

# THE SOPRANO:

A Musical Story.

BY

JANE KINGSFORD. pseud. of  
Charles Francis Barnard 1838.

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"All that hath life and breath sing to the Lord."  
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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO ALL

LOVERS OF GOOD MUSIC.

# THE SOPRANO.

## CHAPTER I.

"AND THE GLORY, THE GLORY OF THE LORD SHALL BE REVEALED."

*The Messiah.*

"YOU must not leave your seat. It is against the rules."

"I know it, sir, but I wish to speak to a gentleman among the tenors. He has my book."

"Well, return as quickly as possible."

"Yes, sir."

The scene: The rehearsal room of the Handel Choral Society. The speakers: An elderly gentleman, commonly known as the "alto monitor," and myself — Number 159 — alto, Jane Kingsford by name. Time: Fifteen minutes past seven, Saturday evening, December 24th, 186—.

For the past week the newspapers have informed the public that on this evening the Handel Choral Society would give the "Messiah," with eminent solo talent, a large orchestra, the great organ, and the full chorus of the society, numbering upwards of seven hundred voices.

In just fifteen minutes the overture will begin. It does not look like it now. Who can bring order out of this chaos

before us? The rehearsal room is a huge underground hall, in shape like a bowl, cut in halves vertically. The floor is in broad steps, rising from a common centre, and reaching to the wall on every side save one. On each step is a seat extending in a great sweep around the crescent-shaped place. In the seats is a solid mass of human beings, rising tier above tier until they nearly touch the ceiling. There are no windows to the place, and but three doors. Over each door is a sign; one reads "soprano," another "alto and bass," and the third "tenor." All around the wall, behind the seats, the gentlemen have hung up their hats and coats, so that they look like a long black curtain. The ladies have also laid aside their things, but still hold them in their hands. When they go upstairs they will leave them in the seats they now occupy. Over all is thrown a brilliant glare of gas-light. All the aisles and passage-ways are filled with people trying to find their seats, and as they and everybody else are talking as fast as they can, the confusion and uproar are perfectly jolly. Everybody seems bent on saying all they have to say, and having as merry and pleasant a time as possible. In a few moments, all this great and noisy company will be as still as death, and almost as motionless.

Having exchanged the few words with which my story began, I pushed my way slowly up the steep steps, reached the broad platform on top, and boldly dived into a crowd of gentlemen, who made way for me politely enough, and

walked half way round the room, till I came upon a mass of men seated by themselves at one end of the crescent. Going down the aisle a few steps, I found the object of my search, a light-haired, blue-eyed young man, F. Livingston Grinnell by name, but, for the present, simply Number 95, tenor.

"Livingston, where is my 'Messiah'?"

"Your book? Oh! here it is, I forgot to give it to you."

"Thank you. Meet me at the Winter Street door when it is over. Will you?"

"Yes, with pleasure."

Taking the book, I found my way back, and was just getting into a comfortable chat with my seat-mates, when a bell rang suddenly. At once all talking ceased, and every eye was turned towards a benevolent-looking gentleman standing on the stage in the centre of the amphitheatre.

"Ladies and gentlemen must find their seats, quickly. We have only seven minutes left."

Directly the people in the passage-ways found seats, and the whole assembly were hushed and quiet.

"The next rehearsal," resumed the speaker, "will be held on Sunday evening, one week hence. A full attendance is desirable. It is now nearly time to go upstairs to the large hall. I trust every one will follow their monitor, and keep strictly in line; otherwise they will lose their seats on the stage."

Having said this he sat down. At once every one began

to talk. The sound of the voices seemed to break out in a sudden roar that drowned everything. A moment after, I was made aware that something else was about to happen. Everybody was turning towards one of the doors, as if some one was expected to appear. Looking up, I saw a tall, elegant-looking man enter the door, and walk slowly down the steps towards the stage. He was smiling pleasantly, and nodding to the people on either side, as if he knew every one there. He must be a great favorite, for they all seemed delighted to see him. Handkerchiefs were waved, and every pair of masculine hands in the house greeted him with applause. Going up to the gentleman whom we familiarly called "the doctor," and who had just addressed us, he exchanged a few words with him, and then turned towards us as if he wished to speak. The applause at once died away, and nothing could be heard save the dull sound of the people moving about in the room overhead. As he stood there waiting to speak, he made a splendid picture. Fully six feet high, of massive and symmetrical build, and, as the girls said, "with the face of a lion," — plainly not an American face — thoroughly German, and full of genius; the face of a man born to command, — and he does command; he wields a wand of mighty power; he is "the conductor."

"Ladies and gentlemen, you must do your best to-night. You have sung the 'Messiah' many times, but this must be the best performance ever given. Remember the words 'wonderful' — 'counsellor,' — sing them shoutingly."

A laugh and another round of applause greeted this, and again a spattering sound of voices ran round the place. This was at once stopped by "the doctor," who rose and said: —

"Are you all ready? Has every one a book?" To this there was no reply, and he went on: "The monitors will now rise and lead off."

Four gentlemen, among them the alto monitor before mentioned, rose from their seats, and three of them started at a rapid pace for the three doors. Two of them were followed by a long train of ladies, and behind the third streamed a ribbon of gentlemen. It was a very odd sight. If I had not seen it a score of times I should have laughed outright. But there was no time for laughter or anything else now. All the girls in my seat had risen, and were preparing to join the stream flowing towards the alto door. Placing my hat and shawl on the seat, I started with the rest, and away we went, very much like a skein of yarn being unwound. Down the steps, over the stage, and into a dark and narrow entry; more steps — up and up we go; all walking as fast as we can, and still as mice; a sudden corner, a few more steps, and we emerge from a small door, and are suddenly in a blaze of light, on the top of a steep bank of broad steps, and at a dizzy height from the immense floor spread out beneath us. If this were our first entrance, we should be abashed, disconcerted, and ready to retreat; but there is no retreat now. Those behind are still pushing

forward, and we must go on. Walking along on the broad steps, behind the narrow cushions on the edge, I count the numbers on the seats until I find mine, Number 159, last seat, second row, next the organ. Sitting down on the cushion, and putting my feet on the next seat below, I make myself as comfortable as possible, and prepare to inspect the curious scene before me.

Immediately in front, and just below, is the orchestra, extending from the front of the stage back to the organ. On either side is the great chorus. Opposite me, the sopranos, two hundred and fifty strong, reach in a solid mass half way up the amphitheatre-like steps. Above them are the one hundred and fifty tenors. Beside, and above me, are the altos, rising seat above seat till they meet the great black crowd of basses, two hundred and fifty in number. The ladies are brilliant in every color, and the gentlemen are all in decorous black. Take us all together, we are a showy and effective company. On the edge of the stage, in front, are five empty chairs, a small platform, and a music-stand. Behind the orchestra, and reaching to the lofty ceiling, is the enormous organ. Its huge silver pipes tower up directly over my head, for my seat is close to the case; in fact, some of the heavy black walnut carving projects so far that a portion of my view of the stage is cut off. If I feel tired at any time I have only to sit round sideways, and by leaning against the organ can have a comfortable back, and a splendid lookout over the house. Beyond the stage

is a great sea of faces all turned towards us. There must be three thousand pairs of eyes looking this way. The audience always interests me. I wonder what they are all thinking about. Whether they are looking at, or thinking about me, personally, never enters my head. I am only one of the chorus, and I dare say no one can pick me out from all this great choir; besides, I don't care if they can, — I have come here to sing. It is a pleasure to do so. The "Messiah" is to me a second edition of the Bible, the Scriptures illumined by music, and I love to take part in its rendering. Twenty-seven minutes past seven, — we have three minutes yet. I wish I could talk to the girls beside me; but that is against the rules, and would never do. See that group of men in the orchestra. How easy and indifferent they look, sitting there with their great brass instruments lying about in confusion. Poor fellows, I suppose they are very tired; theirs is a hard life. But I wish they were not quite so near me, — they entirely overpower everything in the forte passages. If it were not for the organ, they would put me out of the pitch a dozen times in a chorus. Whenever they are very much excited, I creep close up to the carved case, and can feel the tone through the wood-work. The organ always thrills me through, and so inspires me I cannot go wrong. Then they have an absurd practice of pointing their instruments over their shoulders right at me. I can look way down the great brassy throats. I wonder what would happen if I should drop my book into the

upturned mouth of some instrument just as it was sending out some double-forte passage, — would *it* blow up, or the man? Ha! ha! ha! How it would look! Oh, dear, I wish I was not so silly; I ought to be more serious on such an occasion as this; but then, I am always finding something to laugh at wherever I am. I wish it were not so. There was my old school friend, Julia Ward; she used to hold me back and keep my irrepressible flow of spirits within bounds. Poor girl, I wonder what became of her! Her father lost all his property just before we moved from Rockford, and they were dreadfully poor. It must have been hard for her, she was so quiet and reserved. She had such a fine voice too; it was a pity she could not get beyond that wretched country choir. Really, I wish she lived near us now. She used to calm and soothe me wonderfully; since I lost her I believe I have run wild. To be sure, since I became engaged to Livingston, he has tamed me in a measure, and I hope in time he will quite tone me down. Dear boy, there he sits in the very top row of the tenors, studying his book, and as grave as a judge. Why, bless me! the soloists have come, and there is the conductor with uplifted baton. The overture begins. What a queer opening that is! — so full of strange sad chords — black they seem to me. Somebody says they represent the weary waiting of those “that sat in darkness,” watching for the coming of light. Now for the fugue. I like fugues. They make me dream. This one is full of expectation and promise of something to come.

The ending, too, is so strange, breaking off suddenly with a great pause, and then closing in stately minor chords suggestive of coming events. Now for the solo. Jump up, Mr. Tenor. Do your best. “Comfort ye” is a great field for a tenor’s talents. Well, and that is all you can do with it, is it? Dear me, it is a great pity that such a fine piece of music should be rendered in such a lifeless manner. You sang it very correctly, sir, but for all that it was cold comfort you gave us. Now for the next solo. There, it is over, and I am glad of it.

And now for the chorus. The monitors give the signal. We are all standing shoulder to shoulder, eager, attentive, and with kindling eyes. The conductor glances round upon us all. His hand is raised — the symphony begins. O girls, be ready! The alto leads — he is looking at us — now: “And the glory, the glory of the Lord” — do hear those tenors; how splendid! — “shall be revealed, be revealed, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.” Four bars of rest — again altos — “And all flesh shall see it together.” Hear those sopranos climb higher and higher with their part. “For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.” All together again. “And the glory, the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord” — A great pause. What a master hand put this great silence in the midst of such a flood of sound! Now for the final chords, “Hath spoken it.” There, I fancy we sang that well. Was it

not glorious? That I call pure religion, praise realized. Why, what are all those people doing? Applauding a chorus! They well may,—it deserved applause. I can say this if I did sing, for I was but one small drop in the great sea of sound.

Now, Mr. Basso, you have a chance to show what you can do. That was very fair, sir; you have a rich, deep voice, and you read very correctly. Only I wish you could speak the words a little more plainly. Perhaps public singers never can sing the words distinctly; nevertheless, I wish they could.

Here's another chorus: "And he shall purify." It is very scientific. Most audiences dislike such music. It always interests me, and I love to sing it. I know nothing of musical science, but I do admire wrought up and involved choruses. The alto soloist can now display her talents, if she has any. She has thrown aside her opera cloak, and is standing up ready to sing. What a ninny she is, to be sure! The idea of a public singer appearing in oratorio in a low-necked dress! What can the woman know of "the eternal fitness of things"? The organ sounds and she sings the recitative: "Behold a Virgin." Pretty well, my dear. If you do as well on the aria it will be an average success. "O Thou that tellest good tidings of Zion," slides from her lips very sweetly and prettily; correct to a dot.

Another chorus and two more solos are performed. The

solos interest me, because they are so full of darkness and gloom. The second solo quite stirred me up, and prepared me for the great chorus that followed. The words were, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light."

The chorus that followed was the second great event of the evening: "For unto us a child is born." It was opened by the sopranos, but we all soon joined in, and when it came to the words, "And the government shall be upon his shoulders," I was fairly wild with excitement. My hands shook so that I could not see the notes, and I leaned against the organ for support. The orchestra broke out like a tempest. The organ became an earthquake; I could feel it tremble. First the tenors took up the words; then the sopranos came in; then we altos, with the basses, joined them. "And the government shall be upon his shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful! Counsellor! The mighty God! The everlasting Father! Prince of Peace!"

It was fortunate for me that the pastoral symphony followed this, otherwise, I should not have got over the excitement that evening. The quiet, dreamy strains of the symphony charmed me into peace and serenity. I could not understand why I was so much wrought up by the music to-night. I seemed to be impressed with a vague sense of something to come. I was restless and expectant; why, I could not guess. After this, a young lady in pink got up, and went



through the recitative that followed, and this is all I can say of her. Then we sang another short chorus. When we sat down I shut my book, leaned against the organ, closed my eyes, and prepared to hear the next solo, and get a little rest at the same time. I only kept my eyes open long enough to see who was going to sing. It was a young person, who seemed a stranger to us all. I could not see her face, as the soloists always turn their backs on us poor chorus singers. She was of medium height, well formed, of sturdy and robust build, and plainly dressed in blue silk, with soft, snowy lace at throat and wrists. Her hair was simply braided and looped up behind, and she wore no ornaments of any kind. Supposing she would sing very much as did the others, I closed my eyes, quite indifferent to her doings. The symphony begins. How plainly the violins seem to sing the words, "Rejoice greatly, O Daughter of Zion!" Now the voice comes in: "Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice greatly, O Daughter of Zion!"

Really, what is this? I must open my eyes and sit up. What is the woman doing? I never heard such singing before. What a voice! It is like a clarion; it is wonderfully powerful and resonant; and yet how pure! How plainly she speaks the words, "Behold thy King cometh unto thee." It is perfectly marvellous. Who taught her to sing in that style? Now she comes to the piano passage: "He is the righteous Saviour, and he shall speak peace unto the heathen." How delicious that word "peace"!

Just hear her! Was there ever anything like it? Why, do look at the choir,— they are staring at her as if they were beside themselves. Now she returns to the allegro again: "Rejoice greatly." Isn't it splendid? There! Oh, dear, what a noise! The applause is enough to deafen one. Well, she deserves it. But who is she, where did she come from? She must be something great to achieve such a success. Wish I had a programme. Wonder if any of the girls have one? No, there is not one in sight. But it seems to me I have heard that voice before; when and where could it have been? Oh, she is going to repeat it. Well, I don't wonder, but it is hardly fair to ask for a repetition; yet I suppose they never would be quiet if she refused. Again, and better, if possible. Really, I never heard such singing before, and yet I have certainly heard that voice somewhere. How I wish I knew her name!

Now she of the pink gets up. Poor thing! I pity her. She can never equal the other young lady. Well, I am glad I was not obliged to sing that. The contrast was not pleasing. But who expected that this new voice would perform such wonders? Here comes the next aria. The new singer has risen. How still it is! Not a whisper from the nearly four thousand tongues in the hall. I can almost hear myself breathe. She begins: "Come unto Him all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and He will give you rest. Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him, for he is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Was that not perfect? — every word as clear and distinct as cut glass; and how full her voice seemed of the very spirit of prayer and promise! I am certain I have heard that voice before. Can it be that of my old friend Julia Ward? No, it is impossible; yet it reminds me of her. Oh! there is a programme on that man's music-rack. Kneeling down, as if I wished to lace up my boot, I peer over the shoulders of the girls in front of me, and by stretching my neck man-age to make out the words "Miss Julia." The rest I cannot read. But how can it be? If I remember, Julia had no such trained voice as that, and the Wards were too deeply sunk in poverty to ever give her the musical education this girl exhibits. When she had finished the aria the conductor had considerable difficulty in repressing the tumultuous applause that rang through the house. Quiet was at length restored, and we sang the last chorus in the first part. I did not sing at all, being lost in wonder at the discovery of my friend Julia; for I felt certain it was she. There — the soloists have risen to retire for a few moments of rest. She is standing among them, and, as she turns to go, I catch a full view of her face. It is Julia Ward! Oh, I must see and speak to her! I will search every hotel to-morrow till I find her; but perhaps she will be off in some early train to another city. To-morrow is Christmas; doubtless she will sing in oratorio elsewhere. It may be she is to start in the owl train this very night, and I may never see her again. I must see her here and now. But how can

I? It is plain I cannot climb to the top of the stage again through all those gentlemen. There is but one thing to be done. Get down and find my way through the orchestra.

"Sir, please help me. I wish to get down."

"Get down! What's that for?"

"Oh! please let me. I am not afraid to jump, if you will help me."

"What, before the whole house?"

"Yes, yes, only give me your hand."

And he did, the good, dear trombone-man; and in a moment I was pushing my way through the crowded orchestra. The whole choir took pains to watch my movements with curiosity; but I did not care for them. I was determined to see Julia. Just as I came up to the front of the stage, I glanced up to the tenors. There sat Livingston, quite horrified at sight of me. Well, I am sorry, but it cannot be helped now. In another moment, I had knocked at the door of the anteroom behind the stage. It was opened by the conductor.

"Is Miss Ward here?"

"Yes; but you cannot see her. She does not wish to be disturbed, and has given me orders to admit no one."

"But, sir, it is very important that I should see her. Could you not say to her that Miss Jane Kingsford is at the door?"

"I will tell her, but am sure she will not see you."

Then the door was closed, leaving me standing alone in

the dark and narrow entry-way, flushed with excitement and disappointment. Presently the door was reopened, and I entered a small, richly furnished room. Gathered together in a corner were the four singers, earnestly talking among themselves. Seated on a low chair, with her feet on the fender, sat my friend Julia, dreamily gazing at the fire that blazed upon the hearth. Going up to her, I laid my hand upon her shoulder and looked in her face. She remembered me at once, took my hand in hers, smiled, and kissed me.

"Jane Kingsford! What a surprise! Can it really be you? I have not seen you for years. Where did you come from?"

"From the stage. I was in the choir, and saw and recognized you. I asked a gentleman to help me down, came through the orchestra, and here I am, delighted to see you."

"It is just like you, Jane. You are the same wild and affectionate girl you were in Rockford."

"I know it, Julia. I'm not tamed yet. But then, I *did* so want to speak to you, and was afraid if I did not see you now, I might never do so."

"You were partly right there. I sing before the Mendelssohn Society, to-morrow, in another city."

"I suppose you are singing somewhere every night."

"No, not every night. One must have some rest."

"But, Julia, is not this a very great change from — from your Rockford life?"

"I know what you mean. I was poor — very poor — and almost friendless when we lived there. However, things have changed since then."

"I should say they had. I wish you had time to tell me all about it. Hark! is that the organ? How queer it sounds down here under the very bellows! I suppose I must go now. Where shall I see you again? Now that I have found you, I must not lose you again."

"I shall be at my rooms at the Shawmut House, on Monday. Come and see me. Come early and take tea. It will seem like old times to talk over things with you."

Just then the conductor started up, and said it was time to return to the hall. Thereupon they all went out, and I after them. When I reached the floor of the house, I looked up and discovered, to my dismay, that the choir and orchestra were all ready to begin. What was I to do now? If I went down to the rehearsal-room and walked up the other way, I should come out at the top of the stage, behind the basses, and far above my seat. There was but one thing to be done, — pass along the front of the stage and find a seat somewhere among the first row of altos. This I did, and, through the aid of a friend, found a seat directly in front and in line with the conductor. It was a very conspicuous place, but I did not mind so long as I had such a fine chance to see everything. The alto monitor looked at me

very hard as I sat down, but I returned his gaze with a look of demure innocence, as if nothing had happened.

The chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God," began at once, and, as it is opened by the altos, I had quite enough to do to sing with the rest. This chorus is in G minor, largo time, and always impresses me. I never heard it sung better. Julia had evidently inspired the whole society, and they seemed resolved to show her what they could do. When it came to her turn, the low-necked alto also caught inspiration from the soprano beside her. She sang "He was despised and rejected" with great care and feeling. When she sat down, Julia turned towards her, and, with a smile, said a few words to her, — "words of praise and encouragement, no doubt," I said to myself; "she was always so considerate and helpful towards others."

And so it went on, — every one, soloists, choir, and orchestra, seemed animated to do their best. I never heard a finer performance of the "Messiah." Finally, the last notes of the hallelujah chorus died away, and we came to the great event of the evening, Julia's rendering of "I know that my Redeemer liveth." When the symphony began, she rose from her seat, opened her book, and advanced to the edge of the stage. She looked splendidly, — erect, shoulders wide apart, and head thrown back as if looking at something above and beyond her. When the orchestra ceased, she closed her book, and began without it, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Ay, she knew it, and filled the music with her

belief. Again she sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter-day upon the earth." I never listened to anything like it. Her tones were as pure as crystal, every word pronounced plainly and distinctly, while her voice was full of faith and trust as if she believed what she sang. She used no ornaments in her singing. Not a trill or run marred the exact simplicity of her rendering of the music. The orchestra seemed fascinated, and played as I have never heard them play before. They even forgot themselves, and played involuntarily so softly that we caught every tone of her voice, however faint. Presently she dropped down to the softest piano, and yet could be heard at the farthest end of the hall (for a death-like stillness had crept over the assembled multitude), and with a voice full of sorrow and resignation, she sang: "And though worms destroy this body." After two bars of symphony, she went on again: "Yet in my flesh shall I see God." It was like a great and sudden light. Rising higher, louder, and clearer, her tones broke forth: "Yet in my flesh shall I see God!" Oh! it was glorious! I never read or dreamed of anything to compare with it. But it is altogether beyond me to describe how she sang the rest of the piece. I can only say that it was beyond anything I had ever imagined in music. When she had finished, and the last notes of the orchestra had died away, there came a pause, and an oppressive silence. As for Julia, she opened her book, glanced at it for a second, shut it, gazed serenely

around on the sea of faces before her, and quietly sat down as if nothing particularly wonderful had happened. Just as she seated herself, a man in the upper balcony leaned over the railing and cried aloud, "Bravo!" In an instant the people burst into a perfect uproar of applause. The choir overstepped all rules, stood up and fairly cheered her, while the organist got so excited he put both feet on a dozen pedals at once, with all the stops out! As for the orchestra, they went wild. The violinists rapped the backs of their violins with their bows, the men of brass rattled their instruments on the floor, and the kettle-drum-man pounded his machine with his fists in an ecstasy of delight. Two elderly cello'ists, in front of me, stood up, shook each other by the hand, and said, "It ish magnificent! The like we never heard save in the Fatherland."

