

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"NEXT TO THE THRONE" LAST SUNDAYS SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "They drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit and sold him to the Ishmaelites."—Genesis 37: 25.



YOU cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain point of elevation. He will bring him to that though it cost him a thousand worlds. You sometimes find men fearful they will not be properly appreciated. Every man comes to be valued at just what he is worth. You cannot write him up, and you cannot write him down. These facts are powerfully illustrated in my subject. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph.

How his jealous brothers threw him into a pit, but seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants trudging along on their camels, with spices and gums that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; Joseph was there sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office. How by Joseph's integrity he raised himself to a high position in the realm, until under the false charge of a vile wretch he was hurled into the penitentiary. How in prison he commanded respect and confidence. How by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed and became the chief man in the realm, the Bismarck of his century. How in the time of famine Joseph had the control of a magnificent storehouse which he had filled during seven years of plenty. How when his brothers, who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity, applied for corn, he sent them home with the sheaves of burden borne down under the beak of the corn sacks. How the sin against their brother which had so long been hidden came out at last and was returned by that brother's forgiveness and kindness—the only revenge he took.

You see, in the first place, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From his servant no honor or confidence was withheld. When Joseph was in prison he soon won the heart of the keeper, and though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and released from close confinement he became general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar, or a prisoner in the penitentiary, he became the first man everywhere, and is an illustration of the truth I lay down, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. There are those who effect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phlebotomy by which the man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has demeaned himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him since his conversion than before his conversion. But all this is hypocrisy. There is a great deal of hypocrisy in the church and there is a great deal of hypocrisy outside the church. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a man who shows that he has really become a child of God, and is what he professes to be. You cannot despise a son of the Lord God Almighty. Of course we have no admiration for the sham of religion.

I was at a place a few hours after the ruffians had gone into the rail-train and demanded that the passengers throw up their arms, and then these ruffians took the pocketbooks; and Satan comes and suggests to a man that he throw up his arms in a hypocritical prayer and pretension, and then he steals his soul. For the mere pretension of religion we have abortion, Redwald, the king, after baptism, had an altar of Christian sacrifice and an altar for sacrifice to devils; and there are many men now attempting the same thing—half a heart for God and half a heart for the world—and it is a dead failure, and it is a caricature of religion, and the only successful assault ever made on Christianity is the inconsistency of its professors. You may have a contempt for pretension to religion, but when you behold the excellency of Jesus Christ come out in the life of one of his disciples, all there is good and noble in your soul rises up into admiration, and you cannot help it. Though that man be as far beneath you in estate as the Egyptian slave of whom we are discoursing was beneath his rulers, by an irrevocable law of your nature, Potiphar and Pharaoh will always esteem Joseph. When Thodusa, the empress, threatened Chrysotom with death he made the reply: "Tell the empress I fear nothing but sin." Such a scene as that compels the admiration of the world. There was something in Agrippa and Felix which demanded their respect for Paul, the rebel against government. I doubt not they would willingly have yielded their office and dignity for a thousandth part of that true heroism which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of the unconquerable apostle. Paul did not cover before Felix; Felix covered before Paul. The infidel and worldly are compelled to honor in their hearts, although they may not recognize with their lips, a Christian firm in persecution, cheerful in poverty, faithful in losses, triumphant in

death. In and Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected and honored and successful. John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress; Howard passing from dungeon to lasaretto with healing for the body and soul; Elizabeth Fry going to the profligacy of Newgate Prison to shake its obscenity as the angel came to the prison at Philipp, driving open the doors and snapping loose the chain, as well as the lives of thousands of followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race, are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts. A man said to me in the cars: "What is religion? Judging from the character of many professors of religion I do not admire religion." I said: "Now suppose we went to an artist in the city of Rome and while in his gallery asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' would he take us out in a low alley and show us a mere daub of a pretender at painting? or would he take us down into the corridors and show us the Rubens and the Raphaels and the Michael Angelos? When we asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' he would point to the works of these great masters and say, 'That is painting.' Now, you propose to find the mere caricature of religion, to seek after that which is the mere pretension of a holy life, and you call that religion. I point you to the splendid men and women whom this gospel has blessed and lifted and crowned. Look at the masterpieces of Divine grace if you want to know what religion is."

