

furnished the necessary air to supply the innumerable tubes. And vast was the volume required when on great festivals, the old organist, with eyes raised to heaven, ecstatically gave forth the magnificent hymns befitting the occasion; when vibrating under his master-touch the grand instrument intoned the majestic *Veni Creator*, or the triumphant *Te Deum*; or when at midnight mass, the kneeling congregation melted into tears while the sweet joyous strains of the Christmas carols filled their hearts with such peace and good-will as might have been sung by the watching angels long years ago under the stars of Bethlehem.

This musician of the old school had an instinctive dislike for modern music; according to his idea sacred was the only music in which art attained its apogee. And he held to his opinion so tenaciously that he would not listen to any argument on the subject. "Do you know what impression your modern artists make?" he asked, waxing warm:

"They play beautiful musical passages wherein the cultured may admire their skill and praise their talent. You are kneeling to pray when suddenly the music of their instruments falls upon your ear instantly in spite of yourself, the spirit of criticism takes possession of you, you examine the worth of such and such a passage, the atmosphere of prayer evaporates, your soul loses itself in dreams, you become the slave of the artist and only when you are about to leave the Church do you realize the sad truth that though you enjoyed the music you did not pray. On the other hand, listen to the opening bars of a *Sacris Solemnis*, of a *Laudu Sion*, of an

