

artist,—he elevated himself to a position, which, by every competent judge, is held to be the highest yet attained in perhaps the grandest department of pure music.

Beethoven came to Vienna in the full vigor of youth just emerging into manhood. The clouds which had settled over his childhood had all passed away. All looked bright, joyous, and hopeful. Though, perhaps, wanting in some of the graces and refinements of polite life, it is clear, from his intimacy with the Breuning family, his consequent familiarity with the best society at Bonn, the unchanging kindness of Count Waldstein, the explicit testimony of Junker, that he was not, could not have been, the young savage which some of his blind admirers have represented him. The bare supposition is an insult to his memory. That his

sense of probity and honor was most acute, that he was far above any, the slightest, meanness of thought or action, of a noble and magnanimous order of mind, utterly destitute of any feeling of servility which rendered it possible for him to cringe to the rich and the great, and that he ever acted from a deep sense of moral obligation,—all this his whole subsequent history proves. His merit, both as an artist and a man, met at once full recognition.

And here for the present we leave him, moving in Vienna, as in Bonn, in the higher circles of society, in the full sunshine of prosperity, enjoying all that his ardent nature could demand of esteem and admiration in the saloons of the great, in the society of his brother artists, in the popular estimation.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Love hailed a little maid,
 Romping through the meadow:
 Heedless in the sun she played,
 Scornful of the shadow.
 "Come with me," whispered he;
 "Listen, sweet, to love and reason."
 "By and by," she mocked reply;
 "Love's not in season."

Years went, years came;
 Light mixed with shadow.
 Love met the maid again,
 Dreaming through the meadow.
 "Not so coy," urged the boy;
 "List in time to love and reason."
 "By and by," she mused reply;
 "Love's still in season."

Years went, years came;
 Light changed to shadow.
 Love saw the maid again,
 Waiting in the meadow.
 "Pass no more; my dream is o'er;
 I can listen now to reason."
 "Keep thee coy," mocked the boy;
 "Love's out of season."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.*

THERE are more than thirty thousand preachers in the United States, whereof twenty-eight thousand are Protestants, the rest Catholics,—one minister to a thousand men. They make an exceeding great army,—mostly serious, often self-denying and earnest. Nay, sometimes you find them men of large talent, perhaps even of genius. No thirty thousand farmers, mechanics, lawyers, doctors, or traders have so much of that book-learning which is popularly called “Education.”

No class has such opportunities for influence, such means of power; even now the press ranks second to the pulpit. Some of the old traditional respect for the theocratic class continues in service, and waits upon the ministers. It has come down from Celtic and Teutonic fathers, hundreds of years behind us, who transferred to a Roman priesthood the allegiance once paid to the servants of a deity quite different from the Catholic. The Puritans founded an ecclesiastical oligarchy which is by no means ended yet; with the most obstinate “liberty of prophesying” there was mixed a certain respect for such as only wore the prophet’s mantle; nor is it wholly gone.

What personal means of controlling the public the minister has at his command! Of their own accord, men “assemble and meet together,” and look up to him. In the country, the town-roads centre at the meeting-house, which is also the *terminus a quo*, the golden mile-stone, whence distances are measured off. Once a week, the wheels of business, and even of pleasure, drop into the old customary ruts, and turn thither. Sunday morning, all the land is still. Labor puts off his iron apron and arrays him in clean human clothes,—a symbol of universal hu-

manity, not merely of special toil. Trade closes the shop; his business-pen, well wiped, is laid up for to-morrow’s use; the account-book is shut,—men thinking of their trespasses as well as their debts. For six days, aye, and so many nights, Broadway roars with the great stream which sets this way and that, as wind and tide press up and down. How noisy is this great channel of business, wherein Humanity rolls to and fro, now running into shops, now sucked down into cellars, then dashed high up the tall, steep banks, to come down again a continuous drip and be lost in the general flood! What a fringe of foam colors the margin on either side, and what gay bubbles float therein, with more varied gorgeousness than the Queen of Sheba dreamed of putting on when she courted the eye of Hebrew Solomon! Sunday, this noise is still. Broadway is a quiet stream, looking sober, or even dull; its voice is but a gentle murmur of many waters calmly flowing where the ecclesiastical gates are open to let them in. The channel of business has shrunk to a little church-canal. Even in this great Babel of commerce one day in seven is given up to the minister. The world may have the other six; this is for the Church;—for so have Abram and Lot divided the field of Time, that there be no strife between the rival herdsmen of the Church and the World. Sunday morning, Time rings the bell. At the familiar sound, by long habit born in them, and older than memory, men assemble at the meeting-house, nestle themselves devoutly in their snug pews, and button themselves in with wonted care. There is the shepherd, and here is the flock, fenced off into so many little private pens. With dumb, yet eloquent patience, they look up listless, perhaps longing, for such fodder as he may pull out from his spiritual mow and shake down before them. What he gives they gather.

* *Life Thoughts, gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher.* By a Member of his Congregation. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1858. pp. 299.