdoms loosely joined together. When these kingdoms needed a man to steer them through the troubled waters that were gathering around them Otto von Bismarck saw his opportunity and took it.

He became the great statesman of Germany, the "Iron Chancellor" as he was often called, the man who built the present German Empire, and gave its crown to his own sovereign, William I, of Prussia. He was a man of tremendous power, aggressive, fearless, masterful, showing the same sturdy traits that had made him in his youth the most feared and admired schläger-fighter in all Göttingen.

Leo Tolstoy

Author of War and Peace, Fables for Children

1828 – 1910

"It is a very great secret, and I have written it on a little green stick and buried the stick near the edge of yonder deep valley."

"What does it say on the green stick, Nicholas?"

"'Sh! that is the secret. But when men know it they will not quarrel any more or be angry, and they will be happy." This was what Nicholas Tolstoi said to his little brother Leo.

Leo was born in 1828 at Bright Glade (Yasnaya Polyana) in the plain of Russia—a place where a river ran, and four lakes glistened, and birch trees grew, and the Tolstoi family lived in a large house and the farm-laborers in huts.

While Leo and his brothers were returning homeward one day from a walk they saw near the barn the fat steward Andrew, followed by a serf named Squinting Kouzma, and the serf had a most dismal face. Andrew said Kouzma was being taken to the barn to be flogged for a fault. Young Leo felt wretched, though no blow fell upon him. He told his Aunt Tatiana of the scene.

"Why," she cried—"why did you not stop him?" She hated to see one human being strike another. Leo was, indeed, too young to stop the steward; but the idea was lodged in his little mind that cruelty was not only to be looked at and hated, it was to be stopped.

Leo Tolstoi became a soldier in the Russian army, and he

fought in the Crimean War.

"Mortar!" called a sentinel on the walls of the fortress of Sevastopol—meaning that a bombshell was flying hither, shot from an English or French mortar.

A man groaned. Stretchers were brought to carry away the wounded sailor whose breast was cut open by the shell. The sailor was borne to the hospital covered with blood and dirt. Tolstoi and the Russians aimed shot and shell at the enemy, and rejoiced when Englishmen and Frenchmen were wounded like the Russian sailor.

Rejoiced. But the tenderness in the child's heart which had sorrowed at the pain suffered by the serf Kouzma was not dead; it lived still. When the war was ended, Tolstoi traveled in many lands—Italy, Germany, Switzerland, France, and for a few weeks visited London. He wrote tales, and thousands of people read them eagerly. He came home to the Bright Glade and carried on a school. A strange school, indeed, where the children sat where they liked, on benches, tables, window-sills, floor, or in the arm-chair, and sometimes romped and rolled over and fought! But they loved their lessons, and would beg the teacher to go on long past the hour for ending a subject; so that Tolstoi says:

"During lessons I have never seen them whispering, pinching, giggling, laughing behind their hands, or complaining of one another to the teacher."

You see, what Tolstoi wished to do was to carry on a school where there should be a love of learning, and no birch, cane, boxing of ears, or punishments. We need not wonder that not many people try to conduct such schools. Perhaps they need the secret of the little green stick.

Tolstoi was married in 1862 to Miss Sophia Behrs. But when children were born to them, and what with the family and the estate, there was plenty to fill up Tolstoi's mind; his thoughts wandered to a great world of things and thoughts beyond Yasnaya Polyana—the great God, and the Gospel,

and Love, and the sorrows of the common people, and the wrong of killing animals for food, and the wickedness of war, and of mistaken plans of ruling men by police and prisons. And lest his mind should be led away by thoughts of rank and wealth, he would dress in a rough sheepskin coat and sheepskin cap and greased high boots, like a peasant; and he would chop wood, draw water, plow fields, make boots, clean boots, so that he might know the hard labor of the poor and the chill and heat of the weather as they, unsheltered, have to feel it. When a friend who had once been a boy in the strange school visited Yasnaya Polyana, about 1885, he heard this story from an old aunt, eighty years old:

"I have nothing, not a stick of my own. But the Count be thanked, and God give him health! He stands up for us forlorn ones; he has brought in my hay, and carted the manure, and plowed the fallow, and done the sowing. God give him health and strength! And see now! He is rebuilding our homestead. He brought the timber himself.

The old hut was ready to fall in on us altogether."

And there was Leo Tolstoi, shirt-sleeves turned up, hair tousled, chisel stuck in belt, hand-saw hung at his waist, wielding an ax, and cutting a beam of wood, so as to fit the rafters crosswise for the roof.

Was this, then, the secret of the little green stick—this spirit of love and service toward one's neighbor?

Not that Tolstoi's way was certain to be the best or wisest. A man to whom the Count had given a pair of boots, made by himself, was asked by Mr. Aylmer Maude whether they were well made.

"Could not be worse," was the reply.

But at the same time it was true that the boots were made and given in the spirit of brotherly kindness.

Tolstoi often repeated the Gospel words, "Resist not evil." To him it was wrong to wound or kill an enemy; wrong to drill, to train, to fight as a soldier. One winter's day in 1894 a

schoolmaster died in a Russian prison. Some three years before his death he had been called to the ranks under the law of conscription, or military service. As a Christian he said he dared not handle weapons for slaying his fellow-men. He was kept in a prison, in a cell by himself, for a year. Then he was sent to another prison for fifteen months, suffering cold, hunger, and loneliness. The doctors agreed that he was unfit for military service, but he was nevertheless sentenced to a further term of nine years' imprisonment. On the way to the prison he was kept standing for a long time in the street, on a very cold day. His lungs were injured, and he died in three weeks. Tolstoi heard of the death with much grief. In Russia and in other countries young men have often refused to do what is called a citizen's duty or soldier's duty. They were willing to do innocent work that might be a danger to themselves, such as laboring in mines or on railways, but they were unwilling to do injury to other men. For this cause they have borne contempt and hardship. Less than a year before his death Tolstoi—an old man over eighty—wrote to a Japanese and spoke of religion; his faith being that men should live, not for the things of the body, and for property, and for power over other people, but for the spirit, for brotherhood, and love:

"To my great joy I, now, before my death, see every day an increasing number of such people, living not by the body, but by the spirit; who calmly refuse the demands made by those who form the government, to join them in the ranks of the murderers; and who joyfully accept all the external, bodily tortures inflicted on them for their refusal. There are many such in Russia. Men still quite young who have been kept for years in the strictest imprisonment experience the happiest and most tranquil state of mind— as they recount in their letters, or personally to those who see them. I have the happiness to be in close touch with many of them and to receive letters from them."

Tolstoi died in 1910; and millions of people all over the earth gave a grateful thought to all the good he had taught during his long life.

This noble Russian pointed his finger to the time afar off—the time of peace; and he bade men do what is very hard to do—to give up all armies, all weapons of war, all the bright array of the soldier, all the plans for keeping the world in order by prison and truncheons and violence. We know, indeed, that this great change cannot be brought about as quickly as he wished and hoped. We cannot all of a sudden pull down the old rules and laws and customs. But of one thing we may be quite sure—that it is the duty of all common-sense women and men to hasten as fast as possible toward the newer and better society when war shall be no more, and the secret of the green stick—love and union and harmony—shall be the open law and gospel of the world.

Samuel Pierpont Langley, Wilbur Wright, and Orville Wright

The Conquest of the Air

1834-1906, 1867-1912, 1871-1948 (respectively)

A small boy was lying on a hilltop watching the flight of a sea-gull.

"How does he do it?" he wondered aloud. "How is it that he can float about like that without any effort? It is only when he begins to mount into the air that he flaps his wings; now he is hardly moving them at all. He is held up by the air just as a kite is."

This was not the first time that young Samuel Langley had watched the sea-gull's flight. In fancy he, too, was soaring, held up magically by a wonderful understanding of the power of the air.

"There must be something about the air that makes it easy," he pondered. "The birds have the secret, but I can't even guess it!"

That night at dinner he surprised the family by saying suddenly: "Birds swim in the air as fish swim in the water. We have learned the secret of letting water hold us up; why can't we do the same with the ocean of the air?"

"What of good old Gravity, my son?" teased his father. "That law is still alive and active, is it not?"

"But," persisted the boy, "the hawks and the gulls are heavier than the air. There is nothing of the balloon sort about them."

"But they have wings, my boy, and they know how to fly," returned Mr. Langley, looking at the boy's puckered brow with amusement.

"Well, why should it be such a joke—the idea of a person learning to fly!" returned Samuel. "Why shouldn't people make a sort of airship with wings and sail through the air?"

Many boys besides young Langley had dreamed of winning wings. Indeed, in all ages of the world people have longed to slip the moorings that tie them to earth and float "over the hills and far away" with the freedom of flight.

Samuel Langley went beyond wishing and longing. He studied the flight of hawks and gulls carefully and noted that their wings were motionless except when they turned them at a different angle to meet a new current of wind. "I began then," he said, "dimly to suspect that the invisible ocean of the air was an unknown realm of marvelous possibilities." Years after, Professor Langley, the world-famous scientist and head of the Smithsonian Institute, came back to this problem that had fascinated him as a boy. "Nature has solved the puzzle of flight; why not man?" he said. He began to study the mathematics of flying and became convinced that the formulas given in the books concerning the increase of power with increase of velocity were all wrong. "At that rate a swallow would have to have the strength of a man!" he exclaimed. He devised a sort of whirling table with surfaces like wings to test with exactness just how much horse-power was required to hold up a surface of a certain weight while it was moving rapidly through the air, and by this means discovered and demonstrated the fundamental law of flight, known as Langley's Law, which tells us that the faster a body travels through the air the less is the energy required to keep it afloat.

After proving that birds are held up like kites by pressure of the air against the under surface of their wings, he made experiments to show that their soaring flight is aided by "the internal work of the wind;" that is, by shifts in the currents of

air, particularly by rising trends, which the winged creatures utilize by instinct. Watch a hawk as it circles through the air, dipping its wings now at this angle, now at that, and you will realize that the wind is his true and tried ally. He trusts himself to the sweep and swirl of the air, just as a swimmer relies on the buoyancy of the water.

Having demonstrated so much through experiments with his whirling table. Dr. Langley determined to construct a real flying-machine, with wide-spreading planes to sustain it in the air while it was driven along by a steam-engine which furnished power to the propellers. This machine, which he called an "aërodrome" (air run), was put to the test on May 6th, 1896. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who was present at the trial and who took pictures of the machine in mid-air, declared, "No one who witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a steam-engine flying with wings in the air, like a great soaring bird, could doubt for one moment the practicability of mechanical flight."

Though his effort to carry his experiments to the point of commercial success ended in disappointment, Langley never lost faith in the future of his airship.

"I have done the best I could with a difficult task," he said, shortly before his death in 1906, "with results which, it may be hoped, will be useful to others. The world must realize that a new possibility has come to it, and that the great universal highway overhead is soon to be opened."

While the crowd was still laughing at the absurdity of a learned man's attempting to fly, there were eager young men seriously at work on the problem. "We had been interested in flight since our toy-making days," said Wilbur Wright, "but it was the knowledge that the head of the most prominent scientific institution in America believed in the possibility of human flight which led us to enter heart and soul upon the quest. He recommended to us moreover, the books which enabled us to form sane ideas at the outset. It was a helping

hand at a critical time, and we shall always be grateful."

So it is that the work of one man is passed along as a torch to those who carry on after him.

Why did Wilbur and Orville Wright, the inventors of the first successful heavier-than-air flying-machine, take up the problem of flight? Get a lively child in the habit of thinking, then give him a live subject to think about, and something is bound to come of it.

There was a simple house in Dayton, Ohio, not very different from its neighbors; but it was a real home with windows that opened out on the world of ideas. Books were the familiar friends of the children who lived there and they learned to use their eyes and to think about what they saw.

One day their father came in looking mysterious. There was something partly hidden in his hand. What could it be? Before they could get more than the most tantalizing glimpse he tossed it suddenly into the air. Then, instead of falling to the floor as the boys expected, it flew across the room until it struck the ceiling. It fluttered about there a few moments, to the delight and wonder of Wilbur and Orville, who cried, "It's a bat!" Then it fell to the floor. Picking it up and examining it eagerly, the boys saw a "light frame of cork and bamboo covered with paper, which formed two screws, driven in opposite directions by rubber bands under torsion."

"It's a helicopter," said their father. Bishop Milton Wright was a teacher and an editor who was known to the people of the community as a man of wide knowledge. He had been, too, a great traveler, and had brought back to that home in Dayton ideas from many parts of the world. He explained how the new toy rose in the air by means of its spinning, screw-like propellers. But helicopter (which their father said meant "screw-wing") did not mean as much to them as their own name did, so the boys continued to call it a bat, and, since it was a frail toy with a short life, they tried their hand at making other "bats."

What was to hinder their making really sizeable ones? Alas! it turned out that the larger the bat the less at home it was in the air. They turned then to kites as the really reliable flyers. Their kites were the talk of the town boys until they decided that they were too old to be seen flying kites.

But all the time their kites had been tugging at the strings they held, the puzzle of flight had been tugging at their fancy. They tried to understand something of the behavior of their toys as the wind tossed them about. Then as they grew older they turned to books, to learn what other people had found out about flying. When they read in the summer of 1896 that Otto Lilienthal, in the effort to balance himself in his "gliding machine," had fallen to his death, they began to study the question seriously.

That matter of balancing was the great difficulty. Lilienthal, who had given much thought to the mechanics of birds' flight, had made himself wings like those of a soaring hawk or buzzard and, throwing himself from the summit of a hill, had tested his theories as he glided through the air of the valley. He thought he could keep his balance by shifting his weight as the wind shifted, but alas! he had not won the "wings of the wind." So down he came to earth, one more pitiful Icarus.

"It is clearly not possible for a bird-man to keep up with the wind flaws by shifting his weight," the Wrights agreed.

These aspiring scientists who now set to work to solve the problem of flight were partners in a bicycle shop of Dayton. "Clever chaps and good business men," the neighbors said. "They might have gone to college like their two older brothers and sister, but they decided to hold things together at home for their father, who travels about a great deal." Their mother was a college woman and a capable all-round homemaker. She died about the time these younger Wrights were through high school. "They won't lose out, however, in the long run, by looking out for their father as well as for themselves."

That bicycle shop in Dayton soon began to see strange sights. As they pictured the practical problems of "gliders" the brothers made models and tried out experiments. Lilienthal failed because his weight and the distance he might move could not be changed to meet the disturbing force of changing air currents, which steadily increase with size of wings and rate of wind, they decided. Some plan might, they thought, be devised for big machines to allow the flyer to shift the slant of different parts of the wings and thus make the wind a "friendly enemy" by compelling it actively to restore the balance it had threatened.

"This shifting of the wing surfaces must be an automatic winning of equilibrium through reflex action as in the riding of a bicycle," they next decided. A gliding-machine of light spruce and steel wire and cloth pinions was built, with a rudder in front to guide and to counterbalance shifts in the center of air pressure. There were two planes, curved to imitate a bird's wings, moved by cords controlled by the reflex action of the bird-man's body as he lay stretched flat across the middle of the under wing.

"We will keep to gliders," the Wrights vowed. "It's foolish to trust delicate and costly machinery to wings that we have not learned to use. Besides it would certainly be well to discover what the wind can do in keeping us up before we call in another power." Days were spent in studying the mechanism of birds' flight, for, following the experiments of Langley, they became convinced that soaring birds were nature's aeroplanes with the power of balancing themselves and rising or falling on currents of air.

Now for a chance to put to the test of actual practice their theory of automatic balance! Lilienthal's method of coasting down hill on the air seemed a poor makeshift. Perhaps at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on the stretch of sand-dunes between Albemarle Sound and the Atlantic, they might find winds of the right strength to provide a real trial. The Weather Bureau

assured them that the winds there were the steadiest and strongest of any that blew. Their machine might be launched like a kite with men to hold ropes fastened to the end of each wing. There would be time to try out the principles of equilibrium before the bird drifted down at last upon the dunes.

But no kindly wind blew at Kitty Hawk in the autumn of 1900 powerfully enough to carry the glider up as planned. They flew it then as a kite without a pilot on board. "All we gained by the test was an increased longing for further experiment," they said afterward. "So far the results might be called encouraging, but we got, of course, no opportunity for practice in balancing. Far from learning to fly, we had not even tried our wings."

The brothers, who had taken up flying as a sport, found their high adventure was leading them far into the most fascinating of science's unexplored fields.

