

antique tribune tremble : *Morte surrexit hodie. Alleluia ! Alleluia !* sang they in such exultant joy that the kneeling congregation, carried away by holy enthusiasm, spontaneously rose and with and immense voice like the sea joined in the chorus, the immortal and triumphant *Alleluia*, the Saviour's hymn, the hymn of Jesus conqueror of death.

After the ceremony, the delighted organist returned to his room and tenderly embraced his daughter, saying : " Ah, my dear child, that is music, true music, music that speaks to the soul and uplifts it to its God — never play any other."

From that day the organist failed rapidly. Had he had a foretaste of what the heavenly *Alleluia* would be and did he sigh for its coming? We know not, but each day seemed to weigh more heavily upon him, his strength visibly declined, yet his intellect remained perfectly clear and active. The following Sunday he was so weak that he could scarcely finish accompanying the last psalms of Compline and leaning on his daughter's arm returned to his own room where from the threshold he cast a lingering look full of sadness on the cherished organ which, perhaps, he might never play again. The next day, for the first time in nearly three quarters of a century, he was absent from his post and his instrument silent, the small organ of Maitrise alone accompanying the Chapter offices.

The organist was seriously ill, the end was but a question of a few hours. His life-long friend, the Canon, administered the last sacraments and spent the day with him consoling him and gently exhorting him to appear with confidence before that good God whose praises he had sung so sublimely and so frequently. Night had cast her sable mantle over the sleeping city : Estelle who hiding her tears remained in constant attendance on her father refusing to leave him for a moment, was now seated in an easy chair apparently dozing. Near the sick man's couch the Canon kept watch quietly reading his breviary. Suddenly, the invalid opened his eyes whispering faintly : " My friends lead me once more to my organ." They thought he was raving ; but he insisted, repeating in a louder tone, " Please humour me. I know