

the time gone by ; but Sir Alan, in the memories it brought with it, forgot the unworthiness of the interpretation, and thought only of how happy and hopeful he had been in the days when he had last heard it sung. He was passionately fond of music and so was his wife, though neither of them were musicians (artistically speaking), and a very softened feeling came over him as he stood outside the drawing-room and listened to the dulcet German air. It brought back Alice in her prime to him—Alice, with soft, fair hair and tender eyes—and when at last he entered the room, it came almost like a shock to him to see his wife standing there, with every appearance of youth vanished for ever. His entrance caused a little commotion. Lady Chichester gave an exclamation, and the young lady at the grand piano jumped up and stood in a respectful attitude of expectation.

"Don't let me disturb you," were his first words.

"O Alan ! I am so glad you have come," cried his wife, "you will be charmed with Miss Murray's singing. And she is so clever too ! She never saw any of those songs before, and yet she can sing them straight off. They are *my* old songs, you know. Miss Murray has not unpacked her own music yet."

"I recognized the last one, Alice, as having been one of yours. But you have not yet introduced me to this young lady."

"How silly of me ! I was forgetting you have not met. Miss Murray, this is my husband, Sir Alan Chichester. I am sure he will delight in your music,"

"It will be at Sir Alan's service," replied Miss Murray, deferentially, but as she bowed to her new