

Father Balland, baton in hand, ready to give the signal to begin. O that medley of Irish airs! The mere recollection of it sets my pulses galloping! And it ended with the air, till then unknown to me, but ever since regarded as sweeter far than any of those old Irish melodies to which Sir John Stevenson has set Moore's verses Balfe's *Killarney*.

Shortly after the publication of Du Maurier's famous novel, I was importuned to read it by a friend who was anxious to get my opinion of its literary merits. He brought it to me and it lay for a fortnight on my table before I did more than look at the pictures. Every time my friend came in and he came often—he asked "Well, what do you think of *Trilby*? Not read it yet?" At last, one evening, I picked it up, determined to do it at one sitting. Page after page was turned, without any stronger feeling being roused than mild admiration for the cleverness of the author, joined with strong disapproval of some of his scenes and remarks. But when I came to the chapter where "three musketeers of the brush" go to Midnight Mass at the Madeleine, and "Little Billee" is rapt into ecstasy as, on the stroke of twelve, "the finest baritone in France" bursts forth.

"Minuit Chrétiens! c'est l'heure solennelle
Où l'Homme-Dieu descendit parmi vous!"

My heart gives a leap, and I say to myself "I have heard that before!" But where? Let me think. Yes, on Christmas Eve, in the College Chapel; it was not "the finest baritone in France," nor yet in Canada, but a very good baritone nevertheless—Brother Emard, I think. And if the mere memory of it can thrill me thus at this hour, what wonder that "Little Billie" was lifted out of himself as he heard Roucouly's magnificent voice ringing out the glad refrain of Adam's grand composition,

"Noël! Noël! Voici le Rédempteur!"

A few months later than this I was

one of a large congregation gathered in a cathedral for the Bishop's Jubilee Mass. The choir, always a good one, surpassed itself on that occasion, and, it is to be feared, distracted the attention of many from the ceremonies within the sanctuary. Without taking any credit for it, I claim to have been more interested in the latter until the organ sounded the first notes of the *Agnus Dei*. From that moment I was lost to my environment. Half a score of years had passed since I heard those notes for the first time, but not in sacred music. The College Hall is packed to suffocation—the galleries crowded with students, the auditorium with parents and friends. The orchestra strikes up, and one at least of a quartette of "chums" thinks he is "just floating in heaven." "Bah!" some one will say, "That old cantata is a chestnut." Well, I have heard it a good many times now, and it will never be a "chestnut" to me. When I heard a few bars of its music that morning in the cathedral, it aroused feelings just as fresh as on that "day afore vacation," when I sat beside my three friends and thought how wonderfully the skill of the composer could voice the sentiments then mingled in my soul—joy because "we're off for home in the morning"—sorrow at parting from those who first made me understand the meaning of some lines in *The Meeting of the Waters*. That parting was only for a time—since then I have parted from those three friends never to see their faces again on this side of the dark river.

"What mass was that you sung to-day Professor?" I asked eagerly after I had congratulated the choirmaster on the result of his labors. "O it wasn't all one composition; the Gloria was Gounod's." "But whose was the *Agnus Dei*?" He had forgotten the name of the composer and turned to the pile of music on his arm—"W. A. Leonard." That fully explained it. He too had heard the cantata many times and loved it and when he