## CHAPTER II.

"GOD IS A CASTLE AND DEFENCE WHEN TROUBLES AND DISTRESS INVADE." — *Luther's Hymn.*

THE clock was striking five, and the short twilight fading away, as I rang the bell at the ladies' entrance of the Shawmut House, the next Monday afternoon. I was soon ushered into Miss Ward's private parlor, but found it empty.

"Miss Ward is busy at present, but will be at leisure in a short time. Will you send your card, or wait?"

I informed the servant that I had come to spend the evening, by invitation, and would await Miss Ward's convenience. She was not to be disturbed on my account. The servant withdrew, and, finding myself alone, I took the opportunity to look about me. A fine, lofty parlor, richly carpeted and furnished, but full of soft shadows; a grand piano, piles of music and books, and several pictures; two windows looking out upon the brilliantly lighted street, and an open fire that served at once for warmth and light. This last feature pleased me greatly; if there is any one thing I like before all others, it is an open wood-fire. This was not a wood-fire, but next door to it, cannel-coal. Selecting a "sleepy hollow" chair, I drew it up before the fire, and slid myself into it. "Now, this is nice," mused I; "I am

naturally lazy. This just suits me. I don't care if Julia stays away just a very little while." And, as I sat there gazing in the fire, I could not help thinking how different all this seemed from the homely little back-parlor, with its faded carpet and cast-iron stove, where I used to see Julia studying her lessons, or sewing, long time ago, in dear old Rockford. A great change, surely!

"Well, Jule, have you got through with those music fellows?"

Starting up to see who it was that spoke, I discovered a white-haired, old gentleman standing near the door, who had entered the room unobserved by me. He was partly in the shade, but soon came forward into the fire-light.

"Excuse me, sir. I am not Julia. She will be here presently. I have come to see her. My name is —"

"Sis Kingsford, as I'm alive. Deary me, how you have grown! I knew you though. How do you do, my dear?" and he came up to me and offered his hand.

"Quite well, Mr. Ward."

"Don't 'Mr.' me, girl. Call me Pa Ward, just as you used to do."

He had not changed much. Just the same dear, cross old man, I remember seeing so often years ago.

"Well, Pa Ward, how are *you*? I have not seen you for a long time."

"It aren't such a very long time. It's only five years since we lived next door to Squire Kingsford's mill. Is he

well? I always liked him, since he drove Tom Sturry's cows out of my corn."

"Thank you, father and mother are both quite well, and would be glad to see you. We did not know you were in the city till Saturday, or we should have called upon you."

"I hardly knew it myself. Julia travels round so fast, I aren't always sure where I am. When I wake up in the morning, I sometimes have to stop and think where I am. I can't always tell."

"Do you like travelling, Pa Ward?"

"No, not much."

"Does Mrs. Ward enjoy life?"

"Yes, mother enjoys her life, I am sure; but it is a different life from ours."

"How so? Is she well now?"

"Yes, she is very well now. She'll never more be sick or ailing. They are never sick where she is." And he gazed absently at the fire as if to recall something.

Finding that I had advanced upon unknown ground, I stopped abruptly and stared hard at the carpet. Just at this moment a side-door opened, and Julia entered. She was plainly dressed in claret-colored poplin, and had her hair done up in the same girlish fashion I so well remembered. Advancing to where her father stood, she put her arm about him, and kissed him; then she came to me, took both my hands in hers, and saluted me also.

"I am so glad you have come, Jane. Are you all well at home?"

"Yes, thank you. Mother sent her love, and says she shall be happy to have you call on us. She would have come with me, but could not."

"Come, let us sit down and be comfortable together." So saying, she pushed a huge arm-chair up before the fire, and assisted her father into it. Taking a low stool, she sat down by his knee, while I sought my friend, "the sleepy hollow."

"Now let me tell our adventures. What did you do to-day, pa?"

"Not much worth telling. I read the papers and took a nap. After dinner I went out to walk. I didn't go far. The people jostled me, and it was cold and lonely; so I came home and found little Sis Kingsford."

"Don't call her 'sis,' pa. She is a grown-up woman now."

"Yes, I shall. May I not, sis?"

"Anything you like, sir. I have no doubt I am the same wild girl I was in Rockford, and well deserve the name."

"That's just what I tell Jule. Things have changed, but we haven't."

"I hope not, sir."

"Pa, please."

"I hope not, Pa Ward."

"That's a dear. Now, Jule, what have you been doing all day?"

"A little of everything. I practised all the morning, and have been receiving callers in the public parlor all the afternoon."

"Did any more of those music fellows come round? I hate 'em."

"Only two, pa. One came to pay me some money, and the other to engage me to sing next week."

"No, no. I don't mean those; I mean the music men that do nothing about music but talk. I say I hate 'em."

"Don't say that, pa. Some of them are wise and good men. It helps me to talk with them; I get many new ideas."

"I don't refer to those; I mean the other men who talk and don't say anything. Was there many of them?"

"Only a few this time. There are always some, you know. I sent them all away as quickly as possible, so that I might come to my pa again."

"That's right, deary. Don't let 'em keep you from me too much. It is bad enough, 'torio' nights. By the way, sis, were you at the 'torio' night before last?"

"Yes, I am happy to say I was there."

"I am glad of it."

"Why so?"

"Because, if you hadn't been, you would have a great gap in your life that never would be filled up."

"I would not have missed being there for the world."

"No more would I. Didn't she sing splendid?"

"Who, sir?"

"Why, my Jule."

"She did, indeed." Just then, I looked up, and, seeing a queer expression in Julia's face, stopped suddenly. There would have been an awkward pause if a servant had not entered.

"What time will you have tea, miss?"

"At seven, and we will have it in here by the fire."

"Shall I light the gas?"

"No, Jule, don't let her. The fire-light is better."

"We do not care for lights, Kate. You may light the burner in my room." Thereupon the servant departed.

"Now, pa, Jane and I are going to get ready for supper, and you must excuse us."

"Yes, dear, I'll take a nap till the paper comes."

"That's right; you need rest. Call a servant if you want a light."

Beckoning to me to accompany her, she rose and went towards the door of the next room. On entering, we found ourselves in a cosy little chamber, well filled with furniture. Everything was simple and elegant, betokening wealth and refinement. Rolling two great arm-chairs up before the gem of a fire, she offered me one, and took the other herself.

"Now, Jane, let's be girls again." So saying she took down her hair, letting it fall around her, put on a pair of slippers, and, placing her feet on the fender, involuntarily made a charming picture of herself. Nothing loath, I

followed her example as far as I could. I did not let down my hair, take off my boots, nor look pretty; but I found the softest corner in the huge chair, and followed my usual inclination, — laziness.

"Come, Jane, tell me all about it. Where have you been, and what have you been doing all these long years?"

"Don't ask me, Julia. My life has been as dull as the lives of the good girls in the story-books."

"You are not one of the good girls."

"Thank you, dear."

"I mean the story-book girls, who hemmed moral handkerchiefs and died early."

"Goodness! I'm not one of those. I am naturally bad."

"Wild, not bad."

"Yes, wild. You knew all about me when we lived at Rockford. I haven't changed much, nor has my life either. "It's the same old story of getting into scrapes, and then being dragged out by main force."

"Tell me about some of them."

"Not now, dear."

"Tell me, then, what you did when you left Rockford."

"I haven't done anything remarkable. I went to school part of the time, and have been doing nothing at all ever since, — that is, nothing worth mentioning. By the way, how did you manage to sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth" without looking at the book?"

"That was easy enough. That solo has been almost



burned into me. I know every note by heart. If I had time I would tell you about it."

"Tell me now, please."

"Not just yet. It is a long and sad story. After tea I will give it to you."

"Tell me something else, then. I'm dying to hear all about your life since I saw you last. You must have passed through some queer scenes."

"Some queer and some sad. Would you really like to hear about it?"

"Indeed I would. I'll be all attention, unless you get prosy; then I shall fall asleep. I always do."

"You are a naughty girl, Jane. If I see you close your eyes, I'll stop short, and you shall not hear another word."

"Well, dear, I'll be good. Begin, please, and don't moralize."

My adventures began in a church. It was the Sunday preceding father's failure in business. We all went to church that day in pleasing ignorance of the trouble in store for us. I was a little late, and sat down next the aisle. While I was getting settled in my seat, and preparing to hear the organ begin, some one tapped me on the shoulder, and, looking up, I discovered Mr. Loudman, chairman of the music committee, standing near me.

"Will you please come out into the entry, one moment, Miss Ward?"

"What for, sir?"

"I cannot tell you here. Please come; it is quite important."

I got up and went up the broad aisle towards the front door. I am sure I was scarlet all the time. I knew every one there, including those odious Waring girls, was staring at us. Soon we reached the outer entrance of the church.

"We are so unfortunate as to be without a treble this morning. Miss Vane has just sent word that she cannot come. Will you be so kind as to take her place in the choir to-day? The music is very easy. I am sure you can sing it."

"Oh, no, sir! I know I cannot. Get some one else, please."

"We cannot find any one; besides, it is very late, and Mr. Purcell hates to have anything go wrong with the music."

"Then I am sure I'll not sing."

"Oh, dear, no! I don't mean that. He does not like to have the music omitted, and we must, if you do not sing."

Just then the organ began to sound.

"Come, please. The music is easy. You are sure to do yourself credit."

"Well, sir, prepare for a failure. I am ready to go with you."

"Never you fear;" and in a moment or two I found myself in the front seat of the organ-loft. I was introduced in a whisper to the members of the choir, and a music-book was placed in my hand. I was left to my own thoughts for a while;

then my position broke upon me. How ridiculous, the idea of my attempting to sing in a choir! I know I shall break down. I will not rise with the rest; I'll sing without standing. I never can face all those people. How I wish I was at home! Meanwhile the organ went droning on, in its usual fashion. I wondered how I should know when it was time to begin; so I listened to the music, but gained nothing. Miss Playon was our organist at the time. She composed her own voluntaries, and, as she had but few ideas, her music seemed to be a mere succession of closing chords, or "amens" as I used to call them. I said every moment, "Now she will stop;" but she did not. It was very aggravating, as it kept me in suspense all the time. Soon she turned round, and said, in an important whisper, "Page ninety-one, first piece." On looking over my book, I found the place readily.

"Rise, please," said Miss Playon.

The three others did so, and I reluctantly followed their example.

"Six bars, prelude. Ready — now."

Well, we sang it somehow. It was a short anthem, very easy and very poor. The reading of the Scriptures followed; after that, Mr. Purcell read the hymn, —

"Almighty Father! I am weak,  
But thou wilt strengthen me,"

and we were requested to sing a tune to it I had never seen before. The only thing I can remember about it was, that it

was ineffably weak, however the words suited my case, and I sang them as if I believed them, and I did. When we sat down the alto stared very hard at me, why, I did not know. After one more hymn Mr. Purcell began his sermon. I was glad to see him rise, for I was far from pleased with my surroundings. Now I could listen to the discourse in peace. I had tried to do my duty, and hope I succeeded, but peace was not to be mine. The bass and alto must needs fall to whispering, and the tenor touched my arm, and silently offered me a brown-paper parcel. Not knowing what to make of this proceeding, I stared at the man and shook my head; then he opened the package, and, displaying a quantity of candy, said, as he passed it to me: —

"Take some."

Putting a first-class frown on my face, I shook my head emphatically. He did not seem to understand.

"Won't you have some?"

"No, sir. I never eat between meals."

He subsided at this, and I again turned towards the pulpit, but I could not fix my attention upon the sermon. The two whisperers beside me, the extinguished young man on my right, and the organist behind, fast asleep, were too much for my peace. I had come to church to worship. I could not see why it was not as much Sunday upstairs as down. One thing is certain, — I'll never sing in the choir after to-day. I suppose I shall be obliged to this afternoon, but it shall be the last time. They must get some one else before next Sunday.

As we came out of church I met Mr. Loudman.

"Thank you, Miss Ward. You did yourself great credit."

A fib.

"We shall be pleased to have you try again this afternoon."

Doubted. Just here two gentlemen passed along with the crowd.

"Who is the young soprano, doctor?"

"Don't know. Can sing fairly."

"Yes, and with feeling. She put her whole soul into that first hymn."

When I reached home I related my experience. Mother was disgusted, and said I should not sing again. Father was provoked, but said nothing. After dinner I went to church once more. This time the performance was varied. The alto fell asleep, the organist read a novel, and the two men talked politics behind my back. When I reached home I vowed I never would sing again in a country choir, if I could help it. I never saw or heard a city choir, and of them I could not then speak.

Two days after this, father's failure was announced. Everybody was surprised, and none more so than ourselves. It was a sorrowful time with us; we had always been surrounded by wealth and luxury; but that now was all over. I will pass by our trials. Perhaps you remember some of them yourself.

"Yes, dear, I do. Those were, indeed, sad days for you."

"Not half as sad as some others that came after."

"Indeed! Tell me more, please."

Well. It was, as you may recollect, on Tuesday that our troubles began. Father was quite overcome, and stayed at home all day, half-sick with care and anxiety. Mother and I did our best to cheer him up, and promised to do and bear everything without a murmur, and, we did, — at least, mother did, and I tried to. It was hard work to come down from our high estate, and begin life once more under humbler circumstances. For my part, I felt it keenly. Oh, if I had only been a boy! Then I could go out and do something, — earn some money, and perhaps aid my father. But no, I could do nothing. I was only a dead weight, — of no use to myself, or to anybody else. These were not pleasant or good thoughts. There were many things I could do, if I only tried. Throwing myself into a chair, I sat down by the window, mortified and discouraged, and idly began to look on the busy village-street. Plenty of men and boys were walking or riding past, all eager and intent upon their various occupations; only myself an idler. Over the tops of the opposite houses I could see the tall chimney of father's mill. No cheerful banner of smoke streamed from its mouth. The mill was closed, and the fires out, never more to blaze for our benefit. Strangers had already taken possession of the works. Suddenly the front-gate was opened, and Mr. Loud-

man entered. On going to the door to meet him, I found he was in search of myself. Mr. Chauncy, a wealthy neighbor, had lost his wife. The funeral was to take place at the church, the next day, and the services of the choir would be needed. Miss Vane being still ill, Mr. Loudman had come to ask me to take her place again. Glad to find anything to do, however gloomy the work, I accepted the invitation, and sang at the funeral. I am afraid I did not sing very well. It seemed my own funeral instead of Mrs. Chauncy's, — the funeral of all my hopes and joys in life. After the service was over, I waited upstairs till the mourners should go. I never follow the multitude, and gratify a morbid curiosity by gazing on the face of the dead. When all had left, I prepared to go home by myself. As I came downstairs I met Mr. Loudman.

"Here is your pay, Miss Ward."

"Pay, sir?"

"Yes. Mr. Chauncy authorized me to engage the choir, and, as it is not in the line of their regular duties, to give the singers ten dollars apiece."

"But I do not belong to the choir."

"No matter. You did the work. Here is the money. Take it, please."

My pride here asserted itself. I take pay? Indeed I'll not! But, suddenly remembering my father, I yielded and took the money, and went home.

When I arrived I found trouble enough. Father had

come in, quite broken down by a new sorrow. His book-keeper, a man whom he had trusted for years, had absconded, taking with him every cent of my father's ready money. When I entered our sitting-room, I found my mother in tears, and my father sitting before the fire, with his face in his hands, the picture of despair.

"What is the matter, mother?"

"Trouble enough, dear. Jepson, the book-keeper, has run away."

"That is no loss. I am sure nobody cares."

"We would not care," said my father, "if he had left us anything; but he has not. We haven't fifty cents in the house."

"Never mind, pa. Let me call one of the servants, and we will have dinner. After that you will feel better."

"Servants? We have none. They have all gone, — went as soon as they heard the news."

"Well — dear, let me play servant. I know how to cook."

"Very little will your knowledge avail us. What have we in the house to buy anything with? And who will trust us now?"

"Then we will pay cash," said I, triumphantly displaying my ten-dollar bill.

"What's that you say, Jule?"

"I say, we will pay cash, for here is the money."

"Where did you get it?"

"I earned it."

"How?"

"By singing. Come, take it, pa. Go to the store, and get something for dinner."

"No, dear, I cannot take it."

"Why not?"

"It is not mine. It belongs to you. You had better keep it. You will need it all soon enough."

"Don't be absurd, father. Please take it."

"I had rather not."

"But you must," cried I, forcing the bill into his hand. He would not take it. "Mother, do reason with him. He does not know what he is saying."

All the reply I received was fresh tears.

"Now, pa, you must take the money, or I shall at once go out and spend it for you."

"Well, child, I'll take it upon this one condition, that I may return it as soon as I can."

"You're sensible now. I am sorry it is such a small sum. I wish I had more."

"Never mind, Julia, this is the day of small things with us."

### CHAPTER III.

"ALL THAT HATH LIFE AND BREATH SING TO THE LORD."—*Hymn of Praise.*

ON the following Sunday I again sang in the choir, Miss Vane being still sick. To be brief, she never recovered, but died soon after, and I stepped into her place with a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a year. Trifling as this seemed, I was glad to accept it, in spite of my disagreeable surroundings. At first, I tried to improve things in the choir; but failed signally, and gave it up. So far, I have been telling you of things that, perhaps, you knew before. All this, as perhaps you remember, took place before you moved from Rockford. Your departure was the second trial of my life. It was sad to have you leave us, Jane; you used to brighten and cheer me up when I was despondent and discouraged. Doubtless you also remember how we gave up our house, and went to live in the little cottage behind your father's mill. After you left us, things got settled somehow, and life began to be very humdrum. About six months after I joined the choir, the calm surface of my life was disturbed by a ripple that gradually rose into waves, that nearly went over me. Miss Playon resigned, and we had a new organist. It seemed a trifling matter, but to me it

proved the beginning of my career. To the new organist I owe everything. To be sure, he could not aid me greatly beyond setting me on the right road, and taking the first steps therein with me. If there is anything about my singing that deserves praise, to him belongs the greater part of the credit. It is true he only took the first steps to aid me; but if the first had not been taken, none others could have been. Personally, he was a young gentleman, quite reserved, and very silent at times; but able to express himself plainly and well when it was necessary. Many people thought him morose, but they only judged from the surface; he was kind, liberal, thoroughly educated, and capable of great emotion, if the crust of reserve and silence was once broken. In a crowd of men he would pass almost unnoticed, his plain face expressing little beyond the average American young man of sense and brains. Among his friends he was known simply as Frank.

"Why, Julia, I know a Frank! He used to be very much such a person as you describe."

"Used to be! Is he not the same now?"

"Oh, dear! no. I soon cured him of his reserve."

"He must be a friend of yours."

"We are both very good friends."

"Tell me more about him. I am interested."

"Not now, by and by. Go on with your own story. I can tell you mine some other time."

On the Saturday evening before he entered upon his

duties as organist, I went to the church, a little earlier than usual, or the others were a grain late, I am not sure which; but I am certain I got there before the others. When I opened the door of the church, I heard the organ being played. Not caring to go upstairs before the rest came, I sat down in a pew near the door, just within the dusky shadow of the gallery. There was but one light burning, and that was over the desk of the organ; the rest of the place was in partial gloom. The gilded leaves of the great Bible on the pulpit glistened brightly, and the great beams in the lofty ceiling stood out sharply against the dark roof. The rest of the place was dim and misty. The organ in our church is, as you know, neither a large nor particularly fine one, yet, as I sat there listening to the music, I felt certain it was a new one, or else being played by fresh hands. Miss Playon had never made it sing before; it roared and thundered loud enough beneath her fingers, but now it sang, not loudly, but sweetly. Thinking that perhaps the society had indulged in a new organ, I rose and went up the broad aisle, till I could get a view of the instrument. The organ had not been changed, but the player had. Becoming very much interested in the matter, I put on a bold face and marched upstairs to see who it could be. As I entered the choir, the young man turned towards me, nodded pleasantly, said "good-evening," and went on playing without once stopping. Taking my usual seat, I took up a book as if to read, but I could do nothing save listen. The music fasci-

nated me. I had never heard anything like it. At last my curiosity got the better of my discretion, and I went and stood beside the strange musician, to see him play, and to find out what music-book he played from. Presently he stopped and began turning the leaves of the music-book before him.

"What book is that, sir?"

"Rink's School."

"Rink's School?"

"Yes. C. H. Rink's 'Modern School for the Organ.' It contains some of the best music ever written for the organ."

"I did not know organ music was so pleasing before. I thought it was very scientific and uninteresting."

"Most of it is scientific, but to me that gives it interest. Did you not like that fugue?"

"I like the music, but must confess I don't know what a fugue is."

"I am glad of it."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, for it gives one a chance to tell you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Do you see the first two bars of that piece?" said he, pointing to a piece in D minor on page twenty-one of his book. Of course I saw the two measures, but they contained nothing very interesting; "only a short melody of seven notes."

"Well, that short melody, as you call it, is the theme.

Listen and observe how our author treats it: now making the soprano carry it above all, now the tenor lead it through a maze of harmony; then the alto repeat it in an undertone; now the bass emphasize it in double octaves; now on the outside, and then on the inside parts. Over and over again, threaded through the whole piece from beginning to end, is the same simple little seven note theme."

"Play it once more, sir."

When he had finished playing it the second time, he said:—

"Could you follow it?"

"Yes, perfectly. I am delighted with it. How rich the harmony is, and so chromatic! I never heard anything like it before."

"Did not your former organist give you a fugue occasionally?"

"Oh, no! she made up her own voluntaries."

"Indeed! She must have been a genius. I should not dare to improvise in church."

"She was far from a genius, I can assure you. Most of her music seemed to consist of a mere succession of chords."

"I am very sorry to hear you say this."

"Why so?"

"Because I consider the position of organist to be fully equal to that of preacher."

"Indeed!"

"I am sure it is. Does he not lead the congregation in



an act of worship? When he plays his instrument before all the people, is it not as much an act of worship as if he had said a prayer?"

"I never thought of it in that way before, sir, and yet I can understand you. Music sometimes expresses more than words."

"Then why should he offer up before them, and to their Maker, mere vaporings, in which there is neither sense nor soul, and that, too, when all the sublime thoughts of the great masters are at his hand?"

"Really, sir, your views of organ-playing are so novel that I hardly know what to say; yet I think you are right."

Just here Mr. Loudman came in bringing the remainder of the choir. We were then introduced to our new organist, and the rehearsal began. Among his other duties, Mr. Loudman had always taken upon himself those of procuring the hymns of Mr. Purcell, and of selecting the tunes from the music-book that were to be sung to them. On this occasion he followed his usual course, and gave us the music we were to sing the next day. Our organist took the music, played it, and said nothing, though it was evident he was far from pleased.

