

her hand. "You gave me great pleasure," she said, as she touched his fingers. It was much for the bishop's daughter to say, for she was very proud—very proud and very beautiful.

She walked by the side of the choir master, and as Sefton had disappeared, she learnt his history. The choir master, charmed by the young girl's loveliness and gentle manners, told her many of the plans he had made for the boy's future, and she listened with the air of one who does not care much to hear; but afterwards, as she walked across the grass to Bishop's Court, she cried, half aloud: "Ugly—low. Yet, oh, what a voice! I would give up everything to possess such power, to fill the cathedral with such sweet sound, to move the hearts of the people. I could make emperors my servants, and the world should bow to me. I would make passion and pain and triumph speak in living words."

These thoughts came in a wave of anger. Her ambition was very strong, and sullied with girlish vanity, but tinged, too, with a great love for music. She had within her the desire to become famous, and some of the power that would give talent fame. Had she possessed such a voice, she would have been capable of carrying out her ambition.

Sefton, in his pure love for music, won some of the triumphs which the proud girl would have risked so much to gain. People thronged to hear him. Never even in the times of natural calamity or natural rejoicing, not even when the old cathedral echoed the wail for those slain in battle, for the fall of kings, or the triumph of victory, had the sacredness and solemnity of the building seemed so impressive as when filled with the music of that boy's wonderful voice!

The bishop's daughter, with that touch of ecclesiastical fervour which affects the women of church dignitaries, sat with clasped hands through the long services, hearing only one voice, feeling only the emotions that the singer expressed, yet supremely conscious that the power that thrilled her, and thrilled

the congregation, proceeded from that pale-faced, dark-eyed boy.

In her own romantic mind, in her exaggerated idea of the power of this expression, she raised the singer to a pedestal to which she, in her vanity, would have raised herself, had she possessed his voice. And the owner, simple, unaffected, a child in innocence and ignorance of the world, sang out his full soul in the ecstasy of his own delight. It was a pity that he could not have gone on singing in that unconsciousness of effect, moving men's hearts to awe and reverence of sacred things, teaching women the humility and sweetness of old saints. Pity that a girl so high born and beautiful, so proud, could not have seen the power for good in the singer, and left him to mould it in the God-given way—that she, in the great vanity of her sex, saw only personal, selfish uses for that divine power. Pity that the bishop's daughter—the high born Elsie Vane, ever entered the cathedral when Sefton Wrigle sang.

Moved by a fascination, which was partly the result of her own ambition, she entered the circle of the singer's life half conscious of the desire to place the power of her own great beauty against the wider power of that wonderful voice. She began in thoughtlessness and selfishness this combat of powers. She looked in Sefton's eyes and smiled, and he thrilled under her smile as he thrilled when the grandest notes of music vibrated through him.

There was something of envy and worship in the best of Miss Vane's feelings toward the singer, but she, with common egotism, ranged her beauty and her high position against his divine gift. Moved by her artistic vein, her admiration almost overleaped the barriers of vain pride.

If the singer had but known. If fate had placed his life in the darker ages when, in the solemn calm of that great cathedral, he could have poured forth in glorious notes the worship of the monk. If he could have made religion his art, and not art his religion, he might have held the glory of high purpose—the calm of unquestioning content.