

## A DAY WITH CHARLES GOUNOD.

In a silence almost reverent, the guests disperse themselves: the master, lost in a dream of love and loveliness, sits solitary in his easy chair. All too soon the outer world will again make urgent claim upon him: for he must spend the whole evening in social functions whence there is no escape, and will literally not have a moment to call his own. But now as the winter evening deepens into darkness, he remains for a little space plunged in a fathomless deep of reverie: and celestial voices call and make answer above it, like nightingales over the darkness of a mid-May wood. . . . "*O ma lyre immortelle!*" he quotes in a pensive murmur to himself, "I think I have not touched thy notes in vain."