The next day was a calm, bright, summer's day. A very Sabbath of nature. I went to church early, as was my custom, took my seat in the cool, dimly lighted building and waited for the service to begin. The people soon began to come

in, and as usual a far from pleasing noise of slamming pew-doors and creaking boots filled the place, driving away all thoughts of peace and worship. While I was watching the people find their seats, I thought I heard some one singing out in the field next the church, — faint, and seemingly far away, yet it was music plainly. Wondering what it could be, I listened attentively. Again I heard it, sweet, quiet, and soothing. Suddenly it rose higher and louder, rippled a little, and died away again. Turning round, I discovered the music was from the organ, touched by fresh and rare fingers. Smooth, unbroken, and like an unruffled stream the music flowed on, making a new and better Sabbath of the place and day. The pew doors were closed softly, and all the usual bustle and stir of the people died away; it was very quiet, more so than I had ever known in church before. At last the voluntary died away in the softest piano, and came to an end amid the soft breathing of the notes. To me it was something quite wonderful. I had never seen a congregation so completely calmed down into such a state of absolute silence. Then our white-haired old pastor rose and read the hymn: —

"How gentle God's commands!  
How kind his precepts are!  
Come, cast your burden on the Lord!  
And trust his constant care."

Nothing could be more in keeping with the music we had just heard; it seemed a remarkable coincidence to me. Little



did I know that consummate art was at the bottom of it, nor did I know that our organist had made himself acquainted with the general style of the sermon and hymns, and fitted his music to it. Now, if the tune that had been given out for the hymn had been in keeping with the words the whole service would have been perfect. But no, we sang it to "Laban," and by so doing made the hymn simply ridiculous. If we had sung the words of "Home, sweet home," to "Hail Columbia," we could not have been more widely out of all propriety. The only redeeming feature was that both hymn and tune were of the same metre. The two other hymns were just as badly selected, and it was plain that if our new organist was to remain, a change of some kind would be necessary. He was evidently disgusted with Mr. Loudman's selections; however, he said nothing. The following Saturday evening when we again met for rehearsal, it was evident that action, not talk, was to be the order of procedure. I was a little late, and found the rest waiting for me. On our music-racks were four copies of a new music-book "The National Lyre." The book we had been using was called the "Temple Cymbal." Perhaps you remember it; a book of "original and selected music." "Original" in its weakness and emptiness, and "selected" from the dregs of the opera. Just as I took my seat, the alto leaned over and said in a whisper:—

"You ought to have been here a little sooner, Miss Ward."

"Why so?"

"Mr. Loudman and the organist had a little passage at arms, and Mr. Loudman has just gone away highly indignant."

"Really! What was it all about?"

"About tunes and books. The organist wanted to select the tunes, and Mr. Loudman preferred to do it himself; so there they had it."

"Which gave in?"

"Mr. Loudman, of course."

"I'm glad of it."

"So am I, and that is not all, — we are to have a new music-book."

"I'm glad of that too."

"Why?"

"We shall sing something new. I am tired of those old tunes."

The new book, and the new style of music that was introduced into the choir, pleased us greatly. It was something quite different from anything we had sung before. Purer, more simple and refined; then, too, we could not fail to notice how the words were married to music that seemed written for them. In fact, our whole service was remodelled and made one harmonious whole, instead of the disjointed affair that it had hitherto been. These changes were not affected at once, nor without difficulty. We had a long and wordy war between our organist and the church committee.

The people generally took the side of the new man. The improvement in the music was too palpable, and though at first the music of the player did not attract much attention, yet in time its purity, sweetness, and elevated character won all hearts and charmed every ear. I tell you all this, because I wish to show you how this young man first drew my attention to the true and beautiful in music, and led me on, step by step, till I became absorbed in my art, and fired with an ambition to pursue it for its own sake, and to strive ever after the highest excellence in it. One Sunday afternoon, as he was playing his organ while the congregation passed out, I lingered after the others had gone. Going up to the organ desk, and standing by his side, I watched him play, and listened to the stream of harmony that flowed from the pipes over my head. It was a simple five-part prelude in A minor. Any child with the least knowledge of piano playing could have rendered it, so easy was it. He was using the full organ, and the slow and almost mournful chords seem to roll in heavy masses from the pipes. When he finished, he turned to me and said: —

"Solid, is it not?"

"Yes, but very sad."

"Oh; no! to me there is nothing mournful about that. It is in a minor key; but for all that it inspires me with faith and trust. Lively, dance music makes me sad; this never does."

"It would sound sad enough, if I should play it."

"Why so?"

"I cannot tell. I only know that when you play such music it is no longer mournful, but filled with faith and peace. I wish I knew how to sing as you know how to play."

"I don't understand you."

"I mean I wish I could put my whole soul into my music, as you seem to. I wish I had your expression."

"If you do not put feeling into your music, it is because you do not have it."

"Sir!"

"Be not offended. I speak plainly, yet with kindness. To be able to express feeling, we must have it in us."

"I do not think I am devoid of feeling, yet I never seem to sing with the expression I desire."

"You have not suffered enough yet."

"Suffered enough!"

"Yes, you have not yet passed through any deep experiences in life; therefore it is impossible for you to express in music thoughts and feelings you never had. The Germans have a saying that I think is a true one: 'He only is a musician who has suffered.'"

"I do not like to hear you say that. It makes me think that one has to pay a great price for the true and good in art."

"All valuable things are costly."

"But is it worth the price?"

"That is for each one to decide for himself. One thing is certain, only 'through darkness riseth light.'"

This idea was new to me, and I leaned back against the organ, lost in thought, while he went on playing those state-ly minor strains. I listened attentively to discover what expression he was putting into them. Sad they were not; rather restful and calm than sad. Presently he stopped and said: —

"Yet this is not all. One may have a world of feeling and not be able to express it; to that must be added a knowledge of those mechanical laws by which sound is produced."

"And is that all?"

"No. There is one thing more needed to make a musician, — the physical control of the instrument used, be it an organ, or a human voice."

"Then music divides itself into three parts, — the aesthetic or emotional, the mechanical, and the physical."

"You have described it exactly. To be successful in music one must be a mechanic and a doctor, and have added thereto all the training and culture of a refined and educated man or woman."

"Then I never shall be a singer. I can never accomplish all these."

"I am not so sure of that. You never will know what you can do till you try."

By this time all the people had gone, and we found our-

selves alone in the church with the twilight just gathering about us."

"Really, sir, we ought to go. We are quite alone. What will they say?"

"I could not guess, nor do I care. Our intentions are innocent. Who can blame us?"

"I don't know, I am sure; but they do talk so!"

By this time we had reached the outer door of the church but found it fast. We were locked in.

"Never mind, Miss Ward, we can get out somehow. Let us go downstairs to the vestry, and get out of some low window."

Well, we did so, there being no other way of escape. Frank climbed out first, and then helped me, and we both passed through the gate at the side of the church. As we came to the street the two Waring girls passed along. At sight of us they exchanged a meaning glance with each other.

"Now for detraction and perhaps slander," I said to myself when I reached home.

## CHAPTER IV.

"THROUGH DARKNESS RISETH LIGHT."—*Elijah*.

"To be a singer one must be a mechanic, a doctor, and have a certain amount of experience." These words kept ringing in my ears day and night. That I wanted to be a singer was plain enough, how could it be otherwise, for Frank had inspired me with a love of music I had not thought was in me. You must bear in mind that I saw him regularly three times a week, sometimes oftener, and on every occasion he taught me something new in his art. We talked of nothing else when together, and his music was of such a high order that it carried me into a new world, and inspired me to strive after his ideals. In my own music I found myself imitating him; I sought to acquire, as far as I could, the careful and painstaking style he always maintained. Every little hint that he gave me I eagerly adopted. I tried my best to sing with all the expression I could command. The new music-book, and the purer and more elevated style of music we sang from it, gave me a new insight into the art, and a new love for it. The fact is, my ambition was fired, and I desired to become a singer, a great singer. But how could I compass these three requisites? How could I master the science of acoustics, or

study physiology sufficiently to understand the structure and functions of my own vocal organs? As for experience, I had never had any. I was too young to have passed through much of anything. I knew what I would do. I would consult Frank. He would help me; but ought I to do so. Did I not see him quite enough already? Was it right for us to meet so often. We were very good friends, but where would our friendship end? Thanks to certain young people, we were talked about already. I had been sitting in our little back parlor sewing, while these thoughts passed through my mind. Suddenly the door was opened, and my father entered very much excited.

"Get your things, Julia, as quickly as you can and call the doctor. Mother has been taken suddenly ill."

Hastily getting my hat and shawl, I started out for the doctor, and in an instant all thoughts of music were forgotten. The subject never once entered my head for six days,—till I heard the sad wail that stole from the organ, as we sat by my mother's coffin, at her funeral in our church.

"Is your mother dead, Julia?"

"Yes, Jane, did you not know it?"

"No; how should I? How sorry I am! Why did you not tell me before?"

"I supposed you knew it."

"No, dear, I never heard of it till now. It was a sad

blow for you. She was a lovely woman, and a good mother. Was she sick long?"

No. She was taken away from us almost instantly. She was confined to her bed but twenty-four hours when she died. Those were sad days for us. My father never entirely recovered from the loss. He has been a poor, broken man ever since. Well, let me tell you about the music at the funeral. It made a deep impression upon me. I shall never forget the great sigh that seemed to break from the organ as we entered the church. Not loud, but sad, gloomy, and strange. I had never heard anything like it before. I could not believe it was our old organ that produced such tones. After a while, the slow minor chords became broken and fragmentary, though still bound together by a thread, as if the music was halting and pausing, unwilling to express its sorrow. Suddenly it slid from G minor to some major flat key, and died away to softest piano. The sting was taken from it, but the pain remained, though lulled. At last, it melted away into silence, leaving me, for one, quieted and sustained. Then came the reading, and after that a hymn. This I dreaded; I was afraid Mr. Loudman would interfere, and set the words to some outrageously inappropriate music. I was happily disappointed, for a more exquisite combining of word and music I never heard. If the voluntary soothed me, the singing of the hymn restored my drooping faith. After the hymn came the prayer. Hardly

had the "amen" been pronounced, when I seemed to hear another prayer,—a prayer without words, I cannot describe it to you. I have often seen and played it since myself. It is on the seventh page of "Rink's School." After the benediction that followed, we rose to follow my mother's remains to the church-yard. Perhaps you wonder how I can speak of this so calmly; simply because I was calm myself at the time. The music inspired me. I had buried my dead. My mother was safe, and at rest. I was almost glad for her. She would have no longer the heavy burden of our semi-poverty to bear, but was at rest in her Redeemer. Just as I opened the pew-door and took my father's trembling arm to go out, the organ broke forth clear and emphatic. No gloomy minor strains now, but, suiting my mood, it seemed to sing of hope and trust. I cannot explain to you how it was; in fact, I never expect to have it explained; but as I heard the music, these words came into my mind,—I know that her Redeemer liveth, and though worms destroy her body, yet in her flesh shall she see God.

On the following Saturday evening I went to rehearsal, as usual. Duties must be performed, if sorrows are heavy. I reached the church before the other members of the choir arrived. Frank was there, and busy at his organ. As soon as I entered, he placed a handsomely bound book in my hand, and asked if I would like to sing an air from the "Messiah," next Sunday.

"I should be pleased to, but really I never heard of the 'Messiah' before."

"Never heard of Handel's 'Messiah'?"

"No; what is it?"

"An oratorio."

"I never attended an oratorio in my life."

"Well, never mind. The aria is simple enough. Most good music is simple."

Showing me the piece, he began to play the prelude. I recognized it at once. It was the same thing he had played at my mother's funeral. My eyes glistened when he commenced; but when the voice part came, the words so filled me with thoughts of my mother, that somehow the music sang itself. When I finished I sat down quite overcome. The music had affected me in a way I never dreamed of."

"Are you sure you never saw that before, Julia?"

"No, Frank, but I have heard it played."

"Where, and when?"

"At my mother's funeral."

"That accounts for the wonderful expression you put into it."

"Did I sing with expression?"

"Yes, indeed. You sang as if you believed it."

"And is that the secret of expressing singing?"

"Partly. Through suffering you have become a musician, as far as mere expression is concerned."

"Now I understand what you meant when you said, 'through darkness riseth light.'"

. . . . .

"And I, Julia, understand now why you created such a furore at the Music Hall, last Saturday, and why it was you sang that aria without once looking on the book. You were thinking of your mother, were you not?"

"Yes, dear, I quite forgot myself. The orchestra became Frank's organ, and that great hall dwindled down to our little church at Rockford. I only came to myself when that ridiculous man in the gallery cried 'Bravo!'"

But not alone of my mother did I think. Another thought came to me, and almost inspired me.

## CHAPTER V.

"HE THAT SHALL ENDURE TO THE END SHALL BE SAVED." — *Elijah*.

THE following Saturday I was in my seat in the choir, as usual. The lamps on the organ were lighted when I arrived, for it was now nearly September, and the twilight faded away early. While waiting for the rehearsal to begin, I noticed a white-winged insect fluttering round the lamp over my head; he seemed fascinated by the light, and buzzed about the hot chimney, nearer and nearer. At last his curiosity was too much for him, and he dashed at the glass. Alas! poor little thing, in an instant he was struggling helplessly on my open book, his wings nearly burnt off. He did not seem to suffer much, but could not fly. Not wishing to hurt him, I slid him off the book on to the top of the gallery railing; here he wandered aimlessly about, and at last, coming too near the edge, tumbled over into the darkness below.

At the close of the rehearsal I lingered after the rest had gone, to hear Frank play. He was experimenting on one of the tunes we were to sing the next day, changing the key from E flat to D sharp.

"Why do you do that?"

"To avoid the wolf in the organ."

"The wolf!"

"Yes, did you not know there was one?"

"No. Tell me about it."

"You see that key," said he, pointing to C sharp.

"Plainly."

"Sometimes it is C sharp and sometimes D flat. In music those two notes are quite different. In keyed instruments, like the piano or organ, they are united in one key. Now, as they cannot tune the string or pipe to both, they either go between the two, or favor one at the expense of the other."

"Could they not have a key for each?"

"No. It would be almost impossible to handle such an instrument."

"How is this organ tuned?"

"In favor of the sharps. If played in sharp keys, it sounds in better tune than when played in flat keys; so I try to avoid the flat keys, as when they are used you hear that discord the organ builders call the 'wolf.'"

"Well, I must say I have learned something to-day. I need not say '*perdidi diem*' to-night."

"I hope you seldom have to say it."

Then he went on playing again. Soon I ventured to speak to him once more.

"Did I tell you that I intend to leave the choir?"

"No."

"To-morrow will be my last Sunday here; I am going away to live."

"Going away?" and he looked up surprised and troubled.

"Yes. I am going to the city to study music. I have made up my mind to become a singer, and follow music as a profession."

"Do you know what you are undertaking? Have you looked deeply into the matter?"

"Indeed I have. I propose to live with an aunt of mine, give music-lessons, and sing in some choir, and so pay for my education. It will cost me no more to live there than here."

The only answer I got to this was a few vague, broken chords from the organ. The player seemed lost in thought.

"Furthermore, I propose to study the anatomy of the throat, and to attend lectures on the science of acoustics. I mean to make myself perfect in my art. Do you not wish me God-speed?"

"I do, but my wishes are tuned to a minor key."

"Why so?"

"With speeding comes parting."

"That is true. Life is made up of partings."

"That is why life is so sad."

Then he turned away from me, as if he wished to hide his face by pretending to arrange the stops. Directly, a quiet melody stole from some sweet toned-stop; it was new to me, and so pleasing that I involuntarily stopped to listen. As

the music breathed slowly forth, I became more and more charmed; sitting down on a seat by the desk, I leaned back against the organ, and facing the great gloomy church. Frank was beside me, but looking the other way. I could see his face plainly, lighted up as it was by the lamps over our heads. A smile was on his lips, and his eyes, though fastened on the open music-book before him, seemed to glisten strangely. Still the music went on; at last it rose in a little ripple, trembled slightly, and died away into silence.

But I cannot tell the rest. Sufficient is it to say that to my surprise he then and there told me he loved me; that he could not help it, nor keep silence; that it would break forth into words; my sudden departure had taught him how essential I was to his happiness.

I could not and did not love him, and told him so. It is true I liked him, but was not certain of myself when it came to more than that.

At last a deep silence fell upon us both. Suddenly the bell high up in the steeple pealed forth ten strokes, while the clock on the front of the gallery chimed sharply, breaking the silence of the dark and shadowy place. Looking round at the organ, I saw Frank leaning his elbows on the music-rack and his face buried in his hands.

"I must go now. It is very late."

"In a moment, Julia."

Then I stood up by the organ, and laid my hand on his shoulder.



"Forgive me, Frank."

"Forgive you? What have I to forgive? Forgive me rather."

"Freely. I am only sorry for your sake that it cannot be. I must go now."

"Wait till I close the organ, and shut off the water, and I will go with you."

(The wind to our organ was, as you know, supplied by water-power.)

"Oh, no, let me go alone. I prefer it so."

Fearing to say more, I left the organ-loft, and went downstairs into the gloomy church. As I opened the front door I paused a moment. Should I go back to him? Perhaps I am mistaken. Just then the organ spoke. If it had possessed an articulate voice it could not have expressed more sorrow and disappointment. As I heard the few sad chords that echoed through the building, I took one step backward. It was very dark about me, though light above. I could not find the stairs. Pushing the door open, I rushed into the street; the night was cold and stormy. Surely it was cloudy within and cloudy without. As I walked away, those strange, sad chords again broke on my ear. They have haunted me ever since. I never knew what they were from, till long years after; when I heard an orchestra play the introduction to the "Messiah," I remembered them at once. They form the closing movement of the overture.

The next morning I rose early and endeavored to find some one to take my place in the choir. I did not wish to appear there myself. My efforts were fruitless, and I was forced to sing as if nothing had happened.

As I entered the choir I made a discovery. Something had happened. Somebody had been misdoing, — myself evidently. The choir plainly knew of something to my discredit. Could it be possible that they had heard of my last night's experience? Doubtful — very. Personally I was sad, nervous, and troubled, though I hid it from them, and was as serene as a summer's-day. What it was all about, I did not learn till some time after, when I heard through a friend that those Waring girls had amplified and spread abroad our escape from the vestry window. And what motive could they have had? Jealousy. Not on their own account, for they could not sing, but in behalf of their cousin, our alto. The alto herself was a good-enough girl, and the idea that I was trying to overshadow her never would have entered her weak little head, if it had not been put there by others. I never dreamt of such a thing; why should I? If she could sing better than I, I rejoiced in it. How my own performance struck her was something I never thought of. What difference did it make who sang best? Besides who could decide between us? Music is not an exact science. No one can say with absolute certainty which is the best of two performances. I can't see the sense of the wretched feelings sometimes indulged in by

singers. Are they more than the music, or was music written to display their voices? Truly, the ways of musical people are past my finding out.

I got through the morning service without exchanging a look or a word with Frank. At last I went home, absolutely wretched. Why could they not let me alone in my misery?

The afternoon service I dreaded, and if I could have escaped it, I would have done so gladly. As I could not, I went determined to perform my duty as well as I knew how, and then bid farewell to the choir forever. The first two hymns were evidently funereal in their character. Who was to be preached about I wondered. When the sermon-time came I shut my book, and prepared to listen to the discourse. This was not a hard matter now. The unbecoming behavior that had so shocked me on my first entrance to the choir had given place to some sort of decorum. Frank had put an effectual stopper on their misconduct, and that, too, without creating any ill-will, which was something wonderful; but then he was a wonderful fellow. I never expect to meet his equal.

The sermon had not proceeded far before I discovered that it was about my own mother. The preacher drew a picture of her character, and gave a sketch of her good and pure life. From that he argued her present happiness. Her life was not ended, but just begun. The whole sermon impressed me greatly. I saw and felt the force of

his words. I firmly believed that her dear eyes were beholding her God. When the sermon was finished, I found myself leaning on my hands, and the tears streaming through my fingers, — not tears of sorrow alone, but of thankfulness that she was safe and at peace. A solemn silence fell on all the people as the minister sat down, and I felt that I was not alone in my grief. Was I alone in my faith? Suddenly I felt a light pressure on my arm; looking up, I found Frank near me.

"Will you sing the aria now?"

"Which one?"

"The one you rehearsed the other evening, — the soprano air from the 'Messiah.'"

"Yes, sir."

Then he placed the open book in my hand, and at once began to play the prelude. Now my opportunity has come. I will show these people I can sing, for all their talk. But this is not a good thought for such a time or place. No, I'll not care anything about it or them. I'll sing the aria to show them all that I *do* know that my Redeemer liveth. Now the prelude is almost over, and the voice part begins. Listen, you people! Lend your ears, not to my music, but to my belief. Well, I sang it as well as I knew how at that time, which I suppose was poor enough. As I went along, a new inspiration came to me. I was singing to his accompaniment. It was the last time I should do so, and to the faith I tried to express in the music was added a

shade of sadness at parting with him. When it was finished I sat down, and immediately the benediction was pronounced, and the people began to go out. At once a slow, sad strain streamed from the organ. It was new to me, and, though in a minor key, was exquisitely beautiful, and plainly the work of a master-hand. The choir and many of the people stopped to listen. It was wonderfully well performed. The organist seemed to have put his whole soul into his fingers. They may have thought it was my mother's death that inspired the player; but I knew better, — it was the parting so soon to come that tinged the music.

"What is he playing?" I asked of some one near.

"A tenor solo from 'Messiah.'"

"What are the words?"

"Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.'"

Soon the music slid into a major key, and he began to play something else. After a little while the people dwindled away, and we two were alone in the church. Going up to him, I placed my hand on his arm and said, "Good-by, Frank. I am going now." He never answered a word, but went on playing in silence. Thinking he would soon stop, I stood there patiently for a moment or two. Presently my eyes wandered to the open book from which he was playing. It was Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and was open at that lovely alto solo on the two hundred and sixteenth page: "Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patiently

for him, and he shall give thee thy heart's desire." I understood him at once.

"No, Frank. It can never be, you had best not think so."

Still he went on playing in silence. Soon he was obliged to turn the leaf of the book. As quickly as he had done so, a new idea came to me; pointing to the next chorus, on the two-hundred and nineteenth page, I said: —

"Play that, Frank; forget the other. Your heart's desire cannot be given you; therefore 'endure' that you may be 'saved.' Play that music; believe those words, — they are good and true words. Once more, good-by. Remember me, but do not love me. Remember, too, that 'he that shall endure unto the end shall be saved.'"

