

an erect position, and his left heel digs into the mud most vigorously. Even that hard-hearted sinner can be moved by some power, other than gold. He is 'music from turret to foundation stone;' his better nature is oozing out at every avenue of the heart.

In that vast crowd there is not a soul who does not feel the refining, elevating influence of music. Not one? Yes, there are hearts of stone that are not thrilled into a holy reverence at the quivering peals of the deep-toned organ; there are soulless beings, whom neither the sweet, innocent voices of childhood can melt into tenderness, nor the orchestral thunders of heaven awe into fear. These, like men who never laugh, are

"Fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

Who does not look back to the days of youth with feelings of mingled joy and sorrow? Joy at the remembrance of all there is of happiness in this life, and sorrow at the thought that those halcyon days are numbered among the past and gone. What gem in our crown of happiness glittered more brightly than song? What day was more devoutly wished for than that on which all scholastic duties, visions of demerits and solemn investigations were banished, and music claimed the minds and hearts of all? Singing day at Woodward! That day will ever remain a green spot in the memory of every Woodward boy and girl, and as every tone that quivers on the air shall continue its vibrations, so will the songs we sang at Woodward ever find an echo in our hearts.

Religion and Music, twin sisters born in heaven, have ever wandered hand in hand in their mission of love, to minister unto fallen man, to sooth, to strengthen and to save; civilization marks the path they have trodden, and superstition and unbelief have fled at their approach, like night at morning's dawn.

When the chosen people of God were freed from Egyptian bondage, when after four hundred years of lingering torture, the clanking chain was broken, and the fetters cast