The air-pressure on surfaces of a variety of shapes was measured and tested at different angles, and the results carefully tabulated and compared. This meant the making of many difficult experiments under the most baffling conditions. There seemed little enough in the way of achievement to show for months of exacting work, yet they knew that they were proceeding in the only sure and sane way.

In like manner the experiments of 1901 and 1902, with larger machines to which vertical tails were added to assist in balancing seemed to give small return for great effort. The experimenters summed up the results in these words:

In September and October, 1902, nearly one thousand gliding flights were made, several of which covered distances of over six hundred feet. Some, made against a wind of thirty-six miles an hour, gave proof of the effectiveness of the devices for control. With this machine in the autumn of 1903 we made a number of flights in which we remained in the air for over a minute often soaring for a considerable time in one spot without any descent at all. Little wonder that our

unscientific assistant should think the only thing needed to keep it indefinitely in the air would be a coat of feathers to make it light!

At last the moment seemed to have come when they might permit themselves to try power-flight. They had worked out in actual practice a system of balance for calms and for winds. A twelve-horsepower gas-engine, weighing 240 pounds, was placed on an aeroplane which with the pilot weighed about 745 pounds. Then, on December 17, 1903, four flights were made at Kitty Hawk against a wind blowing twenty miles an hour.

They knew now that the problem of equilibrium was solved. Where earlier aviators like Lilienthal had tried to hold their own in the air by shifting the position of the body, the Wrights had worked out a scientific method of balancing by warping the wings of their machine. If a sudden change in their position or in the direction of an air current hit their plane, a lever caused the ends of the planes toward the earth to warp down and the opposite wing ends to warp up. This meant, as they had repeatedly demonstrated, a definite gain in buoyancy for the lower wings and a corresponding loss in lifting-power for the upper ones. Then, as the machine righted itself, the lever was moved in time to prevent it canting to the other side. This method of control through the warping of the ends of flexible planes was the Wrights' great discovery.

They were reaping the reward now of their patient study and experimentation and found that it was possible to be on the "sure ground" of dependable laws and established facts while high in the clouds. At last it was possible for man to fling himself confidently in the ocean of the air relying upon the lifting-power of arched wings driven at a great speed by a light highpower engine. Thus it is the velocity of the aeroplane that keeps it up. Some one has said that flight in the heavier-than-air machines is like skating rapidly on very thin

ice. The air doesn't have time to get away from underneath. "If we go fast enough, the wind does not trouble us," said the French aviator Védrines. "We trouble the wind. We outride the fiercest of storms." The first Wright machine had five hundred square feet of wings and a speed of forty miles an hour. At the rate of eighty miles an hour only one hundred and twenty-five square feet of sail surface would be needed. But if an aviator should try to drop speed to the point of ten miles an hour he would need eight thousand square feet of wing spread to keep him in the air. This makes it plain why the aeroplane cannot go slowly.

The Wrights were going ahead quietly with experiments in circular flying over a field near Dayton when the world found them out. Now amid the shouts and plaudits of the crowd, the inventors who had given men wings kept their heads and their mental balance as steadily as they had maintained equilibrium in flight. "When all the world would have made them strut their hour as popular heroes," one writer observed, "the Wrights refused and kept a serene and even course. For instance, all official Washington used to go out to watch Orville Wright's flights at Fort Myer, and the newspaper men became exasperated because he would not take advantage of so favorable an opportunity to do something dramatic."

While in Europe they were everywhere applauded and feted. Kings and popular heroes vied with one another in doing them honor. But everywhere people were amazed that they never yielded to the temptation to do something spectacular—to cut a dash while the nations stood at attention.

"Will you not try for the prize offered the first aviator to cross the English Channel?" Wilbur Wright was asked.

"No," he replied; "it would be risky to no purpose. It would not prove anything more than a journey overland."

While the Wrights went on making experiments in their aircraft and giving lessons in flight other birdmen rose to

fame. In France, particularly, Louis Bleriot and the Séguins led the advance in aeroplane construction. The French developed the monoplane type of flying-machine and also devised the undercarriage of wheels which made ascent possible from the ground instead of from a specially prepared track.

In the Great War the aeroplanes played a leading part. They were "the eyes of the army," doing scout duty and directing the range of batteries. At sea they did the most effective patrol and convoy work. No ship was ever attacked by U-boats while under the escort of aeroplanes. Special planes were developed with machine-guns capable of firing through the propeller without harming it to bring down enemy air-craft. Many machines were equipped with automatic cameras for map-making and with radio apparatus and special devices for sighting and bomb dropping. The air service, then, plays a most important part in the defense of our country. In May, 1918, an air line between Washington and New York was instituted for the carrying of mail, about two hours and a half being allowed for the trip. In crossing mountains and deserts and in maintaining communication with remote corners of the country as when men are on scout duty over our timber lands to detect and report forest fires, the aeroplane is proving indispensable.

Surely, the greatest and the most dramatic victory for mankind in the early years of the twentieth century was the conquest of the air.

Nathan Straus

A Pilgrim from Bavaria

1848 – 1931

In the year 1848 a young Jewish merchant, Abraham Straus, and his wife were living in the town of Otterberg in Bavaria. They were very happy in their home; already there was a little three-year-old son in the family, and now a second baby, Nathan, had come to be the playmate and companion of his brother.

Outside the home there was much to trouble the devoted father. There was great unrest in the land. The people were held under the laws of rulers who were often unjust, as Bavaria and the other kingdoms of Germany were not yet united under one government. The young merchant's business suffered because of the hard conditions under which he lived.

Little Nathan was too young to understand his father's troubles. He and his brother Isidor played and frolicked like other small boys and were doubtless delighted when a new brother, Oscar, came into the family to be loved and petted.

The homeland was very beautiful. Not far distant was the river Rhine with castles and cliffs along its shores. There were dark forests in the country around where, for all Nathan knew, fairies and gnomes and other wonderful creatures might dwell. There were vineyards where luscious grapes ripened in the autumn, and lakes whose clear waters reflected the clouds as they floated in the sky overhead. It was a land

where the people loved music, and long walks in the fields and meadows, and frolics and story-telling. A peaceful land it seemed. Yet the hearts of many of those who dwelt there were unhappy and discontented.

Among those who most longed for greater freedom was the merchant Abraham Straus. And when matters kept growing worse, and the people had risen up against the unjust rule of their princes, he decided that Bavaria was not a good home for his family. He felt sure he could support them better in some other place. Also he wished his little sons to grow up under happier conditions.

What country should he seek where freedom could be obtained? There was one answer—America. Accordingly, when Nathan was six years old, the Straus family set out on a long voyage across the ocean, bound for the United States.

Unlike great numbers of immigrants, they did not settle in the northern part of the country, but sought the sunny South and made their home in Talbotten, Georgia. Everything around him must have seemed strange to little Nathan. The climate was much warmer than in Bavaria, and the joyous outdoor life of the long southern summers must have delighted his boyish heart. The many negroes, with kinky hair and merry laughter, were interesting because people of the black race were seldom seen in his homeland.

During his life in Talbotten, Nathan went to school with his brothers. His deep, thoughtful eyes took note of many things besides books, and before many years he showed that, like his father, his bent in life would be business.

When the Straus family moved to Georgia, this country was becoming disturbed by the question whether the black people should be held as slaves. There was great excitement in the Straus household when the Civil War broke out, because the family had already become devoted to their adopted home.

"I cannot stand back," declared Isidor, then only sixteen

years old, and he became a lieutenant in a Georgia regiment. However, he was so young that he was not allowed to fight.

Two years afterwards, Mr. Straus moved with his family to Columbus, Georgia. The war had made it hard for him to succeed in business in Talbotten, but he hoped to be more fortunate in Columbus. Alas, trouble still followed him. He fell deeply in debt, and the sky of fortune looked very black.

"I will go to New York and make a new start there," he finally decided.

Accordingly, the family moved once more and settled in the great northern city, where Isidor and his father started the pottery and glassware business of Straus and Son. Nathan continued to go to school and soon entered a business college to fit himself for what he and his parents had decided should be his life work. Then, still scarcely more than a boy, he joined his father and older brother, working hard and manfully.

At last the time came when the three could draw long breaths of contentment and say: "Our debts are all paid; now we are free to mount the ladder of fortune." In the meantime Nathan's younger brother Oscar, who had shown a love of study, entered Columbia

University and began to fit himself to become a lawyer. All three brothers were now succeeding in what they had undertaken. They must have filled their parents' hearts with pride, not only because they seemed likely to prosper in the world, but because they had broad, loving natures, happy in making others joyous and comfortable as well as themselves.

Nathan had been engaged in business a number of years when, at twenty-seven, he married a young girl named Lina Gutherz. With his wife to cheer him at home when the business cares of the day ended, he worked steadily on, winning one success after another.

As time passed by, he became a partner in the great department store of R. H. Macy and Company of New York City. Four years later he entered the firm of Abraham Straus

and Company. It would seem as though the fairy Success must have given this young man a magic wand, since everything he touched appeared to turn to gold. This fairy, however, generally waits only on those who have wills of their own. And since Mr. Nathan Straus not only had will but energy and perseverance, Success smiled on him at every step which he took up the ladder of fortune.

While this young merchant was busily gaining wealth, and while he could say, "I have a beautiful home and all the luxuries and comforts man can wish," he did not become selfish and forget that there were many other people who were poor and sick and suffering. In the great city where he lived there were blocks and blocks of houses where the homes were happy and comfortable, whose inmates did not know what it means to be hungry and poorly clad; but there was also a quarter of the city where families were packed together in dark, dirty tenements, and where the sun scarcely showed his face. In these tenements lived thousands of ailing babies. The milk the little ones drank was often poor. Moreover, as Mr. Straus had come to believe, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and other dread diseases were often concealed in this milk. What followed? Out of every thousand babies, nearly one hundred died each year.

Mr. Straus felt sad when he thought of the children of the slums. He wished they might have a chance to grow up healthy and happy like the rosy-cheeked little folks who laughed and frolicked in the part of the city where he lived.

It was not Mr. Straus's way to think and not act. "The slum babies must be helped," he said to himself. He also considered what was the best way to give that help.

Across the ocean, in Europe, scientists were discussing the nature of milk and making experiments as to the way in which it might become harmless. Among these scientists was a Frenchman named Pasteur. Mr. Straus was so much interested in these experiments that he crossed the ocean to learn

all he could about them.

Before long, Pasteur believed he had succeeded in what he was trying to do, he had found the way to make milk a safe drink without changing its nature: it should be heated to a certain point, kept at this heat for twenty minutes, and then suddenly cooled. All the scientists, however, were not ready to agree with Pasteur.

"His idea is interesting," they said, "but he has not, as yet, given us enough proof that he is right."

A congress was held at Brussels in Belgium. Leading physicians and scientists from many countries were gathered to discuss whether Pasteur's experiment would do what he claimed.

Nathan Straus was present, eager and interested. As the hours went by, it began to look as though the greater number of men did not stand by Pasteur. When the vote should be taken, it would show that most men of science considered Pasteur's idea had no value.

Mr. Straus, who believed in it strongly, was deeply excited. A chance came for him to speak, and he stood up before the great gathering and began to defend Pasteur with all his might. He could speak only English, of which most of those present knew little; but as he went on talking, he put something into his speech that was stronger than words: it was his faith in what he thought would bring help to millions of babies and which must not be lost to the world.

That faith made itself felt. It stirred the hearts of his listeners. They forgot everything else in a willingness to believe in what the speaker believed. And when the vote was taken, the greater number stood by Nathan Straus. He had fought for what he believed was a good cause, and he had won.

Many of the greatest physicians of Europe and America were now agreed that milk, after being pasteurized, could impart no disease. Nathan Straus also, though no scholar and

untrained in medicine, had studied the matter carefully. He had watched the tests made by the physicians; he had listened to their explanations; and as his speech in Brussels had shown, he felt sure that great good would come from the discovery. With his heart full of love and pity for helpless babies, he said to himself, "If I can prevent it, the children of the poor shall not die from the lack of pure milk to nourish them."

He at once began work in his home city. First of all, he set up booths in the public parks. At these booths, poor mothers could get pasteurized milk for their little ones at about half price. Under Mr. Straus's direction, pasteurized milk was also furnished to the Health Department and to the physicians who practiced in the slums, to be distributed wherever weak and sickly babies needed it.

Mr. Straus put will and strength into this work. His business was important; he enjoyed it, and it brought him wealth. But once having found a way to do great good, he could not neglect it, and so, though his fortune might have increased still faster if he had given all his time to business, he gave much to the help of the babies of New York. Almost at once a change could be noticed.

Babies who were given up to die got well. Others who were pale and weak grew rosy and strong. Thousands of mothers began to bless the merchant, Nathan Straus, calling him the savior of their little ones. Surely he was striving to carry out the teaching of the Christ who so loved little children.

Strange to say, there were people in the city who, though perhaps doing little themselves for the good of others, sat back and found fault with Mr. Straus. They said: "Why does he let every one know that it is he who does the good work? Why does he let his name be known? Why not give his money to some charitable society, and let it take charge of the work?"

Mr. Straus did not trouble himself about this criticism. He

felt that more good could be done in his own particular way, and that was under his own name. Thus the work went on, till it could be said that a far smaller number of babies died each year than before pasteurized milk was used. In the meantime, thousands of little children who would otherwise have died and left aching hearts behind them were growing up healthy and happy.

Mr. Straus's interest in babies was not confined to those in New York alone. He soon began to think of other cities in this country where children were having a hard time to grow up. He got the people of these cities interested; by this time they knew what pasteurized milk had done in New York. He gave not only advice, but money to these cities to help them take up the same kind of work. Then he turned his eyes towards Europe. Help was needed in her crowded cities, and help he accordingly gave. In Belgium, Germany, and Great Britain, as well as in America, the benefactor, Nathan Straus, became known as the "Savior of Babies."

Mr. Straus's heart was big with love and pity for helpless children, but he also had pity for all kinds of suffering. His own beautiful home was as warm and comfortable in winter as in summer; Jack Frost had no chance to enter there. Nevertheless, the kind-hearted merchant did not let himself forget that thousands of men, women, and children were huddled together in fireless rooms when the weather was freezing, and that some of them even perished from the cold.

"I must help these people," he said to himself.

He considered how he could give that help and soon decided on what seemed the best way. He would set up depots of coal in the districts where the poor lived; and if people were suffering for need of coal, they could get it at cost at these depots. The plan was promptly carried out, and in the cold and dreary days of winter, many a poor, unfortunate creature blessed the name of Nathan Straus.

Then came the winter of 1894-1895. There was a panic

in money matters, and the poor suffered most of all. Many of them had no place to call home; there was no door which they might open and say, "Within, I can seek shelter from the cruel wind."

Stories of these homeless people came to Mr. Straus, and he decided that such unfortunates must be helped. Accordingly he set up lodging houses here and there throughout the city, where those who were homeless might obtain shelter.

In the year 1909 the news of a terrible earthquake in Italy came to this country. Many people had been destroyed, while others were homeless and destitute. Mr. Straus was deeply moved. These people needed help at once, so without wasting any time, he rushed supplies on board ships to be carried as quickly as possible to the sufferers across the ocean.

The "Savior of Babies" was by this time well-known in this country. Consequently, when different nations decided to hold a Congress for the Protection of Infants, Mr. Taft, who was then our President, chose Nathan Straus to represent the United States. Accordingly, the tender-hearted Jew sailed to Europe and in the Congress held at Berlin gave wise council.

In course of time Mr. Straus held important offices in his own State. He became a member of the New York Forest Preserve Board, because of his interest in keeping the beautiful forests from being destroyed. As he was also much interested in public parks, because they give pleasure to so many people, he was made a park commissioner in New York.

In 1914, he was asked to run for mayor of New York City, but he did not accept the offer. He had other interests to which he wished to devote his time.

Mr. Straus's brothers, Isidor and Oscar, were also wise and noble men. Mr. Oscar Straus held many positions of trust under the government. He served under four different presidents. At one time he was Minister to Turkey, and while there did much to introduce good schools into the country. He also made the people feel more kindly towards Christian

missionaries.

Isidor Straus, the oldest son in the family, was respected by all who knew him. Though he was a successful and wealthy merchant, he still found time to interest himself in the poor and tried to help them. He was one of the founders of what is called the "People's Palace" in the East Side of the city, where most of the slums are found. He was deeply loved by his family and friends.