## CHAPTER VI.

"FOR HIS IS THE SEA AND HE HATH FASHIONED IT."—*Mendelssohn's  
Ninety-fifth Psalm.*

THE next morning, with my own little trunk carefully packed, and in company with my father, I started in a covered wagon for the nearest steamboat landing on the river.

The boat was at the wharf when we arrived. Hastily checking my baggage, I hurried on board, and parted from my father in all the bustle and confusion of the departure. I came to the edge of the deck next the landing, while he stood near me on the pier. Suddenly he and the wharf seemed to be drawn away from me, and I found myself alone and a stranger on a crowded boat, and going to a new and strange place, to begin an untried life. At first a feeling of unutterable loneliness and homesickness came over me, and I sat down on one of the seats which surrounded the deck, quite overcome. Thinking this not a brave or good thing to do, I attempted to arouse myself, by looking at the passing scenery. This did not help me much. The graceful wooded hills on either bank kept gliding past. Every moment I was drifting farther and farther from home. Dear home, why did I ever leave it? How I wished myself back again! It was too late for backward steps. I must

go on. The boat was a large one, and crowded with passengers. Turning away from the lonely hills, I amused myself by studying the people about me. The afternoon was mild and pleasant, and the upper deck where I sat was filled with men, women, and children, all enjoying the scenery, the motion, and the fresh salt breeze that blew up the river from the sea, towards which we were speeding. Among the people I observed an old, one-armed sailor, carrying about on his remaining arm a large basket full of marine shells, which he was trying to sell to the passengers. Presently he passed in front of me, and offered his stock in trade for inspection. I shook my head to signify that I did not care to purchase; then he passed along to my neighbors,—a lady with three little girls.

"O mother," said the eldest of the children, "do buy one of these pretty shells!"

"Not now, dear; wait until father comes."

"I want it now, mother; I want to hear the fairy sing."

"O mother, is there a fairy in the shell? Do get one. I want to see her," said another child.

"In a moment you shall have one; wait, and father will soon be here."

Then the first little girl spoke. "What a puss you are! You can't see the fairy that lives in the shell, you can only hear her when she sings."

Just here a tall, fine-looking gentleman came up and joined the group beside me; the purchase was soon made, and the three children were completely happy with

their new toy. Holding the shell to their ears, they seemed to listen with delight to the sound that seemed to come from its pearly lips. After a while they became tired of their plaything, and it fell to the deck at my feet. Picking it up, I handed it to the eldest child, who sat next me, and said : —

“What did the fairy say to you?”

“She didn’t say anything, she only sings.”

“Does she not sing any words?”

“Oh, no, she only sings.”

“Is it a pretty song?”

“Yes, you put it to your ear, and you’ll hear it.”

Placing the lips of the shell to my ear I was surprised to hear a low, sweet murmur as of some far-off tone. Taking it away from my ear, the sound ceased; replacing it, I again heard the low, steady note. Wondering what caused the sound, I said playfully to the little girl : —

“Can you tell me the fairy’s name?”

“She hasn’t got any name.”

“Yes, she has,” said the gentleman; “her name is Reverberation.”

“Re—ver—ation! Oh, dear, what a dreadful name! It isn’t pretty, papa; I shall call her — ‘Ation;’ it’s nicer.”

Finding the ice broken, I ventured to ask the father of the children if there was anything in the shell that produced the tone. He did not laugh at my ignorance, but politely explained to me that the hollow shell acted as a

receiver and condenser of the various sounds in the air about us. Any object of the same shape would produce the same result. The waves of sound entered the mouth, and striking the walls of the shell were re-echoed and sent out again in the confused murmur that one hears on holding it near the ear.”

“And if there were no sounds in the air, would the shell be silent?”

“Yes, but I doubt if that ever occurs; absolute silence is very rare.”

“I have been where it is very still, sometimes.”

“Doubtless; yet, if you had placed the shell at your ear, I think it would have spoken as it does now. The shell would catch up and repeat audibly, tones and sounds you could not hear without it.”

“What sounds would it repeat in my own room in the middle of the night when everybody is asleep and the house very still?”

“The motion of the wind, or the sound of your own breathing, — sounds that perhaps you never heard in your life.”

“What you say interests me greatly. May I ask one more question?”

“Certainly.”

“Are there any tones in music that we cannot hear?”

“No doubt there are many, both above and below the scales of our pianos.”

"How can they know that? If there are tones our ears cannot take in, how do we know that they exist?"

"There are several ways of showing their existence. If I had time I would tell you more about it."

"I wish you had, for the whole matter is something I am greatly interested in."

"Are you a musician?"

"Not as yet. I hope to be."

Just here the little girl between us began to be very restless and uncomfortable; to quiet her, I took her up on my lap, and in a moment the tired little head fell on my shoulder, and she was fast asleep. This was a trifling act of kindness on my part, but by performing it I laid the foundation of my fortune. The parents of the little one at once took me into their hearts. They smiled to see how the child came to me, as though she had known and loved me all her life.

"Is she not very heavy, Miss ——?"

"Ward, madam. My name is Julia Ward. No, she is not heavy, and she is sleeping so nicely we'll let her remain; besides, I want to hear more about reverberation, if the gentleman is willing."

"Willing enough, but I suppose the supper-bell will ring directly. Are you travelling alone, Miss Ward?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we shall be happy to have you join our party. Are you going through?"

"Yes, sir; I am travelling by myself towards the city; a stranger to the road and destination."

"Would I be impertinent if I ask what object you have in going to the city?"

"Not at all, sir; I am in search of teachers and schools to aid me in my profession."

"Really, Miss Ward," said the lady. "Do you intend to study a profession?"

"Yes, it is my ambition to study music and become a singer."

At this the gentleman and his wife exchanged a smile and a meaning look. At sight of this I stopped abruptly, not knowing what to say next. All this time the child in my lap slept as quietly as though I had been her mother. The other two children amused themselves on the deck before us. Suddenly the supper-bell rang, and there was a general movement among the passengers toward the door of the cabin. This being my first experience on a night-boat, and being quite alone, I sat where I was, still holding the sleeping child. The lady at once began to gather her shawls and things together as if to go. While so doing, she, and the gentleman held a whispered consultation together. In a moment or two all was ready, and coming to me she held out her hands as if to take the little one from me.

"Come, Milly, wake up, dear; supper is ready. I hope she has not tired you, Miss Ward; now that you have been

so kind and motherly to our little Milly, let me return the kindness; won't you join us at our table downstairs?"

At first I hesitated, — these people were strangers; could I trust them? Then I looked straight into her eyes; they were fair, open, honest eyes.

"Thank you, I should be very glad to do so, for I am quite alone in all this crowd."

Then we all went down to the brilliantly lighted saloon, and sat down to a small table by ourselves. My new-found friends were evidently people of refinement, and some means. At first I felt ill at ease, but the gentleman was so polite, and the lady so kind and talkative, that my diffidence soon wore away, and I enjoyed their company and the supper extremely. Supper over, the lady said it was high time the children went to their state-room; so she took two, and I followed with the other, not wishing to be left alone with the father. When we reached their state-room door, I found it was next my own. I was delighted to discover this; I seemed to be near friends. I assisted her to undress the little girls, and tuck them up in their berths. The two younger ones were soon fast asleep; but Milly seemed restless, and out of sorts. After a while she fell asleep. Then my new friend asked me if I would not like to join her husband again. Not having anything else to do, I gladly accepted her invitation. On reaching the deck we found it was dark; a cool salt breeze was blowing, and we seemed to be far out on the open sea. The stars were shin-

ing brightly; two bright dots of light gleamed from the shore far behind us; on every hand the dark night and darker water. We seemed to be moving very fast, and though it was cool, the deck was crowded with passengers, seated in groups, quietly talking among themselves, or enjoying in silence the swift motion and the lovely night. After a short search we found my new friend's husband near the bows of the boat, smoking a cigar. He procured us seats, and we all sat down facing the dark, open sea, towards which we seemed to be rushing. Behind us, the huge boat rose deck above deck, twinkling with lights; before us, the dark. Near by, stood a man gazing steadfastly into the gloom ahead.

"What is that man doing, John?"

"He is the look-out. He is on the watch for passing vessels."

"He must have good eyes; I can't see anything."

"No better eyes than you have; yet he would discover a light long before you."

"Why so?"

"He has improved his sight by practice, just as you have improved your hearing by a long course of music."

This began to interest me, so I ventured to ask a question.

"Do you think our senses are capable of improvement, sir?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"What, one's hearing, and sense of taste or touch?"

"Certainly; why not?"

"I do not know why not, — the idea is a new one to me."

"It is often done. I once heard of an organist, who played in a church where it was the custom to have a short voluntary after the prayer. Now, the minister had a fashion of letting his voice fall to a whisper at the end of each sentence. This was not pleasing to our organist; for as he used to say, 'I never knew when the prayer was over,' and consequently never knew when to play. To be sure not to make a mistake, he was obliged to listen very sharply for the almost inaudible 'Amen.' The result was, that in time his hearing became wonderfully improved, and a new world of sounds was opened to him. Little sounds which before he never heard became distinct, and conversations between persons at a short distance, that before were unheard, became revealed to him. It was as though he had put on 'sound-spectacles,' or 'auricles,' as the doctors call them. His sharpened hearing was useful in church; but elsewhere it sometimes proved an annoyance, for he heard many things that were pleasanter unheard."

"I understand you now, sir; but pray tell me what are 'auricles'?"

"Instruments used by persons hard of hearing, arranged to gather the rays of sound and convey them in a stream into the ear."

"Rays of sound! Does sound travel in rays? Does it move like —"

"Like what?"

"Excuse me, sir. I fear I am asking too many questions of a stranger. I am afraid I shall trouble you."

"Not a bit. I like to talk about the real, tangible things in nature."

"Never you fear, Miss Ward," said the lady. "My husband is quite a philosopher, and is delighted to find an appreciative listener at any time."

"Don't say that, wife. I am not a philosopher. Only a dabbler in science; nothing more."

"If you are a dabbler, where do you find your professors, sir?"

"Don't know."

"Go on, Miss Ward. Pump him all you can. He rather likes it."

"Let me see," said the gentleman; "we were speaking of sound, — rays of sound. No, I made a slip there. Sound does not exactly radiate, and yet it does."

"You are getting rather foggy, John."

"So I see. Well, sound can radiate from a given point in every direction, and yet it has more the character of a wave or a pulse than a ray."

"Don't mystify the young lady, John. Tell her plainly what sound really is."

"Yes, dear. Sound is simply an undulation or vibra-



tion of the particles of air. If one particle of air is moved it moves the next, then slips back, that one agitates the next, and so on, until the last one strikes against the drum of the ear, and the auditory nerve conveys the sense of the motion to the brain, and we call the impression the brain receives, sound. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir; but does every particle of air between us and that bell on the upper deck move to and fro, and convey the motion one from another till we are made aware of it? One would think it would take a deal of time for so many motions to be made."

"It does take time; but you must bear in mind that each motion is very rapid. It is estimated that sounds, or, rather the transmitted motions, travel at the rate of about eleven hundred feet a second."

Just here the look-out man beside us turned round and shouted: "Ship on the 'starbud.' Bearing free."

We turned round to see whom he was speaking to; but could not discover. His call did not seem to attract the slightest attention from anybody. Then we all peered out into the dark to discover the ship the sharp-eyed sailor had seen. In this we were unsuccessful. Black water and blacker night closed in all around us. Presently we felt a slight tremor under our feet.

"What is that, sir?" said I.

"The boat has turned one side, to avoid the vessel just ahead."

While he was speaking a faint light glimmered before us, and a huge ship, with every sail set, grew out of the darkness. As we neared it, the lights from the steamer streamed upon her, and lit up each rope and sail with a pale, sickly gleam. It seemed a phantom ship just emerged from some undiscovered sea. Even the face of the man on her deck seemed in the strange light, the face of a ghost. We all got up and stood by the railing, to see the sight. The vessel was evidently ploughing her way through the sea, yet she seemed to stand still, or rather, move slowly backward, as we swept past her. Just as our boat came in line with the ship, a thundering pulsating or beating sound broke upon our ears. While we were passing the ship the noise was terrific; no sooner had she slipped past us out of sight than the uproar died away, and nothing could be heard save the sharp hiss of the sea beneath the bows, or the low rush of the night wind. Curious to know the cause of the noise, I ventured to ask another question.

"Can you tell me, sir, what caused the great noise we heard as we passed the ship?"

"It was the sound of the steamer's paddles striking the water."

"Are they still making as much noise?"

"Doubtless."

"Why do we not hear it, then?"

"The wind created by our motion through the air throws the sound behind us, towards the rear of the boat. Persons

on the lower deck at the stern hear the noise all the time. That is one reason why I always prefer to sit before, instead of behind, the smoke-stack."

"But, sir, why did we hear the sound so plainly while passing the ship?"

"The hull, and more especially the sails, of the ship acted as a reflector, and returned or re-echoed the sound, so that it was made audible to us. When the reflector was removed, the wind rushed in and swept the sound away again."

"Oh! I understand you now. The ship was a sort of sound-mirror."

"Precisely."

"Come, John, it is getting chilly, we ought to retire. Shall we not escort you to your state-room, Miss Ward?"

"Thank you; you are very kind. I suppose I ought to go to bed early, as I have a strange and hard day before me to-morrow."

You may think I was extravagant to have a state-room; I might have taken a berth, and saved the expense; my pride led me to do as I did. Pride is a poor investment at most times, but on this occasion my extravagance proved a good thing. It gave me an opportunity to show a little kindness to my new acquaintances. It happened in this wise: Soon after I had entered my state-room I heard a gentle knock. On opening the door, I found my lady-friend, with two of

the little girls in their night-dresses. The great saloon of the steamer was nearly empty and but dimly lighted.

"What is the matter?" said I, somewhat alarmed at their appearance.

"Nothing very serious, as yet. Little Millie has been taken sick. My husband has gone for the boat surgeon, and as our state-room is small I have come to ask you to be so kind as to take these little ones in with you for the night."

"Take them! with all my heart. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"No, thank you. To know that these are safe is such a relief that I can hardly thank you enough."

"Never mind the thanks, madam. Come, children, come in here. I've a nice warm room and a snug little bed for you both."

This was but a trifling thing to do, and doubtless I should have forgotten it the next day. My new friends never forgot it. The next day we reached our destination. As we drew up to the wharf the father of the children came to me, and, giving me his card, thanked me both for himself and wife for my kindness. I did not see where the kindness came in, and said if there was any they were welcome.

"You must call and see us, Miss Ward, when you get settled."

"Thank you, sir, I shall be pleased to do so."

Thinking his words a mere empty compliment, I replied as emptily. I wish I had not.

## CHAPTER VII.

"BE NOT AFRAID." — *Elijah.*

ON my arrival at my aunt's I found myself introduced to a new atmosphere. When nature made my aunt, Miss Susan Scratchfield, there must have been an open vial of vinegar standing near. Somehow it became mixed in her substance, and never got washed out. I am certain of one thing, whenever any of the sweet milk of human kindness came near her, it was sure to curdle. She was a tall, spare woman, past forty, and much given to attending "meetings." As for music, she never could discover its use in this dying world. "We are but sinful worms," she used to say; "we should not waste our time with such vanities as music, or the like."

Her presence and surroundings were so different from my own home, that, as I said, I found myself in a new and uncongenial atmosphere. She received me into her lonely house, and treated me with all the respect due a sister's daughter, and nothing more. The house itself was a simple two-story affair, in a back street, not far from the outer limits of the city. Not a convenient place for me, being far from the central portion of the town where I should be obliged to go for my instructions.

Now let me tell you of "my schools and school-masters." Being almost without friends in the city I had to trust to advertisements of music-teachers. I had no letters to any one. Their importance never entered my head until I found how sorely I needed them. My first day in the city was spent with my aunt in making myself acquainted with my new home and its surroundings. Bright and early the next day I sallied forth in search of instructors. Guessing that my new life would be a costly one, I resolved to economize in every direction. I would avoid the horse-cars, abandon all amusement, and reduce the cost of my wardrobe to the last cent. I found need enough for all my available funds speedily. The first thing I did was to buy a paper, and to search for music-teachers' cards as I walked along down town. I found several, and taking one that seemed least pretentious and the cheapest, I called upon him. He was an Italian, by name Signor Trombolé, a little, withered-up man, of about sixty years of age, and possessed of but a small stock of English. I did not like the man at first sight, and merely called to ask his terms. On calling on several others, both men and women, I found them all to be very much alike. Finally I selected the Signor for my first instructor. His terms completely frightened me,—sixty dollars for twenty-four lessons. A great price. In my simplicity, I came to the conclusion, that if the price was so high the instruction must be very valuable. No doubt I should learn the faster, and become a finished singer

all the sooner. Sixty dollars! and to be paid in advance. Not without a pang, to see the remnant of my father's property slip away so easily, I paid the bill, and took my first lesson that morning. It was a simple affair, merely an exercise in scales. When it was over, I went down among the newspaper offices, and advertised for a situation in some choir. On my way back I stopped at a music-store, and hired a piano for use in my own room. Again I was surprised at the high cost of everything. Thirty dollars a quarter for a second-hand piano, and to be paid in advance. I did so, though I could not help thinking they used me rather severely. After a weary walk I reached my aunt's, tired, a little disappointed, but still hopeful. At noon the piano arrived, and as soon as dinner was over I sat down to practise my first lesson. This was a foolish thing to do. One should never sing within sixty minutes after a full meal; however, I did not know this at the time. Precious little did I know any way. I thought I knew a good deal, being wise in my own conceit. Well, to make a long story short, I took a whole quarter of Signor Trombolé, but at the end did not find myself so very much better off. I did not get ahead as fast as I had hoped or expected. Then, too, I did not find it so very easy to get a situation in a choir. It was not until I had nearly finished my first quarter that I obtained a place in a chorus choir, on very small pay. Small as it was, only a hundred dollars a year, I took it thankfully, there being no prospect

of anything better. When I finished the quarter, the Signor wanted more pay. He was getting fashionable; wealthy girls would and did pay him a great deal more. He became quite the rage in the city, and though some one in the papers pricked him with a pin, and he collapsed like the empty gas-bag he was, yet I still desired to continue under his instruction. Did he not come from the land of song? Did not the fashionable world smile upon him? Surely he was a very great man; I must keep him for a teacher if possible. Would it be possible? The expense became so great, and my efforts to obtain a few scholars were so fruitless, that I began to be in despair, and to doubt my ability to continue with him. Oh, how I wished Frank was near, or that I could go to him for aid and guidance! However, that was never to be, and I might as well fight it out alone.

As for my medical education, as I called it, that seemed something I never could obtain. I did not wish to become a physician, or to compete with the young men of the medical school. I merely wished to obtain an accurate knowledge of the structure of my own throat. Yet this was denied me. I applied to the professors of the local medical school, but, though they were kindly disposed, could do nothing for me. Education was for men; women did not need it, and could go without. One thought I had better read for myself. When I asked what I should read, he did not know. It required so much technical knowledge to

even read the books, that without the aid of a teacher I could make but little progress. I had better give up the idea, and do as the rest of the singers did. This I would not do. If I intended to study music, I would go to the bottom of things, and know all there was to be known. Superficial knowledge would not satisfy me. Another of the professors thought my idea a good one, but saw no way to carry it out, unless I had a private tutor. The expense settled that matter. As for studying the science of sound, that was out of the question. I spoke to the Signor about it, but he only shrugged his shoulders, and smiled at my weakness. Sound was sound to him. To dream of investigating its nature, and the laws that govern it, was mere folly. All he personally knew about sound would not disturb a tuning-fork, much less make it sing. Taking all things together, my progress seemed very, very slow.

A short time after this, the minister of the church where I sang preached a sermon on trusting God in all our troubles. His remarks seemed just suited to my case, and quite cheered me. After the sermon we sang a chorus from Elijah. It was new to me, but the music and words quite inspired me. After singing it, I felt that I ought not to despair, but to fight it bravely out, trusting that Heaven would somehow help those who help themselves. As I passed out of church, with the inspiring words and music still ringing in my ears, "Be not afraid, thy help is near," I felt a touch upon my

arm. Turning round, I discovered my steamboat acquaintance.

"Good-morning, Miss Ward."

"Good-morning, sir. This is a surprise, sir. I did not expect to see you here."

"Nor I you. I am glad to have found you at last. Why have you not called upon us? My wife has been long wishing to see you."

Not quite knowing what to say, I stammered out something about being very busy.

"Very busy, are you? Glad to hear it. How do you get on with your studies?"

"Not very fast, as yet. It is much harder work than I supposed."

"All study that is worth anything is hard. Have you made much progress in acoustics?"

"No, sir, I have not taken the first step."

"Indeed! Tell me more about it. Perhaps I can help you."

"You could, indeed, but I do not wish to trouble you."

"Do not fear that. Come, promise you will take tea with us to-morrow evening. Come early, at six. Mary and the children will be delighted to see you."

"Thank you, I shall be happy to do so."

"Good. Now, don't forget, six o'clock."

At this I tried to smile; it was a failure, and he saw it.

"I am afraid you have not prospered happily lately. Come and see us, Miss Ward. We will brighten you up in no time. Good-by until to-morrow."

Here was a pretty state of things. I had received an invitation among strangers, and I did not even know their names, or where they lived. When I received the gentleman's card I had thrust it into my pocket without once looking at it. I supposed his kindness was like that of most travelling acquaintances, — on the surface. When I reached home I searched among my things, and at last found the card: —

"JOHN SHARP, M. D.

*49 East-Twentieth Street."*

Good! He is a doctor. Perhaps he can help me about my studies. I'll call on them, and see what sort of people they really are.

Five o'clock the next afternoon found me at the doctor's door. The servant who ushered me in showed me a seat in a small side-room, filled from floor to ceiling with books. Books seemed to abound; on the large table in the middle of the room, piled up on the floor, and filling every shelf to bursting. Two chairs and a desk completed the furniture. In one corner stood a music-rack, and beside it a violin case. These last pleased me. Evidently the good man of the house was a musician and a scholar. Having

inspected things to my satisfaction, I sat down to wait. As no one seemed to notice my arrival, I fell to looking at the books. A small, neatly bound volume attracted my eye, and I took it up: "The Voice in Singing; translated from the German of Emma Seiler." What's this? The voice in singing? Is not this something I am interested in? I must read it. Opening it at random, I read these words:—

"Everything spiritual, everything ideal, as soon as it is to be made present to the perceptions of others, requires a form which, in its material as well as in its structure, may be more or less perfect, but it can never otherwise than submit to those eternal laws to which all that lives, all that comes within the sphere of our perceptions, is subject. To discover and establish the natural law which lies at the basis of all our forms of art is the office of science. To fashion and control these forms and animate them with a soul is the task of art. In singing the art consists in tones beautiful and sonorous, and fitted for the expression of every variation of feeling. To set forth the natural laws by which these tones are produced is the business of physiology and physics.

