

doesn't matter, we only want you because you are a married lady, as a sort of chaperone."

On one girl's shoulders—Miss Uniacke, afterwards Mrs. William Cogswell—in this choir, rested much responsibility. The organist was apt to be late. The organ would be opened, the book set up on the desk, the choir would sit breathless, the bells cease ringing, tap, tap on the stairway, the welcome sound of the organist's boot heels, a rustle, a rush, and with one hand on the keys, and the other on the organ bench, into her place vaulted the organist, keeping clear of the pedals in some wonderful way. The "Voluntary" was saved!"

The chants were liable to an accident which arises from the organist playing No. 71, whilst the singers sang No. 72. On one such occasion when the choir had righted itself with wonderful "skill and dexterity" by singing "by ear" the unfortunate girl who "bossed" affairs was seen shaking the gentle, inoffensive organist as she sat on the bench—"How *could* you do such a thing?" It was very funny. I do not pretend to say who was to blame—the choir or the organist, or the scrap of paper called the "programme." "Somebody had blundered," that is certain.

There were lively little insects that