

It smooths the wrinkled brow of care,
 It bids compassion kindly move,
 It breathes enchantment through the air,
 And gilds the winged shafts of love.*

ERIEUS.

Port Talbot, U. C.

Of eulogies in praise of music, ancient fable and modern enthusiasm are full. The scholar informs us of the walls of Troy built by the sound of Apollo's lyre, according to Ovid.

*Ilion aspiciēs, firmataque turribus allis
 Mœnia, Apollinæ structa canore lyræ.*

"Troy you shall see, and walls divine admire,
 Built by the music of Apollo's lyre."

So too, as Horace tells us, Amphion erected the walls of Thebes :

*Dictus et Amphion, Thebæ conditor urbis,
 Saxa movere sono testupinis, et prece blanda,
 Ducere quo vellet.*

"Amphion too, as story goes, could call
 Obedient stones to make the Theban wall.
 He led them as he pleased: the rocks obey'd,
 And danced in order to the tunes he play'd."

And the strains of Arion, as my motto expresses, even calmed the raging ocean. The harp of Orpheus, tamed the brutes, and made the forest to follow him; hence Congreve, in the opening scene of his *Mourning Bride*, makes Almeria say

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage beast,
 To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak."

But these hyperbolical feats were even equalled, if we may believe oriental tradition, by M. Tousine, a wonderful musician in the time of the emperor Acbar, who sung one of his *night-songs*.

* With the freedom of a friendly censor, which I am sure Eriæus will allow, he will perceive that two stanzas are suppressed, which I do think worthy of the rest, especially that where music is described as having a "silent sway."