"Thus there is not only an æsthetical side to the art of singing, but a physiological and a physical side also, without an exact knowledge, appreciation, observance, and study of which, what is hurtful cannot be discerned and avoided, and no true culture of art, and consequently no progress in singing, is possible."

Delighted to find so clear an exposition of the very ideas of vocal music Frank had instilled into me, I prepared to devour more of the book, when I was made aware of somebody's presence.

"Good-evening, Miss Ward."

Looking up, I discovered the kindly face of the doctor.

"Good-evening, sir. Excuse my inattention. I was so absorbed in this book that I did not notice your entrance."

"I do not wonder much. Madam Seiler pleased me greatly when I first met the book. Have you never read it?"

"No, sir."

"Indeed. Take my copy home with you. It may give you a few new ideas about singing. That is, in a general way. It is a bright book, though not quite correct in every point."

"Thank you, sir. Now, before we go further, let me ask you one question. I may seem forward, but I would like to know if you are a musician."

The only reply I got to this was the opening of the violin case, and the taking out of the instrument. Bending over the violin as if he loved it, he brought the strings into tune and began to play. At first, the music stole from the strings as if it dared but to breathe; growing bolder, it swept higher and clearer, and soon broke out into a

loud, exultant strain. Before I knew what I was doing, I found myself putting the words to the music and joining the violin with heart and voice. "Be not afraid, saith God the Lord. Be not afraid, thy help is near."

## CHAPTER VIII.

"BLESSED ARE THE MEN WHO FEAR HIM." — *Elijah*.

SUDDENLY, in the midst of our music, I felt my two hands seized, and a warm kiss imprinted on my lips. Looking up, I found the face of the doctor's wife before me, radiant with a cheerful welcome.

"I'm so glad you have come! The children will be as delighted to see you as I am."

"Now, Mary," said the doctor, laying down his instrument, "you have spoiled all our fun. Besides, I wanted to hear Miss Ward sing. She has the remains of a fine voice."

"What are you saying, John? How can you be so rude!"

"I may be rude, but I am not unkind."

As for me, I said nothing. What could I say?

"I say it in all friendliness; she has the remains of a fine voice. Some one ought to tell her before it is completely ruined."

"Don't, John! You are carrying your incorrigible bluntness altogether too far."

"I hope not. Miss Ward will forgive me if I do. Will you not?"

"Yes, sir, if what you say is true. If I have unwittingly



tingly injured my voice, I shall thank you, or any one else, who will tell me."

"I wonder if the doctor thinks what he is saying is the 'help' that is 'near.'"

"I do not know, I am sure," said I. "If what he says of my voice is true, it is a help, though bitter to the taste."

"It is not every pill that is sugar-coated."

"Never mind the pills now, John. Supper is ready. Won't you walk down to tea with us, Miss Ward?" So saying, she drew my arm in hers, and led the way to the dining-room.

As we passed through the entry she whispered to me, "Do not be offended at my husband. He is a superior musician, and a man of great scientific attainments. He is a kind and a good man. Whatever he may say to you will be said sincerely, kindly, and truthfully. Music is his hobby, and if you can get him to help you about your studies you will be very fortunate. So don't take to heart his seeming rudeness."

At the table I met the children. They seemed delighted to see me, and vied with their parents to make my visit a pleasant one. Tea over, we adjourned to the parlor. As we entered the room I discovered a magnificent grand piano in the corner. Thereupon I congratulated myself. Now I am among musical people and in a congenial atmosphere.

"After we have rested ourselves, we must have a little

music. Shall we not, Miss Ward?" said the doctor, placing a chair for me by the fire.

"I hope so, sir. I want to hear more of your violin."

"So you shall. Mary and I will play some piano and violin duets, the children shall sing, and perhaps you will favor us with a song."

"Me! Oh, no, sir; I have no songs to sing."

"O Miss Ward, I am sure you will sing something for us," said Mrs. Sharp. "You must not mind what the doctor said about your voice. We have never fairly heard you sing as yet."

"But I brought no music with me."

"Never mind; an exercise, or any simple thing, will please the doctor. He likes simplicity in all things."

"Now, while we are resting, you must tell us what you have been doing since we left you at the steamboat-landing."

Nothing loath, I related all my experience since that time. They listened in profound silence. When I had finished they had not a word to say. After a short, but very awkward pause, Mrs. Sharp said, slowly, "Oh, I am so sorry!"

"Sorry for what?" said I, becoming alarmed.

"Sorry that we lost you. We might have saved you a world of trouble, and one serious mistake."

"Yes," said the doctor; "you have gone fearfully

astray in your studies. Well, it can't be helped now. All we can do is to begin again and start fair."

Surprised and perplexed, I remained utterly dumb before them.

Mrs. Sharp perceived my embarrassment, and, drawing her chair close to mine, said kindly:—

"Have you no friends in the city?"

"None, save my aunt. She herself is not interested in music."

"Was there no one to tell you where to find a teacher, and to guide your studies?"

"No one. I believe I am utterly friendless."

"That's not true," said the doctor, suddenly. "We'll be your friends."

"Thank you, sir. I wish you would, for really I need friends sorely. I feel I am not getting on, and I have no one to talk to about music,—and it costs so much, and I cannot—cannot—Oh, dear, it's terrible hard work!—all alone—in this great city—and—and—"

I felt the tears coming. I tried to restrain them, but could not. The next thing I knew Mrs. Sharp's arm was around me, and I felt her cheek close to mine.

"You poor dear! You have had a hard time, but we'll help you. Don't be afraid; all will come out right, and you may live to be a fine singer yet."

"I hope so," said I, through my tears, "but the road is so very, very long."

All this while Dr. Sharp fidgeted about as if he did not quite know what to do with himself. Suddenly he jumped up and went out of the room. Directly we heard his violin. It was the same brave air, "Be not afraid."

"No, I'll not. You will both help me, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed. I will, at any rate, and I'll ask the doctor to assist. He grants my every wish; so I know he will."

"Thank you both," said I; "and now tell me what it is you are so sorry about. Wherein have I gone astray?"

"I am sorry that your teachers have never instructed you in the formation of your tones. You went astray in beginning at the wrong end. You have been taught to read notes before you knew how to manage your own stomach."

"My stomach! What do you mean, Mrs. Sharp?"

"I mean what I say. Did you not know that to control the breath in singing, the muscles of the upper part of the stomach, or diaphragm, as the doctor calls it, are brought into action? We do not breathe by the action of the chest alone, as many suppose, but by movements of muscles just below it. See now; while I sing a long note watch the action of my hands as they rest on my waist. So saying, she stood up before me, and straightway a low, soft note came from her lips. I watched her closely. The walls of her chest did not seem to move much, but as the note was prolonged, her finger-tips sank inward, showing that the

muscles contracted under them. It was wonderful. I never heard such a pure, sweet note, and sustained to such an extraordinary length. She ceased, but did not seem to be exhausted in the least.

"Now, you try. Choose an easy position, and see how long you can keep up the tone."

I began to sing. She stopped me at once.

"You must not sit. Stand up. Do you not see for yourself that a sitting posture must necessarily crowd the stomach up into the soft lungs, and they cannot fully expand?"

Standing up, I began again. It was no use, I could not sustain the note one-half the time, and when I finished I was utterly exhausted.

"I think, Miss Ward, you will now admit that whoever has been your teacher knew but little about singing from a physiological point of view."

"It is painfully apparent. There is no need of telling me more; besides, I cannot fail to notice the difference between your voice and mine. Yours is sweet and pure, while mine seems harsh and miserable."

"Not half so sweet as yours, but more pure. False teaching has nearly ruined your voice. I noticed that, when I caught you singing with the doctor. He told you so, bluntly enough."

These words made a deep impression on me, and for a moment I was lost in thought.

"I am glad that what I say has made you think. It shows you are not above being told unpleasant truths."

Just here the doctor returned.

"Been trying to put her on the right road, wife?"

"Yes, dear, as far I can. You must aid me about it. Perhaps we can find a teacher for Miss Ward, who will take her in hand, correct her faults, and purify her really fine voice."

"Will it take a long time?" said I.

"That depends upon yourself. At present you do not know how to breathe; you produce many bad over-tones, and you sing in your throat."

"Sing in my throat! Why, where shall I sing?"

"At your mouth. Just before your teeth."

"Really, sir, all this is new to me."

"I am not surprised. Men have but recently found the true way to teach singing. Come, Mary, is it not bedtime for the children?"

"Yes, dear, I was about to go with them, if Miss Ward will excuse me." So saying, she led the children, who had been playing on the floor all this while, away, leaving me alone with the doctor.

"Now, Miss Ward, just let me hear you sing once. You need not sing a song. I will play for you while you sing the scale slowly, from the bottom of your voice to the top."

Thereupon he led me to the piano, and with fear and trembling I began to sing. Suddenly, in the midst of the

exercise, the player stopped abruptly, rose from his seat, and walked rapidly towards the door. Looking up, I discovered a middle-aged, pleasant-faced gentleman just entering the room. Shaking him warmly by the hand, he welcomed him heartily, and then led him up to me, and introduced him as Mr. Hookson. After the usual exchange of compliments, the doctor said: —

"Will you excuse me a moment, Miss Ward, if I have a few words with my friend? It is quite important."

"Certainly, sir."

The two men went over to the fireplace, and, standing up before the cheerful blaze, with their backs to me, fell to talking earnestly together. As for me, I amused myself with the music-books on the piano. What they had to say did seem very important. It required a deal of discussion, at any rate. I was beginning to think they never would get through, when Mrs. Sharp returned.

"Why, doctor, how careless of you! You have left Miss Ward to her own devices."

"I know it, dear. We'll be through in a second or two. By the way, Mary, come here a moment; I've something to tell you."

Then they all three put their heads together, and the whispered conversation became still more earnest, and threatened to become prolonged to an alarming extent. Just as I was beginning to feel uncomfortable at the delay, they all three turned round and came towards me, looking very smil-

ing and happy. Wondering what would happen next, I waited for some one to speak.

"You may think our actions very queer, Miss Ward; but I hope you will excuse us. You will, when you come to hear our plan."

"I shall excuse you before I hear anything."

"Now, John," said Mrs. Sharp, "you begin."

"Yes, dear, I'll begin by asking Miss Ward a question. Did you not sing in a small country choir at one time, in a little village on the banks of the Sunpasquag?"

"Yes, sir."

"I told you so. I knew it was the same voice," said Mr. Hookson.

"Where did you ever hear me sing before, sir, and when?"

"At Rockford, last summer. You sang that old hymn beginning, 'Almighty Father, I am weak.' You sang with great feeling, Miss Ward."

"Did I, sir? It must have been because I did feel weak."

"The doctor tells me you wish to become a singer. Is that so?"

"It is, sir."

"May I ask who your teacher is?"

"Signor Trombolé."

"Oh, Lordy! Excuse, Miss Ward, my exclamation;

but the Signor's such an arrant humbug that I can't speak of him with patience."

"Now, Miss Ward," said the doctor, "we have a little plan for you. Listen. We want to help you a grain. My friend Hookson is going to instruct you in the science of sound. I am going to do the heavy physiological, and Mary, to-morrow, is to find you a new and better teacher."

Utterly amazed and stupefied at his speech, I said not a word.

"Charles, here, will show you some pretty wonderful things about sound. He is an organ-builder by profession."

"No more strange things than the doctor can show you when he gets out his laryngoscope. You'll find that the human throat is something fearfully and wonderfully made. You will soon learn one lesson if you study any part of the human frame."

"What is that, sir?"

"All things in nature are wonderfully well made, and show a master-mind in their creation."

"I hope the study of nature, in whatever form, will teach me to admire and love the Creator himself."

"No one," said Mrs. Sharp, "can long study any natural science without doing that."

## CHAPTER IX.

"HOW LOVELY ARE THE MESSENGERS." — *St. Paul.*

As soon as breakfast was over the next morning, I sat down by my aunt's front window to watch for Mrs. Sharp. She had promised to call early and take me to see a new music-teacher. My aunt, seeing me thus idle, took me to task.

"Why do you not go to your lesson, or attend to your practice? If you really intend to study music, you had better keep on and have it done with. I hate idleness."

"I am only idle because I am forced to be. I am waiting for a friend to call."

"A friend! I did not know you had any."

"I have several very good ones."

"No gentleman friends, I hope."

"I have one at least; and a good friend he is."

"Indeed! And who may he be?"

"His name is Dr. Sharp."

"Dr. Sharp. Now, Miss Ward, this cannot go on. You must give him up at once. I cannot allow my sister's daughter to throw herself away on some poor doctor."

"Throw myself away, aunt! What do you mean?"

"Did you not say he was a particular friend?"

"I said he was a good friend, and so he is. He has been very kind to me. I would do anything to please him."

"It's all the same. Deary me, that I should live to see such sad doings! He is doubtless a designing villain—a wretch."

"You shall not say that, aunt. It is not—"

Just here the door-bell rang. My aunt started up suddenly, and, bidding me go to my room, went to open the front door. Guessing who had arrived, I glanced out of the window, and saw a carriage at the door, and Mrs. Dr. Sharp just alighting therefrom; so I remained where I was, though I knew my aunt would frown. Soon she marched majestically into the room, leading Mrs. Sharp after her. The frown had given place to a look of mingled curiosity, wonder, and pride. People did not often call in their own carriages in our street.

"Good-morning, Miss Ward," said our visitor, cordially extending her hand. "Are you all ready? I have come in the carriage. We will drive over and see your new teacher as soon as you are ready."

Meanwhile my aunt had stood like one petrified.

"Mrs. Sharp, let me introduce you to my aunt, Miss Scratchfield. Aunt, this is Mrs. Sharp, the wife of the gentleman of whom I was speaking."

My aunt bowed graciously, and smiled serenely, as if she were proud and happy to greet the wife of a designing

villain. Fearing she might become too obsequious, I hastened upstairs for my things, and was soon ready. I can assure you I was glad when we were fairly off, being in constant terror lest my aunt would do something ridiculous. After a short and pleasant ride, we stopped before a tall brick building on a fashionable business street. Leaving the carriage, we entered a side door, and, climbing up three long flights of stairs, we stopped before a small door having a modest sign, — "Miss Sherwin."

"Sherwin," said I; "that's not an Italian nor a German name."

"Why, no, Miss Sherwin is an American. You must not think that only foreigners can teach music."

"I have thought so."

"You will live to see your mistake. The time will come when Americans will be considered a truly musical people."

Just here the door opened, and I beheld a young lady, of plain yet attractive appearance; of medium size, with puritan features, small lithe hands, and clear brown eyes, that indicated refinement, intelligence, and good common sense.

I was at once introduced to her; and we passed into a small, handsomely furnished room, when the subject in hand was at once opened.

Miss Sherwin did not manifest any surprise at my story. I soon learned that many of her scholars came to her after having had their voices nearly ruined by vicious methods.

It was the same old story, learning to read music before knowing how to produce a single pure note.

After a few preliminaries, Mrs. Sharp took her departure, leaving me alone with my new music-teacher. No sooner had she gone, than Miss Sherwin called me to the piano, and bade me sing through the limits of my voice.

When I had done so, she seemed lost in thought. Presently she said, quickly:—

“Are you afraid of work?”

“No.”

“Are you at all sensitive?”

“I hope not.”

“Will you mind if I tell you some unpleasant truths?”

“Not at all. I am not afraid of the truth at any time.”

“Good. In the first place, your voice is a good one, but very much injured, — more than you know. Secondly, it will require a great deal of hard work to reform it, and will require months of time. You are not hurt at my frankness?”

“Not in the least.”

“Then the battle is half won. Now let me tell you a story. Long time ago, when I was a young girl, I was once with my father, making a call upon one of the greatest of singers, Madame Sontag. She was singing in opera in this city at the time, and my father's position in the press brought him in contact with her. All I can remem-

ber of the interview is one sentence. It was in reply to a question put by my father. Said he:—

“‘Can you tell me, madame, why it is there are so few really great singers?’”

“Madame Sontag replied:—

“‘There are three reasons. In the first place, not every one had the requisite strength and sweetness of voice. Secondly, of those who had the voice, only a portion had the strength and perseverance to go through with the necessary study. Of those who possessed both, the majority are so pleased with a certain partial acquirement of the art, that they refuse to be taught more, thinking that they know everything.’”

This was a very good story, but it frightened me terribly. How would it be in my case?

I will not weary you with the details of my first lesson. It consisted merely of instructions for the proper control of the breath. The sixty minutes allotted me, quickly passed. Then we came to the subject of pay: one hundred dollars for twenty-four lessons. I do not know what Miss Sherwin thought of me, but I simply stared at her, and managed to say that I would call the next day, took my things, and went out.

Reaching my room, I mechanically laid one side my hat and shawl, sat down on the bed, and began to think. What was the use of trying any longer? I never could become a singer. It would cost a fortune. Not only did I not have

a fortune, but the little I had was totally inadequate to my educational expenses. Music was not for poor girls. I might as well call it a failure, give it up, and return to my father. Heartsick and weary, I buried my face in the pillow, and after a while cried myself to sleep. I do not know how long I lay there, but when I opened my eyes I found my aunt standing by the bedside, and gazing mournfully at me.

"What is the matter, aunt? Has anything happened?"

"Just what I was going to ask. What makes you cry, child?"

"Nothing, — that is, nothing in particular."

"Don't tell me that. People do not cry for nothing in particular."

"It is only my music. I am going to give it up, and return home."

"Just what I expected. I told you so; I knew you'd get tired of it soon."

"I am not tired of it," said I, resentfully. "I shall never tire of music, only I cannot reach it. It costs too much. I must give it up, and return to home life."

"Now you are talking sense. This music-lesson business is the most foolish thing I ever heard of. What is the good of music anyway? I think it a sinful waste of time and money."

"Indeed, it is not. Music is the best gift the good God ever sent us. What would life be without it? Empty,

humdrum, and miserable. It does more good than a thousand sermons. I would rather hear a good anthem than a sermon, any day."

At this my aunt lifted her hands in holy horror. Shocked at my words, she prepared to leave the room, mentally shaking the dust from her shoes against me. At the door she turned to have the last word.

"I am sure I am glad you have concluded to give up music, settle down, and be proper."

"I do not intend to give it up. When I reach home, I shall go into the mill, and when I have earned enough, shall return to my studies."

With a pitying smile she opened the door and went out. Presently I heard a noise as if some one was stirring in the attic overhead.

"It can't be she is getting —"

The next moment my door opened and aunt entered, dragging my trunk after her.

"Shall I help you pack?"

"Pack! Why, no, thank you. I do not intend going home to-day. In fact, I think I shall stay, if you are willing to board me longer."

"Well, if ever I saw such a girl before! You haven't the same mind two minutes."

Without another word she departed, trunk and all.

Well, was there ever such a girl? Doubtful, very. Now, what was I to do? I had said I intended to stay, and stay



I must, or never hear the last of it, from my sharp-tongued aunt. A foolish pride, perhaps; yet if I had gone home in a fit of despair, forgetful of all the friends I had found, I should have missed my only chance of success. Soon after, my aunt's one servant called me to dinner. Washing away the tear-stains, I went downstairs, resolved to let my aunt use her tongue as she pleased, and not mind it. While seated at the table, the door-bell rang, and a lady visitor was announced as desiring to see me. On entering the parlor, I found a nicely dressed lady, a stranger, and having with her a little girl.

"Miss Ward, I suppose?"

"Yes. Can I serve you in any way?"

"Thank you, you can. Do you give lessons in piano-playing?"

I was on the point of saying no, when it came to me that perhaps my ill fortune had reached its lowest ebb, and if it had touched bottom I must now rise; so I replied frankly, that I did not, having no scholars."

"Would you be willing to take one? My little Hattie wishes to learn, and I was recommended to call upon you. She has never taken any lessons, and is a beginner. Will you take her?"

"With pleasure."

It was soon arranged that I should give the little girl two lessons a week, at her own house, for fifteen dollars a

quarter. This over, they went away, and I returned to my aunt quite triumphant.

"I have got my first scholar, aunt. Aren't you glad? If I can only get two or three more, perhaps I can go on with my music."

"Humph! One swallow does not make a summer."

"Perhaps not; but if we see the one swallow, we are apt to expect the summer soon. It may come yet."

Just here the narrative was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announced supper.

"Is Mr. Ward ready for tea?" said Julia.

"Yes, miss."

"Tell him, please, we will join him directly."

Going to the dressing-table, we both prepared for tea. I do not propose to describe this performance, but merely to speak of a very curious box, which I discovered on Julia's bureau. Thinking it some toilet affair, I opened it.

"Goodness! Julia, what is this?"

"What, dear?"

"Why, this singular box, with the queer little mirrors with silver handles."

"Oh! you have found my laryngoscope, have you? That was a present from Dr. Sharp, when I had completed my studies. He used to try it on his patients."

"Is it a surgical instrument?"

"Not exactly; yet surgeons sometimes use it. I'll tell you about it after supper. Come, let's go."

Returning to the parlor, we found Mr. Ward seated before the fire, newspaper in hand. As soon as we appeared, he laid it one side, and rose to meet us.

"Sit still, pa. Don't rise from your comfortable chair. Jane and I will draw up too, and we will have a cosey supper before the fire. Take this easy-chair, Jane." So saying, she rolled up a splendid great chair, into which I sank, while she took another near by. That was all very nice, but how we were to eat supper was something I did not quite understand. The question was solved directly, for a servant entered, bearing three cunning little tables, and placing one beside each of us departed again. Curious to see what would happen next, I watched the door, and soon beheld two servants enter, bearing a small table, which they set down behind us. Another brought in the things, and soon a charming little supper was set on the table. This done, they departed, and a single young girl remained to wait upon us, placing on our little tables the things we each desired. Such luxury was new to me. Surely Julia must be prospering to indulge so lavishly. Meanwhile conversation slid along easily upon indifferent matters. Julia chatted merrily, and Mr. Ward was as agreeable as could be desired. After we had supped sufficiently, the servants removed the tables, and conversation became more personal and interesting.

"Julia has been telling you her story, has she not?"

"Yes, sir, she has. It interests me wonderfully, and I want to hear more. For my part I do not see how she managed to pull through such a sea of difficulties."

"It is because she is her mother's girl. She was a smart, capable woman," said he, dreamily gazing at the fire. "You will not often see the like of Julia's mother, except you meet Julia herself."