In the year 1912 this good merchant was on his way from Europe in the steamer Titanic. All went "merry as a marriage bell" till one day there came a sudden and terrible shock,-the steamer had run into an iceberg. So great was the harm done that she must sink in a few minutes. The life-boats were quickly manned, but there was not room to hold all the passengers. "Women and children first," commanded the captain. "Their lives must be spared if possible, at any rate."

But when Mrs. Isidor Straus's turn came to enter a life-boat, she refused; she could not chose life for herself and leave her husband to die alone.

"We have been so long together we cannot separate now," she said, and the two were left side by side on the fast-sinking ship, to share the death that was now close at hand.

The dear ones at home felt great sorrow when they received the sad news. But even then Nathan Straus did not think of himself alone. His heart ached all the more deeply for the sorrows of others. He was a Jew, and he loved the Jewish people. But this very love had long since widened into a love for all men of all creeds. Now, as he pictured Isidor and his wife meeting death together so bravely, he pictured also the hundreds of others, of different races and different beliefs, going down together "in a brotherhood of death."

"If one could only hope," he said, "for a brotherhood of life."

He had already done much to foster such a spirit and now he was determined to give all his time to this cause, instead

of part of it. So it came to pass that one day the American people learned that the rich merchant, Nathan Straus, had given up business. It was not to "take life easy," however, like many another man after making a fortune, but to devote himself to the good of others. He had already given away large sums of money—probably as much as two million dollars. He had saved the lives of countless babies. He had founded an institute where hydrophobia could be cured in a way discovered by Pasteur. He had built a hospital where consumptive people could be made well. He had brought comfort to thousands of men, women, and children suffering from cold and want. He had led other cities and countries to follow his example in caring for the sick and needy. What more was it possible for this sad-eyed, thoughtful man to accomplish?

Mr. Straus's heart was still aching from the loss of his brother when he went on a visit to Palestine. The place was full of wonder to the traveler. At every turn he seemed to face the wondrous happenings of the long ago. He said afterwards, "No one should preach the Gospel without gaining the wonderful experience of a visit to the Holy Land."

There was much, however, that he wished could be changed. Most of the natives were very poor; some of them were starving; many suffered from a disease of the eyes that caused blindness. The homes were dirty and poorly kept.

The visitor's keen eyes quickly discovered one great cause of trouble—water was scarce in the land. It could be obtained fresh only at certain seasons.

"There should be pumping stations," decided Mr. Straus, "and a water system like those in the West. Then the people would have less illness because they could drink pure water. The homes could also be kept cleaner." He at once sought the help of men in this country, asking them to invest money in a water system for Jerusalem. He set up a soup kitchen in that city, where the poor could be fed; he had filthy streets made clean; he sent for a great eye specialist to come from Europe

to treat the disease that caused blindness. He did not stop here, for he had discovered that the natives were very ignorant. Accordingly, he started schools where children could be educated, and where the girls could be taught how to keep house properly.

But there were many idle people who could not get work. At last he thought of a way to help them to support themselves. He knew that visitors from other countries liked to take away mementos of the Holy Land. "There is a good deal of mother-of-pearl here," he considered. "I will build a factory where it can be made into souvenirs." The factory was built and proved to be a success.

Mr. Straus is still working hard to improve the conditions of "Jerusalem the Golden." He is also doing much for the general good of all Palestine.

The life of this pilgrim from Bavaria has been filled with noble deeds, and now, as he draws near his threescore years and ten, he continues to be busy, tireless as ever in making the world a better place to live in. He is justly loved and honored by his adopted brothers, the citizens of the United States.

Jane Addams

The Heart of Hull-House

1860-1935

The Russian peasants have a proverb that says: "Labor is the house that Love lives in"; by which they mean that no two people, or group of people, can come into affectionate relation with each other unless they carry on a mutual task.

— Jane Addams

Do you remember what the poet says of Peter Bell?

At noon, when by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart: he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

In the same way, when he saw the "primrose by the river's brim," it was not to him a lovely bit of the miracle of upspringing life from the unthinking clod; it was just a common little yellow flower, which one might idly pick and cast aside, but to which one never gave a thought. He saw the sky and woods and fields and human faces with the outward eye, but not with the eye of the heart or the spirit. He had eyes for nothing but the shell and show of things.

This is the story of a girl who early learned to see with the "inward eye"; she "felt the witchery of the soft blue sky" and all the wonder of the changing earth, and something of the life about her melted into her heart and became part of

herself. So it was that she came to have a "belonging feeling" for all that she saw—fields, pine woods, mill-stream, birds, trees, and people.

Perhaps little Jane Addams loved trees and people best of all. Trees were so big and true, with roots ever seeking a firmer hold on the good brown earth, and branches growing up and ever up, year by year, turning sunbeams into strength. And people she loved, because they had in them something of all kinds of life.

There was one special tree that had the friendliest nooks where she could nestle and dream and plan plays as long as the summer afternoon. Perhaps one reason that Jane loved this tree was that it reminded her of her tall, splendid father.

"You are so big and beautiful, and yet you always have a place for a little girl—even one who can never be straight and strong," Jane whispered, as she put her arms about her tree friend. And when she crept into the shelter of her father's arms, she forgot her poor back, that made her carry her head weakly on one side when she longed to fling it back and look the world in the face squarely, exultingly, as her father's daughter should.

"There is no one so fine or so noble as my father," Jane would say to herself as she saw him standing before his Bible-class on Sundays. Then her cheek paled, and her big eyes grew wistful. It would be too bad if people discovered that this frail child belonged to him. They would be surprised and pity him, and one must never pity Father. So it came about that, though it was her dearest joy to walk by his side clinging to his hand, she stepped over to her uncle, saying timidly, "May I walk with you, Uncle James!"

This happened again and again, to the mild astonishment of the good uncle. At last a day came that made everything different. Jane, who had gone to town unexpectedly, chanced to meet her father coming out of a bank on the main street. Smiling gaily and raising his shining silk hat, he bowed low, as

if he were greeting a princess; and as the shy child smiled back she knew that she had been a very foolish little girl indeed. Why of course! Her father made everything that belonged to him all right just because it did belong. He had strength and power enough for them both. As she walked by his side after that, it seemed as if the big grasp of the hand that held hers enfolded all the little tremblings of her days. "What are these funny red and purple specks?" Jane asked once as she looked with loving admiration at the hand to which she clung.

"Those marks show that I've dressed millstones in my time, just as this flat right thumb tells any one who happens to notice that I began life as a miller," said her father.

After that Jane spent much time at the mill industriously rubbing the ground wheat between thumb and forefinger; and when the millstones were being dressed, she eagerly held out her little hands in the hope that the bits of flying flint would mark her as they had her father. These marks, she dimly felt, were an outward sign of her father's true greatness. He was a leading citizen of their Illinois community by right of character and hardwon success. Everybody admired and honored him. Did not President Lincoln even, who was, her father said, "the greatest man in the world," write to him as a comrade and brother, calling him "My dear Double D'ed Addams"?

Years afterward, when Jane Addams spoke of her childhood, she said that all her early experiences were directly connected with her father, and that two incidents stood out with the distinctness of vivid pictures. She stood, one Sunday morning, in proud possession of a beautiful new cloak, waiting for her father's approval. He looked at her a moment quietly, and then patted her on the shoulder.

"Thy cloak is very pretty, Jane," said the Quaker father, gravely; "so much prettier, indeed, than that of the other little girls that I think thee had better wear thy old one."

Then he added, as he looked into her puzzled,

disappointed eyes, "We can never, perhaps, make such things as clothes quite fair and right in this hill-and-valley world, but it is wrong and stupid to let the differences crop out in things that mean so much more; in school and church, at least, people should be able to feel that they belong to one family."

Another day she had gone with her father on an errand into the poorest quarter of the town. It had always before seemed to her country eyes that the city was a dazzling place of toy- and candy-shops, smooth streets, and contented houses with sleek lawns. Now she caught a glimpse of quite another city, with ugly, dingy houses huddled close together and thin, dirty children standing miserably about without place or spirit to play.

"It is dreadful the way all the comfortable, happy people stay off to themselves," said Jane. "When I grow up, I shall, of course, have a big house, but it is not going to be set apart with all the other big homes; it is going to be right down among the poor horrid little houses like these." Always after that, when Jane roamed over her prairie playground or sat dreaming under the Norway pines which had grown from seeds that her father had scattered in his early, pioneer days, she seemed to hear something of "the still, sad music of humanity" in the voice of the wind in the tree-tops and in the harmony of her life of varied interests. For she saw with the inward eye of the heart, and felt the throb of all life in each vital experience that was hers. It would be impossible to live apart in pleasant places, enjoying beauty which others might not share. She must live in the midst of the crowded ways, and bring to the poor, stifled little houses an ideal of healthier living. She would study medicine and go as a doctor to the forlorn, dirty children; but first there would be many things to learn.

It was her dream to go to Smith College, but her father believed that a small college near her home better fitted one for the life to which she belonged.

"My daughter is also a daughter of Illinois," he said, "and Rockford College is her proper place. Afterward she may go east and to Europe in order to gain a knowledge of what the world beyond us can give, and so get a fuller appreciation of what life at home is and may be." Jane Addams went, therefore, to the Illinois college, "The Mt. Holyoke of the West," a college famed for its earnest, missionary spirit. The serious temper of her class was reflected in their motto which was the Anglo-Saxon word for lady—hláfdige (bread-kneader), translated as bread-giver; and the poppy was selected for the class flower, "because poppies grow among the wheat, as if Nature knew that wherever there was hunger that needed food there would be pain that needed relief."

The study in which she took the keenest interest was history—"the human tale of this wide world"—but even at the time of her greatest enthusiasm she realized that while knowledge comes from the records of the past, wisdom comes from a right understanding of the actual life of the present.

After receiving from her Alma Mater the degree of B. A., she entered the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia to prepare for real work in a real world, but the old spinal trouble soon brought that chapter to a close. After some months in Doctor Weir Mitchell's hospital, and a longer time of invalidism, she agreed to follow her doctor's pleasant prescription of two years in Europe.

"When I returned I decided to give up my medical course," said Jane Addams, "partly because I had no real aptitude for scientific work, and partly because I discovered that there were other genuine reasons for living among the poor than that of practicing medicine upon them."

While in London Miss Addams saw much of the life of the great city from the top of an omnibus. Once she was taken with a number of tourists to see the spectacle of the Saturday night auction of fruits and vegetables to the poor of the East Side, and the lurid picture blotted out all the picturesque

impressions, full of pleasant human interest and historic association, that she had been eagerly enjoying during this first visit to London town. Always afterwards, when she closed her eyes, she could see the scene; it seemed as if it would never leave her. In the flare of the gas-light, which made weird and spectral the motley, jostling crowd and touched the black shadows it created into a grotesque semblance of life, she saw wrinkled women, desperate-looking men, and pale children vying with each other to secure with their farthings and ha'pennies the vegetables held up by a hoarse, red-faced auctioneer.

One haggard youth sat on the curb, hungrily devouring the cabbage that he had succeeded in bidding in. Her sensation-loving companions on the bus stared with mingled pity and disgust; but the girl who saw what she looked on with the inward eye of the heart turned away her face. The poverty that she had before seen had not prepared her for wretchedness like this.

"For the following weeks," she said, "I went about London furtively, afraid to look down narrow streets and alleys lest they disclose this hideous human need and suffering. In time, nothing of the great city seemed real save the misery of its East End."

This first impression of London's poverty was, of course, not only lurid, but quite unfair. She knew nothing of the earnest workers who were devoting their lives to the problem of giving the right kind of help to those who, through weakness, ignorance, or misfortune, were not able to help themselves.

When, five years later, she visited Toynbee Hall, she saw effective work of the kind she had dimly dreamed of ever since, as a little girl, she had wanted to build a beautiful big house among the ugly little ones in the city. Here in the heart of the Whitechapel district, the most evil and unhappy section of London's East End, a group of optimistic, large-hearted young men, who believed that advantages mean

responsibilities, had come to live and work. While trying to share what good birth, breeding, and education had given them with those who had been shut away from every chance for wholesome living, they believed that they in turn might learn from their humble neighbors much that universities and books cannot teach.

"I have spent too much time in vague preparation for I knew not what," said Jane Addams. "At last I see a way to begin to live in a really real world, and to learn to do by doing."

And so Hull-House was born. In the heart of the industrial section of Chicago, where workers of thirty-six different nations live closely herded together, Miss Addams found surviving a solidly built house with large halls, open fireplaces, and friendly piazzas. This she secured, repaired, and adapted to the needs of her work, naming it Hull-House from its original owner, one of Chicago's early citizens.

"But we must not forget that the house is only the outward sign," said Miss Addams. "The real thing is the work. 'Labor is the house that love lives in,' and as we work together we shall come to understand each other and learn from each other."

"What are you going to put in your house for your interesting experiment?" Miss Addams was asked.

"Just what I should want in my home anywhere—even in your perfectly correct neighborhood," she replied with a smile.

You can imagine the beautiful, restful place it was, with everything in keeping with the fine old house. On every side were pictures and other interesting things that she had gathered in her travels.

Of course, Miss Addams was not alone in her work. Her friend, Ellen Gates Starr, was with her from the beginning. Miss Julia Lathrop, who is now the head of the Children's Bureau in Washington, was another fellowworker. Soon

many volunteers came eagerly forward, some to teach the kindergarten, others to take charge of classes and clubs of various kinds. They began by teaching different kinds of hand-work, which then had no place in the public schools.

"One little chap, who was brought into the Juvenile Court the other day for breaking a window, confessed to the judge that he had thrown the stone 'a-purpose to get pinched,' so they would send him to a school where 'they learn a fellow to make things,'" Miss Addams was told.

Classes in woodwork, basketry, sewing, weaving, and other handicrafts were eagerly patronized. There were also evening clubs where boys and girls who had early left school to work in factories could learn to make things of practical value or listen to reading and the spirited telling of the great world-stories.

One day Miss Addams met a small newsboy as he hastily left the house, vainly trying to keep back signs of grief. "There is no use of coming here any more," he said gruffly; "Prince Roland is dead!"

The evening classes were also social clubs, where the children who seemed to be growing dull and unfeeling like the turning wheels among which they spent their days could relax their souls and bodies in free, happy companionship and get a taste of natural living.

"Young people need pleasure as truly as they need food and air," said Miss Addams. "When I see the throngs of factory-girls on our streets in the evening, it seems to me that the pitiless city sees in them just two possibilities: first, the chance to use their tender labor-power by day, and then the chance to take from them their little earnings at night by appealing to their need of pleasure." One of the new buildings that was early added to the original Hull-House was a gymnasium, which provided opportunities for swimming, basketball, and dancing.

"We have swell times in our Hull-House club," boasted

black-eyed Angelina. "Our floor in the gym puts it all over the old dance-halls for a jolly good hop—no saloon next door with all that crowd, good classy music, and the right sort of girls and fellows. Then sometimes our club has a real party in the coffeehouse. That's what I call a fine, cozy time; makes a girl glad she's living." Hull-House also puts within the reach of many the things which their active minds crave, and opens the way to a new life and success in the world.

"Don't you remember me?" a rising young newspaper man once said to Miss Addams. "I used to belong to a Hull-House club."

"Tell me what Hull-House did for you that really helped," she took occasion to ask.

"It was the first house I had ever been in," he replied promptly, "where books and magazines just lay around as if there were plenty of them in the world. Don't you remember how much I used to read at that little round table at the back of the library?"

Some good people who visit the Settlement in a patronizing mood are surprised to discover that many of "these working-girls" have a taste for what is fine. Miss Addams likes to tell them about the intelligent group who followed the reading of George Eliot's "Romola" with unflagging interest.

"The club was held in our dining-room," she said to one incredulous visitor, "and two of the girls came early regularly to help wash the dishes and arrange the photographs of Florence on the table. Do you know," she added, looking her prosperous guest quietly in the eyes, "that the young woman of whom you were inquiring about 'these people' is one of our neighborhood girls? Those who live in these dingy streets because they are poor and must live near their work are not a different order of beings. Don't forget what Lincoln said, 'God must love the common people—He made so many of them.' You have only to live at Hull-House a while to learn how true it is that God loves them."

"Nothing has ever meant more real inspiration to me," said a student of sociology from the university, who had spent a year in the Settlement, "than the way the poor help each other. A woman who supports three children by scrubbing will share her breakfast with the people in the next tenement because she has heard that they are 'hard up'; a man who has been out of work has a month's rent paid by a young chap in the stock-yards who boarded with him last year; a Swedish girl works in the laundry for her German neighbor to let her stay home with her sick baby—and so it goes."

