

what I am saying. It is my last request." With their assistance he walked the few steps separating him from his cherished friend of years. There in the semi-darkness, lit up only by the flickering candles, his head resting on the Canon's shoulder whose arms supported him, he touched the key-board. Slowly and faintly through the



deserted Cathedral rose the dying man's tribute, growing gradually more solemn and feeling as it lost itself in the *Adoro te devote, latens Deitas*, with a living pathos like a human voice. The Canon, Estelle and the gentle nurse, one of the far-famed sisters of charity, burst into sobs; the player alone remained calm wafting his last homage heavenwards, as it changed into a *Nunc Dimittis* and finally into a triumphant *Alleluia*. His strength sud-