

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, August 23rd, 1868.

MATTHEW v. 13-26: The sermon on Mount, continued
Recite—ROMAN iii. 28-31.

Sunday, August 30th, 1868.

MATTHEW v. 27-48: MARK vi. 27-36: The sermon
on the Mount continued.
Recite.—ROMANS xii. 17-21.

Mozart's first Composition.

The winter was over; spring had taken away the shroud of snow, replacing it with her green and blossom-bordered robe, and greeted the resurrection of the living earth with jubilant bird-songs. Summer was already changing the green of the harvest-fields into gold. Bees were contentedly humming among the flowers, and the afternoon sunbeams were bright and still over the land. Father Mozart walking home from Hellebrunn to Salzburg, and that sedate, courtly man accompanying him was Count Herberstein; and his Vice-Capellmeister had found his favorite topic in expatiating on the marvelous performances of his little Wolfgang, who was now four years old.

"You should see him," cried the father, with an enthusiasm very different from his usual steady manner, "when he sits at the piano on his little stool, scarce able to reach the keys, and practises his exercises! Would you believe it, that child already plays quite skilfully."

"Impossible!"

"It is even so," continued Mozart, "and he invariably remembers all the most brilliant airs that he hears. It takes him scarcely a half hour to learn a whole minuet; and for longer pieces, an hour is all that is necessary."

"And the child really plays them afterward?"

"Yes, with perfect accuracy, and a firm, confident touch. He even has taken a fancy for composing, and if I did not think best to hold him back, rather than push him, I should already be teaching him the rules for musical composition."

"But my dear friend," cried the count, standing still in his astonishment, "that's a miracle! The child must be bewitched! Won't you take me home with you? I must set eyes on this new marvel."

"With the greatest pleasure," replied the Vice-Capellmeister, and as soon as they reached Salzburg, the two hastened toward his humble dwelling.

While they had been on the road from Hellebrunn, a curious scene had been preparing for them at the Mozart house. The afternoon sun laid its level beams of gold into the clean and tidy room, where the little Wolfgang had seated himself at his father's writing-table. His mother and sister were busy in the next room, and all was quiet and peaceful about him; only the trill of the canary was now and then to be heard as he sang good-night to the setting sun. Was it only the glow of the sunbeams or was it an inward exaltation which made the boy's face so radiant? Kneeling on a high stool, with one elbow propped on his father's desk and his little chin upon his hand, he gazes straight before him as if in deep thought. It must be a daring idea which is engaging the small creature's brain, for his deep blue eyes, now flashing out, and then drawing back into themselves, give evidence of an intense inner activity. At the same time the lips softly move, and from time to time the murmuring childish voice seems to express a search after vanishing melodies, that tempt and elude the longing imagination of the boy.

All at once his whole countenance lights up like an electric flash. Swiftly he seizes a sheet of paper that lies near him, grasps a pen, plunges it into the ink, and commences to write. But, luckless elf! in his sacred fury he had thrust his pen-point down against the bottom of the inkstand, and at the third note a mighty blot suddenly descends upon the paper, and drowns the surrounding tract in a dismal flood.

Little did the boy mind this. Without letting himself be delayed, he wipes the blot off with the palm of his hand, streaking the ink away from it in a curve, like a dingy comet. Still his ideas are not at all disturbed. Note after note soon covers the paper; and as the boy's zeal increases, blot after blot accompanies them, all of which, like their first-born brother, are wiped out with the already ink-soaked palm till one can imagine what a looking sheet was there. It could very well represent, figuratively, the Black Sea, with all its bays and promontories. And still the little composer dashes down the notes, weeping bitterly now with anger at the blots, but in nowise letting himself be disturbed. The salty drops mingle with the inky ones, and both together are wiped out with the inexorable little dingy palm; and still the notes follow each other thicker and faster, half of them next to illegible, but yet written, and—the door opens, and in walks the Vice-Capellmeister, and with him Count Herberstein. The small creature hears them not; he hums half aloud a melody; he goes on writing—crossing out—writing again—making new blots—wipes them out—writes again—and now—a cry of exultation, as he flings the pen out of his inky fingers. Then he hears a wondering voice:

"What in the name of Heaven are you doing, Wolferl?" Wolfgang looked around, and seeing his father standing there with a pleasant-faced stranger, he spreads his soaked fingers wide apart, and cries gleefully—

"O papa! a piano sonata; the first part is already done!"

