
THE MUSIC LOVER

Fate and the human soul, the orchestra answered to the master's will as if it were a single instrument.

And so, for a time, it seemed to the Lover of Music as he looked down upon it from his lofty place. With what precision the bows of the violins moved up and down together; how accurately the wood-winds came in with their gentler notes; how regularly the brazen keys of the trumpets rose and fell, and the long, shining tubes of the trombone slid out and in. Such varied motions, yet all so limited, so orderly,