

voice peal out with the grand organ, to express the feelings that struggled for fulfilment. No thought of winning praise, no thought of wooing people by his power, mixed with Sefton's desire to sing. The desire was part of his nature. It was the inclination of genius.

The grey, old bachelor choir master kept his protégé secluded until he had educated him to a certain pitch in musical knowledge, then he introduced him into the choir, and for the first time in his life, Sefton tasted to his fullest capacity—joy.

He would have been quite content to go on mixing his voice with a hundred others, singing just for the sake of singing, but his patron was ambitious for him—he must sing a solo.

It was late in the summer when Sefton made his first attempt. He was not excited. He waited patiently until the time came, then, oblivious to everything else, sang. Clear, liquid, sweet: wonderfully sweet;

more than sweet—thrilling. Full of some undefinable charm were his notes. The careless surpliced lads around him were enthralled. The congregation, scattered about the huge building, opened their hearts to the glorious sound, and after the solo, the rush of music from the organ and choir seemed like a flood of icy water.

The bishop's daughter, dreaming in the

recesses of her favourite corner, clasped her hands like an adoring saint when the solo began, and uttered a sobbing sigh when it ended. After the service she intercepted the choir master. "Who is he, Mr. Chardon? Who is that boy who took the solo? What a glorious voice!"



GLORIOUS MUSIC PASSED THROUGH THE LAD'S SOUL.

Sefton had thrown off his surplice, and had rushed after his master. He sprang down the steps, passed through the low arched portal and came face to face with a beautiful girl.

"This is the boy," said the choir master quietly. The girl looked at the lad's plain face and angular form. She met the look of his innocent dark eyes, then stretched out