

the "heir to all the ages, in the foremost files of time." Old and young, rich and poor, cultured and illiterate, alike yield to its sway. The most blissful happiness finds only in music adequate expression: the most poignant grief finds no language like that of music with which to portray its sorrow. Whether in Doric or Phrygian mood it melts to tenderness, it inspires to valor, it stirs to patriotism, it calms to peace. From the beginning of time it has been the handmaid of religion. On earth it is the voice of aspiration towards the Divine; in Heaven it is the eternal delight of the redeemed.

What is the meaning of music? How can we explain the universality of its appeal? I shall not presume to attempt a complete answer, but, in my thinkings on this matter, some thoughts have occurred to me which, with some diffidence, I set forth.

Mortal life, as we become acquainted with it in experience, unmediated by any philosophic or artistic mental activity, is complex, irrational. From our babyhood, when we put our fingers in the pretty fire and draw them forth cruelly burned, until the moment when a draught of air or the bursting wall of an outworn artery suddenly arrests our important enterprises in mid-course, we constantly find our faculties, both animal and divine, encountering a world not kindly adjusted. On the material plane we find drought and tempest, famine and flood, accident and disease. On the plane of feeling and sentiment there are the separations of friends, the death of dear ones, loneliness, doubt and disappointment. In the world of the spirit are sin and sorrow, the weakness and folly of ourselves and

of others, meaningless chance and the caprice of destiny. In such a world all of us have often felt that good fortune is sometimes as insulting as bad, and that happiness or misery bear little relation to either effort or deserving. Where all seems accidental, can aught be significant? When our highest interests are defenceless against the onslaught, not only of grave evil, but of mere absurdity, how is it possible to live with dignity or hope?

Nevertheless, men have, at all times, and by various means, fought sturdily against the capriciousness of life and the despair it engenders. All practical morality, to begin with, is one form of defence. The moral man, facing the universe undaunted, asserts his own power to develop in it at least his own personal particle of righteousness. As much strength as he has shall be spent on the side of order. If the world be unjust, at least he will love justice!

But the intellect is more ambitious than the moral sense. Not content with the degree of unity that a man can develop in this seething world by his single action, philosophy seeks to prove that the world itself, as a whole, deriving its nature as it must from mind, is orderly. We like to think and believe that, were it not for our human limitations—could we but see things in their proper perspective—were our span of consciousness widened until we could perceive the whole of existence in one thought, we should see and feel the deep organic beauty that now we yearn for in vain. But no philosophy has any word of comfort for the sorrows and the perplexities of our daily lives. It leaves us often longing for a warmer, nearer assurance of the rightness