

is devoid of faults? Like its predecessors, it is probably more or less a compromise between the various legitimate schools of thought and taste within the Anglican church, and, as such, cannot entirely escape the carping criticism of the extremists of either section. The value of the work is greatly enhanced to the literary and theological student by the copious notes concerning the origin and other points of interest of the individual hymns.

Reference has been made to Dr. Haweis, of London, a writer of note as well as a poet-musician, one of the first if not the prime mover in the introduction of female singers into an Anglican surpliced choir. I can see him now, small of figure and painfully lame, toiling along with a cane at the rear of the procession as it entered the church. A first glance would not reveal much of the inward fire contained within that frail body, but to hear him preach, to listen to the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England as interpreted and arranged by him, to see the exquisite windows by Burne-Jones, the tasteful embroideries, the beautiful carvings, and other accessories with which he had transformed an old-fashioned barn-like structure into some semblance of a modern church, was a revelation of the phenomenal ability of the man. Two of his works, "My Musical Memories" and "Music and Morals," are among my most treasured literary possessions. They will well repay a careful perusal by any one of musical tastes, irrespective of his personal views upon some of the subjects touched upon.

In closing I venture to quote from his last mentioned work a few lines which are typical of the man and of his command of the English language. In the eighth section of the last mentioned work, in treating of the varied emotions which may be interpreted by music to the listener, he uses the following imagery: "Like the sounds of bells at night, breaking the silence only to lead the spirit into deeper peace; like the laden clouds at morn rising in grey twilight to hang as a golden mist before the furnace of the sun; like the dull deep pain of one who sits in an empty room, watching