"Don't say that, pa. I do not deserve any particular credit for what I have done. Miss Sherwin, Dr. Sharp and his wife, and Mr. Hookson, deserve all the credit. I should not have done anything without them."

"How far had she got in her story, when you came to tea?"

"To the ten-cent dinners, pa," said Julia, speaking for me.

"Ten-cent dinners?"

"Yes, didn't she tell you about that?"

"No."

"Well, let me tell you. You know when she first took lessons of Miss Sherwin, she had no money."

"Not quite so bad as that, pa."

"Well, pretty near. As I was saying, she hadn't any money, and, to pay her way, she gave up boarding with her aunt, though she still lodged there, and took her meals at a restaurant, to save money. Why, she actually lived on thirty cents a day, for whole days at a time. She took care of her own room, and nearly made herself sick by over-work, to get money to pay Miss Sherwin. And all the time I never

knew it, though it went on for over nine months. All her letters to me were full of hope and good spirits, while she nearly died with work, care, and anxiety. I believe she would have died, if it had not been for Dr. Sharp. He found it out, and made her take some rest, live better, and even found her better pay, and — and well, it's a fact, he made her fortune for her, God bless him ! ”

“ Amen to that,” said Julia. “ God will bless him and his, I am sure. And Miss Sherwin, and Mr. Hookson too ; if my prayers will avail anything, he will bless them truly.”

Soon after this, Mr. Ward pleaded the infirmities of his years and retired for the night, leaving Julia and me sitting luxuriously before the blazing hearth.

“ Shall I tell you more, dear ? ”

“ Oh, do, please ! I want to hear more about your lessons, and how you climbed up from poverty to this. Tell me, too, of your public life.”

“ And shall I not weary you ? Some of it is very sad.”

“ Not at all. Go on, please.”

## CHAPTER X.

“ THE MARVELLOUS WORK BEHOLD AMAZED.” — *Creation.*

My one scholar seemed to put a new face on affairs, and I resolved to try once more. It was worth trying, at any rate. Accordingly, I called upon Miss Sherwin, resolved to frankly explain my circumstances, and see if it were not possible to arrange some method by which I could obtain the musical education I desired. I found her all ready to receive me at the appointed hour. After the usual greetings, she asked me if I wished to go on with my studies.

“ Indeed I do, but I am afraid I cannot. It is beyond my means. One hundred dollars a quarter is more than I can command.”

“ How much can you pay ? ”

“ I hardly know. Now let me be very frank and tell you all. If I could reduce my expenses, or get a few scholars, I might be able to pay it. I am very anxious to pursue my studies, and feel sure I am on the right road ; besides, God has raised up for me so many friends, and they propose to do so much for me, that I shall be very sorry to be obliged to give it up. I have made many mistakes, and have labored in vain for some time ; yet, if I can by any possibility go on, I mean to. I am not afraid of work or

loss of time. I have already 'learned to labor and to wait.' "

"I can but admire your frankness. Let us look further into this matter; perhaps we can bring some ray of hope out of it. You were speaking of expenses. May I ask what they are?"

"My board, clothing, and piano. I have no others."

"I suppose you hire your piano?"

"Yes."

"What do you pay?"

"Thirty dollars a quarter."

"Thirty dollars is a pretty large price, but I suppose you will pay for it soon, and then that expense will cease."

"I did not understand it so. I only hire it."

"Oh! that is not the way to do. You must make them give you a receipted bill of it when it reaches the retail price. Where did you hire it?"

"At the Mozart rooms."

"That's cheerful. I know the people there. I may see some of them to-day. You leave it all to me. I'll arrange it so that in time you will own the piano, and so stop that leak."

"Thank you, Miss Sherwin; you are indeed kind."

"You are welcome, I am sure. Now for your other expenses. I cannot advise you in regard to your board and clothing. That is something you alone must manage. I can only tell you that many people find it cheaper to hire a lodging-room, and take part, or the whole, of their meals at

a restaurant, or some similar place. You can take the hint for what it is worth."

"It is worth a great deal. I never thought of that before. In fact, you must see that, coming as I did from a quiet country home, I was deplorably ignorant of all these things. The only wonder is, I did not make more mistakes."

"Every one makes mistakes; the truly wise man is not ashamed, but profits by them. It is not for me to inquire what your income is, but please tell me how many more scholars you require to make both ends meet."

"Three more," said I, after a moment's thought.

"Well, perhaps you can get them, if we make an effort. At any rate, you had better try one quarter. I do not advise this because I wish to obtain another scholar, but because you seem to have a love of music, and display a brave and womanly spirit. If it will help you, I will not charge over seventy-five dollars, providing you take one or more lessons a week, and at my rooms."

"Thank you! Thank you! I can and will. You are indeed a friend; the best I ever met."

"I hardly think that. You have other and better friends, — the Sharps, for instance. Now let us to work."

"Have I not absorbed all my time already?"

"Never mind. We will call this merely a friendly talk."

Seating herself at the piano, she bid me stand beside her,

and my second lesson began. It was mainly practice in governing the flow of the breath. After a few exercises in trying to breathe easily and steadily, Miss Sherwin remarked that my breathing seemed labored.

"Do you wear a tight dress, Miss Ward?"

"Yes."

"Do you not know that it is a positive bar to success as a vocalist?"

"No; how can it be? My belt may be tight, but it is too low to compress my lungs."

"That is the very reason it does compress them. If it passed round the chest it would not do half the harm. The walls of the chest are rigid and nearly immovable. It is only when you compress the soft viscera at the waist that a wrong is done. Being soft and pliable, they are easily pushed out of place. Your tight belt is probably squeezing them frightfully, and, as they cannot escape, they protrude themselves upwards into the space occupied by the lungs. The lungs, being soft and sponge-like, yield readily to the pressure from below, and being cramped for room cannot expand to their full size. The effect upon your singing must be evident. Suppose, for experiment, you take off your belt and loosen your dress."

I did so, and we returned to our exercises at the piano. It was a perfect revelation. To tell the truth, I have never worn a tight dress from that day to this. If Miss Sherwin had never given me another lesson this one bit of informa-

tion would have been very well worth the cost of a quarter's lessons.

I am sorry I cannot give a detailed account of my lessons; but time forbids. All I can attempt is a sketch of the general theory of Miss Sherwin's method. As I proceed, you will gather its main features.

When the lesson was over, it was arranged that I should take a lesson every day for the first quarter. If, when it was over, I found I could not meet the expense, I was to give it up and return home. After the lesson I walked home, happy in my brightening prospects. At my aunt's I found another lady waiting to arrange for one more pupil. Delighted to find still further good fortune, I sat down in my room, got out pen and paper, and made a careful examination of my finances. After spending an hour over my figures, I came to the sad conclusion that, with all my improved prospects, I could not even pay seventy-five dollars a quarter. Disappointed and discouraged again, I put on my things and went out to walk, thinking the fresh air would brighten me up and drive away a headache that I experienced. After walking about an hour I passed a restaurant. Feeling hungry, I went in and sat down at a small table. After studying the bill of fare for some time, I called for a simple dinner, and in twenty minutes had made up my mind what to do.

After lunch I walked on towards Dr. Sharp's, resolved to call there and find out who had sent me the two scholars.

As I passed along I met Signor Trombolé, and took the opportunity to tell him that I did not intend to take the one or two remaining lessons he owed me, nor any more, and so finished up that matter.

When I reached Doctor Sharp's, I found the blinds on the doctor's office-window closed. Not thinking anything about it, I rang the bell.

"Is Dr. Sharp in?"

"Yes, miss, but he is busy with a patient."

"Then I will not interrupt him, but wait, if convenient."

"Certainly, miss. I think he will be at leisure in a moment. Walk into the parlor, please, and take a seat."

"Thank you."

No sooner had the servant disappeared, than I heard the doctor's voice in the hall.

"Who is that, Katie?"

"Miss Ward, sir."

"Just the person I wish to see. Send her in here, please."

Directly I was called, and was soon at the door of the office.

"Come right in, Miss Ward. Do not be afraid."

I was, to tell the truth, for the room was pitch-dark. The blinds and curtains were drawn, and to me, just coming from the light of day, it seemed perfectly dark.

"Take a seat, please."

Putting out my hand, I felt for a chair, and sat down in it. The doctor then shut the door, and there I sat, in the dismal place.

"You have arrived at a very opportune moment. I was just using my laryngoscope upon this gentleman. He has some trouble in the throat, and I am examining it. Shall be at leisure directly; then I will show you the instrument upon myself."

By this time my eyes had so far become accustomed to the darkness that I could make out the shadowy forms of the doctor and his patient. The man was seated at one end of the room, while the doctor was seated directly opposite, and facing him. Suddenly the man's face was illumined by an intense ray of white light. It struck him first in the mouth. When he opened his lips it shone upon his teeth, and they glittered like pearls. Wondering what they would do next, I watched them closely; but the doctor's head came in the way, and cut off my view. All was perfectly still in the room, save the spasmodic breathing of the man. He seemed to be troubled for breath, or as if disturbed by something being thrust down his throat. In a few minutes the examination was over, and, after a brief consultation, the man went away.

As soon as he had gone, the doctor procured a match and lighted a gas-jet.

"Lay your things one side. It is very warm here."

"Thank you, sir; but am I not detaining you? I can-

not think of receiving any instruction from you, if it in any way interferes with your business. You are very kind — ”

“ Bless you, no. I do not intend to let anything interfere with business. I cannot afford it. The odd moments I am going to give to you will be well spent; so please not speak of it again, nor of the kindness, as you call it. It is a pleasure to help one who seems so desirous of helping herself. Besides, it is good fun to teach such a sensible and appreciative scholar as you. This is all I have to say on this point. If you are grateful, I am glad of it, but please don't speak it.”

“ Then I shall think it.”

“ All right; now to business.”

“ This,” said he, taking up a small round glass mirror, about the size of a five-cent piece, and having a long silver handle bent at an obtuse angle, at a point near the mirror, “ is a laryngoscope. A very simple affair, but capable of showing to us one of the most wonderful things the Lord ever made. In this little mirror you can actually see yourself sing.

“ Here is another one. The only difference between them is that the handle is bent at a slightly sharper angle, enabling us to get more varied views of the larynx.

“ Now let us to work. I will sit down here behind this argand burner, and do you turn down the other light, and then draw your chair up, and sit directly in front of me.”

Accordingly I darkened the room, and sat down facing and quite near him, — so near that I could look right in his face, if it were not for the shaded lamp between us. Though the lamp was lighted, and thin tongues of flames streamed above the tin shade that surrounded the glass chimney, it was quite dark, and I could hardly see him; however, he opened a slide, and let a brilliant ray of light stream from a magnifying glass affixed to the shade, directly in his face. Looking past the lamp, I could see an intense spot of white light on his lips.

“ What bright things ought to come from your mouth, sir! ”

“ If brightness does not come from it, at least my tongue will be illuminated. See! ”

And he opened his mouth wide, letting the light pour into it like a flood. I could see everything, — tongue, teeth, and red glistening throat, reaching down out of sight.

“ Queer place, is it not? ”

I laughed outright.

“ Why, you talk with your tongue, teeth, and lips. It almost seems as if I could see what you said, even if I had not heard you.”

“ Not entirely. Without the larynx you would hear no words above a whisper. The larynx produces the tones and the lips modify and break it up into what we call speech. See, now; I will sing a single note, and you will hear no words, and if you are observing, you will notice

that the region of the mouth is not in action. I will sing, but not articulate."

Then he sang one pure, soft note. The wide-apart rows of teeth glistened brightly, and the red tongue lay flat behind the lower teeth, but neither moved at all.

"Why, doctor, the tones seems to come up out of the throat, as if it was produced in some place further down, out of sight."

"Precisely. It comes from the larynx. I will show it you in a moment, when we come to use the laryngoscope; but before we do so, let me show you how the tone that is produced by the larynx is modified by the lips, tongue, and teeth. I will give you a tone, and then, without altering it, repeat the words 'tongue,' 'teeth,' and 'lips.'"

He at once opened his mouth, and I heard the steady tone, far down his throat. Suddenly the lips came together, and I heard the word "tongue," distinctly. Then they opened, and I saw the white teeth nearly touch each other, and the word "teeth" was spoken very plainly. Next the tongue advanced to the edge of the teeth, and the lips shut suddenly, — "lips," plain enough.

"A capital recitative, sir. I understand you perfectly; but what strikes me as most wonderful is, that I seem to see the words as well as hear them. If you were to make up words with your mouth and utter no sound, I could, with the aid of this light, and by paying careful attention, understand almost everything you intend to say."

"Yes; that is something easily done. In fact, they have a method of teaching the deaf and the dumb to converse, by instructing them in the use of the organs of articulation. They cannot utter or hear a single word, and yet they manage to talk."

All this time he had held his laryngoscope in his hand, and at this moment he brought it up and held the mirror over the gas-burner for a few seconds, and then touched the back of it to his face.

"Why do you do that, sir?"

"I wish to raise it to the same temperature as my blood. I touch it to my cheek, to see if it is warm enough. If I did not warm it slightly it would condense the moisture in my breath, and become coated with mist, and useless for a reflector. Now, when I insert it into my mouth, follow the mirror and observe what you see in it."

"I see a round, black opening; it is like looking down a long, black tube."

Taking the instrument from his mouth, he said: —

"The dark tube you see is the trachea. The trachea is the tube that conveys the air from the lungs up into the larynx, and from thence it goes to the mouth. You will also observe that the upper part of the tube ends abruptly in what appears to be two loose curtains of white, fleshy cartilage, one on each side. These cartilages and their surrounding parts make up the larynx. When I merely breathe, it is wide open, and the vocal chords are drawn



back nearly out of sight. When I put the instrument in my mouth again, you can take a good look, and then I will sing one low tone; but dividing it into several notes, taking breath each time."

Leaning forward, I gazed steadily at the little mirror laying at the back of the doctor's brightly lighted throat. Again I saw the reflected image of the funnel-shaped opening. Suddenly it was closed by two white doors, or curtains, that seemed to slide out from the sides and come together in the middle. At once a low note came up the throat. Looking still closer, I observed that the white folds, or curtains, did not quite touch, but a narrow slit remained open the entire visible width of the tube. The fine edges of the curtains seemed to be indistinct. On looking still closer, I discovered that both edges were in a state of violent agitation, vibrating rapidly, — so fast indeed, that I could not see them very clearly, just as one cannot see the spokes of a wheel revolving rapidly. This state of affairs only continued for a few seconds, when they as suddenly drew apart for an instant, and then closed again, vibrated as before, and the tone was resumed. This took place several times alternately. It did not take me long to see that when this seeming curtain was drawn open, the doctor was inhaling the air, or taking breath. Taking the instrument from his mouth, he said:—

"Could you see the vocal chords? Did you notice how

they seemed to meet in the middle, yet leaving a narrow slit between them?"

"Yes, sir. I saw the little white curtains close together. Is that all that produces the tone?"

"Simply that, and nothing more. In shape, they are like a thin fold, or curtain, or better, a membrane, like the head of a drum. If you should cut a slit in the head of a drum, you would have a very fair representation of the larynx when it is producing a low note. Now when these membranes or cartilages are drawn together, and air is forced through them, they at once vibrate of their own accord, and that sets the air in motion, and at last the waves reach our ears, and we call them a tone—sound. You must see that the whole thing is simply a mechanical affair. All we need to do is to place the chords in position and blow, and it sings. If the larynx of a person recently dead were cut out, and placed so that a current of air could be driven through it, it would sing, but not pronounce words, as you can readily understand from what you have seen in regard to the action of the teeth and lips."

Just here the servant entered, and announced a visitor. Taking my things, I prepared to go. The doctor turned up the light, saying, "Call again soon, Miss Ward, and we will study this thing more in detail."

As I went out I met Mrs. Sharp. She received me pleasantly, and kindly reminded me that I might make myself at home in their house, as often as I wished.

"By the way, Mr. Hookson was here this morning, and left word that he would like to have you call at the factory to-morrow afternoon. You must be sure and go."

"Shall I go alone?"

"Oh, yes! Call at the counting-room without fear. He will be delighted to see you."

"O Mrs. Sharp, I have one cheerful bit of news for you: I have two scholars. They both said they had been advised to come to me. Who could have been so kind?"

"Some friend, doubtless, — whom, you must not ask me, as I am not good at guessing."

"Then I shall guess for myself."

"Do."

The next morning I was at Miss Sherwin's at the appointed hour. In this lesson I advanced so far as to produce a single tone. I was utterly astonished to find the great difficulty I had to encounter to do so simple a thing as this, and to do it correctly. I had been told to sing without having the least idea how I was to go to work. The command had been "sing;" and I did, in the easiest way possible. As the easiest way was not always the best, I had acquired a habit of singing, at once false, impure, and not according to scientific rules. Until I met Dr. Sharp I had been totally ignorant of how my own voice was produced, and, as you can easily understand, had gone to work blindly and without method. Under Miss Sherwin I had to begin again at the very bottom, and overthrow a host of bad

habits, undo a world of labor, and conquer a deal of prejudice and error. The entire first quarter was given up to correcting mistakes. I used no music or exercises, nor did I practise at home. Miss Sherwin would not allow me to sing for practice out of her hearing. At first she objected to my retaining my position in the church choir; but as this was indispensable, on account of finance, I kept it, taking care to follow her instructions at all times, and to sing as little as possible when away from her side.

It will be impossible for me to give you a detailed account of all my investigations with the doctor's laryngoscope. It is a study requiring months of careful and thorough examination, and involving very considerable reading. I do not, even now, pretend to understand it all. Few physicians have yet exhausted the subject. All I wish to show is that a thorough study of the whole vocal region of the human body is essential to the highest skill in vocal music. It is true there are singers who have never seen a larynx, or even know they have one. However, my own opinion is, that only by the careful study of the vocal organs can the highest and best be reached in the art of singing. You must not imagine, when I speak of the doctor's laryngoscope, that Miss Sherwin was not able to use one. She had a very fine one, which she frequently used upon herself for the benefit of her scholars. She even taught me to use it upon myself, so that, with the aid of another mirror, I could examine my own larynx at my leisure. It is not an easy thing to use

upon one's self, the mouth being so sensitive. For all that, I can, and do, use it occasionally. The reason I prefer to have the doctor use his instrument is, that the male larynx is much larger than the female, and therefore more easily studied. In men the larynx is so large that a portion of its surrounding muscles are plainly visible on the outside of the throat. The visible part is commonly known as the "Adam's Apple."

My second view of the doctor's larynx was even more interesting than the first. It was in the evening, and having lighted his lamp, and placed himself in position before it, he said: —

"Notice carefully what I do. I am going to articulate, that is, use the organs of articulation, the teeth, tongue, lips, etc.; but not use my larynx, nor even breathe."

Watching the bright spot of light on his face, I saw the mouth open and close, and the teeth appear and disappear successively. He was evidently making up words, but giving forth no speech. Presently he stopped.

"Could you understand me?"

"Yes, sir, nearly. You were trying to say that you were talking, and yet silent."

"Yes. I made up the words, 'Now I am talking, but silent.' What you saw was simply the action of the organs of articulation. Now I am going to talk or articulate, but not use my larynx, leaving it wide open, so as to allow a current of air to flow from the lungs."

Then he began to move his lips as before. I could hear every word, though in a whisper.

"Why, doctor, that upsets your whole theory. You said one could not talk without using the larynx, and yet I heard every word."

"I am not surprised at what you say. You must understand that I did not talk, but whispered. Whispering is allowing the breath to rush freely from the lungs, and using the mouth, tongue, and lips, at the same time, and cutting the stream of air up into words as we do in speech."

"Then the mouth, or articulating region, as you call it, can talk, after all?"

"Oh, no! whispering is not talking nor singing. A whisper is no more a tone than the wind whistling through a crack is music. Let me explain more fully. The larynx, when in action, produces tones or sound. If the mouth is shut, we call it a muted tone. If the mouth is wide open, and the organs of articulation are not in action, we call it vocalizing. If the larynx is in action, but not practically more so than the articulation, we call it speech, or talking. When the action of the larynx is the strongest, and the articulating apparatus is so governed as not to cover up, injure, or interrupt the flow of the tone too much, we call it singing. Vocalizing is acquired by practice, and to do so purely requires skill. Mere talking does not require so much skill. Singing is an art, and to sing words purely, and yet distinctly, shows the highest reach of human skill."

Do not confound this with the other meaning of singing that is applied to things, as when we say a pipe or a bird sings.

"From what you have seen, it must be evident to you that mere whispering is not music. It is without definite pitch. Talking has pitch. The voice goes up and down the scale freely; but the real tone from the larynx is so covered up and broken into detached fragments, that it is not fair to call it music. Some people allow their larynx to have greater play when they talk, and we say they have a musical voice. Let us now examine the larynx once more."

Placing the heated instrument in his mouth, I looked at it steadily, and again saw the quivering edges of the vocal chords as a low tone ascended the doctor's brightly lighted throat. Suddenly the pitch changed, and to my astonishment the quivering larynx assumed another shape. The narrow slit was finer and narrower. Again the pitch changed, moving up one tone. At the same instant the larynx changed. He then sang, or rather vocalized, through the scale to the top of his voice. For every note there was a change in the vocal chords. It is not my intention to give you an account of all I saw in the laryngoscope. What the various changes were that I observed, I cannot begin to describe. When the examination was over, I asked the doctor if it was simply those changes in the larynx that produced the changes in pitch.

"Yes. Simple musical tones come from the larynx

alone, whether they are high or low. In it are produced all musical sounds. But now we come to the important part of the subject. The larynx causes the sound, but the cavity of the mouth, the throat, and even the chest, govern its quality, making it louder, sweeter, rougher, or purer, as we wish. They take up the tone, reinforce it, and modify it in various ways. I cannot instruct you how to so guide them that the tone you produce may become sweet and pure. That is Miss Sherwin's duty; but I can and will show you the structure and functions of all the organs used in talking, vocalizing, or singing."

"But, doctor, suppose my larynx was abnormal, or out of health, what then?"

"In that case you can do nothing. No amount of instruction will do the slightest good. You must have some reasonable ground to go upon; some foundation to build upon. You can readily understand that one person's larynx will produce a finer natural note than another. That is a gift of nature, over which we have no control. Nature, on the other hand, is very bountiful. Almost every child, without exception, who can talk, can be made to sing, provided they are taken in hand by a competent instructor, at a sufficiently early age."

"What will you do with the children who have no ear, who cannot be made to understand the difference between one tone or another, or between one tune and another?"

"They make the unfortunate exceptions to my rule.