"Father Mozart and the Count look at each other with a smile, and Mozart called out jestingly—

"Let us see it, it must be something fine!"

But the youngster held back the sheet, and cried warmly—

"No, no, 'tisn't ready yet!" But at his father's bidding he delivered it up reluctantly, and then the two old musicians laughed until their sides ached; for the sonata, with its variegated embellishment of splashes, and blots, and spider-tracks, was a wonderful sight to see. But what is this? Why looks the father with sudden surprise at the notes, and why do his eyes fill slowly with tears of wondering pleasure?

"Look you here! Only look, dear Count!" he cries, holding the paper trembling in his hand; "do you see how it is all written correctly and according to rule? Only one could never play it, it is so intricate and difficult."

"But it's a sonata, papachen!" cried Wolfgang, "one must practise it first, of course; but this is the way it should go." And he sprang to the piano and commenced to play. The harder parts he could not bring out, but the small and stumbling fingers gave enough to show to his audience, which now was increased by his mother and sister, what was his idea.

The piece was written correctly, and arranged with all the parts.

They all stood speechless with astonishment, till Father Mozart, catching the child to his breast, and kissing him, cried, "Wolfgang, you will become a great man!"

And the Count added, "Yes, and all Germany shall one day be proud of you, dear child!" Then turning to the father, he said, with a smile, "Who is now the richer, you or the king?"

And Father Mozart answered, with beaming eyes, "I would not give this hour for all the kingdoms of the earth!"—*N. Y. Musical Gazette.*

Church Music.

WHAT SAYS THE PAST?

In the primitive church the singing was congregational. The people united to sing or chant some psalm or hymn to a familiar tune as an act of worship.

In later times a liturgy was established. In this, the people were all required to participate by singing the canticles and versicles to the plain song—simple melodies of Gregorian or Ambrosian origin, which were generally known. To join in these songs required the least possible musical talent. For all the people sang the tune, which was of simple melodic progression and of small compass, while the rhythm was entirely determined by the text.

By degrees, literary scholarship became more and more confined to the various orders of the clergy. The musical culture was found in the same class. The large monasteries and other religious houses brought together people who were emotionally the most impressive, and, by consequence, the most gifted in musical aptitude. Gradually the science of Harmony was evolved, and the trained choirs of these institutions learned how to accompany the unvarying plain song of the people with such harmonies as should give it coloring more consonant with the varying feasts and fasts of the ecclesiastical year.

But even at this early day the inherent spirit of the choir revolted from so subordinate a labor in religious song. There grew up the art of Counterpoint, which taught how to compose one or more independent melodies capable of simultaneous performance with a melody already existing. Accordingly, upon the plain song were composed elaborate anthems, canons, and fugues. In the performance of these, the choir displayed their skill and gratified the musical taste of the clergy, while the people worshiped God in the modest and comely strains of the plain song. In the beginning, no doubt, the conception prevailed that the choir in their performance were truly engaged in an act of worship, elaborated from simple forms only to serve as a more fitting exercise of superior powers of praise. By degrees, however, the feeling of musical *esprit* assumed control, and the gratification of aesthetic desire and the impressment of the congregation became ruling motives. Presently it came about that the exclusiveness of the clergy, the ignorance and roughness of the people, and the general decay of true devotion, crowded out what yet remained of the real worship of the performance. The plain song was omitted, the people joined only in the versicles, and the choir had it in charge to "do up" the music after their own hearts.

