

quisite form, the dark pearl-entwined tresses, the ruby lip, and the smile-dimpling cheek of the dark gazelle-eyed fair; or anon, the pleasures of the bowl or the glory of war. That spirit of voluptuousness and that impetuosity of feeling pervade them which throw such a charm around the people of Iran. The song the Fiji islander, or of the Indian warrior, bears in its sentiment and tone the impress of the savage heart which gave it birth.

If we go back into the past, we find that the songs of a nation are ever the exponents of the national heart. "Gaily the Troubadour touched his guitar" in the days of chivalry, when the life of the Knight was devoted to woman and honor, when life, especially at court, was a romance, in the days of the "courts of love" and of tournaments; and sweetly he sang in the beautiful language of Provence songs deeply tinged with the dazzling hues of chivalry, and tuned to the praise of the fair lady, and the valiant doings of some brave Knight who did battle for the cause of honor and virtue and truth. In the palmy days of Greece and Rome, Sappho tuned to the Grecian heart sings in "words that burn" of Love, and Horace like a Roman of love and wine. Or further back, when ere the Hebrew harp had hung on the willows of Babylon, David strung and struck it to the praise of God,—when Miriam smote the timbrel and many a Hebrew maiden's foot beat time to that joyous song which was sung on the borders of the sea of sedge,—in short everywhere in the Hebrew lyrical poetry we discover the Hebrew heart. No songs can equal in majesty of thought, in depth of fervor of feeling, in sublimity of ideas, in richness and beauty of diction, the songs of the Hebrews. With what richness of melody and soul thrilling eloquence must that harp have been struck to which David sang in the majestic tongue of his Fatherland, those odes which now we call his Psalms.

The songs of a nation are deeply marked by the changes which its society has undergone. Here we find the rude ballad in which the exploits of some brave warrior are sung, there are the charms of chivalry; now its songs celebrate in lofty strains the nation's glory or now in sadness complain of the conqueror's yoke, and call to arms for Freedom's sake; and now they sing of love and luxury and ease.

Not only in the sentiment but in the music of the song may be discerned the characteristic temperament of a people,—for there is such a thing as national music. The characteristics of French music are life and animation, like that of the French violin. Spanish music is passionate and tender as the notes of the guitar. The Portuguese is languishing and full of melancholy sweetness. The Persian lute wins the Eastern heart when its strings touched to the praise of love and the pride of the harem breathe forth strains voluptuously sweet. The less acute ear of the barbarous Esquimaux is pleased by a song insufferably monotonous to the civilized ear.

The song not only receives the impress of the nation's heart but by a reflex influence it leaves its own impress there. A song charged, so to speak, with a noble patriotic sentiment caught up and repeated as only songs are, bears that sentiment far and wide, clothed with a power wherewith the most readily to reach the heart, armed with an eloquence irresistible and always on the tongue. Who can say what a power is exerted over a nation by such a song! The "Marseillaise Hymn" is a striking example in point. Born in the enthusiasm and excitement which preceded the Reign of Terror, adopted by the "Marseillaises" and sung by them on their marches, it fired anew the enthusiasm of the French nation and kindled a flame which only blood could quench. Its stirring appeal for liberty, its picture of the times, and its startling cry *Aux Armes! Aux Armes!!* sent a terrible thrill of excitement through the nation. The words are eloquence fired by patriotism; the the music is the vehicle by which they are carried to the heart with all their terrible power. Many another song has figured as largely in the history of a country,—some the singing of which was punished by death, so great was their power.

From one land ascends the hymn of praise to God, from another the blasphemous ribald ballad. The English girl sings with happy heart of the love and kindness of the Savior. The Spanish maid bends low before the wax Madonna and sings to her guitar her *Ava Maria*. In the part which man performs of earth's great anthem, he mingles many a harsh jarring discord. All else that has a voice sings sweetly and in tune. To the notes of birds and trees, of breeze and wave and many a harmony to us inaudible, the deep thunder of the ocean surge peals in a rich diapason like the deep powerful notes of an organ. Men are the singers in this grand choir, but now each takes his own words and his own key and mingles discord with the strain. It is well his voice is feeble; it is well that there are silent ones. And shall it always be thus? Faith answers, No! and lifting up the veil of the future bids us look on earth, the dwelling place of peace and love, on man the earthly pattern of his Saviour. It is the Millennium. No longer discord reigns. In the great Anthem the voices of the choir are all in tune, and all singing from the heart, the Hymn rises and swells with the orchestral accompaniment, and Heaven receives the glad notes of praise.

BEFORE you propose to know more than anybody and everybody else, my son, be very certain that you are at least abreast of two-thirds of your fellow-men. I don't want to suppress any inclination you may have toward genuine free thought and careful, honest investigation, my son. I only want you to avoid the great fault of atheism in this day and generation; I don't want to see you