



"I have been listening enraptured to the marvellous flow of such heavenly rich chords."

that same music now if you gave me the Crown jewels. It is gone—passed like drifting clouds of silvery vapour across the moon. That harmony—that pathos—those rolling chords of deep, solemn melody have been composed by no man on this planet; they belong not to Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Handel, but are wafted along on the fresh, balmy winds of Heaven until they alight on the instrument through which they play." Here he paused and stroked his long, drooping moustache. Many streaks of candle-grease shone on the front of his threadbare coat, and his trousers hung in undignified and tattered folds around two gaunt legs.

"But," exclaimed the writer, eyeing the man keenly, "you should make an immense fortune playing such superb music as that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" He laughed more derisively than at first. "I see—I see you are like everybody else—you do not understand; I tell you that that music is gone—

swept from the instrument. I cannot now play it until it returns, of which I know not the hour. It may be noon, morning or midnight. When it comes I have to rise. If I'm in deep slumber, it matters not. I have played it amid peals of thunder—amid utter darkness, when the wind rustled my garments and the bitter, driving sleet tingled my cheeks—when the lightning flashed like a chain of gold across the Heavens. Yes, I," and he tapped the side of his head with the long, skinny fingers of his left hand, "I have poured it out and sent it coursing on the wind like a choir of angels. Aye, if I could only retain



"You have not heard me play, you have heard my soul play."