

characters of history in whom hardly one quality in common could be found, whose thoughts and deeds lie in entirely different spheres find in the muse a solitary bond of union.

We do not go so far as to say with Lorenzo that: "the man who has no music in himself," is especially adapted in the line of "treason's stratagems and spoils," or to deny him whatever confidence one Christian deserves from another: the extreme state of sentimentality into which he had fallen under his romantic surroundings hardly qualified him for an unbiassed opinion on the subject. But certainly that class of beings referred to have their sensibilities deadened to a most ennobling influence, and, have that channel closed up which might serve as a pathway to impressions productive of the highest moral and social benefits. In the wild and lawless settlements where the spiritual part of a man's nature becomes stifled under the sway of outlawry, a strain of music such as he was accustomed to hear in the sunnier past, is sufficient to recall to him the remembrance of his old playmates, the haunts of his boyhood, with all their hallowed associations; a holy influence has passed over him, and for a moment he is once more the young and innocent boy. The German emigrant sitting meditatively over his merechaum and lager, is by the martial strains of the "Watch on the Rhine" transported back into his native village, and is once more basking in the smiles of a Gretchen or Marguerite at the old social gatherings.

That peculiar undefinable effect which a touching composition produces upon the mind, the Hindoo philosophers ascribed to the recalling of certain impressions received in a former state of existence, as Dr. Leyden expresses it:

"Ah, sure as Hindoo legends tell
When music's tones the bosom swell,
The scenes of former life return,
E're, sunk beneath the morning-star,
We left our parent climes afar,
Immun'd in mortal forms to mourn."

This species of ecstasy has been described in a less sublime, but still in a very expressive fashion by Samuel Pepys in his diary: "But that which did please me beyond anything in the world was the wind-musique when the angel comes down; which was so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed in a word did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife."

It is probably the highly impressionable state which music produces, that has led it to be adopted from ages back in religious services; in it man finds a natural vehicle for the pure expression of his religious zeal.

Calvin and Knox vehemently denounced music as a snare of the evil one, hence in the Church of Scotland instrumental music has longer been under a ban; this feeling is dying out and soon the "kist o' whistles" will be an indispensable portion of the Church furniture.

The Jews—with the exception of the German portion—probably stand alone as a sect who do not recognize

any music whatever in their services. Since the taking of Jerusalem and their dispersion over the globe, they await patiently the coming of the Messiah, carefully excluding any manner of music from their synagogues, lest they should appear to rejoice before He is at hand.

What the nature of the Church music of the early Christian centuries was we have no means of knowing. The source from which it was derived is even a controverted point. Under Ambrose a reform was attempted, and two centuries later, upon this foundation, Gregory formed his great system which has formed the basis for all that is valuable in modern music. Since the Reformation the chant introduced into our Cathedrals forms an incomplete substitute for the grand roll of the Gregorian chant which has been preserved in its original form in the Italian Church and exists still, having lost none of its power and grandeur in the long lapse of years between its foundation and the present day. Too often in our Church services airs creep in which are capable of arousing recollections most unfortunately out of place; for instance, in a parish church in this Province a choir of saintly dandies were wont to warble, quite unwittingly, the air of a German student drinking song rejoicing in the title of Cramambuli. Let us imagine one now sober and staid, but with still a fond remembrance of his Alma Mater, in the midst of his devotions being saluted with the old familiar air: his devotions flying to the four winds, how vividly would he recall one of the old convivial gatherings of his College life, and with the strains ringing in his ear he imagines himself once more breathing in an atmosphere of beer and tobacco smoke, with all his old comrades around him: a very shocking digression truly.

"How sour sweet music is when time is broke, and no proportion kept," we are inclined to cry with Richard in *Pomfret*, for there can be no more deadly enemy to the felicity of one who is possessed of an acute and sensitive ear, than that class of oppressively amateur whose ability to exasperate increases with their ambition, who are ready to mangle the most sublime compositions with fearless complacency. Far am I from delivering an unqualified condemnation of this line of home amusement which in an unambitious form goes far to brighten the household and link together its members or to deny the rugged amateur any small gratification he may gain from his own performances, but in this art in particular let that excessive ambition be suppressed with an iron hand, which in neglecting the fundamental steps, degrades the art and threatens to swell the ranks of a class which Luther, the German Reformer, has limited to another order of beings in his characteristic remark upon music: "There is but one order of beings who hate it and they are devils."