

or what is commonly known as art. He not only has the pleasant satisfaction of feeling himself grow in his power to represent objects, scenes, faces, etc., with pencil or pen, or in oil or water-color, but by encountering the various difficulties of perspective, lighting, selection and arrangement of the component parts of his subject, he is thereby enabled to appreciate the difficulties overcome and the consequent beauties and perfection when he views a picture of merit. Have you ever stood by an artist in a picture gallery and have him draw your attention to the various charms of some picture which before you had looked upon with indifference? If so, you may know, in part at least, the pleasure it is possible to have for one who has made a hobby of art. He can look upon a picture and derive pleasure of a high order, when others are only wearied by viewing the same work. And this weariness, which is due to ignorance and inability to comprehend and appreciate, is well exemplified every time we are favored with a high-class musical performance. It may be a grand orchestral concert, yet you will surely find someone, and one of intelligence, too, who protests that the whole affair was a night of wearisome noise and clatter. Had such an one made music one of his hobbies, even though he had little or no talent as a musician, and studied something of orchestration, so that he might recognize the voices of the different instruments, and know the spirit or emotion that each has the power to reveal; if he had been familiar with the nature of the man who composed the symphony, and the thought or theme upon which the work was built, he would have been able to experience a pleasure in it he had never dreamed possible. Fancy, if you can, a person listening to one of Shakespeare's plays who knew nothing of them, who didn't even know that such a man as Shakespeare had ever lived. What pleasure could he have compared with one who was a student of Shakespeare and knew the characters acted before him as if they were real personalities among whom he had lived?

Music, to my mind, is an ideal hobby for the working man or woman. It affords a boundless field for work and study, and yet music is always restful and soothing. It seems to cater to or nourish that part of our being that is beyond, or above, or somewhere apart from our material selves, apart from even our mental faculty. Perhaps it is our soul. Max Müller beautifully defines music as a means of expressing feelings and emotions that are beyond expression in words. While all hobbies interest the hobbyist, there is probably none to equal music in making the hobbyist a source of pleasure and entertainment not only to himself, but also to others. The leisure of a whole lifetime may be devoted to music, and yet but a small portion of its treasures can be known to the devotee. The history or evolution of music and the biogra-