"Our people have, too, many other hardships besides the frequent lack of food and fuel," said Miss Addams. "There are other hungers. Do you know what it means for the Italian peasant, used to an outdoor life in a sunny, easy-going land, to adapt himself to the ways of America? It is a very dark, shut-in Chicago that many of them know. At one of the receptions here an Italian woman who was delighted with our red roses was also surprised that they could be 'brought so fresh all the way from Italy.' She would not believe that roses grew in Chicago, because she had lived here six years and had never seen any. One always saw roses in Italy. Think of it! She had lived for six years within ten blocks of florists' shops, but had never seen one!"

"Yes," said Miss Starr, "they lose the beauties and joys of their old homes before they learn what the new can give. When we had our first art exhibit, an Italian said that he didn't know that Americans cared for anything but dollars—that looking at pictures was something people did only in Italy."

A Greek was overjoyed at seeing a photograph of the Acropolis at Hull-House. He said that before he came to America he had prepared a book of pictures in color of Athens, because he thought that people in the new country would like to see them. At his stand near a big railroad-station he had tried to talk to some of those who stopped to buy about

"the glory that was Greece," but he had concluded that Americans cared for nothing but fruit and the correct change!

At Hull-House the Greeks, Italians, Poles, and Germans not only find pictures which quicken early memories and affections, but they can give plays of their own country and people. The "Ajax" and "Electra" of Sophocles have been presented by Greeks, who felt that they were showing ignorant Americans the majesty of the classic drama. Thanksgiving, Christmas, and other holidays are celebrated by plays and pageants. Nor are the great days of other lands forgotten. Garibaldi and Mazzini, who fought for liberty in Italy, are honored with Washington and Lincoln.

Old and young alike take part in the dramatic events. A blind patriarch, who appeared in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," which was presented one Christmas, spoke to Miss Addams of his great joy in the work.

"Kind Heart," he said (that was his name for her)— "Kind Heart, it seems to me that I have been waiting all my life to hear some of these things said. I am glad we had so many performances, for I think I can remember them to the end. It is getting very hard for me to listen to reading, but the different voices and all made this very plain."

The music classes and choruses give much joy to the people, and here it seems possible to bring together in a common feeling those widely separated by tradition and custom. Music is the universal language of the heart. Bohemian and Polish women sing their tender and stirring folk-songs. The voices of men and women of many lands mingle in Schubert's lovely melodies and in the mighty choruses of Handel.

As Miss Addams went about among her neighbors she longed to lead them to a perception of the relation between the present and the past. If only the young, who were impatiently breaking away from all the old country traditions, could be made to appreciate what their parents held dear; if the fathers and mothers could at the same time understand

the complex new order in which their children were struggling to hold their own. When, one day, she saw an old Italian woman spinning with distaff and spindle, an idea came to her. A Labor Museum, that would show the growth of industries in every country, from the simplest processes to the elaborate machinery of modern times, might serve the purpose.

The working-out of her plan far exceeded her wildest dream. Russians, Germans, and Italians happily foregathered to demonstrate and compare methods of textile work with which they were familiar. Other activities proved equally interesting. The lectures given among the various exhibits met with a warm welcome. Factory workers, who had previously fought shy of everything "improving," came because they said these lectures were "getting next to the stuff you work with all the time." Hull-House has worked not only with the people but for them, by trying to secure laws that will improve the conditions under which they labor and live. The following incident will speak for the fight that Miss Addams has made against such evils as child labor and sweat-shop work.

The representatives of a group of manufacturers waited upon her and promised that if she would "drop all this nonsense about a sweat-shop bill of which she knew nothing," certain business men would give fifty thousand dollars for her Settlement. The steady look which the lady of Hull-House gave the spokesman made him wish that some one else had come with the offer of the bribe.

"We have no ambition," said Miss Addams, "to make Hull-House the largest institution in Chicago; but we are trying to protect our neighbors from evil conditions; and if to do that, the destruction of our Settlement should be necessary, we would gladly sing a Te Deum on its ruins." The girl who saw what she looked on with "the eye of the heart," had become a leader in the life and the reforms of her time. "On the whole," one writer has said of her, "the reach of this

woman's sympathy and understanding is beyond all comparison wider in its span— comprehending all kinds of people—than that of any other living person."

Jane Addams has won her great influence with people by the simple means of working with them. Her life and the true Hull-House—the work itself, not the buildings which shelter it—give meaning to the saying that "Labor is the house that love lives in."

Henry Ford

Machines for the Millions

1863 – 1947

Round as a biscuit,
Busy as a bee,
The prettiest little thing,
You ever did see!

How many children have said in their happy singsong this riddle-rhyme of the watch—the thing that is to them the chief pocket-wonder of their world. All grown-ups know the power of the "tick-tick" to amuse and as a most particular favor sometimes open up the magic case to let a small friend "see the wheels go round." To all children the sight of the tiny wheels is a wonderful thing; to some children it is school and holiday rolled into one—the beginning of their real interest in life and their life-work.

Such a boy was Eli Whitney, who on one thrilling day when his father was at church dared to take that gentleman's precious watch to pieces. He had at stolen moments studied the little wheels and dreamed about the way they fitted together and worked. Now he longed above everything else to take them apart, touch them one by one, and learn the trick of each which was the secret of the marvelous teamwork that ticked off seconds and hours. That watch was Eli Whitney's first real school. He learned as he struggled with its wheels the first principles of machinery, and the longing to know more. That is the story of the cotton-gin.

It will be remembered that George Stephenson also

learned from clocks and watches many things which he later put to use in the making of locomotives. This is the story of another boy whose first school was a watch. From it he learned to love the ways of machines. It may be said that the idea of the Ford motor-car and the factory where everything goes "like clockwork" came from a watch.

Little Henry Ford was looking with delight at the real watch which a boy friend was exhibiting proudly. Both boys forgot that it was Sunday and that their mothers expected them to follow along properly into church.

"Oh, ho!" said Henry, "your watch isn't going. Let me see if I can't set it off." Here was the chance he had longed for as far back as he could remember—to see the inside of a watch. Fearful but fascinated, Will Bennett handed over his treasure and, forgetting church and possible punishment in store at home, they went together to the shop of the Bennett farm.

There Henry made a small screw-driver by filing a shingle nail and set off on the big adventure. Church was over, dinner time came and went, the long spring afternoon was drawing toward evening, and still Henry was working with the tiny cogs and springs. The anxious owner of the watch, torn between despair and hope, was held in leash by Henry's enthusiasm.

"You said you'd put it together again all right!" he was saying for the hundredth time when their anxious parents descended upon them.

"An' so I would if folks'd only let me be till I could finish!" Henry declared hotly. He had, indeed, fitted most of the parts together and he passionately longed to prove, by setting them going, that they were in working order.

"I suppose," Henry Ford said years afterward in recalling that great day, "that we came in for all the punishment that was thought right and proper. But I have forgotten about that. What I do remember is the way I began to experiment with all the clocks and watches within reach. Only my father's

watch was sacred. Every clock in the house shuddered when it saw me coming."

The ordinary run of the farm tasks had little charm for Henry. They were always the same tiresome round with nothing new to work out. In the farm shop, however, he found something more to his taste. Here were tools like so many hands trained to special work, needing only the mind to direct their effort. Tool-power was a wonderful thing. He set himself to the task of learning to use it. It was a great day when he turned out a device for opening and closing gates. Every time his father was saved from jumping off the wagon to swing back a gate he should realize that something worth while came of "fussing about in the shop."

When Henry was fourteen his world was suddenly changed by the death of his mother. In that busy home, where the daily round had always gone with the happy regularity of clockwork, the mainspring was broken. Now the farm duties were empty of all interest and the hours that the boy could spend in the shop seemed the only real part of his days. From scraps of old plows, harrows, and wagon tires, he made a small steam-engine that really went. He had a moment of rare triumph when he charged down that pasture lot at ten miles an hour, tooting an earsplitting whistle, but no one seemed particularly impressed except the frightened cows.

The mechanical journals which he devoured as other boys do tales of adventure pointed the way to big opportunities in the iron-works at Detroit. He dreamed of going there to seek his fortune with the things he loved, great engines that did the tasks of giants. Then there came a day in his sixteenth year, when spring was in the air, that he suddenly decided to take matters in his own hands and make his dreams come true. His seat at school was empty that day.

The train that drew into Detroit gave a long whistle of triumph as if to proclaim that the great adventure of living was fairly begun for one boy at least. It did not take him long

to make his way to the factory where steam-engines were made.

"I'm looking for a job," he said to the big, redshirted foreman.

Something in the determined voice made itself felt over the roar of the machinery and the hurry and confusion of the works. The foreman stopped long enough to look the boy over and to recall that an extra helper or two would come in handy just then. "Come to work tomorrow. I'll see what you can do," he said. "Pay two and one half a week."

For a number of weeks Henry worked in the machine-shop from seven till six, sometimes at the forges, sometimes making castings or assembling the parts of the engine. In the evening he worked for two hours at a jeweler's, mending clocks and watches. For of course it was impossible, even in those good old days of cheap living, to find a clean, wholesome place to eat and sleep for two and a half dollars a week. As it was, the boy must often have missed the abundance of the farm kitchen as he did the fresh country air and the home faces, but his work had always for him the zest of adventure, because there was always some fresh problem to be solved.

His father, who had followed him to Detroit and talked with him earnestly, said: "If this is the school of your choice, stick to it as long as you want. You know where your home is; it'll be there when you find yourself wanting something besides engines." As the days went by an idea came again and again to the young machinist, who had never known what it was to work like a machine. Always on the alert to discover how to do something in a better way, he saw that there was waste of time and effort at many points in the great factory.

"See here," he said one day to the man next him; "nothing's ever made twice alike. We waste a lot of time and material assembling these engines. That piston-rod will have to be made over; it won't fit the cylinder."

"Oh, well," was the easy-going reply, "it won't take long

to fit it. We do as well as we can."

But Henry had in his mind a factory where there would be no waste of man-power or of tool-power; where each worker would be so perfectly fitted to his job that there were no false motions. One day when he had in his hand a new watch for which he had paid three dollars, he had a vision—a vision of a plant where everything went like clockwork, "a gigantic machine taking in bars of steel at one end and turning out completed watches at the other."

"There would be a fortune in it," he exulted, "and for the millions watches like this in my hand for fifty cents!"

It is possible that people might to-day be using Ford watches at home instead of riding about in Ford cars if circumstances had not called the dreamer back to the home acres at this time. His father was ill and there was need of his hand at the helm. Then when there was no longer the same need, he still stayed, for there was a country girl who made home ways seem better than anything else, even better than the ways of smooth-running machines.

But in a home of his own on a thriving farm, he sat by the lamp in the evenings reading the magazines that told about the world of factories and machine ideas. He had seen something about a Frenchman who had invented a horseless carriage, run by an engine. The idea fascinated him.

Not long afterward, on a visit to Detroit, he saw a steam-driven fire-engine go puffing down the street. He stared at it as if he had never seen anything of the sort before. "Such waste," he muttered to himself. "More than half the power used in carrying that huge boiler of water about!" He couldn't forget that steamengine. It had to be heavy because one couldn't have driving-steam without boiling water. How, then, was one to get away from the weight and the waste of power? Could the engine be run in some other way? What of these gas-engines that were being tried in some places? Could a simple, practical engine be run by gasoline?

This idea filled his days now. While he worked in the fields he was dreaming of gas-engines put to work for people in a way to help most.

"I'm going to leave farming and go back to the city, where I can have a chance to make my engine," he announced one day to his wife.

Of course it seemed a wild thing to do. But as it was plain that he would think of nothing else, one had to make the best of it. After all, he would soon find out if there were anything in his scheme, and either finish it or throw it on the scrap-heap. So his wife set herself cheerfully to the task of moving to the big city.

Several years passed—years full of hard work, first as engine-doctor and then as one of the subordinate managers in the Edison electric-lighting plant of Detroit. But they were years of hopeful adventure, because the engine idea was taking shape in iron and steel. Many times Henry Ford's enthusiasm kept him in the work-shed at the rear of his house all night.

"How could you stand that sort of thing when you had to be at work next morning?" Ford was asked.

"I was never sick," he replied. "It isn't overworking that breaks men down, if they have heart in their work. Over-playing and overeating make most of the trouble."

It was a queer-looking thing to have taken so many months of planning and contriving, that first engine. A piece of pipe salvaged from the scrap-heap at the Edison plant made its one cylinder. Four antiquated bicycle wheels fitted with extra heavy rims and pneumatic tires were mounted on a light buggy frame made, like all the rest, from odds and ends of material. But it went!

It was three o'clock on a dark winter morning when that first Ford car chugged out of its shed on its first journey into the world. The ground was covered with slush and the rain came down in torrents, but the moment was one of triumph.

The engine worked! Each throb and jerk was a promise of success, but also a call to further effort. There was a long road ahead.

"I knew my real work with the car was just begun," he explained afterward. "I had to get capital somehow, start a factory, get people interested—everything. Besides, I saw a chance for a lot of improvements in that car."

As we have seen, Henry Ford was not the inventor of the gas-engine. He had read in his machinist's journal of the work of Lenoir in France, Otto in Germany, and others. The Frenchman Lebon, in 1804, proposed firing compressed gas and air by an electric spark. In America, Charles E. Duryea (a bicycle worker like the Wright brothers) made in Springfield, Massachusetts, the first American automobile. A man named Haynes—of Kokomo, Indiana—was a close second. The honor of the invention of the gas-engine which has made possible both the automobile and the aeroplane belongs to no one man.

Ford was one of a number of men who were struggling to make practical gasolene motors. He differed from the others, however, in that his goal was a cheap car for the many, not another luxurious carriage for the few. "I thought the more people who had a good thing the better. My car was going to be cheap, so the man that needed it most could afford to buy it," he said. "Then I saw it put to work on the farm, saving many from the grinding toil I knew at firsthand." He succeeded, as all the world knows, in making his car and in building up the largest automobile business in America. What was the secret of his success?

"Ford is a genius," declared Edison; "there is no other way of explaining him. I put to him a problem of the laboratory, and while men with the technical training of experts calculate and differ. Ford goes through the thicket of non-essentials, straight to the point, as if by instinct. So it is with the organization of his business: his genius for human engineering

was shown in the work with and for his workers." Some might see the reason for Henry Ford's success in his singlemindedness. As the making of his engine had been the main-spring of his existence for ten years, so the ideal of a business with everything as perfectly adjusted as clockwork grew and developed. The principle of standardization which he had once thought of applying to the making of cheap watches was now applied to turning out motorcars and tractors for the millions. There was to be no room for waste. Every part was to be machined to exact size, so that no fitting afterward in the assembling-room should be required. When the machine "found itself," it would be seen that all parts fitted together to the fraction of an inch. As the Ford engine worked, so also did the standardization idea.

So, too, was Ford's intelligent generalship in the management of his army of workers a factor in his success.

"Does it pay," says Henry Ford, "to give the workers a chance for a contented life? What makes better workers must make better work and better business. The whole world is like a machine, every part as important as every other part. We should all work together, not against each other. Anything that is good for all the parts of the machine is good for each one of them."

What is the "conquest" of the cheap motorcar? Ask the man in the street who uses it in his business and who tours in it during his holiday hours. Making a life is as important clearly as making a living, and the automobile helps with both by bringing the country close to the city—making it possible for the dwellers in streets to taste the joys in the open, and for farmers to cover in an hour the journey to town and city that formerly took half a day.

The railroad broke down the barriers that separated city from city and town from town. The motor-car has carried further this work of destroying distance and adding to life by the saving of time and toil.

Maud Ballington Booth

The Little Mother

1865 – 1948

They call her the Little Mother—this woman of whom I am telling you. Why they gave her that name will appear as my story proceeds.

The Little Mother devotes much of her time to the doing of golden deeds among those who are commonly supposed to be undeserving of kindness.

She is the friend of wrongdoers, although not of wrongdoing.

You ask how this can be? I will tell you.

In the state prisons of our country, like that of SingSing in New York, there are many men who are undergoing punishment for crimes committed against their fellow-men.

Some of these are hardened criminals without friendships and without friends—men whose lives have been given to wrongdoing.

Some are men who were once respectable and are now suffering punishment for, perhaps, their first offenses against the laws.

Some have wives and children, mothers, sisters, or other loved ones struggling in poverty and disgrace, and with many misgivings hoping darkly for the day of their release.

