

ninetieth Psalm was sung to Purcell's music, and the Dean read the appointed lesson. Away in the transepts was the hushed crowd, straining with painful eagerness to catch the words of the lesson; at the end of the choir the Dean could be but faintly seen, and his voice was only fitfully heard as it echoed through the lofty Gothic arches; and away beyond were the thousands in the gloom of the nave, who were intent to hear the "Meditation." With great appropriateness and delicacy this had been selected from one of the sweet poems of the poet's long-dead wife who sleeps in her beloved Florence, herself the most gifted of all women who ever spake the English tongue:

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slopes men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

The words seemed like a welcome from the restful world, the reality of which has been the chief theme of her husband's work. It was known that Dr. Bridge had set these words of surpassing beauty to music for this service. A boy's voice of pure sweetness was heard carrying the first line, the herald of the diapasened harmony of the full choir in the four following lines, and sinking into subdued and assuring tenderness in the last line. Of the second stanza, the first four lines were given