

spring in the step, what a consciousness of music within, of acquired musical wealth !

Many an old musician there is who can turn a backward glance upon a life spent in constant study, with feelings almost too deep for words. How imperceptibly that young love of music has grown, year by year, until it has become the sovereign passion of his being. How it has entwined itself with every thought, every action, every ambition ! How it still spurs him forward, beckons from afar, and cries "Onward !" and yet "Onward !" until at last his music is all played, his songs all sung, and he lays him down in a green and quiet spot, silent and still for aye. The keys where once his hand loved to linger shall feel another touch ; the circle of friends among whom he labored shall hear another voice ; and the place that knew him once shall know him no more.

This is our mission in life—to cause good music to be heard in the land. And it is the mission of music to lighten toil, to comfort sorrow, to sweeten the lot of all mankind. May it be our constant endeavor so to live and so to work, that the heart of the world may be strengthened and moved upon by a power refining and ennobling—the power of good music.