The most of these men will sooner or later have served out their terms of punishment. They will be given their freedom. They will go out again into the warm sunlight and the

wholesome air and the fellowship of their kind.

What will they do then?

Has their punishment made better men of them?

Too often it has not. Too often it has only filled their minds with an ever increasing bitterness towards all the rest of mankind. Too often it has shut the door of hope, and closed the hearts of these men to every kindly influence. Too often it has made them worse instead of better.

And what of the few who go out earnestly wishing to live honest lives and do right?

Do good men offer them a helping hand? Do friends encourage them? Or are they not shunned, mistrusted, shut out from every worthy endeavor?

Can we wonder, therefore, that only a small number of men who have once been in prison ever become good citizens again? Can we wonder that so many are never reformed but return at once to their evil practices?

A hundred and fifty years ago, John Howard, a great and good Englishman, devoted his life to the befriending of prisoners and the improvement of prisons in Europe. A hundred years ago, Elizabeth Fry, a sweet-faced Quakeress, visited the jails of Great Britain and wrought many a golden deed in behalf of the wretched men who were confined in them.

All prisons the world over are to-day far less horrible than they were in the days of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry.

But the problem of what shall become of the criminal after he has suffered his punishment is perhaps greater now than it ever was before.

It is the problem which came into the mind of the Little Mother one Sunday morning when for the first time she saw the inside of a state prison.

It was in the penitentiary at San Quentin, California. The prisoners were in the chapel. Their faces, "plainly bearing the marring imprint of sorrow and sin," were turned toward her. They were impatiently waiting for such words as she might

speak to them, yet hoping for no comfort.

It was the first time that she had seen the prison stripes. It was the first time that she had heard the iron gates; the first time that she had realized the hopelessness of the prisoner's life.

From that day she was resolved to be the friend of the friendless, yes, the friend of even those who have forfeited the right to friendship.

"The touch of human sympathy—that is what every man needs in order to bring out the best that is in him. No man was ever so hopelessly bad that there was not somewhere in his mind or heart some little spark of goodness that might be touched by true sympathy truly expressed."

So argued the Little Mother. She therefore organized a prison league or society for mutual help, and she invited prisoners everywhere to become members of it. Each member of the league promised to do a few simple things faithfully, as God gave him strength:— To pray every morning and night.

To refrain from bad language.

To obey the prison rules cheerfully and try to be an example of good conduct.

To cheer and encourage others in well-doing and right living.

Then he was given a little badge to wear on his coat—a white button bearing the motto of the league: Look Up and Hope. And as soon as the league in any prison numbered several members they were given a little white flag to float above them as they sat in the chapel on Sunday mornings.

All this was very simple. It did not seem to be much, and yet it worked wonders.

It united the men in a bond of brotherhood. It gave them a definite and noble object to strive for. Above all, it told them that they had one friend who was earnestly striving to do them good.

And they united in lovingly calling that one friend their

Little Mother.

They talked with her about their aims and hopes. They were like children going to their mother for counsel and encouragement

And they wrote her letters such as this:—

"Little Mother: As I entered the chapel Sunday and looked at our white flag, I thought again of the promises I had made, of all they ought to mean, and I promised God that with his help I would never disgrace it. No one shall see anything in my life that will bring dishonor or stain to its whiteness."

The field of the Little Mother's work widened. From the great prisons in all parts of the country came the call. Would she not visit and talk with the prisoners? Would she not organize a prison league among them?

It was surprising how many of them really and earnestly wished to be better men. The touch of human sympathy—that was what was needed.

And so the Little Mother's golden deeds multiplied. She became known as the prisoners' friend, and hundreds of prisoners vowed to be faithful to her.

Men served their terms of punishment and went home, changed in heart and in purpose. They might meet with scorn, with cruel rebuffs, with cold neglect. But the Little Mother had taught them how to be brave; she would help them to be strong. Every member of the league learned to look up to her; and his conduct after gaining his freedom was made her personal care.

Then through the aid of benevolent men, of prison officers, and of the prisoners themselves, she founded homes in which those who were newly-liberated could find shelter until they were able to support themselves by honest labor.

Thus they were prevented from falling into the snares of former evil associates. They were encouraged to persevere in their efforts to attain to a nobler manhood.

These sheltering homes were called Hope Halls. To many a man who otherwise would have despaired and returned to a life of crime, they were the means of salvation.

Thus the Little Mother's golden deeds have produced golden fruit, and hundreds of men have been reclaimed to good citizenship; hundreds of families have been made happy that otherwise would have remained in wretchedness; and the world has been shown that the work of punishment is most efficient when tempered by the touch of human sympathy.

And now shall I tell you the name of this Little Mother? Her name is Maud Ballington Booth. Shall we not say that it is worthy to be placed in the same honor roll with those of Clara Barton, Dorothea Dix, Peter Cooper, and other lovers of humanity?

Edward Alfred Steiner

A Pilgrim from Austria

1866 – 1956

In the year 1866, a Jewish boy was born in the great city of Vienna in Austria. Later on, he lived with his widowed mother in a village not far away.

One day, when he was still only a little fellow, he came running into the house in joyful excitement. "Mother," he cried, "I am going to America, and I am going to marry a rich wife."

The boy's home was very cozy, with a garden and fruit trees and a poppy field. So why should he speak joyfully of leaving it? It was because he had just had his fortune told by a wise parrot belonging to a hand-organ player. The parrot, at his master's order, had reached down from his perch, drawn one envelope from among others, and then laid it before the eager child. In it he read of a long voyage to America and of a rich wife awaiting him there. Edward's loving mother tried to drive the idea from his mind. So did the boy's teacher, who painted a terrible picture of the mighty ocean on which big ships were tossed helplessly about, and of the fish ever ready to devour curly-headed boys spilled overboard. And Edward was curly-headed! But even the danger of falling overboard and being devoured by big fish could not drive away the thought of America.

In the village where Edward lived there were, for the most part, two classes of people—the Slovaks, who were mostly

poor and stupid, but kind-hearted; and the Magyars, who ruled over the Slovaks and were often hard and cruel. Even when very young, Edward pitied the Slovaks who were cruelly whipped in public and cast into prison for the slightest wrong-doing.

Later on, he was deeply interested by a visit to his village of a soldier who had been to America and who told stories of a great patriot there who was born in a log cabin and afterwards became President.

"I would like to free the Slovaks from their rulers as Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves," thought the lively boy. After a while, a whole family came back to his home from America, and when they returned to that free land, Edward tried to follow them. Alas! he was sent back, to receive a sound whipping from his elder brother for running away.

Once again Edward stole out of the village. This time he traveled many miles and had exciting adventures among thieves and gypsies. But the same elder brother started out in pursuit and brought him back, hungry and sorrowful, glad enough to be in his cozy home once more. When Edward grew older, his mother sent him to school in Germany. There he spent many happy years, going home from time to time on pleasant vacations.

Finally, he attended the University of Heidelberg.

Though he loved his studies, he was always ready for a holiday trip through the beautiful country around him. Carrying a lunch and a book, he would start out, sometimes on foot, sometimes on his bicycle, to explore mountains, fields, and streams. During these tramps he passed many an old castle; he explored noble forests; he wandered along the banks of lovely rivers; and once, during a longer journey, he visited Count Tolstoi in his Russian home. That good, great man, who lived so simply and spent his time trying to help the poor and ignorant, set the carefree student thinking. He too would like to help the poor and ignorant.

Thus, even in those happy university days, Edward remembered and pitied the Slovaks and the harsh rule under which they suffered. Moreover, he dared to speak his thoughts freely when at home.

One day, while on a visit there, a man came to Edward's mother, saying he had a secret: her son, because of bold words, was in danger of falling into the hands of the government.

Edward's mother listened fearfully; her son had been unwise in his words, and when the government should learn what he had said, he might be thrown into prison, or even worse. Her heart ached as she imagined the dreadful things that might happen. But the tale-bearer went on to say that if Edward would leave the country at once, the secret should be kept till he was safe outside. Without doubt, the man had made much of the story for the sake of getting a reward, but Edward's mother lost no time in making her son ready to leave home.

Where should he go? Where, indeed, but to America, the land of freedom of which he had so long dreamed.

Only a few days afterwards young Edward Steiner, a university student used to ease and pleasure, was crowded in among hundreds of emigrants in the steerage of a big ship.

In those days there were few comforts in the steerage. At meal times Edward had to squeeze in among a crowd of fellow passengers, each carrying a tin pail in which to receive a portion of coarse food. His bunk was in a dark corner of the ship, away "below decks," and was one of many narrow shelves built against the sides of a small, lowceiled cabin. The air there was heavy and bad.

When the water was rough, and the ship lurched from side to side, and Edward lay seasick on his hard bed, he thought of his teacher's words in the long ago and longed heartily for home and mother.

The long voyage had some pleasures however, for there

were many jolly people in the steerage; and when the days were pleasant, there were story-telling and singing, and the sharing of goodies brought from home. Best of all was the kindly interest these fortune-seekers took in each other.

At last the day arrived when birds could be seen flying out from shore; the Goddess of Liberty came into view, and the big, busy city of New York. And soon Edward Steiner found himself at Castle Garden, facing new people who spoke a strange tongue.

He sought a cheap lodging house and was soon eating a hearty dinner. Having been well brought up at home, he politely waited for others to be served first, but he quickly learned that in a place like this every one looked out for himself.

"Young man," said one of the boarders to him afterwards, "in this country you must remember that God helps those who help themselves." He never forgot these words.

That very afternoon the young pilgrim started out to look for work. He had an excellent education, and as he knew many languages, he believed he could easily get a position. Unfortunately, he could speak no English and looked so un-American that as he walked along the streets, many a small boy called after him, "Greenhorn! Greenhorn!" Worse still, no one seemed to need his services.

He returned to the boarding house, sadder and wiser. He still had money enough to pay for supper and a bed for the night. But what then? With empty pockets, the world looked very dark.

The next day the young man again started out in search of work. But everywhere he met the same reply: Not wanted. Night came, his feet ached, and his stomach was crying for food.

Now, for the first time, he remembered bringing from home the address of a distant relative who lived in New York. He said to himself, "I will seek her at once." When he had

read the address, he found that this relative lived several miles away from where he then was. However, he started for the place at once, and when at last he reached it, he was received so kindly that he forgot the sad, trying day. A good supper was speedily spread before him, but he was so worn out that he fell asleep at the table as he sat eating and answering questions about the homeland.

Young Steiner's relatives said, "Your knowledge of languages may be useful in some hotel." They loaned him a little money, and the next morning he rode down-town on the "elevated," once more hopeful of getting work. He was filled with wonder as, high in air, he was whirled past lofty buildings, getting hurried peeps into crowded tenements. Among the curious sights were rows of clothes-lines, one above the other, on which the washings of many families were drying in the smoky city air.

After many refusals at hotels, he learned that raw immigrants often got work in clothing shops.

Sunday, the next day, the youth went to church, and as he sat listening to the preacher, whose strange English language he could not understand, the same feeling came over him as had once come long ago in a church in the homeland. He seemed to hear words somewhat like these: "Some day you too will stand in a pulpit and be a preacher like the man before you." Strange, very strange, but so it was.

Before the day ended, young Steiner's new acquaintances told him of a cloak-maker who would give him a job pressing clothes. Early the next morning he was on hand at the cloak shop where he was provided with a heavy flatiron and shown how to press the garments. It was hard work for tender hands, and when the young man scorched one of the cloaks, the forewoman scolded him soundly. He did not understand the words, but the tone of the woman's voice expressed her anger sufficiently.

When night came, a tired and homesick youth went to his

cheap boarding place. His hands were blistered from the hot, heavy iron, and his whole body ached. But at least he was earning his living. Moreover, he had begun to learn the language of this great America. He could say "You bet," and "shut up," without knowing that these were the slang expressions of ignorant people. His heart had been warmed by the friendly spirit of his new companions, even though their voices were loud and their manners rough.

At the end of the week young Steiner received his pay—three dollars and fifty cents. It was the first money he had ever earned in his life, and he felt as proud as a king.

He had already heard of a free night school where he could learn English, and on the following Monday evening he was eagerly at work there.

Unfortunately, the newcomer soon lost his place at the cloak shop and was once more hungry and homeless. Not long afterwards he got a place in a shop where he cut clothing instead of pressing it. For more than a month he had steady work at seven dollars a week. With this he was able to buy food, lodging, and some new clothes. For ten hours of each day he cut garments, and each evening he went to night school. He learned so fast that he was soon able to read English books with ease.

Then the wheel of fortune turned again: work at the shop was slack, and young Steiner was no longer needed. He tried his hand in a bakery, then a sausage factory, and after that a feather-cleaning shop. But he could get no steady work, and he began to lose courage. Words he had read somewhere now came into his mind: "Go West, young man."

"That is good advice," he decided, for he knew that in the country people were not crowded together as they were in a big city like New York. His mind made up, he lost no time in spending all the money he had for a railroad ticket. "I will go," thought he, "as far as this money will take me."

That night he found himself at Princeton Junction in New

Jersey. He was homeless and penniless in a lonely place. Where should he sleep? One place only was open to him—the platform of a freight house, and here he lay till morning in the company of sociable but greedy mosquitoes.

At daylight young Steiner began his search for work, walking along a lonely country road till he reached a farm where hay was being cut. The master of the house, needing more help, gave the stranger a place among his laborers.

With plenty of food and fresh air, the pilgrim felt himself fortunate. Besides, the housekeeper got books out of her master's library for him to read in the evening.

With his body fed with good food and his mind with the rich thoughts he found in books, he was happy, even though he spent his days among ignorant farm hands and slept in the hayloft.

After the haying was done, he plowed, tended the horses and cattle, and did all sorts of farm work willingly. But when the housekeeper, who proved to be a bad woman, was sent away for stealing, and he was set to scrubbing floors, nursing a small boy, and cooking for the other workmen, he was not satisfied.

"Bad enough!" he said to himself, as he struggled to shape sticky dough into biscuit. "And yet," he thought, "if I stay here till autumn, I may be able to get something to do at the university nearby."

He went over to Princeton several times to see the president, but without success, as that gentleman had not yet returned from his vacation. Matters were constantly getting worse at the farmhouse, and at last the young man felt he could not stay there any longer. "I will go still farther West and see what it can offer me," he decided.

With his summer's earnings of ten dollars in his pocket, he once more set out to seek his fortune. He soon fell in with a peddler of tinware, who said: "Give me your ten dollars, and you may be a partner in my business." Young Steiner agreed,

and his pocket was quickly emptied.

Sad to say, no one would buy his goods, and he awoke one morning to find his partner had fled, leaving the tinware behind him.

He walked on towards Philadelphia, finding a hotel keeper on the way who bought his stock for a few dollars. When he reached the city of Brotherly Love, he sought out the famous Liberty Bell which had once rung out the freedom of a brave people.

"One cannot feel poor in a country with such a history," thought young Steiner, and with gay heart he again spent all his money on a railroad ticket which should take him westward. That night he landed in a lonely country place, but soon found shelter in the home of some kind Friends who offered him work in their tobacco fields.

With this quiet, happy family the young man lived till late in the autumn. Then once more the big outside world cried, "Come, and see what I have to offer you." Traveling westward, he landed in the smoky city of Pittsburg, where he found work in a steel factory. "One of the cattle," he afterwards spoke of himself in those days, for when he left the factory at night, he was too tired for either books or pleasure. Yet the time was not lost; he was learning of the wretched way in which thousands of poor immigrants were living, and that some improvements might be made even in free America.

When spring opened there were heavy floods; the river overflowed its banks, and the water poured through the city streets, putting out the fires in the mills. Thousands of workmen became idle. Smallpox and fever seized on some of young Steiner's fellow boarders, and the house was quarantined.

When he was at last free, he left Pittsburg and went to a town named Connellsville, where he got work in the mines. Early each morning he entered a cage in which he was carried deep down into the bowels of the earth. When he arrived

there, the tiny lamp fastened in his cap gave him barely light enough to stumble to the chamber where he was to shovel coal into cars all day long. When night came, and the cage took him up into the clear, outside air once more, only a wretched, noisy boarding house awaited him and a bed to be shared with a big, dirty miner.

Only a short time after young Steiner arrived in Connellsville, there was a strike. Many of the men stopped work. Others, who like himself kept on, were warned that they had better join the strikers.

Then came an exciting day; as he left the mine, he found himself in the midst of a storm of angry shouts, and big lumps of coal came flying about his head. He managed to escape without harm, and the next morning again started bravely for the mine, only to find it surrounded by soldiers. Between him and them was a body of strikers, some of them armed with muskets.

