

held a sort of interest in the decency and cleverness of their friend and comrade."

At the next election in 1834 for the Legislature, Lincoln headed the poll, and accomplished the first of that series of successes which finally placed him in the Presidential chair. We will not follow him to Springfield, nor trace his successes in the practice of law. This paper was intended merely to deal slightly with a few of these qualities that won his fame and constituted his personality, and which are remembered now when many local circumstances are forgotten.

A. C.

AN OBJECT IN LIFE.

I've got a good head and shoulders,
And somehow have managed to rise,
Though I never had reason to set up
For being remarkably wise.
But my mother's aunt always predicted
With a voice that was shrill as a fife—
"You'll go to the dogs, John, for certain :
You haven't an object in life."

Now I don't mean to argue the point,
For the charming old lady is dead,
And she said, I've no doubt, what she thought,
And doubtless meant well what she said.
Besides in this bustling world,
With cares and distractions so rife,
I don't blame a person for thinking
A man should have an object in life.

But I'm getting quite bald, and have seen
A good deal of this world as it goes,
How the sun of prosperity shines,
How the wind of adversity blows,
How friends will press round when you conquer,
And fall off if you fail in the strife,
And how many have perished despairing,
Who *did* have an object in life.

There was Tomkyns, a capital fellow,
He and I were together at school :
He was clever and full of ambition,
And they thought me a good sort of fool.
But his visions of glory all faded,
And it cut his proud heart like a knife :
If they'd let me I'd write on his tombstone—
"Who died of an object in life."

Don't bother yourself with the future,
While Providence rules overhead ;
What e'er lies before you, stick to it,
And be glad if each day brings its bread.
That's the principle I've always followed ;
Now I'm happy and so is my wife,
For I've got on uncommonly well, sirs,
Though I hadn't an object in life.

THE HEAVENLY MAID.

That music is the source of no higher or better enjoyment than the gratification of sense, is maintained by many, but we find that they are almost invariably those in whom no sign of emotion can be produced even by the most exquisite compositions, and who only listen to them on sufferance, as a meaningless collection of variously pitched sounds. But as in poetry we at first perhaps only recognize the metre and rhyme, but are unable to divine the thoughts of the writer, so in music when we observe the proportionate ascendance and intensity of appreciation of the noblest productions with the increasing knowledge of the principles of musical art, we are convinced that the sense of hearing only allows us to receive a knowledge of the quantity of the musical expressions, while the act of deducing the theme of the composer falls to a higher agency.

The monotonous strumming of the barbaric tom-tom, and the discordant shriek of the primitive instruments of the savage, create the same immediate impression upon the tympanum of his uncultivated ear, as upon that of the most refined dilettante, but the difference in the effect produced upon their minds is just as widely different as the amount of training received by each. The savage potentate who for political reasons is forced to pay his first visit to the civilized world, and who among his other social agonies, yawns and squirms through a long siege of "masses, fugues and ops," deserves equal commiseration with the rapturous music lover, who would be forced to endure a rude symphony by all the instrumental horrors which a barbaric taste might suggest.

The inspired sculptor takes a shapeless mass of clay in his hands and while he moulds with his deft fingers, lineament after lineament of an angel face break through, until at last his soul's creation endowed almost with his own life beams forth from the rough mass. So a certain divine power on receiving through the ear some noble musical production, accepts at first a seemingly indistinguishable collection of tones, but immediately under its influence, all falls into order and symmetry, and the composer's ideas are revealed. We cannot justly say that the faculty of enjoying music is a gift to a chosen number, nor should we believe that it is an hereditary quality. In affirmation of this many cases may be cited, but on the opposite side an equal number may be brought forward ; in many cases it is an intense sympathy on this subject between parents and the child in its early years which produces that love and aptitude for it which is developed in after life.

There is always some accident or collection of accidents in the early childhood upon which hinges the future fondness for or indifference to the art, an accident so trivial and unimportant as to leave no trace upon the mind, but sufficient to divert the mind into whichever channel chance directs. A knowledge of the person's character gives us no hint as to his fondness for music ; many distinguished