

## *A Musical Fancy*

BY LOUIS C. MONIN.

THE finite is forever attempting to remain in tune with the infinite. But only the best of mortals have been able to attune their lives to the harmony of the spheres. Most men succeed in this only at rare intervals of their discordant strenuousness, and many are out of tune all their life. Those who blow their horn the loudest are generally



farthest from chiming in with the sweet melody of the season's greetings, and while they pretend to lead the band they are in reality disturbing the measure and the rythm of the concert by accentuating their personal note, either at the wrong moment, or with a fortissimo mal place.

The world is indeed like a great orchestra, where, according to his whims and his capacity, every one is playing a different instrument, be-

lieving it to be the most important of all. Of course, we will wish to play the first violin, but on looking the field over and considering the difficulties we are finally glad to be kept at work playing second fiddle. One man is interested in the kettle-drum and the money market; another likes to breathe the flute in the solitude of a moonlit summer