

## AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S IN VICTORIAN YEARS

"That same first fiddler who leads the orchestra to-night  
Here fiddled four decades of years ago;  
He bears the same babe-like smile of self-centred delight,  
Same trinket on watch-chain, same ring on the hand with the bow.

"But his face, if regarded, is woefully wanner, and drier,  
And his once dark beard has grown straggling and gray;  
Yet a blissful existence he seems to have led with his lyre,  
In a trance of his own, where no wearing or tearing had sway.

"Mid these wax figures, who nothing can do, it may seem  
That to do but a little thing counts a great deal;  
To be watched by kings, councillors, queens, may be flattering to him  
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With their glass eyes longing they too could wake notes that appeal."

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Ah, but he played staunchly--that fiddler--whoever he was,  
With the innocent heart and the soul-touching string:  
May he find the Fair Haven! For did he not smile with good cause?  
Yes; gamuts that graced forty years'-flight were not a small thing!