

of music greeted her. It could not be Jack; she smiled at the thought. Perhaps it was a friend of Katy's and she had missed Jack. But louder, clearer—yes! from the old familiar room, so hallowed by the past—like an echo of the past came melodies sweet and exultant from the same old instrument she had loved and touched it seemed so long ago. A feeling of terror overcame her, an almost supernatural dread of what was to come chained her to the spot; but when again a familiar touching air broke the stillness, wooing her by its plaintive note, she grasped at the truth.

Yes, this was the answer to her prayers, the reward for faithful resistance of temptation. Thank God! She had fled to Hillsvew to welcome the lost one, to give him the letter she even now had with her, which she had brought from the grave of his mother to fulfil at last the sacred debt. Yes, he had come, the wanderer had returned. None but the lost one could ever enter those rooms and "bring forth harmony entrancing," telling her that here at last he was at home. He had found Katy, had come to her, and as the thought grew stronger,