We learn also from this story of Joseph that the result of persecution is elevation. Had it not been for his being sold into Egyptian bondage by his malicious brothers, and his false imprisonment, Joseph never would have become a governor. Everybody accepts the promise, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," but they do not realize the fact that this principle applies to worldly as well as spiritual success. It is true in all departments. Men rise to high official positions through misrepresentation. Public abuse is all that some of our public men have had to rely upon for their elevation. It has brought to them what talent and executive force could not have achieved. Many of those who are making great effort for place and power will never succeed, just because they are not of enough importance to be abused. It is the nature of men—that is of all generous and reasonable men—to gather about those who are persecuted and defend them, and they are apt to forget the fault of those who are the subjects of attack while attempting to drive back the slanderers. Persecution is elevation. Helen Stirk, the Scotch martyr, standing with her husband at the place of execution, said: "Husband, let us rejoice today; we have lived together many happy years; this is the happiest time of all our life; you see we are to be happy together forever. Be brave now, be brave. I will not say 'Good night' to you for we shall soon be in the kingdom of our Father together." Persecution shows the heroes and heroines. I go into another department and I find that those great denominations of Christians which have been most abused have spread the most rapidly. No good man was ever more violently maltreated than John Wesley—believed and caricatured and slandered until one day he stood in a pulpit in London, and a man arose in the audience and said: "You were drunk last night," and John Wesley said: "Thank God, the whole catalogue is now complete. I have been charged with everything but that." His followers were hooted at and maligned and called by every detestable name that infernal ingenuity could invent, but the hotter the persecution the more rapidly they spread, until you know what a great host they have become and what a tremendous force for God and the truth they are wielding all the world over. It was persecution that gave Scotland to Presbyterianism. It was persecution that gave our land first to civil liberty and afterward to religious freedom. Yes, I might go further back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the Gospel. The ribald mockery, the hungering and thirsting, the unjust charge, the ignominious death, when all the force of hell's fury was hurled against the cross, was the introduction of that religion which is yet to be the earth's deliverance and our eternal salvation. The state sometimes said to the church, "Come take my hand and I will help you." What was the result? The church went back and it lost its estate of holiness, and it became ineffective. At other times the state said to the church, "I will crush you." What was the result? After the storms have spent their fury the church, so far from having lost any of its force, has increased and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before. Read all history and you will find that true. The church is far more indebted to the opposition of civil government than to its approval. The fires of the stake have only been the torches which Christ held in his hand, by the light of which the church has marched to her present glorious position. In the sound of rucks and implements of torture I hear the rumbling of the Gospel chariot. The scaffolds of martyrdom have been the stairs by which the church mounted.

Learn also from our subject that sin will come to exposure. Long ago had those brothers sold Joseph into Egypt. They had made the old father believe that his favorite child was dead. They had suppressed the crime, and it was a profound secret well kept by the brothers. But suddenly the secret is out. The old father hears