At the English reformation and the preparation of a liturgy for the established church, the rubric was made to require that all the anthems, necessary to the integrity of the service, be performed in the plain song, which was restored from the earlier ages of the church, as being musically a more fit and acceptable form of song-worship than any that had been devised. Metrical psalmody and chorales came later. The order of the rubric was made flexible enough to admit of the introduction of such extra hymns and psalms as the tedium of the service might seem to advise. Through this loop-hole the devil entered, and ere long had the music his own way in the English church as he had before in the Papal.

Seeing where these failures had been made, the Puritans endeavored to restore the simplicity and devotion of primitive usage. Liturgies were cast aside. Metrical psalmody was now destined to have its day of glory. There had already been in the church a few chorales and hymns appropriate to various festivals of the

ecclesiastic year. Upon these models, new hymns were fashioned. But alas!

Many causes brought it about that the psalmody of the Puritans was not destined to gladden the musical ear of man. For choirs and organs they would have none of. And presently the inconvenient and unhealthy places of meeting, to which persecution drove them, brought about colds and consequent hoarseness and low spirits. Hence arose the characteristic "whine," a well understood ecclesiastical "shibboleth."

In America a similar experience has befallen. At first, we see simplicity and devotion. Then the difficulty of keeping up any kind of music without some kind of practice and responsible and adequate leading, and perhaps a little assistance from the particular aesthetic "split-foot" that has always had so much to do with church music, brought about the introduction of a choir. Now, I doubt not, the choir came as a help; but it presently became a hindrance. For as in former generations similar opportunities led to elaborate performances, so here we have the era of Billings—the contrapuntal and fugal hero of American primitive times. And what elaborate and queer-sounding mysteries those old choirs wrought out! How piquant "their memory still!"

Then came Lowell Mason, who arose as a reformer of choirs and choir-singing. To him it was given to admonish this vocal zeal that had not been "according to knowledge." In process of time, however, he saw, as thoughtful men in all ages of the church have seen, that a musical service performed by a choir alone, is necessarily actuated by a feeling of display. He therefore became an advocate of the primitive usage of congregational song. Still later it was seen that a choice of evils must be made. For a choir always seeks to excite the admiration of the congregation at the "fearful and wonderful manner they have been made" to sing, rather than to lead all hearts in an act of devotional song. On the other hand, if there be no choir, and no systematic vocal training, there results a gradual decline of musical excellence in the singing. To keep a true balance between these two conflicting tendencies, has never yet been the history of any church. In view of this, there arise three questions:—What theories do actually control our Church Music? Which of these are right? What hinders the best way from becoming prevalent?—*W. S. B. Matthews, in the Advance.*

The bright side.

The following are from the advance sheets of a book of incidents in the war, about to be published under direction of the Christian Commission. It is written by Rev. E. P. Smith.

I had been in the army but a few days when I was taken sick with the malarial fever, and carried to a division hospital. It was my first experience of sickness in camp. I said to myself, when they had carried me into the tent and left me alone, without even a sick comrade—

"Now you will have an opportunity to try the efficacy of the counsels you have so often given to soldiers in like circumstances,"—for many a time by the cot of a sick soldier longing for home, I had said—

"Only trust in Jesus, and he will take care of you here, just as well as if you were at home."

But I found it far easier to preach than to practice. I knew that God does all things right and well, but I could not help feeling that a change in my present prospects would be an improvement.

I passed a sleepless night—alone, and without a light. The more I tried to settle into the conviction that God would provide, and make it good for me, the more I was longing for a change. My theology said, "It is right and well for me to be sick among strangers, if God wills;" and my heart always added, "Yes, but it would be better to be sick at home." While I lay thus thinking and tossing on my blanket, just at the gray of the dawn in the morning, the fold of my tent parted, and a black face peered through. It was "Old Nanny," a colored woman who had taken my washing the day before. I could hear no one else moving about the hospital; what had sent her there at that hour? Looking at me, she said—

"Massa, does ye see de bright side dis mornin'?"

"No, Nanny," said I, "it isn't so bright as I wish it was."

"Well, massa, I allus sees de bright side."

"You do," said I, "maybe you haven't had much trouble."

