

MUSIC.

BY HERMAN H. RASCHIG.

Music, in this vale of tears, is ever the sunbeam that pierces the clouded heart, warms it into joy, and then returns through sparkling eyes from the heaven created within to heaven above. We know no happiness that music does not enhance, no sorrow that does not fly at song's approach. Her birth is coeval with the creation of the stars, her first great chant the Music of the Spheres; chaos fled at harmony's approach, and Nature sang when God declared it good.

Music rarely fails to reach the heart. Man, formed in the image of his Maker, though depraved by sin, retains within his heart a germ of divinity, which requires but heavenly influences to break the hardened soil into bud and blossom. Music is such a power.

You jostle through the crowd on one of our business thoroughfares. Hour after hour the same endless tide of humanity surges to and fro; all is motion, bustle, haste; with the current, or out of it, you can not stem it. Time is money; the almighty dollar is the ruling divinity, and the crowd must hasten to worship at her shrine. Suddenly the thrilling strains of a regimental band strike upon the ear. Presto! Change! The tide is stemmed! The headlong chase after filthy lucre is for the time arrested, as if by magical power; the heart has been addressed, and it responds. The noisy newsboy, with his well-known "Times, only three cents; all about the battle!" stops short, forgets the "Times," his manufactured battle, his gains and losses, and side by side with Menter, becomes musician, body and soul.

The merchant is torn from his complication of stocks and dividends, his hands fumbling in the depths of his pockets are drawn out to swing to time, his head with a jerk finds