

feeling that rises in harmony with the music it loves. Every occupation, every art and science of life, has long had its own special music. This is, of necessity true, because music can never exercise its desired effect, unless it aims, not merely to charm the ear, but to touch the heart.

The simple air or lyric, which delights people of unpretentious minds, is not less music, than some of the grand productions of the great masters, for in some way, the harmonious sounds, seem to be in sympathy with those mysterious stirrings of the heart, those keen emotions, and strange yearnings after something indefinite, which enter more or less into every life. Music is a joy for all. To fully appreciate Science or Art, considerable training is required, and so without doubt the cultivated ear, more and more appreciates the beauty of harmony.

The power of music may be more forcibly impressed, by examples of its influence on "men of genius." Lord Bacon, it is said, had music played in the room adjoining his study; Curran, in preparing his mind for the business of the bar, spent whole hours in running over the strings of his violin. Milton received inspirations while listening to his organ, and Mozart on his death-bed exclaimed to his daughter, "Oh let me hear once more, those notes which have so long been my solace and delight."

The world is full of music, and there is not one discordant, unharmonious note in all the works of Creation. The noise of the Cataract is music, Niagara, as it boils along in rapid torrents, breaking and dashing its angry surges against contending rocks, plunging its raging billows over the towering precipice and into the noisy deep, speaks of a language (silent yet audible) "the hand that made us is Divine."

Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven,
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing,
Never the little seed stops in its growing.

In the time of those primitive people whom we call savages, music was an enigma which could not be solved. Believing the fact that "Music has charms to soothe the savage breast," they introduced a kind of war-dance, accompanied by the beating of their instruments. This they performed around their afflicted brother whom they thought was possessed of an evil spirit. We still find, that what was true in past ages, is true to-day, for what will quiet a noisy multitude more quickly than the strains of sweet and familiar music.

The music of the Greeks was but poetry sung, and was thought to contain every influence, that would be of a refining nature, and that would aid in building up true and noble characters. We know that the Greeks, although they were a warlike nation, were noted for their culture and refinement. This was due to the fact that music was compulsory in the education of the Greek youth. In Rome, on the other hand, education was developed on the side of gymnastics and athletic exercises only, consequently they had no distinctive music of their own. They were pre-eminently, a martial race, and probably the music they most appreciated was the trumpet-call. In their early days, they were too much engrossed in war and conquest, and in latter times, too indifferent to cultivate the art among themselves.

About the time of Zero, Music became what might be termed fashionable in Rome, but they were not in earnest, and consequently no marks of musical culture were left by them.

To the Greeks, we owe much, hence, we must not imagine, that because music as it flourished among them, and made way for something better, its influence too, has gone, Far from it. We see rather in the rich legacy which it has bequeathed to us, the proof of the fact, that we are the "the heirs of all ages."

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