

a professional organist. An eminent musical authority, Professor Ambrose, writes to the Government most enthusiastically of the musical classes. The pupils write their own music from dictation.

In the musical department, of course, mention must be made of Mr. W. G. Raymond, who is instructor in piano-tuning for the institution. His pupils are making remarkable progress in the art of tuning, and are, under his guidance, acquiring the knowledge of a profession that can be turned to a profitable purpose.

In the willow shop the pupils are taught a trade, and some twenty-three pupils have availed themselves of it. I saw the chair and basket-workers at work, and I saw abundant proofs of their labour. A great heap of chairs, settees, chair moulds, baskets, and fancy willow and wicker-work of every kind greets the visitor. Much of this work has been at the Chicago Fair, and had been justly admired. It well deserved to be.

You cannot leave such an institution without some reflections—that is, if you are at all a ruminative animal. Mine were of the pleasantest description. I had spent several hours amid inspiring surroundings, and I can understand why the non-seeing do not parade their defect as well as why visiting clergymen are requested not to dwell on the story of blind Bartimæus. These pupils are prepared for life's battle by means specially adapted to their circumstances. Ontario has reason to feel proud of the work done here, and of the incalculable benefits conferred upon an unfortunate people. Rigid economy and the highest efficiency are the watchwords of the principal and his officers, and their watchwords are maintained. The institution is free from class and creed distinctions. Our proud boast in the past has been that public institutions for ameliorating the conditions of the distressed have had the warmest support of men of all parties.

HOMeward.

THE day dies slowly in the western sky ;
The sunset splendour fades, and wan and cold
The far peaks wait the sunshine ; cheerfully
The shepherd calls the wanderers to their fold.
My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
Take comfort ; evening bringeth all things home.

Homeward the swift-winged sea-gull takes its flight,
The ebbing tide breaks softly on the sand ;
The red-sailed boats draw shoreward for the night,
The shadows deepen over sea and land ;
Be still my soul ; thine hour shall also come ;
Behold, one evening, God shall lead thee home.