

preciate a hundredfold those beauties of individual sound, those exquisite suggestions which seem to have been given to man as the promptings of his art. Perhaps we may be thought wrong in this view. Perhaps there are souls so sensitively organized that without any musical culture they would seem like a harp played upon by all the sights and sounds of the outer world, while there are others to whom the drudgery of music has given no culture, and who, having finished their musical education, are still not awake to the richness and suggestiveness of the universe around them. Of the latter we can only say we pity them, and deplore the waste of time which has left them so poor after so much labor.

Run the gamut of musical expression from the beating of the drum of the savage, to the delicate refinement of an orchestral symphony, and, though widely different in kind, it is created for one common purpose, for one common good, that is the satisfying the universal love of humanity for music. We believe there is no such thing as a man who has no music in his soul. Greater in some than in others, but to some degree in all, there lies deep down in the heart a feeling that waits to rise and beat in harmony with the music it loves. The character of that music depends upon the individual; but certain it is, that sometime and somewhere it will find that which pleases. It will not take long, for in all walks of life and at every turn music in some form meets us. Tennyson has very beautifully said—

"Music that gentler on the spirit lies  
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

Well has it been said that music enduens all joys, tempers all sorrows, and forever does good.

Walk through a great city—call it Paris. The crowd about is plodding in the traces of every day work. All the poverty, misery, and wretchedness of a great metropolis are there. As we stand and muse upon it, the soldiers pass, marching under the tri-color to the grand Marseillaise. Like lightning the scene changes. Doors and windows open to let in the sound, each by-way sends its eager listeners. Work has ceased. The laborer rests upon his shovel. The forge and loom are still. Paris is taking a moment's rest. It is only for a moment; the band passes on, and then again drudgery—no, not drudgery, call it now light-hearted work. The music having touched them, the loom and shuttle, anvil and forge mark the time while Paris sings at her work, "Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons." Calling a halt in the things of the hour, giving a moment's chance to drop work from the weak, half-hearted hold, to take it up again with a strong grip, has the music done nothing of good? To the sightless, to the sick and to the aged, consider what a boon music is. From the lullaby that soothes the fretfulness of childhood, to the solemn "Rock of Ages" which over the head of the saint is chanted in the passing hours of life, it never ceases its ministration of good. The soldier in his weary marches gathers heart as the martial tones meet his ear. The worshipper in the great congregation feels that his soul is lifted towards the divine and heavenly. Penitence finds aid in its expression. We enter a cathedral, the grand tones of the organ are swelling through aisle and nave, lifting the communicant, or perhaps even the passer-by, into closer communion

with his God. The sailor, in from the sea, strolling through the strange city, the vagrant who has never done anything in life but wander aimlessly, the hardened character who seldom, if ever, enters the house of God, catching these sounds have been drawn within the sacred precincts. The tender appeal of these tones has awakened within many breasts old memories, starting the silent tear and kindling new resolutions. Surely the great composers have been the benefactors of mankind! And are there not those of less distinction who swell the list of benefactors? The devotional music written by many a minor composer, with its high and noble influence, exercises a wonderful power over the emotions and thoughts of the world. In home life how beautiful is the scene when the father, free from the labors of the day, and the mother, needle in hand, brightening under the influence of the sweet strains of the instrument or enlivening song, listen while brothers and sisters join in the chorus, finding in each others society a satisfaction which is the safeguard against the wandering disposition of many a youth.

Music as a science is related to many of the other sciences, but especially has it connection with the other fine arts. Its relation to painting is marked by the fact that many of its technicalities belong to both. We speak of tones in painting, of harmonies of color as well as in music. Of the noble specimens of Gothic architecture it has been said they are "congealed music." Poetry allies itself closely as a sister art, and the two frequently blend. How vividly is Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" brought before our minds by Frances Ridley Havergal! Every word seems but the utterance of a chord which vibrates in unison with the grand melody. The close affinity between music and poetry we see particularly in Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," for they may be considered almost scenic representations. Heller, in one of his Preludes, has perfectly portrayed an angry man. There are other instances where the same thoughts have been matured in notes, words, and on canvas.

It cannot be denied that any degree of proficiency is only to be purchased with steady, earnest toil. The power of almost unconsciously performing the mechanical part is only attained by patient practice. But when we think of the influence, whether of the grand and majestic or soft and soothing kind, which music exerts, when we remember the almost magical power and the comfort and delight which it affords, we think that all must unhesitatingly admit that the labor expended is more than compensated for by the advantages gained. We trust no one who has undertaken to overcome the difficulties will become faint-hearted and discouraged, thinking talent is not in them because the mastery seems so far in the future, if at all. A certain amount of talent is requisite, but indefatigable perseverance must be triumphant in the end. Some of our best musicians have become masters only through their indomitable wills. If only we keep constantly before our minds the incalculable value of the results of labor in this direction, the time and toil will not seem too much for so noble an achievement.

A VERY dexterous pianist has no "left" hand.