



## THE ORGANIST.



NOT many years ago, in one of the most ancient Cathedral of France, lived an organist so old that he could not remember his exact age but who calculated he must be somewhere in the close vicinity of four score and ten. For the last sixty years, he had been a daily familiar figure, seated on his high stool in the organ loft accompanying the Chapter and Parochial offices of the monastic edifice. Though his frail appearance during the last few years betokened his failing strength, nevertheless his life-long position was filled with the same loving fidelity as in his early vigour. He was a skilful artist, one of the old school, and gifted with such a wonderful memory that for many a day the antique missals, seve with age, and the heavy Gregorian antiphonals with massive leather clasps had been unused by him and lay undisturbed in their accumulated covering of dust.

Passionately fond of his art, he was happy only when seated at his organ, an ancient colossal instrument into which he seemed to breathe his very soul and which in its turn awakened in that soul an enthusiastic desire an insatiable longing to lead souls upwards by the expressive magnetism of its voice, whether attuned to major or minor chords. Being naturally shy, he felt more at ease when no outsiders were present and in order to dispense with their assistance he planned a unique and thoroughly successful system of enormous weights which by the aid of an ingenious mechanism a child could easily wind up and which in their noiseless and slow descent