

FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs :

Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end ;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,

Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath ;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above

Where parting is unknown,—
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,

Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

This school, which enters upon its tenth year Sept. 1st, has been a pronounced success from its inception. It was the first musical institution affiliated to the University of Toronto, and is represented upon the Senate by its founder, Mr. F. H. Torrington. Incorporated by Government in 1890, it has maintained its supremacy for the highest class of work ever since, as its programmes, the success of its students, both practical and theoretical, conclusively prove. The elegance of the College of Music, its environment, and its complete and thorough equipment, together with special advantages not to be found in any other music school in Canada, and which place it on a level with the very best European musical institutions, furnish unequalled facilities for all-round musical education, from the earliest to the most advanced professional stages. Students prepared at the College of Music have taken the Mus. Bac. degree at the University of Toronto, thus giving positive proof of the efficiency of the instruction given, and the examinations provided at the College of Music. Several important additions have recently been made to the staff of teachers. Mr. Frank Welsman, of the Trause Pianoforte School, Leipzig, Germany; Mr. John Bayley, in the violin department; Madam Lucy Terauklein and Miss C. E. Williams, in the vocal department; and the eminent reader and exponent of dramatic art, Dr. Carlyle. A strong feature of the college work for the next year will be the School of Expression and Dramatic Art, under the direction of Dr. Carlyle, assisted by Miss Lillian Burns and other teachers. While several hundred pupils find accommodation at the College building on Pembroke street, it has been found necessary to provide a branch in the west end of the city. This branch is in the Dominion Bank building, corner College street and Spadina avenue. The College of Music, its mission and work, has been endorsed, and approved of by musicians of world-wide fame, such as Sir Alexander Mackenzie, of the Royal Academy, London, England; Dr. Ebenezer Prout, Dublin University; Madam Albani, and the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Aberdeen, who, with her Excellency, the Countess of Aberdeen, are patrons of the College. Under its experienced director, Mr. Torrington, the college enters upon another year with brightest prospects. The new calendar, which is of great interest, may be had upon application to the registrar of the College.

LIFE.

Life is discipline. A life with no touch of trial, testing, or temptation would by no means bring out the best there is in our capabilities. Some are disciplined by poverty, some by great responsibilities, some by sorrows or loss of objects deeply cherished. God's ways of putting us in the refiner's fire, are many. Life is growth. Nothing dead grows. When one is converted soul-growth begins, and can cease only if one dies again in trespasses and sins. So much can we grow that his abundance of life is a constant surprise. We sometimes hear people say that they have wondered if they could enjoy any more. But it is better farther on. The uttermost of to-day is farther along than that of yesterday. God has always something richer in store for us. "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Then, too, this abundance of life is full of hope of eternal life. Nature teaches us we do not want to die. The life given Him is the beginning of eternal life. Stephen only fell asleep. So high does the tide reach in this world that it easily floods over the dam across the stream we call death. At the very best of life here we have only just a taste of what is in store for them that love Him. On the other side capacity will be adequate for opportunity. Sin's dwarfing power will have ceased. We can then use to the fullness the water of life and the tree of life. Hope's brightest rays here are but the pale dawn to the flooding noontide. Jesus said to the sad disciples: "Where I am there ye may be also."

A TERRIBLE END.

A learned man one day said that people ought not to consider that their education was finished until they had read "Fox's Book of Martyrs." It is an old book, and gives an account of many different kinds of punishments which were common in olden times. At your present age I don't suppose you would very much care to read it, nor should I press you to do so. But there is an account of a punishment given to one poor man which carries with it a lesson, and of which I may tell you. This man had seen a number of people put to death by being tied to a stake and then set on fire, but a death much more terrible was reserved for him. It was this: He was placed in a long, narrow chamber, more like a passage than anything else. This gave him quite a considerable length in which he could walk up and down. Then, into this room there were placed the very choicest kinds of food and fruits to eat, and the richest wines to drink. Here, day by day, he passed his time. It was a puzzle to him as to why he should be so mildly treated and so well fed.

One day, however, a grave suspicion came into his mind. As he walked from one end of this room to the other it struck him that it was not quite so long as it had been. At first he thought it must be a mere fancy, but he measured the length by his steps, and then in two days he measured it again. He knew then that there could be no doubt of it,—the room was getting shorter. Again he tried it, and to his horror he found that the two end walls were coming nearer and nearer together. They were moved by some machinery beneath. He saw what his fate must soon be, he would quickly be in a cell, then in a coffin, and then crushed to death. This slow process of putting him to death was enough to send him crazy before the walls squeezed him.

Now, what would you say if you had to see anybody shut themselves up, quite of their own will, into such a horrid room? Why,

I am sure, you would think that they were not quite in their right mind, and you would not be far from the truth.

But now, have you never known people shut themselves off from the brightness of things around them, make a very narrow walk for themselves, which somehow grows shorter and shorter every day? They are so wrapped up in their own selfishness that they can see no good in anything or anybody. They nurse their own little sorrows, and make themselves positively ill by fretting over trifles which are not worth a thought. We may call it what we will, but it is a squeezing out of themselves all true life. It is a sort of moral death.

Whatever you do, keep far away from fretfulness, ill-temper, and selfishness. That there are, and will be as you grow up, plenty of things to vex and annoy you there can be no doubt, but there are always two ways to meet them. One is to brood over them and make them larger, and the other is to look at the brighter side. Let me beg of you to make it a rule of life never to grumble. No, neither at your position, nor your friends, nor your difficulties, nor your sicknesses. Make it a rule to speak pleasantly, and to do such little kindnesses to others as fall in your way. If you smother down your own sorrows and try to be of use to others, your life enlarges, the room you walk in grows longer and brighter. It is wonderful how consideration for others eases your own pains. Try it day by day, and practice will make you more and more perfect.

CANADA'S GREAT FAIR.

As the time approaches for the opening of the Victorian-Era Exposition and Industrial Fair at Toronto next week, interest in its success throughout the country increases, and it is safe to say that the attendance will be greater than ever. The great Diamond Jubilee Procession, and the numerous other incidents connected therewith, will prove a great attraction. All the paintings, uniforms, costumes, and state paraphernalia have arrived from England, and every preparation has been made even to the cream-coloured horses which are to draw Her Majesty's carriage. Such a grand spectacle and opportunity to see the soldiers of the British Empire has never before been placed before the people of Canada, and it should not be missed. Cheap excursions will be run the first week as well as the second, and everything will be complete both weeks of the Fair.

HAVE SOME PLAN.

One practical cause of our slow progress in spiritual vigour is our lack of rule and regular system in our spiritual life. In no department of man's activity can he prosper with indefinite regularity. The unsystematic merchant or lawyer or mechanic is sure to be only partially successful. And in our secular life we really do keep some sort of rule. Most of us have our regular time for rising and work and food and rest, and without it we could scarcely get on well in our daily labour. But when we come to our spiritual life we have very little of that same unfailing rule. Some of us even in our sacraments, have no fixed times, and most of us have not made for ourselves any definite rule concerning the details of our spiritual routine.

—You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honour that; rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes.