

Betty protested, but in the end it was decided that she should reap the benefit of her Aunt's generosity.

Jean went to bed that night, thinking of music and dreaming of the time when her opportunity would come, but she did not regret the generous impulse which had caused her to give the chance to Betty.

A few days passed, and the day of Betty's first lesson came and as she watched her depart, Jean could not help feeling rather sad, but she pushed her despondency from her and returned to the house.

That night another letter came. It was from the Matron of a small children's hospital nearby. She knew Jean well and had heard and admired her playing. In her letter she asked Jean to come to the hospital on the following day, to play to the small children.

Jean gladly consented, and set off the next day to play at the hospital, eager to make the little ones happy for a few hours. The children were cheered by her music, and when she left, Jean carried with her a vision of happy, loving faces, and in her ears was the sound of wistful, childish voices begging her to come again. After this she went to the hospital to put joy into the hearts of the little patients.

One day, as Jean sat sewing on the verandah of their home, a man called, and when Mrs. Dunstan went to the door Jean heard the stranger inquire, "Does Miss Jean Dunstan live here?"

"Jean," called Mrs. Dunstan, "here's a gentleman to see you."

Jean grew quite excited and went to meet her visitor. He told her his name was Moreton. She looked at him with surprise and said, amazingly,

"Mr. Moreton, the musician? Oh, it couldn't be!"

"It is," said the stranger, smilingly.

He then told her that his little son had been a patient in the hospital at which Jean played, and that the child had praised her playing so highly that he had come to hear her play.

Jean brought her violin, and with flushed, eager face she opened her case. She felt very nervous and her fingers trembled, but when she began to play all her fears vanished and she played as she had never done before.

When she had finished, Mr. Moreton praised her and told her she had great talent.

"My child," he said, "if you only had tuition you would make a marvellous player and, because of what you have done for