"Maybe not," she said; and then went on to tell me, in her simple, broken way, of her life in Virginia, of the selling of her children one by one, of the auction sale of her husband and then of herself. She was alone now in the camp, without having heard from one of her kindred for years:

"Maybe I ain't seen no trouble, massa?"

"But Nanny," said I, "have you seen the bright side all the time?"

"Allus, massa, allus."

"Well how did you do it?"

"Dis is de way, massa. When I see de great brack cloud comin' over"—and she waved her dark hand inside the tent, as though one might be settling down there; "an' 'pears like its comin' crushin' down on me, den I jist whips aroun' on de oder side, an' I find de Lord Jesus dar; an' den it's all bright an' cl'ar. De bright side's allus whar Jesus is, massa."

"Well, Nanny," said I, "if you can do that, I think I ought to."

"'Fears like ye ought to, massa, an' you's a preacher of de Word of Jesus."

She went away. I turned myself on my

blanket and said in my heart, "The Lord is my Shepherd." It is all right and well. Now, come fever or health, come death or life, come burial on the Yazoo Bluff or in the church-yard at home,—the Lord is my Shepherd."

With this sweet peace of rest, God's care and love became very precious to me. I fell asleep. When I woke I was in a perspiration; my fever was broken. "Old Nanny's" faith had made Me whole.

Dorcas.

One day a woman, gently bowed,
As with His easy yoke,
Stood on the border of the crowd,
Listening as Jesus spoke.

She saw the garment knit throughout,
Forgot the words he spake;
Thought only—"Happy hands that wrought
The honoured robe to make."

Her eyes with longing tears grew dim,
She never can come nigh
To do one service poor for him
For whom she glad would die.

Across the crowd, borne on the breeze,
Comes—"Inasmuch as ye
Did it unto the least of these,
Ye did it unto me."

Home, home she went, and plied the loom,
And God's dear poor arrayed;
She died—they wept about the room,
And showed the coats she made.

True now as then.

That common-sense philosopher, Dr. Franklin, in his day refuted an objection against large taxation, by showing that our heaviest taxes are not imposed by government. In his "Way to Wealth" he represents a plain, clean old man, with white locks, called "Father Abraham," as being asked, "Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them?" Father Abraham replied, "Friends, the taxes are indeed very heavy; and if those laid by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our own idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing any abatement. However let us bearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. 'God helps them that help themselves,' as poor Richard says."

HOW TO WRITE A SUCCESSFUL "Times" LEADER.—Let the tail contradict the head, and the middle refuse to join either party.—*Tomahawk.*

HOW TO WRITE A SUCCESSFUL SENSATION NOVEL.—Produce it in a serial, and take care to have a well-written and highly interesting first number. After this, pad in with improbabilities, monstrosities, rubbish, bad construction, wretched diction, and let it be carefully illustrated with comic cuts. Call it what you like, but say it is written by two well-known men—say Messrs. Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault.—*Tomahawk.*

The greatest and most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

John Milton well said: "Wherefore did God create passions within us, pleasures around us, but that these, rightly tempered, are the very ingredients of virtue?"

A white garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments much soiled; so a little fault in a good man attracts more attention than great offences in bad men.

Adam never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

An exchange says that self-made men, like other made men, are sometimes very badly made.

ATTACK AND DEFENCE.—The moment that disease is developed, the vital forces are arrayed against it. In order that they may conquer, reinforce them with Radway's Ready Relief. Nature, thus assisted, will be enabled to repel the first assaults of fever, to triumph over pain. A single dose of the Relief will prevent a long and dangerous illness, it administered early enough. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Drug-gists.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—*Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* is a friend in need. Who has not found it such in curing all diseases of the lungs and throat, coughs, colds, and pulmonary affections, and "last, not least," consumption?

During a ten minutes conversation recently with an officer who served with distinction in the Army of the Potomac, he took occasion to say that "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment did more good than any or all other medicines dispensed to the soldiers."

Nervous head-ache and sick head-ache are induced by opiveness, indigestion, &c. Persons suffering in this way, should keep their bowels open by small doses of Parsons' Purgative Pills.