

ite. Alexander is seated on his throne in the palace of Persephals, to his right his Thais, before him his great chieftains.

"Timothus placed on high, amid the tune-ful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre,
And heavenly joys inspired."

At the stirring sounds the King is troubled, his cheeks are glowing, his battles return to his memory. He defies, Heaven and earth
Then

"Softly sweet in Lydian measure,
How he soothed his soul to pleasure,
War, he sang is toil and trouble,
Honor's but an empty bubble.
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee
Take the good the God's provide thee."

Suddenly Timotheus touches the lyre again. A louder and yet louder strain which rouses him like a rattling peal.

"Thus long ago,
Ere heating bellows ceased to blow,
While organs were yet mute,
Timotheus by his breathing lyre
Could swell the soul to rage,
Or kindle soft desire."

Shakespeare recognizes the fact that music has cured insanity. He makes Richard II in prison say while listening to music,

"For music mads me,
Let it sound no more,
For though it hath helped mad men to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad
Yet blessings on his heart that gives it me,
For 'tis a sign of love, and love for Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all hating world."

Music is a recognized power in the world, as a refining, elevating influence, as an art capable of awakening the dormant faculties of man, and kindling into a flame that spark of goodness, and virtue, which under the depressing influence of sin and hardship, has long been only a mouldering ember.

Music is a link in that chain of love which binds frail mortality to the immortal life beyond. It is the key which opens the portals of an ideal world. A world of life and beauty, where the ravages of sin and

sorrow are unknown and love reigns supreme.

In this cultured age the effects of music on the refined nature is not to produce wild gesticulations and outward signs of emotion, but rather to act as the vibrations of a magic lyre, sweeping the soft and violent passions of the soul and intensifying the calm expression of the interior emotions.

Music has power to bind all nations with the ties of common brotherhood. Enter a concert hall in the old world where all nationalities are assembled to hear discoursed intoxicating strains of music. The music reaches the ears of all, but something more than the delicate mechanism of the ear is needed, namely a refined and cultivated soul

Watch the myriad expressions on a sea of faces. Some show indifference, others wrapt attention, a few drink inspiring draughts from music's well of fancy. All give us the impression that man's chief end is pleasure. A wonderful gathering it may be, but we miss the social ease, the feeling of unity which prevails in assemblies where the people are of one nation and one tongue. Suddenly the orchestra strikes the opening chords of "Home, Sweet Home," observe the change: Oh! for an artist to catch the varied expression of a thousand faces. A wave of pleasure sweeps over the audience, a responsive chord in each heart is touched and as the familiar plaintive melody echoes and re-echoes through the hall, each man feels that his neighbor is his brother, bound to him by the sacred ties of home.

What other art is such a companion to man, following him through shadows and sunshine, through sickness and health. The aged pilgrim winding his weary way down life's troubled path is cheered by some old familiar strain, which long ago, he sang in the old home. Immediately he is carried back to childhood's happy days. He hears his mother's voice singing the lullabys which soothed his childish ear. The solemn tones of the old church bell call him to worship, and in the village church he listens to the sweet tender melodies of the organ over whose keys his youthful fingers had delighted to wander. The sluice gates of memory are opened, long forgotten