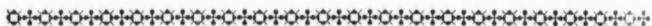


denly gave way, the strain had been too great. "My child," said he, addressing his daughter, "continue in my place." The young girl mastering her emotion obeyed. The music continued but its expression changed : it grew sweeter still, plaintively sobbing under the lofty arches. The hymn finished, she looked at her father ; he smiled, glancing longingly from her to the organ as if mutely requesting more. With loving intuition she divined exactly what he would like, drew a certain key and lightly struck, the notes when heavenly voices resounded sweet and clear, like a choir of Seraphims in the distance—*Salve Regina*, they sang to the accompaniment of such simple and touching chords that the echo seemed like a celestial concert.

The pale emaciated face of the organist was transfigured as the notes fell in space thrilling and sweet as tears of happiness. The fair organist herself seemed under the influence of the heavenly accord vibrating under her fingers ; the docile organ sang and wept simultaneously : O clement, O pious, O sweet Virgin Mary... As the last note died away, Estelle turned for her father's approval, his lips still smiled but his soul had gone to enjoy the beatific vision of the "Master Artist" in His glorious Home ; to listen to music such as ear had never heard. In an agony of grief, the bereaved girl threw her arms around the still warm form, moaning, "Father ! Father."

"Do not grieve so bitterly, my child," gently whispered the venerable Canon, "your Father has had the most beautiful death a Christian Artist could dream of."



### The Hour of Adoration.



*There is an hour of calm relief  
From every throbbing care ;  
'Tis when, before the throne of grace,  
I kneel in secret prayer.*

*I hear seraphic tones that float  
Amid celestial air,  
And bathe my soul in streams of joy,  
Alone in secret prayer.*