

smaller one, retreated like a wounded lion to the shelter of a Gothic grating behind which his daughter assisted at the ceremony. There, he listened, shaking his head and scolding under his breath :—" Go ahead, gentlemen. Show your talent, exert your skill, do justice to your renown, make your instrument exult, praise, triumph, do your best : by and by, I shall have my turn."

In fact, scarcely had the feeble voice of the Archbishop

intoned the paschal hymn at the conclusion of Mass that the old organist sprang towards his organ, like an eagle towards its prey, and with aged fingers as yellow and hard as the notes themselves struck up the triumphant hymn. Then, the decorous monotony which had reigned in that tribune for so many years was



broken. The organist's daughter sat gazing intently at her Father completely

under the sway of his glorious music, feeling all that was passing in his soul, understanding the musical effects desired by him whose soul and hers seemed but one, she ran her slender fingers up and down the registers with the quaint titles : Heavenly voices, Thunder of the Lord, Ocean waves, with the result that the air entered in torrents causing fifteen thousand tubes to respond in powerful soul-uplifting harmony, filling the vaulted arches, the vast naves, making the old wood work of the