that his son is in Egypt, having been sold there by the malice of his own brothers. How their cheeks must have burned and their hearts sunk at the flaming out of this long suppressed crime. The smallest iniquity has a thousand tongues, and they will hiss out exposure. Saul was sent to destroy the Canaanites, their sheep and their oxen; but when he got down there among the pastures he saw some fine sheep and oxen too fat to kill, so he thought he would steal them. Nobody would know it. He drove these stolen sheep and oxen toward home, but stopped to report to the prophet how he had executed his mission, when in the distance the sheep began to bleat and the oxen to bellow. The secret was out, and Samuel said to the blushing and confused Saul: "What meaneth the bleating of the sheep that I hear and the bellowing of the cattle?" Ah! my hearer, you cannot keep an iniquity still. At just the wrong time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow. Achan cannot steal the Babylonish garment without being stoned to death, nor Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched. Look over the police arrests. These thieves, those burglars, these counterfeiters, these highwaymen, these assassins, they all thought they could bury their iniquity so deep down, it would never come to resurrection; but there was some shoe that answered to the print in the soil, some false keys found in their possession, some bloody knife that whispered of the death, and the public indignation and the anathema of outraged law hurled them into the dungeon or hoisted them on the gallows. Francis I., king of France, stood counseling with his officers how he would take his army into Italy, when Amerigo, the fool of the court, leaped out from a corner of the room and said: "You had better be consulting how you will get your army back;" and it was found that Francis I., and not Amerigo, was the fool. Instead of consulting as to the best way of getting into sin, you had better consult as to whether you will be able to get out of it. If the world does not expose you, you will tell it yourself. There is an awful power in an aroused conscience. A highwayman plunged out upon Whitefield as he rode along on horseback, a sack of money on the horse-money that he had raised for orphan asylums, and the highwayman put his hand on the gold and Whitefield turned to him and said: "Touch that if you dare—that belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ." And the ruffian slunk into the forest. Conscience! Conscience! The huffian had a pistol, but Whitefield shook at him the finger of doom. Do not think you can hide any great and protracted sin in your heart, my brother. In an unguarded moment it will slip off the lip, or some slight action may for the moment set ajar that door that you wanted to keep closed. But suppose that in this life you hide it, and you get along with this transgression burning in your heart, as a ship on fire within for days hinders the flames from bursting out by keeping down the hatches, yet at last in the judgment that iniquity will blaze before God and the universe.

Learn also from this subject that there is an inseparable connection between all events however remote. The universe is only one thought of God. Those things which seemed fragmentary and isolated are only different parts of that great thought. How far apart seemed these two events—Joseph sold to the Arabian merchants and his rulership of Egypt, yet you see in what a mysterious way God connected the two into one plan. So the events are linked together. You who are aged men look back and group together a thousand things in your life that once seemed isolated. One chain of undivided events reaches from the Garden of Eden to the Cross of Calvary, and thus up to the Kingdom of Heaven. There is a relation between the smallest insect that hums in the summer air and the archangel on his throne.

WITH THE WITS.

He—Trudeau, dear, this kiss tells you all I have to say. Have you understood me? She—Oh, please, say it again.—Deutsche Warte.
"Why do they keep on saying that 'The villain still pursued her?'" "You see, he was a Philadelphia villain and has never caught up."—Truth.
"I've your references! Why, you must have been crazy." "Shure, and you wouldn't have thought so if you had seen the rifeferences."—Life.
Dudely—What are you going to be when you are grown up, Bobby? Bobby—I'm going to be a man. What are you going to be?—Harper's Bazar.
Miriam—Don't you think my new hat a poem, Ned? Ned (critically)—From its height, dear, I should instead compare it to a short story.—Judge.
Teacher—Have you learned the Golden Rule, Tommy? Tommy—Yes'm. It is to do to other people like they would do to you.—Indianapolis Journal.
Spencer (vindictively)—I've an old score to settle with you, Ferguson (blithely)—I know you have. That twenty you have owed me so long.—New York Herald.
Mrs. Shopleigh—Is it any trouble to you to show goods? Mr. Cashell—No, ma'am. But it's a good deal of trouble to sell them, sometimes.—New York Herald.
Foreman (through the speaking tube)—Where do you want that stuff about Turkey put? Night Editor (yelling back)—On the inside, of course.—Chicago Tribune.
Maasie—Blower was just remarking to me that all he is owed to his mother. Gaabry—Yes; and I understand that all he has owe to his father.—Roxbury Gazette.
Tommy—When I'm a man I'm going to be a soldier. Mother—What! And be killed by the enemy? Tommy—Oh, well, then I guess I'll be the enemy.—Yale Record.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

HOW successful farmers operate this department of the farm—a few hints as to the care of live stock and poultry. It is no secret that the milk of a cow or the eggs of a hen are of great value to the farmer. The milkman who is able to sell his milk to his customers that would keep for days in a fresh state. He therefore resolved to change his milkmen and get one that would be more honest in his dealings, for it was very evident to him that the milk he had been getting was old milk, perhaps several days old. He was answered that the fact that the milk soured in reasonable time under the influence of more than usual heat was not to the credit of the milkman and not against him. It proved that his milk was in a normal condition and not doctored up with boracic acid or like antiseptic. This leads to the thought that in our great city milk trade there is always a premium being put on dishonesty. It takes a very conscientious man to hold to the straight path, when even his honesty is charged up against him, and his pocket is made to suffer for his well-doing.—Ex.