Unafraid, he still pushed on, shortly to find himself in the thick of a fight between the soldiers and the strikers. And then, trying too late to escape danger, he was seized and beaten till he knew nothing more. When he came to his senses, he found himself a prisoner in the county jail.

More than six months passed before young Steiner, with no friend to help him prove his innocence, was allowed to leave the wretched jail, where he had been treated little better than a dog.

Once more he made his way toward the West. That night he slept in an empty coal car and awoke the next morning with sooty clothes and blackened face. Worse still, he was hungry and penniless.

When evening came, a kind-hearted farmer took him in and offered him work. But his heart was now set on reaching Chicago, and the next morning he bade good-by to the farmer who had fed him not only with food for his stomach, but with tender, brotherly advice.

Mile after mile he walked, stopping at different farmhouses over night. Sad to say, at one of them was a big watchdog which flew at him and bit him furiously. The farmer's daughter rushed out and saved him from still worse harm; he was taken into the house and cared for till his wound healed and he was able to go on his way.

Chicago was reached at last, and then new adventures began. The very first night the stranger was knocked senseless in a saloon where he had gone to inquire about work, and woke up to find himself lying in a dark alley. He managed to crawl back to the street, only to be seized by a policeman and carried to a police station. There he spent the night crowded in among drunken, wicked men.

After he was freed, he got work among some Bohemians who were building a house. They were friendly, good-hearted fellows, and he enjoyed visiting their clubs.

"There are many kind hearts here in America," thought young Steiner, though he felt bitter at the government of the country. It could not be wholly right when he, an innocent man, could be put in prison and kept there as he had been. Chicago, moreover, seemed to him like a cruel slave driver. And so, before long, the pilgrim was as glad to leave the city as he had been eager to come.

He turned eagerly away from the noise and bustle towards the broad harvest fields of Minnesota.

The change to the free prairie life was glorious. Fresh air, a tidy home, good food, and work so pleasant that it seemed like play, filled the days with happiness. But when the harvests had been gathered, there was no more work for young Steiner, and the old question arose, "Where shall I go?"

Southward, he finally decided, as he thought of a place where some fellow passengers on the ship that brought him from Europe had told him they should settle. He sailed down the Mississippi for some distance. Then, leaving the boat, he tramped across country to the town he sought, and here,

among a colony of Slovaks, he found work, first in a lumber yard and afterwards in a mine. In his spare hours he taught the Slovaks English and wrote letters for them.

Then came a day when there was a cave-in in the mine where he was working. The man beside him was crushed to death by a falling rock, but young Steiner was spared.

"Enough of mining," he thought, and he started for a near-by city where an old playmate was living. On reaching the place, he found that the girl's father was very well-to-do and the owner of a mill.

"Poor as I am," thought young Steiner, "I will not make myself known." Nevertheless, he went to the factory and secured work there.

As time went by, he gained courage to call at his employer's house and tell the family of his childhood acquaintance with them. They became interested in him at once.

"A man with such an education should be helped," they declared, and proposed that he should go to a Jewish college in the East. Moreover, the master of the house told his guest he might earn his passage by taking charge of one of his cattle cars about to leave for the East.

Much pleased, young Steiner started out once more. But one night, while walking along the top of a car, he was tripped up by another cattle driver who was unfriendly to him, and he fell from the train. On it went into the darkness, while he lay crippled in a lonely field, sadly wondering, "What next?"

The accident, which seemed at first so disastrous, proved the beginning of the best fortune the young man had ever known. Stumbling to his feet, he limped into the town some distance away, where a Jewish lady took him into her home and tended him till he was well. Then, through her, he became clerk in a store. He made friends with people who came to the store in the back of which he was allowed to set up a small library; he formed a club for study; he became teacher of a class in literature and modern languages.

He was now enjoying the company of educated people; but he did not forget the immigrants whom he had known in his years of misfortune. He had suffered with them; he had shared their poverty; he knew how they were tempted, and why so many of them fell into bad ways. He had learned to love these people as brothers.

At this time the young man, who had already given up the Jewish faith of his boyhood, turned in longing to the Christ in whom Christians believe. At last light came as to his future, and he resolved that he would become a Christian minister, for in that way he believed he could best help his fellows.

Not long afterwards Mr. Steiner became an eager student in a seminary where young men were being fitted for the ministry. During his spare hours he helped the pastor of a church on the borders of the slums, showing himself a kind and loving friend to those who had fallen in bad ways. But he was hampered in his work. At the same time he felt he was not getting the help he needed at the seminary. So, hearing that Oberlin College was filled with the spirit of brotherly love, he made his way there, though he was penniless and without a friend in the whole town.

The first passer-by to whom he spoke proved to be the dean of the college, who was deeply interested in the young man's story. He himself had studied at the same German university as this stranger, and had even had the same teachers. He opened the way at once for Mr. Steiner to enter the college.

Three busy, happy years went by, in which the young man studied under noble instructors. He supported himself at the same time by teaching certain classes, while on Sundays he preached in different churches in the surrounding country.

During his life at Oberlin, Mr. Steiner became a citizen of the United States, and he could now say with pride, "This is my country."

On one bright May day Edward Alfred Steiner received a

diploma and went out on his mission to preach and teach. His first church was a small one, but he worked hard among his people. He visited the sick and those in prison; he fought against the saloons where men are led to love strong drink; he helped the poor; he comforted the sorrowing.

During this time he married, gaining for himself a devoted wife and companion. The fortune told the little boy in far-away Austria had come true: he had come to America, and he had won a rich wife, for the treasures of love and sympathy she brought him were greater possessions than all those that money can buy.

Nearly two years passed in that first parish. Then came a call to one where the needs of the people were greater, the work harder, and the pay smaller.

"Shall we go?" Mr. Steiner asked his wife, and her instant answer was, "Yes."

The new parish was made up mostly of workmen and their families. Many of them were very poor, and while Mr. Steiner was among them, their wages were cut down, and a strike followed. Money was scarce; the people suffered from cold and hunger, and there was little money to pay the minister. But he and his equally zealous wife bore their hardships bravely and tried then, as always, to show that brotherhood is real. They got up boys' and girls' clubs; they taught classes of grown-ups; they advised the workmen in their troubles.

It was very hard, however, for the young minister to "make both ends meet," so after a while he accepted a call to a larger parish with more salary.

In the new parish the meetings were often crowded, for Mr. Steiner had become noted for his sermons. Besides his church duties, he found time to write helpful articles for the magazines and to fight bravely against the saloon and other evils in his city. During one whole winter he also worked among day-laborers so as to better understand their troubles. Wherever help was needed, he tried to give it.

During this period of his life, he spent two vacations in Europe, visiting Tolstoi and meeting other great men. But there were other vacations which he spent among the immigrants. He went to Ellis Island; he visited mines and mills; he followed the immigrants to different places where he also had once gone, a "greenhorn." Why did he do these things? Because he could afterwards tell the American people exactly what help the immigrants need.

Though Mr. Steiner was happy in his work as a minister, he had many trials because some of his church people did not sympathize with all he did. At last he decided it would be best for him to give up preaching; but he still wished to help his fellow men, and in the best possible way.

"Fit yourself to be a teacher," advised his old friend, the president of Oberlin College.

He wondered how he could do this, as he had a wife and three children to support, and he was still a poor man. But the way opened at once. The editors of the Outlook asked him to write for them the life of Tolstoi and offered a large sum of money in advance. Not long afterwards he was on his way to Europe, where he could both write and study. Before many months he was urgently asked to come back to America to teach in Grinnell College, Iowa. The subject was to be the one he loved best; Applied Christianity it is called, but these two words really mean Brotherhood.

In the year 1902, Mr. Steiner began the work for which he had been so well fitted. He had lived among all kinds of people; he had found the hearts of the Greek and the Italian, the German and the Negro, to be the same. Love all men as you love God and his dear Son; do good to all men: these have been his teachings from that day to this.

Busy have been the years at Grinnell, not only with college duties but with writing. Mr. Steiner has given the world the story of his own life, Tolstoi the Man, the Immigrant Tide and still other books, besides many articles for magazines. He

has discovered no great invention; he has made no dangerous journeys of adventure to far lands; but he has done, and is doing, what will help to make thousands of people better and happier.

Marie Sklodowska Curie

The Heroine of Radium

1867-1934

> One truth discovered is immortal and entitles its author to be so; for, like a new substance in nature, it cannot be destroyed.
>
> *Hazlitt.*

You would hardly think that a big, bare room, with rows of battered benches and shelves and tables littered with all sorts of queer-looking jars and bottles, could be a hiding-place for fairies. Yet Marie's father, who was one of the wise men of Warsaw, said they were always to be found there.

"Yes, little daughter," he said, "the fairies you may chance to meet with in the woods, peeping from behind trees and sleeping in flowers, are a tricksy, uncertain sort. The real fairies, who do things, are to be found in my dusty laboratory. They are the true wonder-workers, and there you may really catch them at work and learn some of their secrets."

"But, Father, wouldn't the fairies like it better if it wasn't quite so dusty there?" asked the child.

"No doubt of it," replied the professor.

"We need one fairy more to put us to rights."

At a time when most little girls are playing with dolls, Marie was playing "fairy" in the big classroom, dusting the tables and shelves, and washing the glass tubes and other things that her father used as he talked to his students. "I

think we might see the fairies better if I make all these glasses clear and shiny," said Marie.

"Can I trust your little fingers not to let things fall?" asked her father. "Remember, my funny glasses are precious. It might cost us a dinner if you should let one slip."

The professor soon found that his little daughter never let anything slip—either the things he used or the things he said. "Such a wise little fairy and such a busy one!" he would say. "I don't know how we could do our work without her."

If Professor Ladislaus Sklodowski had not loved his laboratory teaching above all else, he would have known that he was overworked. As it was, he counted himself fortunate in being able to serve Truth and to enlist others in her service. For the professor's zeal was of the kind that kindles enthusiasm. If you had seen the faces of those Polish students as they hung on his words and watched breathlessly the result of an experiment, you would have known that they, too, believed in the wonder-working fairies.

It seems as if the Polish people have a greater love and understanding of the unseen powers of the world than is given to many other nations. If you read the story of Poland's tragic struggles against foes within and without until, finally, the stronger surrounding countries—Germany, Austria, and Russia—divided her territory as spoil among themselves and she ceased to exist as a distinct nation, you will understand why her children have sought refuge in the things of the spirit. They have in a wonderful degree the courage that rises above the most unfriendly circumstances and says:

> One day with life and heart
> Is more than time enough to find a world.

Some of them, like Chopin and Paderewski, have found a new world in music; others have found it in poetry and romance; and still others in science. The child who dreamed of fairies in her father's classroom was to discover the greatest

marvel of modern science—a discovery that opened up a new world to the masters of physics and chemistry of our day.

Marie's mother, who had herself been a teacher, died when the child was very small; and so it happened that the busy father had to take sole care of her and make the laboratory do duty as nursery and playroom. It was not strange that the bright, thoughtful little girl learned to love the things that were so dear to her father's heart. Would he not rather buy things for his work than have meat for dinner? Did he not wear the same shabby kaftan (the full Russian top-coat that looks like a dressing-gown) year after year in order that he might have material for important experiments? Truth was, indeed, more than meat and the love of learning more than raiment in that home, and the little daughter drank in his enthusiasm with the queer laboratory smells which were her native air and the breath of life to her.

The time came when the child had to leave this nursery to enter school, but always, when the day's session was over, she went directly to that other school where she listened fascinated to all her father taught about the wonders of the inner world of atoms and the mysterious forces that make the visible world in which we live. She still believed in fairies—oh, yes!—but now she knew their names. There were the rainbow fairies—light-waves, that make all the colors we see—and many more our eyes are not able to discover, but which we can capture by interesting experiments. There were sound-waves, too, and the marvelous forces we call electricity, magnetism, and gravitation. When she was nine years old, it was second nature to care for her father's batteries, beakers, and retorts, and to help prepare the apparatus that was to be used in the demonstrations of the coming day. The students marveled at the child's skill and knowledge, and called her with admiring affection "professorowna," (daughter-professor).

There was a world besides the wonderland of the

laboratory, of which Marie was soon aware. This was the world of fear, where the powers of Russia ruled. In 1861 the Poles had made a vain attempt to win their independence, and when Marie was a little girl (she was born in 1867), the authorities tried to stamp out any further sparks of possible rebellion by adopting unusually harsh measures. It was a crime to speak the Polish language in the schools and to talk of the old, happy days when Poland was a nation. If any one was even suspected of looking forward to a better time when the people would not be persecuted by the police or forced to bribe unprincipled officials for a chance to conduct their business without interference, he was carried off to the cruel, yellow-walled prison near the citadel, and perhaps sent to a life of exile in Siberia. Since knowledge means independent thought and capacity for leadership, the high schools and universities were particularly under suspicion. Years afterward, when Marie spoke of this reign of terror, her eyes flashed and her lips were set in a thin white line. Time did not make the memory less vivid.

"Every corridor of my father's school had finger-posts pointing to Siberia!" she declared dramatically.

When Marie was sixteen, she graduated from the "gymnasium" for girls, receiving a gold medal for excellence in mathematics and sciences. In Russia, as in Germany, the gymnasium corresponds to our high school, but also covers some of the work of the first two years of college. The name gymnasium signifies a place where the mind is exercised and made strong in preparation for the work of the universities.

The position as governess to the daughters of a Russian nobleman was offered to the brilliant girl with the sweet, serious eyes and gentle voice. As it meant independence and a chance to travel and learn the ways of the world, Marie agreed to undertake the work.

Now, for the first time in her life, the young Polish girl knew work that was not a labor of love. Her pupils cared

nothing for the things that meant everything to her. How they loved luxury and show and gay chatter! How indifferent they were to truth that would make the world wiser and happier.

"How strangely you look, Mademoiselle Marie," said the little Countess Olga one day, in the midst of her French lesson. "Your eyes seem to see things far away."

Marie was truly looking past her pupils, past the rich apartment, beyond Russia, into the great world of opportunity for all earnest workers. She had overheard something about another plot among the students of Warsaw, and knew that some of her father's pupils had been put under arrest.

"Suppose they should try to make me testify against my friends," said the girl to herself. "I must leave Russia at once. My savings will surely take me to Paris, and there I may get a place as helper in one of the big laboratories, where I can learn as I work."

The eyes that had been dark with fear an instant before became bright with hope. Eagerly she planned a disguise and a way to slip off the very next night while the household was in the midst of the excitement of a masquerade ball.

Everything went well, and in due time she found her trembling self and her slender possessions safely stowed away on a train that was moving rapidly toward the frontier and freedom. No one gave a second thought to the little elderly woman with gray hair and spectacles who sat staring out of the window of her compartment at the fields and trees rushing by in the darkness and the starry heavens that the train seemed to carry with it. Her plain, black dress and veil seemed those of a self-respecting, upper-class servant, who was perhaps going to the bedside of a dying son.

"I feel almost as old as I look," Marie was saying to herself. "But how can a girl who is all alone in the world, with no one to know what happens to her, help feeling old? Down in my heart, though, I know that life is just beginning. There is

something waiting for me beyond the blackness—something that needs just little me." It was a wonderful relief when the solitary journey was over and the elderly disguise laid aside. "Shall I ever feel really young again?" said the girl, who was not quite twenty-four. But not for a moment did she doubt that there was work waiting for her in the big, unexplored world.

During those early days in Paris, Marie often had reason to be grateful for the plain living of her childhood that had made her independent of creature comforts. Now she knew actual want in her cold garret, furnished only with a cot and chair, like a hermit's cell. She lived, too, on hermit's fare—black bread and milk. But even when it was so cold that the milk was frozen—cold comfort, indeed!—the fire of her enthusiasm knew no chill. Day after day she walked from laboratory to laboratory begging to be given a chance as assistant, but always with the same result. It was man's work; why did she not look for a place in a milliner's shop?

One day she renewed her appeal to Professor Lippman in the Sorbonne research laboratories.

Something in the still, pale face and deepset, earnest eyes caught the attention of the busy man. Perhaps this strange, determined girl was starving! And besides, the crucibles and test-tubes were truly in sad need of attention. Grudgingly he bade her clean the various accessories and care for the furnace. Her deftness and skill in handling the materials, and a practical suggestion that proved of value in an important experiment, attracted the favorable notice of the professor. He realized that the slight girl with the foreign look and accent, whom he had taken in out of an impulse of pity, was likely to become one of his most valuable helpers.

