

limited experience of life, to say. If however, his statement is correct, and friendship shares with love the bad distinction of pre-eminent hostility to the peace and comfort of mankind, while music, and music alone is the great delight, the solace and comfort of life, it is time we were disenchanted of a thousand illusions injurious to our peace of mind, and the claims of music upon the respect and admiration of mankind, were fearlessly set forward.

Music, to the ancients, was an enigma defying all solution. In the din and clang of these imperfect musical instruments, it was impossible even for untutored races to find any gratification for the ear. Architecture, Painting and Sculpture rose gradually to perfection; Music remained a subject of dark and confused speculation. The music of the Greeks was but poetry sung, and the melody was sacrificed for the sake of the musical intonation. The Romans borrowed their music from the Etruscans and Greeks and had both stringed instruments and wind instruments. In speaking of the music of the ancients, we generally invest it with the legendary lore of a mystic past, which our poets have clothed with such weird interest. Milton in his *L'Allegro*, immortalizes the ancient Lydian mode of music.

"And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs."

Who can define music? Who can present to us in words that intangible substance which Bach and Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mozart, wove into their series of brilliant musical pictures, colored with every passion, every emotion of the soul? Wagner defines it as the inarticulate speech of the heart, which cannot be compressed into words, because infinite. The passions of the heart, too deep for verbal expression, find utterance in the spiritual world of music, and to some, music is a purely spiritual world. Dr. Johnson, says: "Music is the only sensual pleasure without vice. In this respect it is superior to poetry, but in this respect alone; for no one would place music above poetry, although both portray the *beautiful* in life. Music and poetry claim relationship, for is not music the spirit of poetry expressed in the language

of sound and have not our greatest musicians found food in Literature for soul-inspiring themes. The spirit of poetry is grasped and its sublime imagery translated into a language, which has infinite power over every human heart. Every emotion is deepened, every passion intensified as a succession of tone pictures leave their indelible impress on the soul. Who will doubt the power of music? "Congreve declares that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast; to soften rocks and bend the knotted oaks." Shakespeare has written a good deal about the iniquity of the man who hath no music in him and the inferential excellence of the man who has. How far these distinguished gentlemen are correct in their estimate of its power I am unable to say."

A sceptical Englishman inquires:—"If music hath charms to soothe the savage breast how comes it that so many ferocious crimes are committed in the very lanes and alleys where the organ grinders are grinding and the brass band braying nearly all day long.

If music hath charms to soften rocks, how comes it that the rocks in Scotland where the bag-pipes are eternally droning are still as hard as adamant? How comes it that the oaks in Greenwich Park where the people are constantly singing, are still as knotty as in Browning's poetry, and if a man who is not moved with concord of sweet sounds is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, how comes it that so many of the excellent of the earth cannot sing "Old Hundredth" or distinguish between "Ye Banks and Braes" and "Yankee Doodle" if their lives depended on it.

In Hellenic Mythology we have an illustration, potent as picturesque of the dominion of music over natures, the most rugged and rancorous, in the surrender of Eurydice by the powers of darkness who were unable to resist the melodies of Orpheus.

Dryden, in his ode to St. Cecilia's Day, represents Timotheus by his fine playing, throwing the soul of the great Alexander into a perfect tumult of feeling, and then swaying him from one passion to its oppos-

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