Loss on Poor Stock.

The farmers of America lose millions of dollars in the aggregate by keeping scrub fowls. This is a proposition that cannot be controverted. And many of them lose money by keeping no fowls at all for market purposes or fowls for revenue. There is great difference between mongrel and scrub fowl. The mongrel may be a large, composite fowl of pure blood—that is, it may be made by a cross of pure bloods upon pure bloods, or a cross of pure bloods upon common stock. In either case it is far removed from a scrub, which is a measly little common fowl without a trace of good blood in its composition. Such fowls, even at maturity, do not dress more than from one to two pounds, and it is a good specimen that will dress the latter weight. A few days ago a year-old hen was dressed at the editor's home which weighed 5½ pounds when ready for the pot. And it was a mongrel hen, too, a cross of Brown Leghorn cock on Plymouth Rock hens. The hen was fat, but we could have put a pound and a half more fat on, making the bird weigh seven pounds.

Now, suppose every grower of poultry—all breeders of fowls—was to put two or more additional pounds of meat on the body of each fowl he raises, would it not make a difference of millions of pounds, taking the country over? It would more than double the total of pounds for consumption of food. Where a million pounds of poultry are now raised, two million pounds would be marketed, and thus double the income of the farmer or grower from this product alone. The estimate is based on the growing of scrub stock, which is a waste of time and feed.

But this scrub stock can be improved and doubled in size by the introduction of a few pure bred females and a good male or two, depending on the size of the flock. Besides more eggs would be produced, and of better quality, and these would add to the farmer's profits. Let farmers everywhere improve their fowls. There is good money in it.—Exchange.

Size and Shape of Roosts.

Roosts in shape should be round or half round. It is a question which of these two forms is best. We have always supposed that the all-round roost was the kind meant by nature, as the feet of all roosting birds are so constructed that they naturally grasp a round object. An Australian poultry keeper, however, believes that a roost flattened on the under side is preferred by the birds. He put both kinds in his hen house and the fowls left the round ones for the ones that had been partly flattened. He believes that the toes of the birds can grasp the latter kind of roost much better than the all-round ones.

As to the size of roosts, that must depend somewhat on the age and size of the bird. Most of our poultry houses have roosts of one size, and the fowls are expected to like them whether they fit or not. A chick that weighs one pound must certainly find some discomfort in clinging to a roost made for a rooster weighing eight pounds. The roosts of our poultry keepers vary in diameter all the way from one to three inches. What is the best size? Probably it would be better to have different sized roosts in every pen and let the birds choose for themselves.

Milking Machines Yet Theoretic.

In spite of the fact that it has been many years since the first appearance of the milking machine in some form, we yet have practically only a milking machine in theory. That is, it has not passed beyond the experimental stage. It is true, a few of these machines are being used by the experimental farms and by a few big dairymen, but even in those cases the use is merely to demonstrate the possibility of using the machine and not because any great advantage is gained by them. We would be glad to see them a success, for they would remove from dairying some of its worst features, but to the present the progress has been so slow that the encouragement for the immediate future is not great.—Farmers' Review.

Poultry Notes.

For egg production variety of food is desirable, though not absolutely necessary.

Among wild birds the greatest egg producers are those that subsist more largely upon seeds than upon animal food.

Egg production generally pays better than the raising of poultry for meat, except where early broilers can be produced.

To breed poultry for the early market we should select rapidly growing breeds such as the Plymouth Rocks or Leghorns.

We hear a great deal of the common fowl but are of the impression that most of our flocks have been modified by the introduction of birds of standard breeds.