A new day dawned for the ambitious young woman. While supporting herself by her laboratory work, she completed in two years the university course for a degree in mathematics, and, two years later, she won a second degree

in physics and chemistry. In the meantime her enthusiasm for science and her undaunted courage in the face of difficulties and discouragements attracted the admiration of a fellow-worker, Pierre Curie, one of the most promising of the younger professors.

"I love you, and we both love the same things," he said one day. "Would it not be happier to live and work together than alone?"

And so began that wonderful partnership of two great scientists, whose hard work and heroic struggle, crowned at last by brilliant success, has been an inspiration to earnest workers the world over.

Madame Curie set up a little laboratory in their apartment, and toiled over her experiments at all hours. Her baby daughter was often bathed and dressed in this workroom among the test-tubes and the interesting fumes of advanced research.

"Irene is as happy in the atmosphere of science as her mother was," said Madame Curie to one of her husband's brother-professors who seemed surprised to find a crowing infant in a laboratory. "And if I could afford the best possible nurse, she could not take my place! For my baby and I know the joy of living and growing together with those we love."

What was the problem that the mother was working over even while she sewed for her little girl, or rocked her to sleep to the gentle crooning of an old Polish folk-song whose melody Chopin has wrought into one of his tenderest nocturnes?

The child who used to delight in experiments with light-waves in her father's laboratory, was interested in the strange glow which Prof. Becquerel had found that the substance known as uranium gave off spontaneously. Like the X-rays, this light passes through wood and other bodies opaque to sunlight. Madame Curie became deeply interested in the problem of the nature of the Becquerel rays and their wonderful properties, such as that of making the air a conductor for

electricity. One day she discovered that pitchblende, the black mineral from which uranium is extracted, was more radioactive (that is, it gave off more powerful rays) than the isolated substance itself, and she came to the conclusion that there was some other element in the ore which, could it be extracted, would prove more valuable than uranium.

With infinite patience and the skill of highly trained specialists in both physics and chemistry, Madame Curie and her husband worked to obtain this unknown substance. At times Pierre Curie all but lost heart at the seemingly insurmountable obstacles in the way. "It cannot be done!" he exclaimed one day, with a groan. "Truly,

'Nature has buried Truth deep in the bottom of the sea.'"

"But man can dive, cher ami," said his wife, with a heartening smile. "Think of the joy when one comes up at last with the pearl—the pearl of truth!"

At last their toil was rewarded, and two new elements were separated from pitchblende—polonium, so named by Madame Curie in honor of her native Poland, and radium, the most marvelous of all radioactive substances. A tiny pinch of radium, which is a grayish white powder not unlike coarse salt in appearance, gives out a strange glow something like that of fireflies, but bright enough to read by. Moreover, light and heat are radiated by this magic element with no apparent waste of its own amount or energy. Radium can also make some other substances, diamonds for instance, shine with a light like its own, and it makes the air a conductor of electricity. Its weird glow passes through bone almost as readily as through tissuepaper or through flesh, and it even penetrates an inchthick iron plate.

The Curies now woke to find not only Paris but the world ringing with the fame of their discovery. The modest workers wanted nothing, however, but the chance to go on with their research. You know how Tennyson makes the aged Ulysses look forward even at the end of his life to one more last

voyage. The type of the unconquerable human soul that ever presses on to fresh achievement, he says:

> All experience is an arch where-thro'
> Gleams that untravel'd world, whose margin fades
> Forever and forever when I move.

So it was with Pierre Curie and his wife. Their famous accomplishment opened a new world of interesting possibilities, a world which they longed above all things to explore.

Their one trouble was the difficulty of procuring enough of the precious element they had discovered to go on with their experiments. Because radium is not only rare, but also exceedingly hard to extract from the ore, it is a hundred times more precious than pure gold. It is said that five tons of pitchblende were treated before a trifling pinch of the magic powder was secured. It would take over two thousand tons of the mineral to produce a pound of radium. Moreover, it was not easy to secure the ore, as practically all the known mines were in Austria, and those in control wanted to profit as much as possible by this chance.

"It does seem as if people might not stand in the way of our obtaining the necessary material to go on with our work," lamented Pierre Curie. "What we discover belongs to the world—to any one who can use it."

"We have passed other lions in the way. This, too, we shall pass," said Madame Curie, quietly.

They lived in a tiny house in an obscure suburb of Paris, giving all that they possessed—the modest income gained from teaching and lecturing, their share of the Nobel prize of $40,000, which, in 1903, was divided between them and Professor Becquerel, together with all their time and all their skill and knowledge, to their work. For recreation they went for walks in the country with little Irene, often stopping for dinner at quaint inns among the trees. On one such evening, when Dr. Curie had just declined the decoration of the

Legion of Honor, because it had "no bearing on his work," his small daughter climbed on his knee and slipped a red geranium into his buttonhole, saying, with comical solemnity: "You are now decorated with the Legion of Honor. Pray, Monsieur, what do you intend to do about it?"

"I like this emblem much better than a glittering star on a bit of red ribbon, and I love the hand that put it there," replied the father, his face lighting up with one of his rare smiles. "In this case I make no objection."

Other honors, which meant increased opportunity for work, were quietly accepted. Pierre Curie was elected to the French Academy—the greatest honor his country can bestow on her men of genius and achievement. Madame Curie received the degree of Doctor of Physical Science, and—a distinction shared with no other woman—the position of special lecturer at the Sorbonne, in Paris.

One day in 1906, when Dr. Curie, his mind intent on an absorbing problem, was absent-mindedly hurrying across a wet street, he slipped and fell under a passing truck and was instantly killed. When they attempted to break the news to Madame Curie by telling her that her husband had been hurt in an accident, she looked past them with a white, set face, and repeated over and over to herself, as if trying to get her bearings in the new existence that stretched blackly before her, "Pierre is dead; Pierre is dead."

Now, as on that night when she was leaving Russia for an unknown world, she saw a gleam in the blackness— there was work to be done! There was something waiting in the shadowy future for her, something that she alone could do. As on that other night, she found her lips shaping the words: "The big world has need of little me. But oh, it will be hard now to work alone!" Then her eyes fell on her two little girls (Irene was now eight years old and baby Eve was three), who were standing quietly near with big, wondering eyes fixed on their mother's strange face.

"Forgive me, darlings!" she cried, gathering her children into her arms. "We must try hard to go on with the work Father loved. Together is a magic word for us still, little daughters!"

Everybody wondered at the courage and quiet power with which Madame Curie went out to meet her new life. She succeeded to her husband's professorship, and carried on his special lines of investigation as well as her own. The value of her work to science and to humanity may be indicated by the fact that in 1911 the Nobel prize was again awarded to her—the only time it has ever been given more than once to the same person.

At home, she tried to be father as well as mother. She took the children for walks in the evening, and while she sewed on their dresses and knitted them mittens and mufflers, she told them stories of the wonderland of science.

"Why do you take time to write down everything you do?" asked Eve one day, as she looked over her mother's shoulder at the neat note-book in which the world-famous scientist was summing up the work of the day.

"Why does a seaman keep a log, dearie?" the mother questioned with a smile. "A laboratory is just like a ship, and I want things shipshape. Every day with me is like a voyage—a voyage of discovery."

"But why do you put question marks everywhere, Mother?" persisted the child.

It was true that the pages fairly bristled with interrogation points. Madame Curie laughed as if she had never noticed this before. "It is good to have an inquiring mind, child," she said. "I am like my children; I love to ask questions. And when one gets an answer—when you really discover something—it only leads to more questions; and so we go on from one thing to another." When Madame Curie was asked on one occasion to what she attributed her success, she replied, without hesitation: "To my excellent training: first, under my father, who

taught me to wonder and to test; second, under my husband, who understood and encouraged me; and third, under my children, who question me!" It is the day of one of Madame Curie's lectures. The dignified halls of the university are a-flutter with many visitors from the world of wealth and fashion. There, too, are distinguished scientists from abroad, among whom are Lord Kelvin, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Sir William Ramsay. The President of France and his wife enter with royal guests, Don Carlos and Queen Amelie of Portugal, and the Shah of Persia. The plodding students and the sober men of learning, ranged about the hall, blink at the brilliant company like owls suddenly brought into the sunlight.

At a given moment the hum of conversation dies away and the assemblage rises to its feet as a little black-robed figure steps in and stands before them on the platform. There is an instant's stillness—a hush of indrawn breath you can almost hear—and then the audience gives expression to its enthusiasm in a sudden roar of applause.

The little woman lifts up her hand pleadingly. All is still again and she begins to speak.

She is slight, almost pathetically frail, this queen of science. You feel as if all her life had gone into her work. Her face is pale, and her hair is only a shadow above her serious brow. But the deep-set eyes glow, and the quiet voice somehow holds the attention of those least concerned with the problems of advanced physics.

Rank and wealth mean nothing to this little blackrobed professor. It is said that when she was requested by the president to give a special demonstration of radium and its marvels before the Shah of Persia, she amazed his Serene Highness by showing much more concern for her tiny tube of white powder than for his distinguished favor. When the royal guest, who had never felt any particular need of exercising self-control, saw the uncanny light that was able to pass through plates of iron, he gave a startled exclamation and made a

sudden movement that tipped over the scientist's material. Now it was the Lady Professor's turn to be alarmed. To pacify her, the Shah held out a costly ring from his royal finger, but this extraordinary woman with the pale face paid not the slightest attention; she could not be bribed to forget the peril of her precious radium. It is to be doubted if the eastern potentate had ever before been treated with such scant ceremony.

In 1911, Madame Curie's name was proposed for election to the Academy of Sciences. While it was admitted that her rivals for the vacancy were below her in merit, she failed of being elected by two votes. There was a general protest, since it was felt that service of the first order had gone unrecognized merely because the candidate happened to be a woman. It was stated, however, that Madame Curie was not rejected for this reason, but because it was thought wise to appoint to that vacancy Professor Branly, who had given Marconi valuable aid in his invention of wireless telegraphy, and who, since he was then an old man, would probably not have another chance for the honor. As Madame Curie, on the other hand, was only forty-three, she could well wait for another vacancy. Since the outbreak of the present war the world has heard nothing new of the work of the Heroine of Radium. We do not doubt, however, that like all the women of France and all her men of science, she is giving her strength and knowledge to the utmost in the service of her adopted country. But we know, also, that just as surely she is seeing the pure light of truth shining through the blackness, and that she is "following the gleam." When the clouds of war shall have cleared away, we may see that her labors now, as in the past, have not only been of service to her country, but also to humanity. For Truth knows no boundaries of nation or race, and he who serves Truth serves all men.

Herbert Hoover

A Citizen of the World

1874 – 1964

This is the story of a young hero of to-day—of a leader who has, we may well hope, as many rich, useful years before him as those that make the tale we are about to tell. History is not often willing to call a man happy—or a hero—while life lies ahead of him. Time can change everything. Time alone can prove everything. We must wait for the judgment of time, it is said.

We feel very sure, however, of the worth of the work of Herbert Clark Hoover, the man who gave up a business that meant the directorship of more than 125,000 workers in order that he might give his time and his powers to the task of feeding ten million helpless people in war-ravaged Belgium and northern France.

"If England could have availed herself of such talent for organization as H. C. Hoover has displayed in feeding the Belgians, we should be a good year nearer the end of the war than we are to-day," said a prominent member of the British Parliament.

"There is a man who knows how to get things done!" we are hearing said on every side. "If America should feel the pinch of war and famine, Mr. Hoover could meet the problem of putting us on rations, and there would be no food riots."

Who is this man who knows how to do things? In what school did he learn how to meet emergencies and how to

manage men?

They tell us he was a Quaker lad, born on an Iowa farm, who in his early boyhood moved to a farm in the far West. Was it because of this early transplanting—this change to new scenes, new problems, new interests—that he learned to see things in a big way and to get a grip on what really matters in Iowa, in Oregon, in the world?

"The first thing you think about Hoover," said a man who knew him in college, "is that he is a free soul and feels himself free. Most people are more or less hedged in by their own little affairs. His interests have no walls to shut him away from other people and their interests. He is a man who is in vital touch with what concerns other men." But we come once more to the question: how did he come by the vital touch which gives him this power over men and makes him in a very real sense a citizen of the world? You remember the exclamation of envious Cassius when he was protesting to Brutus against the growing influence of Cæsar:

Now in the names of all the gods at once, Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed, That he is grown so great?

Cassius was, of course, speaking in grudging scorn; but we often find ourselves thinking quite simply and sincerely that we would like to know what goes to the making of true power.

Sometimes we like to pretend that we can explain the making of a great man. We say, for example, of Lincoln: he early learned what it meant to meet hardship, so he was strong to endure; by hard times and hard work he learned the value of things, the things that really count; he knew what sorrow was, and the faith that is greater than grief, so he had a heart that could feel with, the sorrows of others and could help them to win faithfulness through suffering. Because a truly sympathetic heart beats with the joys as well as the griefs of others, he cared for the little things that go to make up the big thing we call living, and his warm human touch made him a friend of simple people, with an understanding of all. Thus

it was that he knew people in a real way and life in a true way, and so was able to be the leader of a nation in a time that tried the souls of the bravest. So we say, and fancy that we have explained Lincoln, But have we! Many other boys knew toil and want and sorrow, and many learned much, perhaps, in that hard school; but there was only one Lincoln.

We can, in truth, no more explain a great man than we can explain life itself. How is it that the acorn has power to take from the earth and air and sunshine the things that make the oak-tree, the monarch of the forest? How is it that of all the oaks in the woods of the world there are no two exactly alike? How is it that among all the children in a family, in a school, in a nation, there are no two really alike?

A boy I knew once put the puzzle in this way: "You would think that twins would be more truly twins than they are. But when they seem most twinsy, they're somehow different, after all!"

All that we can say is that each child is himself alone, and that as the days go by the things he sees and hears, the things he thinks about and loves, the things he dreams and the things he does, are somehow made a part of him just as the soil and sunshine are made into the tree.

What was it in the Iowa farm life that became a part of the Quaker boy, Herbert Hoover? He learned to look life in the face, simply and frankly. Hard work, resolute wrestling with the brown earth, made his muscles firm and his nerves steady. The passing of the days and the seasons, the coming of the rain, the dew, and the frost, and the sweep of the storm, awoke in his spirit a love of nature and a delight in nature's laws. "All's love, yet all's law," whispered the wind as it passed over the fields of bending grain. Since all was law, one might, by studying the ways of seed and soil and weather, win a larger harvest than the steadiest toil, unaided by reason and resource, could coax from the long furrows. It was clear that thinking and planning brought a liberal increase to the yield

of each acre. The might of man was not in muscle but in mind.

Then came the move to Oregon. How the Golden West opened up a whole vista of new ideas! How many kinds of interesting people there were in the world! He longed to go to college where one could get a bird's-eye view of the whole field of what life had to offer before settling down to work in his own particular little gardenpatch.

"I don't want to go to a Quaker school, or a college founded by any other special sect," he said. "I want to go where I will have a chance to see and judge everything fairly, without prejudice for or against any one line of thought."

"The way of the Friends is a liberal enough way for a son of mine, or for any God-fearing person," was his guardian's reply. "Thee must not expect thy people to send thee to a place of worldly fashions and ideas." "It looks as if I should have to send myself, then," said the young man, with a smile in his clear eyes, but with his chin looking even more determined than was its usual firm habit.

When Leland Stanford Junior University opened its doors in 1891, Herbert C. Hoover was one of those applying for admission. The first student to register for the engineering course, he was the distinguished nucleus of the Department of Geology and Mining. The first problem young Hoover had to solve at college, however, was the way of meeting his living expenses.

"What chances are there for a chap to earn money here?" he asked.

"The only job that seems to be lying about loose is that of serving in the dining-rooms," he was told. "Student waiters are always in demand."

The young Quaker looked as if he had been offered an unripe persimmon. "I suppose it's true that 'they also serve who only stand and wait,'" he drawled whimsically, "but somehow I can't quite see myself in the part. And any way," he added reflectively, "I don't know that I need depend on a

job that is 'lying about loose.' I shouldn't wonder if I'd have to look out for an opening that hasn't been offered to every passer-by and become shop-worn." He had not been many days at the university before he discovered a need and an opportunity. There was no college laundry, "I think that the person who undertakes to organize the clean-linen business in this academic settlement will 'also serve,' and he won't have to wait for his reward!" he said to himself.

