

composers, and nowhere does he display in grander style this happy combination than in his work of predilection, St. Cecilia's Mass. The ardent, almost heart-breaking supplications of the *Kyrie* unveil an entirely new world of harmonies, whilst in the *Sanctus* we are taken up to heaven among the blessed spirits singing together the praises of God. The accords swell more and more as they pass higher from the army of the elect up to the highest choirs of Angels till all the Blessed, in accents of impassioned joy and transports of happiness, proclaim to all the echoes of heaven: Holy, Holy, Holy Lord of Hosts!

Some passages of the *Credo* have such a power of dramatic description that we literally see our Lord's shattered frame and mangled body hanging down from the gibbet, nailed on His Cross, abandoned by all on earth, His humanity cries out to heaven: "My God, My God, have you too abandoned me?" At the awful sound a hush falls upon the noisy crowd, Nature herself seems to hold her breath, the midday sun grows dim as though night, with a veil of darkness, would fain shut out from mortal eyes the horrible scene. Then darkness and silence; the weird horror of the scene is intensified by the wails of Magdalen, the sobs of Mary and the dreary moans of the dying Christ. The earth trembles, the storm-cloud bursts, the thunder booms, the lightning flashes through the darkness and lights up, with a ghastly glare, the white limp figure of the dead Savior on the Cross. . . . Then—sublime transition—Nature, like a gigantic pipe-organ, breaks forth in a torrent of harmony, and, in a paroxysm of demented joy, roars to the four ends of the earth the glad tidings: Resurrection! . . . Resurrection!

These sublime things are, if not all expressed, at least all suggested to the Christian hearer by the passionate accents of that *Credo*. O divine power of art!

We had the audacity to ask the Choir-master for another rendering of Gounod's Mass. The request was granted and, on the second Sunday of Lent, we were at our post by the pipe organ as faithfully as a body-guard at the King's palace-door.