You had better not be too ready to dispose of the rooster after his first season of service. Keep him, as he will be more valuable for a breeder next year than this.

The Country Butter Buyer.

We refer to the country grocer who buys for goods the butter made by his customers. He is frequently at the mercy of the poorest butter makers in his township. They can't sell their butter to private customers or to the commission houses; hence it turns up at the grocery. The grocer pays 10 or 12 cents a pound for it, and that is frequently more than it is worth, as the same butter if sent to a city would be graded as "grease." Does the grocer tell the farmer his butter is not good? Far from it; he can't afford to lose a customer. Often he gives the butter a word or two of praise, which convinces the farmer that his wife is not to be beaten as a butter maker. It would never do for the grocer to set himself up as judge over the butter of his patrons.

How One Flock Is Kept.

In reply to your request in regard to how my twenty Brown Leghorns were kept and cared for. My house is 8x12 feet, is made of matched lumber and sealed inside with same; there are two half windows on the south side and one-half window on the west. I never use any artificial heat and my chickens have only one square rod for a run. I feed in the morning about two quarts of ground corn and oats in form of hot mash, and at noon wheat, and corn or oats at night, do not feed corn except in cold weather. They also have clam or egg shells once a day and pounded bones two or three times a week, and warm fresh water three times a day, and give them raw vegetables two or three times a week. I received 279 eggs in February.—E. Scott Hatch in Farmers' Review.

All Are Interested.

We sometimes hear the assertion that the laws that protect the interests of the dairymen and even of the general farmer are class legislation. Nothing could be further from the truth. Class legislation consists in the benefitting of one class at the expense of another. Protecting the dairy interests benefits all the people, for all the people are either producers or consumers of dairy products.—Ex.

Borax in England.—We notice that some of the foreign writers are joining issues in favor of allowing borax to be used in all the small cities for the preservation of milk. One man makes a point, as he thinks, in favor of the preservative. He says that the London milkmen have been using it for twenty years and it cannot be proved that it has killed anyone. He tells of one family that has used milk thus doctored to such an extent that each person got in winter eight grains of borax and in summer twelve grains and yet did not die. This is far from the point. The chief effects is on the infants and invalids, where the digestibility of food counts for a great deal, often amounting to a question of life or death.

Getting Back Feed.—When we feed a ton of bran to a fattening steer already fully grown we get back almost all the mineral matter and nitrogen in the manure. When we feed this same bran to a cow in full flow of milk, we get back about seventy-five per cent of all the mineral matters and nitrogen. Provided, in all cases, we save all the liquid excrement. If these are wasted, most of the nitrogen and potash are lost. The phosphoric acid only for the most part passes off in the solid excrement. Let no more speak against the great value of manure made from bran or any other food for that matter, until he has carefully saved both the solid and liquid portions.—W. A. Henry.

Fire from Spontaneous Combustion.—The Pennsylvania experiment station reports a fire from spontaneous combustion of second crop timothy and clover. Many tons were chafed that did not take fire, the latter event being prevented by water being thrown on the hot mass as soon as it was exposed to the air.

Butter Too Much Washed.—Recently one of the staff of the Farmers' Review was given supplied by a grocer with good creamery butter. It was, however, so flavorless that it had the taste of oleomargarine. Chemical analysis showed it to be pure butter. It had evidently been washed and worked to death.

Temperature as a Preservative.—What is the use of using boracic acid preservatives when by using the great forces of heat and cold we can preserve milk as long as it should be kept? To use preservatives of a chemical nature is to endanger the lives of weak children and even adult invalids.

Shepherd Dogs.

In an Iowa convention, Mr. Cowrie spoke as follows on shepherd dogs:

"It would be utterly impossible to raise sheep in Scotland without dogs. One dog there is worth fifty men in taking care of sheep. It would be absolutely impossible to take sheep away up into the mountains and tramp them for twenty miles as they do without two or three dogs. A shepherd there will take care of a thousand to three thousand sheep. He will go at the head a whole day, walking along and he will have a dog behind them and perhaps one at each side and they will keep their places and when the sheep come home at night they are yarded down at the foot of the mountain or in some valley. As they go into the yard the shepherd counts them and it is surprising how fast a man when he has had experience will do that."