The really successful man of business is one who can at the same time create a demand and provide the means of meeting it. The college community awoke one morning to the realization that it needed above everything else efficient laundry-service. And it seemed that an alert young student of mining engineering was managing the business. Before long it was clear, not only that the college was by way of being systematically and satisfactorily served in this respect, but that, what was even more important, a man with a veritable genius for organization had appeared on the campus. It soon became natural to "let Hoover manage" the various student undertakings; and to this day "the way Hoover did things" is one of the most firmly established traditions of Leland Stanford.

Graduating from the university in the pioneer class of 1895, he served his apprenticeship at the practical work of mining engineering in Nevada County, California, by sending ore-laden cars from the opening of the mine to the reducing works. He earned two dollars a day at this job, and also the opportunity to prove himself equal to greater responsibility. The foreman nodded approvingly and said, "There's a young chap that college couldn't spoil! He has a degree plus common sense, and so is ready to learn something from the experience that comes his way. And he's always on the job—right to the minute. Any one can see he's one that's bound for the top!"

It seemed as if Fate were determined from the first that the young man should qualify as a citizen of the world as well

as a master of mines. We next find him in that dreary waste of New South Wales known as Broken Hill. In a sunsmitten desert, whose buried wealth of zinc and gold is given grudgingly only to those who have grit to endure weary, parched days and pitiless, lonely nights, he met the ordeal, and proved himself still a man in No Man s Land. He looked the desert phantoms in the face, and behold! they faded like a mirage. Only the chance of doing a fullsized man's work remained.

The Broken Hill contract completed, he found new problems as a mining expert and manager of men in China. But he did not go to this new field alone. While at college he had found in one of his fellow-workers a kindred spirit, who was interested in the real things that were meat and drink to him. Miss Lou Henry was a live California girl, with warm human charm and a hobby for the marvels of geology. It was not strange that these two found it easy to fall into step, and that after a while they decided to fare forth on the adventure of living together.

It was an adventure with something more than the thrill of novel experience and the tonic of meeting new problems that awaited them in the Celestial Empire. For a long time a very strong feeling against foreigners and the changed life they were introducing into China had been smoldering among many of the people. There was a large party who believed that change was dangerous. They did not want railroads built and mines worked. The snorting locomotive, belching fire and smoke, seemed to them the herald of the hideous new order of things that the struggling peoples of the West were trying to bring into their mellow, peaceful civilization. The digging down into the ground was particularly alarming. Surely, that could not fail to disturb the dragon who slept within the earth and whose mighty length was coiled about the very foundations of the world. There would be earthquakes and other terrible signs of his anger.

The Boxer Society, whose name meant "the fist of

righteous harmony," and whose slogan was "Down with all foreigners," became very powerful. "Let us be true to the old customs and keep China in the safe old way!" was the cry of the Boxers. The "righteous harmony" meant "China first," and "China for the Chinese"; the "fist" meant "Death to Intruders!" There was a general uprising in 1900, and many foreigners and Chinese Christians were massacred. Mr. Hoover, who was at Tientsin in charge of important mining interests, found himself at the storm-center. It was his task to help save his faithfnl workers, yellow men as well as white, from the infuriated mob.

There was a time when it looked as if the rising tide of rebellion would sweep away all that opposed it before reinforcements from the Western nations could arrive. And when the troops did pour into Peking and Tientsin to rescue the besieged foreigners, another lawless period succeeded. Mr. Hoover found it almost as hard to protect property and innocent Chinese from soldiers, thirsty for loot, as it had been to hold the desperate Boxers at bay. The victorious troops as well as the vanquished fanatics seemed to have eaten on the insane root. That takes the reason prisoner.

The master of mines had a chance to prove himself now a master of men. He succeeded in safeguarding the interests of his company, and somehow he managed, too, to keep his faith in people in spite of the war madness. He never doubted that the wave of unreason and cruelty would pass, like the blackness of a storm. Reason and humanity would prevail, and kindly Nature would make each battle-scarred field of struggle and bloodshed smile again with flowers.

The adventure of living led the Hoovers to Australia, to Africa, to any and all places where there were mines to be worked. As manager of some very important mining interests Mr. Hoover's judgment was sought wherever the struggle to win the treasures of the rocks presented special problems. He had now gained wealth and influence, but he was too big a

man to rest back on what he had accomplished and content himself with making money.

"I have all the money I need," he said. "I want to do some real work; it's only doing things that counts." You know, of course, the joy of doing some thing quite apart from anything you have to do, just because you have taken up with the idea for its own sake. Then you run to meet any amount of effort, and work becomes play. Mr. Hoover and his wife now took up a task together with all the zest that one puts into a fascinating game. Can you imagine getting fun out of translating a great Latin book about mines and minerals?

"For some time I have looked forward to putting old Agricola into English," explained Mr. Hoover; "we are having a real holiday working it up."

"Who in the world was Agricola, and what does he matter to you?" demanded his friend, in amazement.

"Agricola, my dear fellow, was the Latinized name of a German mining engineer who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century—a time when it was not only the fashion to turn one's name into Latin, but to write all books of any importance in that language. He matters a good deal to any one who happens to be especially interested in the science of mining. This volume we are at work on is the corner stone of that science."

"How, then, does it happen that it has never been translated before?" asked the friend.

"Well," replied Mr. Hoover, with some hesitation, "you see it wasn't a particularly easy job. Agricola's Latin had its limitations, but his knowledge of minerals and mining problems was prodigious. Only a mining expert could possibly get at what he was trying to say, and most mining experts have something more paying to do than to undertake a thing of this kind."

"I see," retorted his friend, with a smile; "you are doing this because you have nothing more paying to do!" "Yes,"

replied Mr. Hoover, quietly, "there is nothing that is more paying than the thing that is your work—because you particularly want to do it."

Mr. Hoover would say without any hesitation that the work which he volunteered to do when the storm of the great war broke on Europe in August, 1914, was "paying" in the same way. This citizen of the world was at his London headquarters, from which, as consulting engineer, he was directing vast mining interests, when the panic of fear seized the crowds of American tourists who had gone abroad as to a favorite pleasure-park and had found it suddenly transformed into a battle-field. Hundreds of people were as frightened and helpless as children caught in a burning building. All at once they found themselves in a strange, threatening world, without means of escape.

"Nobody seemed to know what was to be done with us, and nobody seemed to care," explained a Vassar girl. "Their mobilizing was the only thing that mattered to them. There were no trains and steamers for us, and no money for our checks and letters of credit. Then Mr. Hoover came to the rescue. He saw that something was done, and it was done effectively. It took generalship, I can tell you, to handle that stampede—to get people from the Continent into England, to arrange for the advancement of funds to meet their needs, and to provide means of getting them back to America. They say he is a wonderful engineer, but I don't think he ever carried through any more remarkable engineering feat than that was!" The matter of giving temporary relief and providing transportation for some six or seven thousand anxious Americans was a simple undertaking, however, compared to Mr. Hoover s next task.

In the autumn of 1914 the cry of a whole nation in distress startled the world. The people of Belgium were starving. The terror and destruction of war had swept over a helpless little country leaving want and misery everywhere. There was need

of instant and efficient aid. Of course only a neutral would be permitted to serve, and equally of course, only a man used to handling great enterprises—a captain of industry and a master of men—would be able to serve in such a crisis. It did not take a prophet or seer to see in Herbert Clark Hoover, that master of vast engineering projects who had given himself so generously to helping his fellow-Americans in distress, a man fitted to meet the needs of the time. And Mr. Walter H. Page, American Ambassador to England, appealed to Mr. Hoover, American in London, citizen of the world and lover of humanity, to act as chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

"Who is this Mr. Hoover, and will he be really able to man and manage the relief -ship!" was demanded on every side, in America as well as in Europe.

"If anybody can save Belgium, he can," vouched Mr. Page. "There never was such a genius for organization. He can grasp the most complex problems, wheels within wheels and get all the cogs running in perfect harmony. Besides, he will have the courage to act promptly as well as effectively when once he has determined on the right course to pursue. He is not afraid of precedent and red tape. A man who has developed and directed large mining interests all over the world and who has been consulting engineer for over fifty mining companies, he cares more about doing a good job than making money. He's giving himself now heart and soul to this relief work, and we may be sure, if the thing is humanly possible, that he will find a way."

Can you picture to yourself the plight of Belgium after the cruel war-machine had mowed down all industries and trade and had swept the fields bare of crops and farm animals? Think of a country, about the size of the State of Maryland, so closely dotted with towns and villages that there were more than eight million people living there—as many people as there are in all our great western States on the Pacific side of

the Rocky Mountains. This smallest country of Europe was the most densely settled and the most prosperous. The Belgians were a nation of skilled workers. Many were makers of cloth and lace. The linen, woolen, and delicate cotton fabrics woven in Belgium were as famous as Brussels carpets and Brussels lace. Since it was a land particularly rich in coal, manufacturing of all sorts was very profitable. There were important metalworks; nail, wire, and brass factories; and workshops of gold and silver articles. The glass and pottery works were also important. Little Belgium was a veritable hive of busy workers, whose products were sent all over the world.

Of course, you can see that an industrial country like this would have to import much of its food. The small farms and market-gardens could not at best supply the needs of the people for more than three or four months of the year. Just as our big cities must depend on importing provisions from the country, so Belgium depended on buying food-stuffs from agricultural communities in exchange for her manufactured articles.

Now can you realize what happened when the war came? There was no longer any chance for the people to make and sell their goods. All the mills and metal-works were stopped. The conquerors seized all the mines and metals. Everything that could serve Germany in any way was shipped to that country. The railroads, of course, were in the hands of the Germans, and so each town and village was cut off from communication with the rest of the world. The harvests that had escaped destruction by the trampling armies were seized to feed the troops. Even the scattered farm-houses were robbed of their little stores of grain and vegetables.

The task with which Mr. Hoover had to cope was that of buying food for ten million people (in Belgium and northern France), shipping it across seas made dangerous by mines and submarines of the warring nations, and distributing it throughout an entire country without any of the normal

means of transportation. Let us see how he went to work. First he secured the help of other energetic, able young Americans who only wanted to be put to work.

Chief among these volunteers were the Rhodes-scholars at Oxford, picked men who had been given special opportunities and who realized that true education means ability to serve. Without confusion or delay the relief army was organized and the campaign for the war sufferers under way.

It was a business without precedents, a sea that had never been charted, this work of the Relief Commission. At a time when England was vitally and entirely concerned with her war problems and when all railroads and steamships were supposed to be at the command of the government, Mr. Hoover quietly arranged for the transportation of supplies to meet the immediate needs of Belgium. Going on the principle that "when a thing is really necessary it is better to do it first and ask permission afterward," Mr. Hoover saw his cargoes safely stowed and the hatches battened down before he went to secure his clearance papers.

"We must be permitted to leave at once," he declared urgently. "If I do not get four cargoes of food to Belgium by the end of the week, thousands are going to die of starvation, and many more may be shot in food riots." "Out of the question!" replied the cabinet minister, positively. "There is no time, in the first place, and if there were, there are no good wagons to be spared by the railways, no dock hands, and no steamers. Besides, the Channel is closed to merchant ships for a week to allow the passage of army transports."

"I have managed to get all these things," Hoover interposed, "and am now through with them all except the steamers. This wire tells me that these are loaded and ready to sail, and I have come to you to arrange for their clearance."

The distinguished official looked at Hoover aghast. "There have been men sent to the Tower for less than you have done, young man!" he exclaimed. "If it was for anything

but Belgium Relief—if it was anybody but you—I should hate to think of what might happen. As it is—I suppose I must congratulate you on a jolly clever coup. I'll see about the clearance papers at once." First and last, the chief obstacles with which the Relief Commission had to deal were due to the suspicions of the two great antagonists, England and Germany, each, of whom was bent on preventing the other from securing the slightest advantage from the least chance or mischance. Now it was the British Foreign Office which sent a long communication, fairly swathed in red tape, suggesting changes in relief methods, which, if carried out, would have held up the food of seven million people for two days. In this stress Mr. Hoover dispensed with the services of a clerk and wrote the following letter, which served to lighten a dark day at the Foreign Office, in his own hand:

> Dear Blank:
>
> It strikes me that trying to feed the Belgians is like trying to feed a hungry little kitten by means of a forty-foot bamboo pole, said kitten confined in a barred cage occupied by two hungry lions.
>
> Yours sincerely, HERBERT C. HOOVER

In April, 1915, a German submarine, in its zeal to nip England, torpedoed one of the Commission's food-ships, and somewhat later an aeroplane tried to drop bombs on another. Mr. Hoover at once paid a flying visit to Berlin. He was assured that Germany regretted the incident and that it would not happen again.

"Thanks," said Hoover. "Perhaps your Excellency has heard about the man who was bitten by a bad-tempered dog! He went to the owner to have the dog muzzled. "'But the dog won't bite you,' insisted the owner.

"'You know he won't bite me, and I know he won't bite me,' said the injured man, doubtfully, 'but the question is, does the dog know?'"

"Herr Hoover," said the high official, "pardon me if I leave you for a moment. I am going at once to let the dog know."

Another incident which throws light on the character and influence of our citizen of the world was related by Mr. Lloyd-George, the first man of England, to a group of friends at the Liberal Club, Here is the story in the great Welshman's own words:

"'Mr. Hoover,' I said, 'I find I am quite unable to grant your request in the matter of Belgian exchange, and I have asked you to come here that I might explain why.' Without waiting for me to go on, my boyish-looking caller began speaking. For fifteen minutes he spoke without a break— just about the clearest utterance I have ever heard on any subject. He used not a word too much, nor yet a word too few. By the time he had finished I had come to realize not only the importance of his contentions, but, what was more to the point, the practicability of granting his request. So I did the only thing possible under the circumstances—told him I had never understood the question before, thanked him for helping me to understand it, and saw that things were arranged as he wanted them."

As Mr. Lloyd-George was impressed by the quiet efficiency of his "boyish-looking caller," so the whole world was impressed by the masterly system with which the great work was carried forward. Wheat was bought by the shipload in Argentina, transported to Belgium, where it was milled and made into bread, and then sold for less than the price in London. The details of distribution were so handled as to remove all chance for waste and dishonesty; and finally, the cost of the work itself—the total expense of the Relief Commission—was less than one-half of one per cent, of the money expended.

Many of the Belgians were, of course, able to pay for their food. They had property or securities on which money could be raised. The destitute people were the peasants and wage-

earners whose only dependence for daily bread—their daily labor—had been taken from them by the war.

In the winter of 1917 Mr. Hoover came to America to tell about conditions in Belgium and the work of the Relief Commission. Looking his fellow-citizens quietly in the face he said: "America has received virtually all the credit for the help given, and we do not deserve it. Out of $250,000,000 that have been spent, only $9,000,000 have come from the United States, the rich nation blest with peace—who owes, moreover, much of her present prosperity to the misfortunes of the unhappy Belgians, for the greater part of the money expended for relief supplies has come to this country."

There is not a child in Belgium who does not know how Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American Ambassador, and other American "Greathearts," have stood by them in their terrible need, just as they know that the wonderful "Christmas Ship," laden with gifts from children to children, came from America. They have come to look on the Stars and Stripes as the symbol of all that is good and kind. In his book, "War Bread," Mr. Edward E. Hunt, who was one of the members of the Relief Commission, prints several letters from Belgian children. Here is one signed "Marie Meersman."

I have often heard a little girlfriend of mine speak of an uncle who sent her many things from America, and I was jealous. But now I have more than one uncle, and they send me more than my friend's uncle did, for it is thanks to you, dear uncles, that I have a good slice of bread every day.

All Americans who once realize that by far the greater part of the money spent for Belgium has come from the nations on whom the burdens of war are pressing most heavily must want America to do much more.

Do you know the story of the kind-hearted passer-by who was so moved by the misfortune of a workman, hurt in an accident, that he exclaimed aloud, in an agonized tone, "Poor fellow! Poor, poor fellow!" Another bystander, however,

reached in his pocket and drew out some money. "Here," he said, turning to the first speaker, "I am sorry five dollars worth. How sorry are you!"

That is the question that Mr. Hoover has put to America: "What value do you put on your thankfulness for peace and prosperity and your sympathy for a suffering people less fortunate than yourselves?"

As we look at Mr. Hoover, however, we say "In giving him to the work, America has at least given of her best." And we like to think that he is truly American because his interests and sympathies are as broad as humanity, because all mankind is his business, because in deed and in truth he is "a citizen of the world."