

the tinted trees, lulled by the subdued murmur of the foliage.

Nature's voice contains the beautiful varieties of all harmony,—the pathetic, the cheerful, the inspiring. We have heard a tender wail-like solo quiver out of the pine, until the wind went away sobbing; and when the night breezes come down to play with the river reeds one may distinctly hear them humming serenades to the flowers nodding on the banks.

Often, too, we have noted the beautiful crescendo and diminuendo of a summer shower. Very soft and low the music comes sprinkling through the air over the roof and against the panes. The verdure brightens, the proud beauties of the garden bend their heads and listen, and the electric thrills shoot through the dark bosom of the cloud, while the thunder comes in with a booming chorus that sets the poplar trembling.

We have analyzed the music of a stream from the fountain head to the sea. The drops that spring from the mountain rocks fall into the little pool below with a quick tinkling drip, like the highest notes of the piano. Further down where confluent rivulets form one common stream, a lower but louder treble gladdens the woodland; while, yet further on, where the village grows up on the banks of the broader stream, we hear those deeper notes that assist in making up the foundation of all harmony; and finally, when the wide stream is lost in the tide of ocean, we hear the grand bass that rolls up from the foot of the rocks by the sea.

Richard Wagner, the greatest of modern composers of music, calls music "the revelation of the inmost dream-image of the essential nature of the world," and designates Shakespeare as the "Beethoven who dreams in waking." Shakespeare's sensitive soul caught the mystic strains of nature, that rise above the grosser sense, and he sang them forth in tones that cannot be mistaken:—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep into our ears. Soft stillness and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

Look how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vase of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Of all artificial music, that produced from the violin is the most expressive, because it is the human

touch upon the chords which makes its tones so touching, which gives the tone its human quality in which it is not only without an equal, but without a rival. It is a kind of direct communication with the soul of man, which gives the violin, alone among all musical instruments a soul. There is no emotion which the violin cannot express, from that of a mere consciousness of serene happiness and a sense of beauty, to that of the profoundest and most agitating woe that can disturb the human heart.

Noble music, whether artificial or natural, always inspires the soul with a higher ideal of life and duty; with greater nobleness, diviner harmony and purer love. In being thus ethical it will be also healthful in its influence.—for nothing disturbs the bodily health as turbulent, in-harmonious passions, so nothing can be more potent in cure than that divine impulse of harmony which elevates the consciousness above the control of physical disorder and pain, and inspires the weary with fresher life. The beating of the surf on the shore, the sighing of the wind through the trees, the song of birds, and the evening hum of insects are among the influences not often considered, but most potent in the remedial effect of out-door country life.

What is life but a song? Our early notes are sweet with the burden of tenderness and affection; the middle strain is imperious and startling in its proud melody, and at last, in a softened diminuendo we glide down the scale and mingle in the best of all harmony—*eternity's grand anthem*.

JUBILEE.

Alma Mater, wisdom's happy shrine!
Gathering sons make praise within thy halls;
Brought back with love which made thy roof benign;
Rejoicing in the honor of thy walls.

On thine altar, fire has ever burned,
Consecrated to a country's need;
Thy priests have ever kept it outward turned
That youth shall see the way and upward speed.

With a coming dawn the darkness wanes,
Golden, joyful era to the land;
Thine too is come, the day which now remains
About thy dome shall make thy pillars stand.

Years have crowned thee; fifty noble years,
Bright with progress, round thy place have stood;