

But are the chords of this great chorus which rise hourly and daily from thousands of lives ever and always in unison?

Listen to the sounds as they come to us from the din and bustle of the busy world. Sounds of strife from the struggle for Fame, Honor and Wealth—the conflict twixt vice and morality—the clash of the rich and the poor. The cry of want, pain and woe from homes made desolate by sin and passion; by crime and wickedness. Do these form a melody perfect and complete? Each and all contribute notes of discord which mar and destroy the harmony.

When the song is born in the love of Fame and Honor alone, although the echoes which it sends down the stream of Time deceive many, yet it is not perfect, for the true notes of human sympathy and love are lost in the sound which selfishness and vain ambitions flood the heart.

In nature there is a never failing concord of sound swelling on the cycles of years. It reaches us from the snowy petals of the regal lilies, the modest mosses and lichens, the noble forests, the grand old hills and mountains, while the tiny insects, the birds of the forest, and beasts of the fields take up the song finishing and completing the melody which has sounded so many thousand years.

All is perfect, complete in the universal anthem which Nature sends up to her Creator whose voice breathing life into the shapeless, lifeless mass added a new note to the music of the spheres.

"Well might the morning stars sing together and all the sons of God shout for joy when first this grand and perfect world swung loose from its moorings, flung out its spotless banner and sailed majestic down the thronging skies."

The law of the universe is harmony but the notes of discord which entered Eden have spread and multiplied till harsh dissonance tells the tale of man's sin and its punishment.

There are tones wanting in the human heart when the strings have grown rusty

and lost their rich, mellow sound from long lying idle, for much using gives a firmer, higher quality of tone, as the viol yields a melody sweet in proportion to its age.

In many the strings of Faith and Hope are snapped asunder by doubt and despondency while the hands lie idly folded and the song dies on the pale lips.

Madness comes in his terrible forms and sweeps the strings with angry fury, wild revenge, vain remorse, or drooping melancholy, while terrible discord rules in the poor soul till the storm is hushed by the angel of death.

But a song is forming in heaven which flying swiftly through the gates of gold proclaims to the shepherds on the hilltops "Peace on earth and goodwill to men."

The song, the theme, the joy, is new and the echoes roll and reverberate through all the earth carrying rest to weary hearts and burdened souls.

As one fails to comprehend and understand all the beauties and conceptions of music, losing the pleasure and enjoyment which a full knowledge of the feelings and passions of the composer gives so do we miss joys and manifold pleasures and suffer from mistakes and mis-understandings many and grievous, since we are unable to interpret the thoughts and language of each other.

Rough and ambiguous words bind and hinder the expression till the real meaning is lost.

Should we not seek for the key which unlocks the concealed meanings of the lives around us and releases the imprisoned thoughts, and thus look more clearly into the hearts of those who are dear to us?

So would our lives be more harmonious, and when the song on earth is ended will it swell on through the ages of eternity, gathering power and sweetness in the choir above.

And in the preparation for this song of eternity we learn from the words of another that,

He who on these clanging chords