

Editorial.

MUSIC.

Who loves not music? To whom is it not associated with the remembrance of former days, with a mother's sweet smile, and a sister's tenderness,—and as the old familiar strains fleet softly on the summer air—

"With easy force they open all the cells,
Where memory slept. Wherever we have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains."

Graciously has it been ordained that amid the harsh realities of life, music should wield no mean power in hushing the stormy passions,—and in whispering to the agitated spirit, "Peace be still,"—and few, indeed, are the number of those, however tyrannised over by fashion, or ruled by worldly principles, that can resist its gentle influence, while often does it bring tears to eyes "albeit unused to weep," as memory, from her store-house, produces the treasures of the past, and clothes, with something of their former beauty, visions we once thought too fair to fade. Mark, for instance, its magical effect on a man immersed in business, perplexed with cares, torn by anxiety. Suddenly, above the harsh tumults of life, his attention is arrested by a simple and plaintive melody, one heard in by-gone days, "in a cottage far away,"—and his thoughts insensibly revert to the spring-time of life.—See the ruffled brow has become smooth—the harsh outline of the countenance softened; the compressed lips are parted,—and the whole man appears to have undergone a change. Presently the eye moistens, the lips quiver, the hand trembles, can a simple melody have moved him thus? Yes, for standing at the grave of buried hopes it has bid them arise, and gentle words "forgotten long ago," and smiles, and tears, and faces and forms, once familiar, are beheld again in memory's faithful mirror,—and the man, whose moral nature has insensibly hardened in an atmosphere uncongenial to the cultivation of the pure and ennobling affections of the heart, becomes softened, subdued, and in many cases, we trust, made permanently better and wiser. The above remarks were suggested by a visit recently made to a musical establishment in this city, owned by

Mr. John Hays. Mr. H. is an enthusiastic lover of music, and we believe a most skillful mechanist in the construction of instruments. We would particularly invite the attention of the lovers of music, to the *Melodian*, an instrument he has lately introduced into this city, and one in which he has made several very striking improvements. Equally adapted for the services of the sanctuary, or for the domestic circle,—occupying much less room than a piano, but surpassing it in elegance of appearance and high finish; and constructed in such a manner as to be capable of conveyance, with ease, from place to place, this instrument will, we believe, ere long, become a favourite with the public,—and perhaps as popular as its predecessor the piano. As regards the quality of the music, it appears to combine the different sounds of a variety of instruments in one; the pealing organ, and the soft tones of the piano are, perhaps, the most conspicuous. The tones are particularly pleasing. Now so soft that they form a melodious whisper, and, anon, bursting with full and triumphant power on the ear. It is as well adapted for rapid as slow music,—and we would earnestly recommend those interested to call and examine for themselves, assuring them that nothing affords the proprietor more pleasure than exhibiting and performing on his instruments for the gratification of others. We trust that he will be, as he deserves, extensively, patronized,—and that the Melodian will speedily occupy a place in the churches, drawing-rooms, and parlours of our city.

For further particulars we refer our readers to advertisement on the cover.

The Forest Funeral.

She was fair, with tresses of long, black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine she started slightly, but looking up she smiled. I spoke to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition?"

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strains of the *Æolian*. You may imagine the answer startled me, and with a few words to this import I turned from her.