They are 'sound blind,' just as some people are 'color blind.' All we can do is to pity them, for they are shut out from a world of happiness and comfort."

"Now, doctor, one more question. How is it these changes in the larynx are accomplished?"

"I do not know, nor does any one. The mind wills it to assume a certain position, and the bundle of muscles surrounding the vocal chords pull them into a certain position; the lungs send up a stream of air, and they 'speak,' as the organ-builders say, in the same way we will our hand to rise, and it rises; how, we know not. The only difference is that we can see our hand, and it is endowed with sensation, so that the eye and the nerves of sensation assist the mind in giving its commands. On the other hand, the vocal chords are nearly destitute of feeling; and certainly we cannot see them, except in a mirror."

"Then what is the use of knowing anything about them at all?"

"For the sake of knowing with certainty where to go to work to improve the voice, in the regions of respiration and articulation. The control of the larynx is only to be acquired by practice; but when you come to respiration, articulation, and the government of the sounding-boards of the chest and roof of the mouth, you are dealing with something more under your control, part of the organs being visible, and endowed with the highest sensation. It is for this reason we desired to have you under Miss Sherwin's

instruction. She is thoroughly posted in the musical, scientific, and physiological sides of the subject. Her methods are founded upon a comprehensive and sensible view of the *rationale* of vocal music. She has followed Madam Seiler partly, though on many points she has distanced her. You will find, as you progress, that her aim will be, first, to teach you to produce pure tones, and, above all, to articulate distinctly, and afterwards to sing written music. Then, when you come to examine the subject of sound, simply, under Mr. Hookson, you will perceive how important that side of the matter is. He will show you how the quality, or *timbre* of a tone, produced by a reed, or the larynx, or other sounding body, is governed by any box, tube, pipe, or other hollow body, when placed in connection with it."

"Please don't say any more, sir. I see I am upon the threshold of a science. Will my feeble steps sustain me in such a wonderful country as I am entering? Can I, a girl, enter in where but few women have dared to walk?"

"Nonsense, Miss Ward. You are strong, clear-headed, and plucky. What earthly reason is there why a woman cannot study the art of singing, the science of sound, or anatomy?"

With these encouraging words the lesson closed. I wish I had time to give you an account of my studies with the doctor. It was vastly interesting. He led me into the marvellous regions of physical science; showed me the whole structure of the lungs, the throat, the sounding-board

of the mouth, and a wilderness of other matters, both interesting and entertaining. He even exhibited a part of a dissected human larynx and throat, showed me the nasal openings, and all the strange multitude of bones, muscles, and nerves that make up this curious apparatus for making tones, words, and music. He explained to me the use of the epiglottis, the false vocal chords, and the microscopic cilia, that with ceaseless activity flood the whole surface of the throat and mouth with moisture, and keep it in health and flexibility. He loaned me several books, that I read with avidity. In short, he almost made an M. D. of me. Nor were my music and voice alone benefited. My studies taught me the rules of hygiene, and I learned to gain my health, and keep it, for without robust health all my studies would have been valueless. Without perfect health a singer cannot hope to succeed.

## CHAPTER XI.

"THEIR SOUND HAS GONE OUT INTO ALL LANDS."—*The Messiah.*

AT the appointed hour I was before a huge, rambling, wooden factory, having an immense sign painted upon it, "Charles Hookson & Company, Church Organ Manufactory." The front door was open; so I entered, and found myself in a small hall. Two doors on either side opened into what seemed to be counting-rooms, while another door, standing open, exhibited a large workshop, filled with a variety of queer-looking machinery. Some men were at work there, and as a small sign said, "No admittance," I turned one side into the counting-room, and inquired of a clerk if Mr. Hookson was in.

"He is, miss. He has just gone upstairs. You can go right up if you wish to see him."

As I turned to go, Mr. Hookson entered the office.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Ward. Glad to see you. I am busy just at present. Will you amuse yourself by looking about the factory for a little while till I am at leisure? Walk upstairs, through the packing-room, into the setting-up room. You may see something to interest you there."

Not wishing to detain him I made no reply, but followed his directions. Climbing up a flight of dark, wooden stairs,

I found myself in a large and very lofty room. Three rows of windows extended across two sides, one over the other, to the ceiling. On the remaining sides were two sets of doors, one over the other, with short flights of steps reaching to the upper set. Each door was numbered, and appeared to open on to other floors or parts of the building. Sundry tall ladders extended from the floor to the ceiling, as if to enable the workmen to reach any point in the room desired. Everything was very rough about the place, and time-worn, as if the factory had been in use a long while. In contrast to the ancient room itself were two splendid new church organs, glistening with freshly painted and gilded pipes, and ornamented with carving and fancy wood-work. Besides these, were three other organs, evidently in process of construction. Though the whole scene was a novel one, yet I understood it at once, and with the greatest curiosity proceeded to examine the lofty instruments. The case of the organ in the middle of the room only extended across the front, so that all the machinery and pipes were in full view. One row of large wooden pipes extended across the back of the organ, and, as the mouths of each were level with my shoulder, I could examine them easily. I could see the thin lower lip with a narrow slit in it, and the sharp edge of the upper lip just above it. I wondered if that was copied after a human larynx, and thought I would ask Mr. Hookson about it. Seeing a little dust on the lip of a pipe I blew it away, to enable me to see

better. "Why, how queer!" The puff of air from my mouth echoed in the hollow pipe with a deep rumble. This I said aloud as I stood there before the gaping mouth of the pipe. Another surprise: from the pipe came a dull, confused murmur, — the sound of my voice reverberating in the pipe. Well, I have come into a place queer and interesting.

"What do you find to entertain you?"

Looking up, I discovered Mr. Hookson.

"Everything, sir; but especially the singular effect this pipe has on my voice. If I stand near enough, a very deep and hollow voice, that does not seem my own, comes from the pipe."

"You have lighted upon the very subject to which I wish to draw your attention, — reinforcement. The column of air confined by the wooden walls of the pipe is impressed by the vibration of your voice, and at once begins to vibrate too, out of pure sympathy. If you were to sing a tone, 'A' for instance, and then stand before a pipe tuned within a tone or two of A, you would hear something very remarkable. The pipe would answer to your voice, and sing too. I do not know that these diapasons would, as they are so large; but perhaps we could find one somewhere in the organ."

Thinking I had got hold of a bright idea, I said: —

"Is that not just like the vocal organs, and does not this narrow slit in the pipe correspond to the larynx?"

"Not quite; this is a flue-pipe, and constructed on a different principle. But let us not wander away from the subject. We will come to this matter by and by, now we are looking into reverberation, or reinforcement. Here," said he, taking out a small, two-pronged instrument, "is my tuning-fork; I will sound it, and then hold it before a pipe of the same pitch, 'A,' and the pipe will at once sing of its own accord."

Thereupon he struck the fork a smart rap against a board, and held it before the lips of a pipe marked in pencil, "A." No particular result followed.

"The pipe is so large that the fork cannot force it into action. Come into the voicing-room, and we will experiment on a smaller pipe."

Leading the way, he showed me into a small side room, having chests of shallow drawers extending from floor to ceiling, filling three sides of the room. On the remaining side was a work-bench, and a queer machine, looking like a piano in embryo. A set of keys in front, and on top, rows of holes pierced through the wood-work. Just above it was a rack for holding the pipes erect when placed over the holes. Going to a drawer, he opened it and displayed a number of brightly shining metal pipes. Selecting one about a foot long, he held it in his hand, struck the tuning-fork on the drawer, and held it, still vibrating, at the mouth of the pipe. At once a soft, pure tone seemed to come from the pipe.

"How very singular! Why, without the pipe I cannot hear anything."

"No; it is only when the fork is reinforced by some sounding body, that will take up its vibrations and swell their force, that we can hear it, unless we put it close to our ear. This rack on the voicing-table will reinforce the tone, just as the column of air does in the pipe. Hear it, now."

Setting the fork in vibration, and touching the handle to the wood, its tone was at once audible, but very rough and impure.

"You see this bit of board vibrates too, but not so purely as the air in the pipe."

"But, sir, suppose you blow in the pipe, should we hear the same sweet tone?"

"Oh, no! It will be of the same pitch, but of different quality. Listen."

Putting the foot of the pipe in his mouth, he blew into it, and a loud, rich tone swelled out, filling the room with musical vibrations.

"You hear the 'A' as before; but how different! That difference is what the French call *timbre*; it is in this case caused by the greater power of the pipe than the fork. The same difference exists in voices. As you know, every one's voice has its own peculiar quality whereby we recognize it. Let us examine still farther.

Going to half-a-dozen different drawers, he procured as



many pipes, and set them up, side by side, on the voicing-table. They were of different sizes, though of about the same length.

"These are all tuned to sound 'C,' and yet each is very different from another."

Touching a key, one of the pipes gave forth a soft, mellow note; another was louder, but as sweet. Another was rougher and more decided. Still another poured forth a pure, clear, and powerful note; while one more, when sounded, filled the room with a very rich ringing volume of sound.

"No doubt if you were told the name of each of these, and you were to hear them several times, you could give the name of each if you merely heard its voice."

"Yes, sir, I think I could. Each has its own particular character, not to be mistaken. But how do you get this great difference?"

"By a slight difference in construction. One pipe has a greater diameter, another has thinner lips, another has the lips cut into sharp notches, and so on."

"Does that make the difference in human voices?"

"In a measure. The different construction of the mouth, lips, tongue, teeth, and the difference in the size of the larynx, make what we would call a difference in 'voicing.'"

"But how does this help me? You can alter your pipes, and give it any voicing you please; but I cannot alter my larynx, nor my tongue."

"You are partly in the right, and partly wrong. It is true, nature made your vocal organs, and you must accept them as they are; yet she has given you a certain amount of control over them, and you can so place them as to make a much sweeter, or a much louder tone. What I am endeavoring to show you is, that in studying vocal music you must begin at the right place, and study to improve, mainly, those parts over which you have the most control. I consider the teacher should, in the first place, instruct in 'voicing,' just as we 'voice' our pipes before we place them in the organ, and attempt to get any music from them.

"These pipes," said he, taking them up, and putting them back in the drawers, and talking meanwhile, "are flue-pipes. They produce a tone by a thin sheet of wind being driven through the narrow slits, called the 'wind-way,' and as it strikes the sharp, upper lip it flutters to and fro, and the column of air above it in the pipe is thrown into action, and vibrates through its length vertically. That vibration strikes the ear, and we call it sound. Do you understand me?"

"Not wholly, sir. I suppose I shall in time, however. I understand the 'voicing' readily, but I do not see why it is that the air in the pipe should vibrate at all."

"That is something I cannot explain now. I have several books for you to read that will tell you more about it than I can. You must not expect to grasp the whole

subject at once. All these pipes I have shown you are flue-pipes. Now let me show you a reed-pipe."

Taking from another drawer a small pipe having a stouter and longer point, or foot, and above it a very narrow pipe, with a bell-shaped top, he said: —

"This pipe, as you see, has no mouth. The only opening is at the top of the pipe. It is made in two parts. I will pull them apart and you can examine the inside."

One part consisted of a simple conical tube, and the other was made like a cover to fit over it. A small pipe extended through this cover, then upward a few inches, and terminated in a bell-shaped opening. When the two parts were together, a part of the pipe extended down into the conical foot, and in this part was a narrow opening, completely closed by a thin strip or tongue of brass, called the reed. A bit of iron wire extended through the cover, and having one end coiled up against the reed.

"When this pipe is in position in the organ," said Mr. Hookson, "the wind from the bellows rushes into the foot of the pipe, and, finding no means of escape, attempts to pass through the opening under the reed. The reed shuts down at once and closes the opening; but, being elastic, it flies back again. The wind, still pressing on it, closes it again; the operation is repeated, the reed vibrates rapidly, and a sound is produced. Sound is simply vibration of the air, and in this case the reed beating backward and forward sets the air in motion. The bent piece of wire regulates the

free length of the reed, so that we can govern the number of vibrations it makes in a second, and so give it a definite pitch. The longer it is, the slower it beats; the shorter, the faster."

"Why, is pitch regulated by a definite number of vibrations?"

"Yes. This pipe is tuned to 'G in alt,' and the reed makes just seven hundred and twenty beats in a second. If it beat a less number of times, the pitch would be lower; if more, higher."

"Tell me more, sir. I am greatly interested."

"I cannot now. We must stick to one point, and not branch off. What I wish to show you is the analogy between this reed-pipe and the human voice. This reed acts in the same manner as a larynx, and the pipe over it reinforces the tone, just as the mouth and throat do."

"I understand you, sir; but here you have but one reed, and I saw two vibrating bodies in the doctor's laryngoscope."

"You are right there, yet the principle is the same, — a reed and a pipe over it. What I want to show you is, how the pipe over the reed alters the quality of the tone, making it louder, rougher, clearer, or trumpet like."

From the drawer he then brought forth three reed-pipes, having differently shaped tops. One was long and slender, another like a stumpy funnel, and the third was small at the bottom; but spread out wider and wider to the top. Placing them on the voicing-table, he caused them to speak.

Each gave the same pitch, but very different in quality. One was clear and bright, another was like a clarion, and the other had the rich, resonant clang of a loud and powerful trumpet.

"There, Miss Ward, do you understand my meaning now?"

"I think I do, sir," I replied, after a moment's thought. "What you wish to show is, that the reed, like the larynx, can change mainly in point of pitch; but that the cavity of the mouth, the lips, teeth, etc., are made to govern the quality of the tone, and thereby produce a voice, sweet, pure, rich, loud, soft, harsh, rough, pleasing or displeasing, just as you may wish."

"Exactly. That is, as a general rule, if the reed is a good one, or the larynx is in health. There is some fun in teaching you, Miss Ward. You must come again a week from to-day, and I will show you more. I must go now, as I am busy."

As we walked back we passed the new organ, and I noticed under each of the huge wooden pipes a small handle.

"What are those handles for, sir?"

"To regulate the amount of wind each pipe is to receive. A little too much, or not enough, wind, would injure the *timbre* of the tone. You must bear that little point in mind. Too much, or not enough, air from your lungs,

when driven into the larynx, may undo all your efforts to obtain purity of tone."

"Oh, dear, sir, don't tell me any more. I am almost bewildered already."

"Never you fear. Patience and a clear head are equal to any task."

"Thank you, sir. Good-morning."

"Good-day, Miss Ward;" and the door closed behind me as I stepped into the street again.

One week after, I again appeared at the factory, and took another lesson. I became greatly interested in the whole matter of sound. Mr. Hookson was indeed a friend, and posted me in all the marvellous laws that govern sound, reinforcement, overtones, tuning, sympathy, and a bewildering multitude of other things. He drew on the wall, with a bit of chalk, curious diagrams, showing the difference between noise and music. Some of the drawings of pure tones were beautiful. I wish I had time to tell you more; but I have not. There is one book recently published, that, when I first read it, entertained me more than any novel I ever read, — "Tyndall on Sound." You must read it.

From that time my studies went on slowly, but successfully. One day I visited the doctor, and another spent an hour in the shades of the great factory. In fact, I became quite at home there, and found many friends among the workmen. They seemed delighted to have some one who showed an interest in their work. They loved to talk of

their work, and of the great instruments they built. Many a time have I watched some splendid organ rise from day to day, till it was finished. I have sat by the hour holding the keys, while the tuner was at work high up among the forest of pipes, and, when it was done, have played for visitors who called to examine the instrument. These things I did, to show, as well as I could, my appreciation and gratitude for all Mr. Hookson's kindness. When I reached the close of my first quarter, I found I could not pay my bills by just three dollars. I at once sold some of my jewelry, left me by my mother, and paid up every bill. I had a terrible fight with poverty the first few months. I reduced my expenses to the last cent, and, as my father told you, went many a day on a ten-cent dinner. Scholars did not come to me as fast as I had wished; I obtained two more; but when the summer came they all went out of town. At last I broke down. A low diet, want of sufficient clothing, and a sense of discouragement pulled me down. My pride would not let me tell of my situation, and only my failing strength caused Mrs. Sharp to question me, and at last, wring the truth from me. She at once offered to lend me some money, saying that I might pay it back at some future time. I stoutly refused it, declaring that I never had been in debt, and never would be. She then called the doctor, and he insisted on my taking some money to aid me through the summer, till my scholars should return. He offered me one hundred dollars, with the understanding that I was to

return it whenever I was able, and without interest; but I resolutely refused, preferring anything to debt. The next day he found out, from Miss Sherwin, about the piano I was trying to pay for, and that very day I received a receipted bill for it, with a note, saying that he had paid the balance of the bill, something like eighty dollars. (The day after my first appearance in public life I paid it back, and was out of debt once more.) The relief, and my improved finances, enabled me to live better, and I soon regained my health and spirits.

In the fall my pupils returned. For the next two years I labored hard and patiently. Gradually my prospects brightened. I obtained more scholars, and a better situation as chorister. My life passed very much as I have described. Practice, study, and lessons filled up my days. I will not attempt a description of my life, but will skip over, to the third winter of my residence in the city, just before I began my public career.

In all these long months I never once saw my father or Frank. I often received letters from the former, but of the latter I heard not a word.

## CHAPTER XII.

"SLEEPERS, WAKE! A VOICE IS CALLING." — *St. Paul.*

I HAD now attained to a safe and desirable position. A comfortable home, easy and pleasant work, and not too much of it; good society, many kind friends, and an income sufficient for all my wants, instruction included. I ought to have been satisfied, but was not. I wanted more; that I might call my father to me, and surround his later years with a few comforts; besides, I wished to lay up something for a rainy day. The sum that I did lay one side each month seemed very small. I waited long and patiently for an opportunity to improve my affairs; but it came not, and I had about made up my mind to settle down to the quiet life of a music-teacher, and expect nothing more. Young girls often think, when disappointed in an early ambition, that life has nothing more for them. Life is long, and a world of events can be crowded into it, if we wait, labor, and despair not.

One dark, winter afternoon, as I passed along the snowy streets on my way home from a lesson, I began turning over in my mind how I should spend the long, dull evening alone in my room. As I passed, I noticed a street-poster: —

"SUNDAY EVENING NEXT,  
MENDELSSOHN'S ST. 'PAUL,'

With full chorus, orchestra, and eminent solo talent, etc., etc."

"How I wish I could go; I should so like to hear 'St. Paul.' Wonder what it costs? One dollar and a half. Must not think of it. No doubt it would do me good, and I should enjoy it greatly; far more than hundreds of girls who will go, and yet care little or nothing for it. Heigh ho! Wish I was rich, and did not have to count every dollar."

As I turned into our street, I observed a carriage at the door. As this was not an unusual thing I did not hurry, thinking it some of my rich patrons in search of me. They could afford to wait, better than I to hasten, after a long day's work. At the door, I was surprised to find Dr. Sharp.

"O Miss Ward! I am glad you have come. I have been running half over the city to find you. I want you to go with me and sing before the — the — some friends. Jump right in, please; we may be in time yet."

"Please, doctor, let me change my things. I am not fit to be seen anywhere."

"Yes, you are; come right along. You will not meet any one, only some gentlemen."

He opened the carriage-door, and almost thrust me in.

"But, doctor, at least let me brush my hair."

"Never mind your hair. Drive on," said he, to the coachman, then jumped in beside me, and away we went.

"Now, doctor, what does this mean?"

"Don't ask me. Keep quiet, and rest yourself and your voice. I met a friend of mine, and he expressed a wish to have you sing for him this evening. It is a good chance for you, and may lead to something great."

"But, doctor —"

"Don't say a word, pray. Keep quiet, and do just as I bid you. I'll explain everything by and by."

In a few moments the carriage stopped, and we got out. Going up a narrow court, we stopped before a huge door, and rang the bell.

"What place is this, doctor?"

"Don't talk, please, in this cold night air. Save your voice."

Biting my lips with vexation at my want of discretion, I relapsed into silence, and suffered the doctor to lead me through the door, when it opened into a large, dark, and cheerless entry-way, or corridor. The man who opened the door for us held in his hand a flaring candle, that served to make the gloomy place barely visible.

"Has he come?" said the doctor.

"Yes, sir," replied the man. "He is upstairs at the organ."

"Good! We will go right up there."

So the man with the light led the way, and we passed

through the corridor, up a short flight of steps, and came to a narrow double door, that parted for us at the slightest pressure, and closed in silence behind us. If I had not been standing on a soft mat, I should have said we had stepped into the open air. We seemed to be under the open sky. Our feeble light failed utterly to illumine the high place we were in. I could make out the lengthening rows of seats, extending rank behind rank, far off into the dark, and nothing more. Not much time was allowed to see anything, for the doctor pushed hastily on, as if quite at home. A few more steps, and we came to a broad platform, completely filled with a labyrinth of chairs, and music-racks. On either side a steep amphitheatre of seats extended up, almost out of sight. Discovering a light, we threaded our way among the chairs, till we came to a gentleman seated on a broad, wooden seat, with a gas jet burning beside him, and before him the four banks, and cloud of stops, of a large organ.

"Mr. Woodford, Miss Ward. As we have no time to lose, we will not stop for ceremony. Mr. Woodford wishes to hear you sing, Miss Ward. Will you oblige him?"

"Certainly, sir. What shall I sing?"

"Here is the 'Messiah;' try that."

"Let's see," said Mr. Woodford. "Turn to 'I know that my Redeemer.' That will do as well as anything."

As I took the book the doctor whispered in my ear, —

"Do your best; everything depends upon it."

I nodded silently, and prepared to sing.

"Please not stand so near; go down to the front of the stage."

"Where is that? I cannot see."

"I'll show you," said the doctor, taking the candle from our guide. Leading the way, he conducted me to the end of the wilderness of chairs, and stopped before the edge of a black space. Instantly the organ began to play; it seemed quite near, almost over my head. As he played the prelude, I glanced around to see where we could be. By the aid of the flaring yellow light, I managed to make out the dim and shadowy outline of a vast hall. How it would look when lighted I could not imagine. Well, the doctor held the light, and I sang the aria as well as I could. When about half way through, memories of the last time I sang the piece came to me. Thoughts of my mother, of Frank, and of our little church at Rockford, crowded my mind, and, perhaps, tinged the music. No sooner had the last note died away, than a sudden clapping of hands broke out of the dark before me.

"What does this mean, doctor? I thought we were alone. You have been playing me some trick."

"Granted. A harmless one, however. Here come your small and select audience."

