

ing he had gained sufficient strength, he expressed a desire to be taken home to Montreal. In the care of his brother, therefore, he was removed. But the journey was too severe for him. A relapse occurred and, after all medical aid had failed, he died on April 9th. We are happy to know that trusting in Jesus he died in peace. He left numerous messages to his friends and school companions, and expressed a desire that he might tell at Grande Ligne of his new found Saviour. His many friends have our deepest sympathy.

THE following note in regard to the Mendelssohn Choir Concert came to hand too late for insertion in its proper place: Too much cannot be said in praise of the 2nd concert of the Mendelssohn Choir on May 2nd. Mr. Vogt, its conductor, has achieved results with his society in the way of part singing which far surpass anything ever before done in Toronto, and which place him in the front rank as conductor. The numbers given by the choir were pleasantly varied and given with a perfection of detail never before attained by a local Society. The assisting artistes, Miss Clary, contralto, of New York, Mr. Beresford, baritone, of Boston, and Herr Bluer, violinist, of Detroit, were all that could be desired; Mr. Beresford especially, creating a most favorable impression. Mr. Hewlett, the accompanist, gave great satisfaction.

“WHEN I REMEMBER.”

Sorrows humanize our race;
 Tears are the showers that fertilize this world,
 And memory of things precious keepeth warm
 The heart that once did hold them.
 They are poor
 That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
 Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
 Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.
 For life is one and in its warp and woof
 There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
 And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
 When there are sombre colors. It is true
 That we have wept. But, oh, this thread of gold!
 We would not have it tarnish. Let us turn
 Oft and look back upon the wondrous web;
 And when it shineth sometimes, we shall know
 That memory is possession.
 When I remember something that I had,
 But which is gone, and I must do without,
 I sometimes wonder, how I can be glad,
 Even in cowslip time, when hedges sprout;
 It makes me sad to think on it, but yet,
 My days would not be better days should I forget.
 When I remember something promised me,
 But which I never had, nor can have now,
 Because the promiser I no more see
 In countries that accord with mortal vow;
 When I remember this I mourn,—but yet
 My happiest days are not the days when I forget.

—Jean Ingelow.