

and her niece had gone to live with friends a day's journey away, life at the farm seemed to take on a certain emptiness. Fritz could not keep the image of Lily Vaughn out of his mind, and though he knew she could not be his, the occasional sight of her on the prairie or in the city, or when she called on his mother, as she did a time or two, set his heart beating and made the blood leave his face. To fill his mind with other ideas, he determined to take a course of evening lessons at the business college in the city, and during the time he spent there he was a most devoted student. But it was in music that he found a solace and relief that elsewhere, for a time at least, seemed to be denied to him. Opening the old harmonium one day, he began the task of teaching himself to master its difficulties, and though it was slow work, he persevered, to the great delight of his mother, who said that he inherited his father's gift. A few lessons perfected what he had begun, and now, as we draw near the Kingstone farm, we hear the beautiful phrases of one of Handel's symphonies floating out through the open window. Let us draw a little nearer and look in, though we will remain unseen. It seems there are visitors to-day, and as we draw closer we hear the sharp tones of Mrs. Anderson, and the softer ones of Jean McPherson.