

***LEOPOLD
KOMPERT***

***A GHETTO
VIOLET***

Leopold Kompert

A Ghetto Violet

From "Christian and Leah"

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Through the open window came the clear trill of a canary singing blithely in its cage. Within the tidy, homely little room a pale-faced girl and a youth of slender frame listened intently while the bird sang its song. The girl was the first to break the silence.

"Ephraim, my brother!" she said.

"What is it, dear Viola?"

"I wonder does the birdie know that it is the Sabbath to-day?"

"What a child you are!" answered Ephraim.

"Yes, that 's always the way; when you clever men can't explain a thing, you simply dismiss the question by calling it childish," Viola exclaimed, as though quite angry. "And, pray, why should n't the bird know? The whole week it scarcely sang a note: to-day it warbles and warbles so that it makes my head ache. And what's the reason? Every Sabbath it's just the same, I notice it regularly. Shall I tell you what my idea is?"

"The whole week long the little bird looks into our room and sees nothing but the humdrum of work-a-day life. To-day it sees the bright rays of the Sabbath lamp and the white Sabbath cloth upon the table. Don't you think I 'm right, Ephraim?"

"Wait, dear Viola," said Ephraim, and he went to the cage.

The bird's song suddenly ceased.

"Now you 've spoilt its Sabbath!" cried the girl, and she was so excited that the book which had been lying upon her lap fell to the ground.