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IS THE MELODY PERFECT?

Music has ever exerted a powerful influence over the mind of man. The low breathing symphony filling the heart with sweet tender feelings—the loud battle hymn with its soul inspiring tone leading the thousands on to death and victory—the gay wedding march ushering the fair bride into her new life—the mournful dirge floating o'er the open grave—all find responses and echoing chords in the human heart and we are pensive, bold, gay or sad as the answering tones vibrate through our souls.

Life is a song with its chords deep and full, soft and low, glad and gay, sad and sweet. Ambitions, grand and worthy, inspire the singer, and a melody wondrous powerful charms the ear. It is strong in the power it exerts o'er the hearers while the deep toned harmony with its force and strength carries the singer with each vibration nearer the pearly gates.

Thoughts of days gone by, memories of associations sweet, beget a gentle thrilling strain such as one loves to hear at twilight's hour that brings a calm and repose o'er the soul as none other can.

The quick joyous music which causes the blood to leap and flow swiftly through the veins, comes only from beautiful thoughts and happy moments when the

sunshine seems so bright as to mock the semblance of a cloud.

But the clouds come, and sorrow and pain touch the minor chords of ones soul, and a melody of lost hopes, broken vows, troubles and sorrows, floats through the air o'er tiny graves and thresholds where the death angel has summoned some loved one across the dark river.

This sad and mournful wail is heard all o'er the land coming from poverty stricken homes where vice and want walk hand in hand—from homes where a mother weeps for an erring son or mourns a wayward daughter. It is heard in the noble halls of great and rich while palace walls echo the sad strain through all the arches and princely corridors to e'en the brow which wears the crown.

Every life has its minor chords. From the happy carol of the little child to the solemn chant of the greyhaired sire is found this thread of mournful harmony woven oftimes among the brightest and and gayest.

But the sad sweet strains which echo through the heart whed sorrow and affliction come are necessary to the perfectness of the song—bringing out more clearly the full rounded major tones making the joyous part all the more joyous softening and shading all in their lowtoned harmony.