

MUSIC A NECESSITY.

When the circle of creation was completed, man found throughout the entire realm of nature, the materials and laws of harmony. True, this all perfect melody was marred by the discords that rushed in with the entrance of sin. But sin was not to reign supreme, and among many golden relics of perfect days has been given unto us sweet strains of that primeval song, awaiting but the magic touch of the minstrel's wand to bring forth in all their melody.

Scanning backward through the royal avenues of time, beside "transparent founts of purest euphony," we behold the beautiful sovereign, music, ever swaying the golden sceptre of her power.

Since Jubal swept with cunning fingers the strings of his new found lyre, the echoes of harmonious sound have not ceased to awaken upon the harps of many a son of that Prince of Song. Before the dawn of letters the sway of music was begun. A thousand years before Orpheus lived, are dated Chinese and Hindoo fables in regard to this ancient art.

It is well known that in Greece, music was considered one of the most important branches of education, and that Plato and Aristotle, Plutarch and Pythagoras wrote elaborate discourse extolling the advantages of music. The language of the Greek drama was sung and not spoken. The Muses, those inspiring goddesses of song had won the affections of the Grecian heart, and unto Euterpe and Polymnia vows were continually offered by the sons of that cultured race.

Though in Europe the song of the sacred muse may have become hushed to a low monotone midst many dark and discordant strifes, yet in recent years the notes have swelled into a grand and glorious chorus.

The song of St. Ambrose was taken up by the knights of chivalry, and the rocky hills of Europe often echoed to the music of the Troubadours. Then Israel's harp was taken from the willows and set vibrating in dulcet melody by Pasta, Rosini, Mendelssohn and Meyerber. Next, immortal Handel with his mighty chain of oratorios; Sebastian Bach with sublime and lofty choral; Haydn with the luxuriance of orchestral song; the master Mozart with mighty and magical melody; Pergolesi with sweet inspiring note, and lofty Beethoven with his infinite intricacies of symphony; without any theory

as yet, without star or compass to guide over trackless seas; piercing the utmost depths of a natural law, still acknowledged Euterpe's sway, and brought unreluctant mortals to the foot of her shrine.

Man's nature is highly emotional. He is not what he *knows*, but what he *feels*. There must necessarily be a universal language to express these emotions, and the power of music to interpret transient affections is sublimely strong. As sings the poet:

"Music, oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fade before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever *speak*
When thou canst breathe her souls so well."

Mendelssohn at the close of his letters to his sister would say: "This is how I think of you," and would jot down a bit of music. He could not tell his thoughts in words, but the music was so expressive that her heart could always understand.

Thus, music being the combination and intensifying of the cadences, intervals and pitch of speech that express feeling, becomes that subtle language known by all.

The master harper has grasped his lyre. In melancholy mood he touches the responsive strings in slow and pensive measure. In one great stroke he sweeps his hands across and, fearful, backward would recoil himself from the jargon of his notes. The music changes and the quick and tinkling notes of joy come tripping on the morning air. Through all the diapason of the notes he runs; ascending sweet and clear he strikes the chord of love; then rolling down the glooms and glades of despair, pours forth his soul in the low, deep tones of sorrow. Again the harp awakes, pours forth inspiring harmony, and, as the music ceases, sweet chords of whispering melody still linger upon every string and seem to say, "Awake! Hope on thou tired spirit, the future lies before thee."

The language of the affections is certainly equal in importance to the language of the intellect. Sympathy or fellow feeling is one of the chief constituents of civilization.

Through music, like affections, may be created in others. She has been truly called "Enchantress of the souls of mortals," and marvellous is her power in not only soothing the troubled soul but encouraging it to deeds of chivalry, philanthropy and patriotism. The Bourbons cared more for that thrilling French anthem called the "Marseilles" than they did for