He will count those sheep going into the gateway and count them ten, twenty, forty, sixty. Many a time there will be two or three sheep missing, and the dog is told to go and get those sheep and he has to go. It may be sunrise next morning, but he doesn't come back until he brings the sheep with him. But it is entirely different here. The sheep are kept in fields and there is probably not the necessity for dogs that there is there. There it would be an impossibility without dogs. No man can go over those mountains and into those recesses as a dog will do; and where there are, as in Scotland, mountains where different shepherds have their flocks of sheep, they sometimes meet and get mixed and the flocks will get together, and no man can separate them. The dogs invariably do that. I have seen at a fair held at the town where I was born there were over twenty thousand sheep for sale, all kept in small pens, probably one or two or five hundred, where they were to be sold. A storm came up and blew down the fence, or the gates as they were called. They were made like the gates dove-tailed together as you see fences along the railroad, and removed after the fair. A heavy storm blew down all those fences and the sheep became mixed. Those shepherds would have been utterly powerless to separate the sheep without the dogs. Each shepherd—and there were probably fifty or a hundred of them, that had come from all parts of the mountains with their sheep to be sold at the fair—each one took his place and called his dogs, and the dogs went into the great flock, picking out the sheep in bunches of ten, twenty and thirty, and brought them out, and the moment they came out they were told to go back and bring out more sheep, and those dogs worked there for hours on a cold November day, with their tongues rolling out as if it were in July, to get those sheep, and there was never a shepherd among them. Over there if you talk to a shepherd and tell him that he could get along without a dog he would think you didn't know anything about the sheep business."

Symptoms of Hog Cholera.

Symptoms vary much according to the severity of attack, says an Indiana Experiment Station bulletin. Often the hog will be found dead before it is known to be ailing, while in chronic cases it may be sick for two or three weeks. The condition of the eyes give early indications of disease, the mucous membranes become reddened, the lids gummy and glue together. The pigs appear chilly, and lie in the hot sun when they would ordinarily remain in the shade. They will hunt for litter or bedding under which they can secrete themselves. The appetite is lost and a diarrhoea is developed. In the earliest stage, constipation may be present, but diarrhoea nearly always ensues before the attack is over. The attack may be or may not be attended with a cough which may be frequent or only when the animal gets up from its bed. In breathing, the ribs seem to remain quiet, and a quick jerk is seen in the flank at each expiration. Lameness in one or more limbs, stiffness of the back, thickening and cracking of the ears, scabs on the skin, purpleness of the belly or patches on the body are all attendant. A common expression from the farmer is that "No two die alike." In swine plague the respiratory symptoms are early developed and more characteristic than in hog cholera. On post mortem, the intestines and lungs are found to be the points of attack.

Why Moses Prohibited Pork.

An institute worker says: With regard to the prohibition against the use of pork by Moses, there are differences of opinion. One writer supposes the law prohibited swine because of their filthiness and observes that it is well known with what care and precision the law forbids all filthiness and dirt, even in the fields and camp, as well as in the cities. Another states that the Jews abstained from it in consequence of a leprosy, from which they had severely suffered, and to which the hog, in those climates, is very subject; that throughout Palestine leprosy is an epidemic disease, and the Israelites being overrun with it at the period of their quitting Egypt, Moses found it necessary to enact a variety of laws respecting it, and prohibiting the use of swine as an article of food was one of these.

Use Vigorous Plants.—A weak plant in a garden is expensive, even if it cost nothing. Farmer Smith sent away for some of the best settings for his small fruit patch. Said a kindly neighbor: "Why don't you get something cheaper?" Smith replied: "I can't afford it—I'm too poor." He voiced a most important truth.

Oswen Wister did not begin his life as a writer of sketches. When a student in Harvard he was musically inclined and made a good deal of progress in the art, even going to Europe to pursue his studies.