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CHRISTMAS DAY.

Let this day see all wrongs forgiven,
Let peace sit crowned in every heart,
Let bitter words be left unsaid,
Let each one take his brother's part;
Let sad lips learn to smile—
A day is such a little while!
Of all days, this is the shortest!

Let rich and poor together meet,
While words of kindness fill the air.
Let love spread roses in the way,
Though winter reigneth everywhere.
Let us know naught of craft or guile,
A day is such a little while!
Of all days, this is the shortest!

Let us help each with loving care,
Our brother on the way to heaven,
Let's lay aside all selfishness.
Let pride from every heart be driven,
Let Christmas Day bring many a smile.
A day is such a little while!
Of all days, this is the shortest!

A Simple Act That Foretold the Greatness of Three Men.

In Paris, in 1841, on a cold, foggy Christmas eve, a street violinist, old and shabby, was making his way along a street. He stopped in front of a cafe and began to play. His strains were so melancholy that street urchins took to their heels and a dog began to howl. The player in despair sat down on a step, laid his violin across his knees and began to sob.

Three young men appeared, singing a merry song then popular among conservatory students, and not perceiving the violinist ran full against him. One nearly knocked him over, and another kicked his hat along the sidewalk. As the old man arose with an air of mingled dignity and humility, the young men

begged his pardon and restored his hat to him. They asked if they could help him. He said, simply:

"Give me alms. I can no longer earn my living by playing, for my fingers have grown stiff. My daughter is dying of consumption and of hunger."

His hearers were deeply touched. They thrust their hands into their pockets and brought forth their whole contents, a total of 80 centimes and a piece of resin. It was very little. They looked at one another sadly.

"Friends," cried one, "something must be done. This man is our colleague, a brother musician. You, Adolphe, take the old violin and accompany Gustave, while I will take charge of the funds." The three men turned up their coat collars, drew their hair over their foreheads and pulled down their caps.

"Now, altogether," cried the leader, "in honor of the Christ-child in His manger. Begin with your prize piece, Adolphe, so as to draw a crowd." Beneath the practised touch of the young virtuoso the poor old man's violin resounded joyously, and the "Carnival of Venice" rang out. Windows were thrown open, people crowded around the player and silver pieces were dropped into the old man's hat, placed conspicuously under a street lamp. After a minute's pause, the violinist played a prelude. Charles, the leader, whispered: "It is your turn now, Gustave," and the tenor sang "Viens, Gentille Dame" in a strong, clear voice.

The audience increased, and the collection with it. Charmed at the success