Just then the confused noise of talking came towards us, and four gentlemen stepped into the small circle of candle-light, and I was at once introduced to them. They all

seemed greatly delighted at something, and were congratulating themselves over some good fortune. They were very kind to me, and praised my singing far too much. Among them was one man who seemed the ruling spirit of the party, though the most silent, evidently the conductor. He hardly spoke to me, merely saying, "You did very well, Miss Ward." A queer group we made, the five gentlemen with their hats on, and me in an old hat and waterproof. I did not think of it at the time, being too much surprised for such thoughts. The gentlemen still went on talking among themselves, save one, a Mr. Loring, who, in a few words, informed me that he desired me to sing at a public performance the next Sunday evening, in that hall.

"What shall I sing?"

"I'll show you directly. Let me get a book. Have you never sung in oratorio?"

"Never, sir, nor can I. To-day is Friday, and how can we rehearse in so short a time?"

"One rehearsal with orchestra will be enough. It takes place this evening; soon, I think," said he, looking at his watch. "Can you wait?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take a chair, please, and I'll have them light up."

Thereupon I sat down in one of the chairs, near the gentlemen, who were still talking among themselves. In a moment or so a faint light spread itself over the place. It seemed like the gradual coming of daylight in the morning;

by the time it became light enough to read, further increase of light ceased. Glancing up at the ceiling, I discovered that a thin thread of gas lights, extending part way round the end of the hall, were burning brightly. Just beyond the edge of the stage it ceased, leaving the remainder of the hall unlighted, and partially in the shade. I was glad to see this, as it was evident no audience was expected. The rehearsal was to be private. By the time the place was lighted, sundry gentlemen began to come in and take seats on the stage. All of them brought instruments. Evidently we were to have an orchestra. I was delighted to see this, I can assure you. If there is any one thing I admire, it is an orchestra. Music finds its highest expression from a well-trained orchestra. Much as I was pleased at the prospect, I did not fancy sitting there among those men, and in my old hat and faded waterproof. However, Mr. Loring soon returned, kindly apologized for his neglect, and offering me another seat near the edge of the stage, by the conductor's stand, said, that, as they were pressed for time, I had better wait where I was, and the rehearsal would at once begin. He also informed me that Dr. Sharp had been suddenly called away, and that a carriage would be in waiting for me after the rehearsal. Meanwhile the orchestra were noisily tuning up, and preparing for work.

In a few moments the conductor appeared, and brought with him a lady and three gentlemen. They were severally introduced to me, and then took seats beside me, facing the great, empty, gloomy hall.

"Friends in misery," I called them. It seemed misery to me to be sitting there, preparing to take part in a concert in forty-eight hours, and not even knowing what we were to sing. I had been mentally making a list of the arias I was familiar with, and was on the point of asking the conductor if I might select for myself, when he placed a music-book, open at page twenty, No. four Recitative, in my hands, with the request that I rise and prepare to sing. He evidently supposed that I was well acquainted with the business in hand; whereas, I was not.

"Are you ready?"

I nodded assent.

At once a low, rich chord streamed from the orchestra behind me, and I found myself reciting the music before I knew it. I had never sung with an orchestra before, and was astonished at the ease with which I did so. It was utterly different from the accompaniment of a piano or organ. More true, sustaining, and, to me, more exhilarating. Having sung my ten bars of music, I sat down, and two of the gentlemen took up the next measure. Almost the first word of the piece I noticed, was the name "Stephen." What is this? Can it be 'St. Paul'?"

Turning back to the initial page, I discovered we were singing from the Oratorio of St. Paul. "Can it be possible that I am expected to appear in St. Paul next Sunday? It must be so, or I am greatly deceived."

I will not weary you with an account of this, my first,



orchestral rehearsal. I very quickly sang through the part allotted to me, and then Mr. Loring escorted me to the door, and ushered me into a carriage. As he closed the door, he said: —

"There will be a chorus rehearsal to-morrow evening; but you need not attend unless you wish. We shall expect you to be ready for the carriage we shall send you, on Sunday evening, at six o'clock. We are greatly obliged to you, Miss Ward, for your kindness in singing for our society. Good-night."

Before I could reply, he was gone. On reaching home, I offered to pay the hackman; but he said he had been paid already. Going to my room I laid off my battered hat and faded waterproof, and sat down to think. At last mine hour had come; I was to appear in oratorio. If I succeeded, my hopes and aspirations were filled, and my fortune made. If I failed — well — with God's help I would not fail. It were not possible he would desert me, after bringing me through all these weary months of labor and waiting. Tired and thankful, I sought my couch, and soon fell asleep and dreamed "orchestra" all night.

I was up bright and early the next morning. There was a world of things to be done. A suitable dress to prepare, music to rehearse with Miss Sherwin, and a hundred other things to do, in view of the great event. While waiting for breakfast, I took up the morning paper. The first thing I saw was an advertisement, the very sight of which took every

particle of color from my face. "What does this mean? Oh, I must see Dr. Sharp at once!" Without waiting for a mouthful to eat, I seized my things, rushed into the street, hailed a horse-car, and started, in all haste, to find Dr. Sharp. Reaching his door, I rang, nervously.

"Is the doctor in?"

"No, miss."

"Let me see Mrs. Sharp, then, if you please."

I stepped into the parlor, and sat down to wait for her.

Presently a voice in the entry called me: —

"Come right up, Miss Ward. I am in the children's room. I am all impatience to hear about your good fortune."

"Good fortune," said I, taking a seat on a low stool; "it looks like it — very. Please tell me all about it. I cannot, and do not, understand a thing. I am not quite sure whether I am awake or dreaming."

"Can't understand what?"

"Why, look at that," said I, handing her the paper.

"TO-MORROW, SUNDAY EVENING, AT CONCERT HALL,

MENDELSSOHN'S 'ST. PAUL.'

SOLOISTS:

*Soprano* — Signora Couchi.

*Alto* — Miss Longdale.

*Tenor* — Mr. Williams.

*Basses* — Messrs. Jones and White.

Full chorus, etc., etc."

Having read the above advertisement, she deliberately laughed at me.

"You poor child, I do not wonder you were frightened. Did you think they were playing you a trick?"

"I did not know what to think."

"Then you have not heard the news?"

"No."

"Well, the Couchi took it into her little head to demand more pay. She wanted two hundred and fifty dollars. The directors would not give her more than the usual sum of one hundred and fifty, and she refused to sing. John heard of it, and agreed to furnish a soprano on short notice; you know the rest. If you look in to-night's papers, you will see 'Soprano, Miss Julia Ward.'"

"Oh!" said I, much relieved.

"And now, 'Miss Julia Ward, Soprano,' what will you wear?"

"My black silk; that is plain and simple."

"Black, dear, — what are you thinking of?"

"I hardly know. My head aches dreadfully, and I am so tired."

"Had your breakfast?"

"Not a mouthful."

"Goodness! What a girl you are! I see I must take you in hand, and take care of you for the next twenty-four hours. May I?"

"Yes, dear, if you like."

In an instant little Milly was flying downstairs for hot coffee and buttered toast. Another little one was despatched with a note for the dressmaker to appear at once, and bring with her two assistants and two machines.

"What do you intend to do?"

"Buy, cut, and make you a dress. You may appear 'plain and simple;' but not in black."

"But, Mrs. Sharp, you must not; indeed, you must not. I really cannot afford the expense of a new dress."

"How about the one hundred and fifty dollars?"

"Well, dear, go on; do as you please."

"I propose to. I am going to treat you as if you were my own girl, about to make her first appearance. The doctor will be delighted to help too; he is tremendously proud of you, and so am I. So will everybody be, to-morrow night. There's a kiss for you. Now be good, and do as I tell you."

"Yes, dear."

"Mother, mother," said Milly, entering. "Here's the coffee. May I have some too?"

"Yes, chicken."

"Goody! it's so nice."

## CHAPTER XIII.

"OH, GREAT IS THE DEPTH OF THE RICHES OF WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE FATHER!" — *St. Paul.*

I WENT to my usual choir rehearsal that evening, as if nothing had happened. Either the other members of the choir had not seen the evening papers, or else the advertisement had not been changed; they did not allude to the subject, except to say that all intended to go to the oratorio. I did not inform them that I was to sing, preferring they should find it out for themselves; besides, who could tell how I should succeed?

Sunday came and passed without unusual incidents. My companions in the organ-loft did not discover the change in the evening's programme until just at close of church, when some of the people stopped me in the entry-way, and began to congratulate themselves and me. I shook them off, as politely as possible, and ran home as fast as I dared, on a quiet Sunday afternoon. Reaching my room, I packed up a few things, and soon after, Dr. Sharp's carriage arrived to take me to his house. We had supper as soon as I arrived, so as to have its effects well out of the way by seven o'clock, and then came dressing.

At a quarter before six I was ready, and waiting in the

doctor's parlor. I remember everything distinctly. My dress was a very simple affair, of pale green silk, cut high, and with but little trimming. I wore no jewelry, save a single brooch at my throat. I have the dress still packed away in one of my trunks. I keep it as a memento of my first success in life.

At last the hour came. The great hall, brilliantly lighted, was packed to repletion. The orchestra spread out behind me, and back of them rose, tier above tier, the splendid choir, five hundred strong. Over all towered the mighty organ. Before them all, poor insignificant me! To tell the truth, I was thoroughly frightened. Could I fill the vast space around me? Would my voice be equal to the occasion? Could I keep my place in the book, with all these novel and distracting surroundings. These, and many other alarming questions, rushed through my mind. I think if it had not been for the reassuring presence, in the very front seat, just at my feet, of Dr. and Mrs. Sharp, Miss Sherwin, Mr. Hookson, and little Milly, I should have made a perfect failure, from sheer stage fright. The other soloists beside me sat as unmoved as statues, and gazed serenely at the three thousand pairs of eyes before us, in a way I could not understand. To my great relief the conductor soon appeared, mounted his platform just beside me, and made a profound bow to the audience. At once the confused murmur that brooded over everything died away, and a strange (and to me painful) hush spread over all. Glancing up at

the conductor, I beheld his uplifted baton, and his face glowing with the fire of genius and inspiration. The baton moved, and at once the slow chords of a sublime choral rose from the subdued, but thrilling brass. In a moment fled all my fears. I knew nothing, felt nothing, heard nothing, save the orchestra. Soon the violins behind me woke up, and joined the brass in stately measures. Directly the key changed to A minor, and the time quickened. Rising higher and louder, the orchestra swept along, gathering force as it went. Growing tumultuous and stormy, the entire band came in, filling all the air about me with stormy waves of sound. In full, sad, minor chords, the overture finally closed, and everything was quiet.

At once I heard the choir rise, though I could not see them. In fitful, abrupt chords, the orchestra began again. Suddenly from the dense mass broke one splendid shout: "Lord!" — again the orchestra stormed. Another and richer vocal chord: "Lord!" — once more the orchestra pealed. With full power the choir began: "Lord! Thou alone art our God, and thine are the heavens, the earth, and mighty waters." After a page or two the sopranos and altos opened a fugue: "The heathen furiously rage, Lord! against thee and thy Christ." That passed, a soft, sweet choral began: "Now behold, lest our foes prevail, Lord! grant to thy servants all strength and joyfulness, that they may preach thy word." The words and music fairly inspired me. "Yes, Lord! grant to thy servant

all strength and joyfulness, and if I cannot preach, at least, I will sing thy word." These thoughts came to me, and all fears were gone.

If the performance of this chorus inspired me, the next fairly thrilled me. Subdued, rich and prayerful, it seemed just suited to my case. I never knew before what it was to hear a multitude of voices sing piano, and was not only delighted, but, as I said, thrilled, by the music and words. I remember them distinctly: —

"To God on high be thanks and praise,  
 Who deigns our bonds to sever;  
 His care our drooping souls upraise,  
 And harm shall reach us never;  
 On him we rest, with faith assured,  
 Of all that live, the mighty Lord,  
 Forever and forever."

A burst of applause greeted the choir at this. It frightened me at first, not knowing what to make of such a noise. As it died away, the conductor looked over the top of his music-rack, smiled, and nodded for me to rise. Two of the gentlemen rose, and I stood up beside them. Well, I repeated my short recitative, the gentlemen theirs, and we sat down just as the choir broke out again in that fierce, wild chorus: "Now this man ceases not." As I sat down, I glanced at my friends before me, and saw a queer scene. Mr. Hookson and the doctor were shaking hands, Mrs. Sharp and Miss Sherwin were talking excitedly behind

their programmes, while little Milly peeped over the top of her fan with eyes brimful of happiness. Towards the close of the chorus, the conductor beckoned, with his disengaged hand, for me to rise again. Taking the pitch from the closing chord, I recited the next piece: "And all they that sat in council." In the second measure, the organ came to my aid. Now, how could I help going right, with such inspiring surroundings, and such an accompaniment? The music simply sang itself, or rather, recited itself. My part over, the tenor soloist, in the character of "Stephen," began softly and easily, that famous sermon set to music: "Men, brethren, and fathers." But they would not hear him, and the chorus broke out in rebellion. Like a sudden storm the music rose in wild chords to loudest forte: "Take him away—Take him away. He shall perish." Suddenly the uproar ceased, and the tenor reasserted itself. All this while, I had been standing, knowing I should be wanted at once.

Immediately I heard the violins take up the soft, airy prelude of my first aria. How could I fail? Were not the streaming violins all about me singing the music, and almost the very words of my song? Then the conductor, he would help me through anything. His mere presence was an inspiration, and an assurance of success. How I counted the measure of that quiet, dreamy prelude! I was determined to begin fair. No fear, however, for the conductor extended his disengaged hand before me, so that I

could see it plainly. At the proper place the pliant fingers bade me sing: "Jerusalem! Thou that killest the Prophets; thou that stonest them which are sent unto thee. How often would I have gathered unto me thy children, and ye would not, Jerusalem!"

When I sat down, the audience went wild. I never saw people act so. They applauded as if mad. There was no occasion for such an uproar. I did not deserve any particular credit. If I sang well, it was because I could not help it. The violins, and the conductor's left hand, deserve all the praise. They sustained me, and it told me just what to do for every measure. When I was to sing piano, the fingers spread out loosely; to sing louder, they became rigid and more animated in their motions. To cease, they closed, and all the while gave me the exact time. Besides, the applause was not in good taste; so much of it interrupted the thread of the story. The short recitative that followed was almost unheard. The next chorus could be heard plain enough.

It was like a savage tempest. "Stone him to death! Stone him to death! He blasphemed God! He shall perish! Stone him to death!"

Then came that exquisite recitative and choral, known as "The Death of St. Stephen."

After that, the charming chorus: "Happy and blest are they who have endured."

I took it all to myself. Had I not endured toil, hunger, disappointment and sorrow, and now had I succeeded. I knew it, I felt sure of it. "Happy and blest" was I, indeed.

Then followed another recitative, and a long bass solo. The singer did not win so much applause as I. Why, I could not understand, except that he did not speak plainly. But I was not a fair judge, being too near him.

Next the alto beside me rose to sing. The aria was new to me, but charmed me quite. It seemed to be written, both words and music, for me: —

"But the Lord is mindful of his own,  
He remembers his children;  
Bow down before him,  
For the Lord is near us."

I could not help singing it over softly to myself, and when she finished, I turned to her and thanked her for her music, and for her correct rendering of it.

"Did it please you?" she said.

"Yes, indeed. It was well done."

"Oh, I'm so glad! I do try so hard; but then," said she, suddenly, "who could help singing such music fitted to those words?"

That alto young lady and I have been fast friends since that night.

Next came that marvellous piece of writing known as

"The Conversion of St. Paul," followed by the inspiring chorus, "Rise up and shine."

In pleasing contrast came that sweet, religious choral. "Sleepers, wake! a voice is calling." I recognized at once the same strain that opens the overture. I took the words and music to myself: —

"Sleepers, wake! a voice is calling;  
Arise, and take your lamps,  
His kingdom is at hand,  
Go forth to meet your Lord."

This was followed by a bass solo and a chorus: —

"The Lord, he is good;  
He shall dry all your tears  
And heal all your sorrows."

Then the tenor and I had a short duet. I sang the words at the close with all my heart: "I thank God, who has made me free through Christ." Truly, I had every reason to thank him, and I did, before them all, though but a few understood me.

This over, the full chorus broke out in loud, exulting strains. I could not keep quiet, but stood up and joined them with heart and voice: "Oh! great is the depth of the riches of wisdom, and knowledge of the Father."

This ended the first part, and I retreated with the rest to

the anteroom. In a moment they all came in, Miss Sherwin, the doctor, and all. The gentlemen shook both my hands at once, the ladies kissed me; so did Milly, and so did everybody.

"Just what we all expected, — a great success."

"You deserve every congratulation."

"You have done me very great credit," said my teacher.

"You meant what you said in that last line, did you not?" whispered Mrs. Sharp, in my ear.

"Yes, dear; I did, indeed."

## CHAPTER XIV.

"HE, WATCHING OVER ISRAEL, SLUMBERS NOT NOR SLEEPS." — *Elijah*.

FROM that day the Lord prospered me. Within two months I found myself in possession of five hundred dollars, clear cash, being my earnings as a public singer. I sent for my father, and he has travelled and lived with me ever since.

"Now, Julia," said I, "tell me, please, whatever became of your first friend, the organist? Did you never meet him again in all your travels?"

"Never. I have watched and looked for him these years; but he came not. I never once heard a word from him, excepting a rumor that he went to the war in some eastern regiment. Many a time have I looked for him, but in vain. I thought I did not love him; but I am afraid I did."

"Why afraid, Julia? 'Perfect love casteth out fear.'"

"Afraid that I have done wrong. I flung him one side, because I thought he stood in my way. In these long

years of toil and waiting, how he could have helped me with his knowledge and sympathy! I have thought that perhaps my trials were a punishment for my harshness to him."

"Do not think that. It is morbid and unnatural."

"I try not to, knowing, as I do now, that everything that is, is for the best, if we but knew it."

"Yes, dear, that is very true. 'He, watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps.'"

"I am glad to hear you say that, Jane. I like the sentiment, and like to hear you use the quotation. It brings to mind, not only the words, but the music. I have quite a store of quotations from the oratorios, that serve me in need. The mere sound of the music brings up the sentiment, and often a crowd of recollections and associations that cluster round each strain. I never sing 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' without having my mother's face rise before me. When I sing it in public, I always lose all thought of self, and see once more our little church in Rockford, and hear again Frank's organ. I have often wondered, if somewhere in the audience I might not find his face. Perhaps he would hear my voice, and recognize the very tone and expression I then used, and perhaps he would come to me — and I should be happy."

"Do you still love him, dear?"

"I hardly know. Perhaps he has changed greatly. It is a long time since we met. It may be he is dead."

This she said, slowly and dreamily, gazing with wistful eyes at the fire. For a few moments we were silent. Feeling restless and warm, I got up and wandered aimlessly about the room, staring mechanically at the books and pictures. Soon I came to the piano. On the rack was a music-book. Opening it at random, I began to play. Julia recognized the music at once, and at the proper place began to sing softly to herself, as she sat by the fire: "He, watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps." When it reached the alto, I, too, joined in, and we went on singing our parts, and giving the piano the bass and tenor. Though she had her back to me, yet she sang on without mistake. The music must have been very familiar to her. Suddenly she stood upright, and, taking the tenor part, poured forth the full power of her magnificent voice: "Should'st thou, walking in grief, languish, he will quicken thee."

"O Jane, is it not glorious? How could we fail to believe those words, when fitted to such music?"

"Yes," said I, still playing on, "all really great music is sacred to me, and, when fitted to sacred words, it makes for me a second Bible."

Soon I reached the last page of the chorus, and, standing near me, she joined her voice with mine: "He slumbers not nor sleeps."

"That is very true. Is it not?"

"Yes, Julia, your story proves that. How could you



have gone through all you did, if He had slumbered — forgetting you?"

"If my story makes you believe it, I'm glad I told it you. Now, dear, when am I to have your story?"

"Not this evening. See, it is almost ten. Livingston will come for me soon."

"Livingston! Who is he?"

"My Frank."

"Have you a Frank?"

"Yes. His name is Frank Livingston Grinnell. I am engaged to him."

"Why did you not tell me before? Truly, I am glad to hear you are happy in that direction. I have wealth, education, society, and a career. Yet I am not happy, not having love too. We are so selfish, you know. We want all the good gifts."

"Perhaps you will have them all in time. You may find your Frank yet. If you should, and I think you will, I shall want to see you, for if you were to sing, you would astonish the world with the brilliancy of your music. Let me see, what would you sing in that event? Oh, I know: 'Rejoice greatly!'"

"No, dear; not that. If so great a happiness were to come to me, I should wish all the world to share my joy. I should break forth into singing."

And she did, filling the room with that noble strain from

the Hymn of Praise: "All that hath life and breath sing to the Lord."

After a pause, she said, "Really, Jane, I wish you could give me a part of your life history, as I have given you mine."

"I do not think it would interest you much. It is not half so entertaining as the story of Livingston's life experience. He, like you, was passionately fond of music, but could not make business and music agree, and therefore continually fell into trouble. He was in a very deep slough of despond, when I first met him; but he did not stay there long after that."

"And you were the dear good girl who helped him out, — were you not?"

"Perhaps so."

"It is just like you, Jane."

"Now, Julia, before I go, let me ask you one question. What is the good of your story? I could not go through all that you did, nor would friends rise up to help me in such a marvellous way. Is it not an impossible sort of a theory of musical education you have advanced? You might compass it; but can the common run of girls imitate you?"

"I could not say, not knowing the girls personally. Some could, others could not. I do know, however, that perseverance, labor, patience, and a brave heart, if rightly applied, are equal to anything. As for friends, those who

are worthy of them always find them. I fancy it is almost always our own fault if we do not prosper in life."

"What do you do with the lame or the lazy, like me?"

"If I were very wicked, I should say that 'the Lord is ever mindful of them.'"

"I am surprised at your levity."

Just then she went to the bell, and gave it a pull, saying, "Well, forgive me, dear. Now I am going to order a little supper, and we will receive your friend with all the honors. When he comes, let us, for once, forget that we are anything but girls."

In a few minutes an elegant lunch appeared, and Livingston arrived. He was soon introduced, and made to feel quite at home.

The supper was splendid, and we had a royal good time. My irrepressible nature burst all bounds, and I was very, very jolly.

Livingston beamed upon us, like the fatherly young man that he is, and Julia fairly shone, just like the brilliant creature she is.

At eleven, the party broke up, and we took our departure. At the door, Julia bade us good-night.

"Remember, Jane, the next time I come this way, you are to tell me your story."

"Yes, dear, mine or some one else's. Good-night."

"Good-night."

As we passed down the hotel stairs we heard a piano, and

some one singing. Pausing a moment to listen, we both recognized the strain: "He, watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps."

So it was that God gave to us two girls different gifts, — music and love.

Which received the best gift?

God knows.

THE END.