

counted upon in advance, not only did not praise them, but had openly declared that a change must be made, or he could not attend the church. Nothing else was talked about at the "Green Lion" and its rival hostelry, the "Neville Arms," as well as at every doorstep down the village street. Suddenly the news spread that the 'Squire was going to give an organ to the Church. Organs in these days—I am telling of the time soon after Waterloo—were very rare in village churches in England. Who would play it? and would it really be better than our well-tryed orchestra of a generation's experience? Mr. Botts the miller observed a diplomatic silence. All that could be extracted from him was the observation that "*time will show*," an opinion which shared with the oracles of Delphi the unquestionable advantage of not committing its author to any serious extent. The school-master was very satirical, and satire was a terrible weapon with him. "We aren't good enough for travelled gentle-folks, and that's the truth," he exclaimed. "We must have a frog-eating Frenchman, I suppose, to play, or a German; a plain Englishman won't do now!"

The 'Squire talked the matter over with the old vicar, Mr. Hamilton. "I have the very thing to suit," he was saying. "Look at this advertisement." He produced a newspaper cutting, which ran as follows;—

GREAT BARGAIN!

To be sold, a splendid organ, plays six sacred and six secular tunes. Three expression stops. Clockwork in excellent order. Price £15. Apply to Messrs. Moses & Levison, etc.

"You see," said 'Squire Neville, "this obviates the difficulty about a player. You have not even a handle to turn. You simply wind up the clockwork, and stop the instrument when you please." Our Vicar was one of those excellent persons who have neither strong prepossessions nor desire to enforce their private tastes. In reality he had a liking for the quaint performance of his old parishioners, to which he had listened for so many years, and which seemed as much an integral part of the church service as the "Amen" of the parish clerk. But he liked the young 'Squire; he knew that sooner or later the three old parishioners would pass away from their present activity, and he felt it to be right to provide for the future while opportunity offered. So he took in hand to conciliate the miller and his colleagues. He thanked them for their long and useful service and assured them that on all grand occasions, such as for the Christmas Carols, they would still be in request, since the new organ did not include "Good King Wenceslas" in its repertory. And, besides, the ungrateful villagers were themselves full of curiosity about this wonderful instrument, which could play twelve tunes without even the turning of a handle. Such, alas, is the fleeting nature of human popularity! Already the opposition was fading away, and the 'Squire's offer was accepted by a large majority.

Next week the organ was brought down to Ferndale and fixed in the Church. It was too large to be taken up the narrow stairs leading to the gallery, so it was placed in the chancel, where its ornamental proportions were visible to all.

A select audience was privileged to hear a preliminary performance, conducted by Mr. Moses himself, who had brought the instrument down from Gorchester, our county-town. The tone was certainly loud and penetrating, and the Old Hundredth, St. Anne's, and other favorite tunes, were given forth with considerable effect. Even the school-master, whose expression at first had been supercilious, softened at length into a grudging admiration, when the three "expression stops" were successively tried. The first stop was called "Grand Organ," and it added to the bass a booming or growling sound of mixed character, something like the effect of a distant menagerie. Of the second, entitled "Vox Angelica," it was difficult to judge, since angels' voices, as Mr. Botts remarked) are an infrequent matter of experience. It was slightly squeaky, perhaps, but as Mr. Moses justly said, "a good carrying effect." But no cavils were uttered concerning the third, a "Tremolo" stop. It certainly bore out its title. "Quite worth the full value of the organ," said Mr. Moses, with professional pride, as it gurgled and fluttered its way, very appropriately through "*We're all a nodding*," one of the secular melodies belonging to our organ's repertoire. The verdict was one of universal satisfaction, and all looked forward to next Sunday, when the first public performance would be heard.

Never was our little church so full as on that day, The landlord of the "Green Lion" actually appeared, the little Ebenezer chapel was empty that morning. David Potts, our parish clerk and sexton, was the great man now, and even the Vicar was nowhere that day. It was David's place, after full instructions from the proprietor, to manage the stops and arrest the instrument when the psalm-tune was completed. In due course we came at last to the point, where "in Quires and places where they sing, followeth the Anthem." The parish clerk advanced to the instrument, while the Vicar read the opening lines: "*All people that on earth do dwell*," etc., and soon the organ sent forth the well-known strains. The children were too excited to sing; everybody gazed with wondering admiration at the instrument, and were grieved when the fourth verse terminated, wishing that the music could only continue. Their wish was to be gratified in an unexpected manner. Hardly had the Vicar uttered the first words of the prayer for King George the Fourth, when a strange sound was heard from the organ, something between a grunt and a click, and to our astonishment another hymn-tune began.

The clerk rushed from his pew to the too officious instrument, and pressed upon the knob supposed to silence it—in vain. He merely added the "Grand Organ" to the existing sounds, and St. Anne's tune proceeded for six verses with the growling bass effect already described. The 'Squire, rather red in the face, now emerged from his pew, and attempted to conquer the stream of superfluous music, but his efforts were as unsuccessful as those of the clerk. He only let loose the "Vox Angelica," and the next hymn-tune sounded like a duet between a sick baby and a mastiff. The Vicar who had hitherto sat still in his reading-desk, now whispered to the 'Squire. Clearly he advised him to