

The Grecian mythology, the mysterious theology of ancient Egypt and India have made the mystery of sound subservient to their uses.

Moses sent up a song of gratitude to Jehovah, the moment that the deliverance of the children of Isreal was effected. And David, regarded as the "sweet singer of Isreal", was selected by Saul to comfort him. But of all the old songs extant, may we not imagine the gentle, sweet melody, which came from the throat of Miriam, after the passage of the Red Sea.

We may, if we will, string our lives upon harps,—harps which time nor eternity can hang upon the willows. The true music of life consists in symphonies of kindly thoughts taking shape in kindly deeds.

From different climes come different melodies; whether it be the troubadour of France, pouring out his heart beneath his fair one's window, or a brawny Highlander, singing his ballad by the crackling faggots, or mayhap, a follower of St. Patrick, humming his "Shamrock" in the peat bogs of Ireland, all convey an indigenous sweetness to the song-loving world.

Philosophy has well nigh dissolved itself into poetry, and poetry, alas, into song. The philosopher works out his problems with the aid of his master intellect, while the poet or musician, but sits down by a rippling stream, and it breathes to his soul songs which do bear the music of attendant angels. The poet is like an æolian harp, blown upon by many winds; unless the rhymers is rich in melody, he becomes a member of that artificial school to which Alexander Pope belonged, but the true singer who comprehends the deep thoughts of the meanest flower that blows, understands the sublime in art. MARY ELLA W. CLARK.

The less a man knows, the surer he is that he has all there is worth knowing.

Our true friends do not uphold us in wrong doing.

## "OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM."

Oh, all the little children  
That this green earth have trod,  
A blessing on their presence !  
They are so near to God ;  
We are so far from Heaven,  
They are so near to God.

The guileless little children,  
So innocent and wise,  
Another world than ours,  
Around about them lies.  
The happy little children  
That frolic o'er the sod,  
They are so near to Heaven,  
We are so far from God.

Oh, trust of little children !  
Oh, faith to them made known !  
This earth without their presence  
Would be but drear and lone.  
The happy little children !  
They come like flowers in May,  
The winsome little children  
Who gambol all the day.  
Then, when the light is fading  
Their weary heads they nod ;  
They are so near to Heaven,  
We are so far from God.

But, oh, for sorrow's children,  
Who throng the crowded street,  
From attic and from cellar  
They come with naked feet,  
Oh, haggard men and women,  
And ye who ceaseless plod,  
Take heed for these your children,  
They came to you from God,  
They may be far from Heaven,  
They came to you from God.

The fragile little children,  
By holy angels sent,  
They come with benediction,  
For briefest season lent.  
They cannot linger with us,  
We cannot hold them long,  
They see the courts of Heaven,  
And hear celestial song.  
The light of God's own glory  
Is in their shining eyes.  
They bring with them a halo  
From stars of Paradise,  
But blest the home forever  
Where these shall enter in,  
That home is sacred, holy,  
Where such as these have been,  
Oh, wounded hearts and breaking,  
That ache beneath the rod,  
We nearer grow to Heaven,  
When these have gone to God.

—Anna Olcott Commelin, in *Worthington's Magazine*.