

struck down inside the organ, and sounded various and discordant pipes whether the organist liked it or no. This "ciphering" I at once perceived was on the swell. In a second I heard a handful of swell-stops pushed hastily in, and the Psalms were finished on the Great and Choir. When the Anthem began, the first few chords told me, plainly enough, that the swell was now all right—the ciphering had been cured.

Now I knew, that in all probability, the organist must have got at the key action to effect this, and I also knew that, in that clumsily-arranged instrument, he could not do this without going inside. At once it struck me—had he left the little side door open? If he had, now was my opportunity. I slipped up the winding stair-case, and crept cautiously along the top of the screen till I hid myself behind the organ. Unfortunately for me, the side door was near the bellows-handle, and so long as the man who blew sat near I could do nothing. However, as this was a sermon Sunday, I had plenty of time; so I kept still in my hiding place, and bided my time. The bellows-blower might go to sleep, or he might leave the organ-loft for a few minutes during the sermon. The Dean gave out his text, and commenced one of his dreary and lengthy compositions. I cannot say I was very attentive. I was too fully occupied in watching my man. Slowly and ponderously the learned Dean got through his introduction and the first of his three heads. Just as he proceeded with "Secondly," the bellows-blower, to my great joy, softly left the organ loft, while the organist was all right in front, listening hard, it is to be hoped, to the Dean's sermon. In a moment I slipped round, when I found the coast was clear, and came upon the little side door open! I doubled myself up and got in. I went cautiously on hands and knees across the top of the bellows, and after several hairbreadth escapes reached the rods of the great organ tops, with the composition rollers working above and below. I softly got off the bellows at the side farthest from the side door, and here I had to place myself into the most uncomfortable position it is possible to conceive. I had just room for my two legs, but none for the upper part of my body. A large beam projected just into the very spot where my shoulders ought

to have been; so I had to bend my head forward over the top of the reservoir-bellows, with a row of sharp wire screw-ends above, lying across the nape of the neck. The composition pedal-work was now in front of me nearly, and, pulling out a small rule, I immediately commenced my investigation and measurement. Meanwhile, I could hear the heavy theological Dean droning out his interminable sermon. For the first time in my life I admired his rolixity, for every additional subdivision of his subject gave me so much more time for my work. I knew full well that, when the sermon came to an end, my little excursion must also terminate, for the organist would then commence his concluding voluntary. I heard a faint sound at the back of the organ, of which, however, I did not take much notice. I supposed (and rightly) that it was the blower returning to his post, and I naturally calculated the small gratuity which would suffice to buy his silence when I made my exit through the dark little door opposite. How far the Dean had advanced in his sermon I could not tell exactly, but I knew he was deep in "Thirdly," and I thought to myself it was nearly time for me to get out. I had just resolved upon this, and was folding up my two-foot rule and my paper of memoranda, when my attention was attracted by a subdued, creaking sound. I looked round; and by the dusty twilight which prevailed inside the organ, I just saw enough to suspect that the bellows-blower had begun to put in the wind. In the greatest consternation I put my hand upon the top of the reservoir-bellows just before me. Yes, it was too true; the wind was put in, ready for the concluding voluntary. It must be remembered that my head was of necessity bent forward, that my face was looking down upon the top of the bellows, and that I was so securely wedged into this position that it was only by scrambling across the top of the bellows I could possibly get out; and this was only possible when the wind was out and the bellows at its lowest level. Immediately when I saw the difficulty I endeavoured to get one leg upon the bellows, in the hope I might be able to scramble over it to the other side before it rose much higher. But it had already risen too high for this. Every movement of the handle, worked by the man outside, raised the large moving surface an ad-