

existence, if he meets with any trouble or is "taken in" by cant or knavery, he has only himself and his soft heart to blame. This, of course, is the reasoning of ignorance, which Dr. Jessopp proceeds to gibbet; and, to show how unfair and fallacious it is, he sets against it a picture of the trials of a country parson, which is manifestly the product of a real and personal experience.

Often this experience is an amusing one, where, for instance, in remarking on the prerogative of the country parson to be duped by a swindler, the writer cites the case of his purse having repeatedly been levied upon, as he remarks, to "replace dead horses, and cows, and pigs, and donkeys, that never walked on four legs, and that no mortal ever saw in the land of the living." Equally happy, as well as apt, are his remarks about those who persist in talking of the country parson as "an exceptionally thriving stipendiary," and who little consider how his scant resources are reduced, first, by "the rates" and taxes levied upon him in such a country as England; and, secondly, by appeals to his humanity, which are a continuous and heavy drain upon his slender income. Those who talk flippantly of "the parson's narrowness, and his bigotry, and his cant, and who sneer at him for being the slave of superstition," should learn what it costs a clergyman—a saintly parish priest—to devote his life to the service of his Master, and read what Dr. Jessopp has to say of the trials of a country parson, who has "hardly a thought that does not turn upon the service of the sanctuary, or the duties that he owes to his scattered flock." Here is his reply to the "worldly wiseman" who flouts him for pauperising his parish by almsgiving, and for encouraging, as he imagines, the beggar and the tramp. "I, for one," says the writer, "hereby proclaim and declare that I intend to help the sick and aged and struggling poor whenever I have the chance, and as far as I have the means, and I hope the day will never come when I shall cease to think without shame of that eminent prelate who is said to have made it his boast that he had never given a beggar a penny in his life. I am free to confess that I draw the line somewhere. I do draw the line at the tramp. I do find it necessary to be uncompromising there. Indeed, I keep a big dog for the tramp, and that dog, inasmuch as he passes his happy life in a country parsonage—that dog, I say, is *not* muzzled."

Perhaps the most amusing portions of Dr. Jessopp's paper are those that illustrate the narrow range of ideas among the rustics of his congregation, in addressing whom much plainness of speech becomes necessary. "I think no one," says the writer, "who has not tried faithfully to lift and lead others can have the least notion of the difficulty which the country parson has to contend with in the extreme thinness of the stratum in which the rural intellect moves." Here are some examples in illustration of this which, in closing, we extract from Dr. Jessopp's interesting and amusing paper:

"The stories of the queer mistakes which our hearers make in interpreting our sermons are simply endless, sometimes almost incredible. Nevertheless, no invention of the most inveterate story-teller could equal the facts which are matters of weekly experience. (Here follow a couple cited by Dr. Jessopp.) 'Young David stood before the monarch's throne. With harp in hand he touched the cords; like some later Scald he sang his saga to King Saul!' It really was rather fine—plain and simple, too, monosyllabic, terse, and with a musical sibilation. Unfortunately one of the preacher's hearers told me afterwards, with some displeasure, that 'he didn't hold wi' David being all sing-songing and *scolding*, he'd no opinion o' that.' . . . 'As you was a saying in your sarmin', 'tarnal mowing won't du wirout 'tarnal making—you mind that, yer ses; an' I did mind it tu, an' we got up that hay surprising!' Mr. P. had just a little misconceived my words. I had quoted from Philip Van Arteveldt, 'He that lacks time to-mourn, lacks time to mend. Eternity mourns that.'" We close with this picture of Arcady from Dr. Jessopp's paper:

"There is one salient defect in the East Anglian character which presents an almost insuperable obstacle to the country parson who is anxious to raise the *tone* of his people, and to awaken a response when he appeals to their consciences and affections. The East Anglian is, of all the inhabitants of these islands, most wanting in native courtesy, in delicacy of feeling, and in anything remotely resembling romantic sentiment. The result is that it is extremely difficult, almost impossible, to deal with a genuine Norfolk man when he is out of temper. How much of this coarseness of mental fibre is to be credited to their Danish ancestry I know not; but whenever I have noticed a gleam of enthusiasm, I think I have invariably found it among those who had French Huguenot blood in their veins. Always shrewd, the Norfolk peasant is never tender; a wrong, real or imagined, rankles within him through a lifetime. He stubbornly refuses to believe that hatred in his case is blameworthy. Refinement of feeling he is quite incapable of, and without in the least wishing to be rude, gross, or profane, he is often all three at once quite innocently during five minutes' talk. I have had things said to me by really good and well-meaning men and women in Arcady that would make susceptible people swoon. It would have been quite idle to remonstrate. You might as well preach of duty to an antelope. If you want to make any impression or exercise any influence for good upon your neighbours, you must take them as you find them, and not expect too much of them. You must work in faith, and you must work upon the material that presents itself. 'The sower soweth the word.' The mistake we commit so often is in assuming that because we sow—which is our duty—therefore we have a right to reap the crop and garner it. 'It grows to guerdon after-days.'"

"Meanwhile we have such home truths as the following thrown at us in the most innocent manner.

"'Tree score?' Is that all you be? Why, there's some folks as 'ud take you for a hundred wi' that *hair* o' yourn!'"

"Mr. Snape spoke with an amount of irritation, which would have made an outsider believe I was his deadliest foe: yet we are really very good friends, and the old man scolds me roundly if I am long without going to look at him. But he has quite a fierce repugnance to gray hair. 'You must take me as I am, Snape,' I replied; 'I began to get gray at thirty. Would you have me dye my hair?' 'Doy! Why that hev doyd, an' wuss than that—it's right rotten, thet is!'"

"Or we get taken into confidence now and then, and get an insight into our Arcadians' practical turn of mind. I was talking pleasantly to a good woman about her children. 'Yes,' she said, 'they're all off my hands now, but I reckon I've a expense-hive family. I don't mean to say as it might not have been worse if they'd all lived, and we'd had to bring 'em all up, but my meaning is as they never seemed to die convenient. I had twins once, and they both died, you see, and we had the club money for both of 'em, but then one lived a fortnight after the other, and so that took two funerals, and that come expense-hive!'"

"It is very shocking to a sensitive person to hear the way in which the old people speak of their dead wives or husbands, exactly as if they'd been horses or dogs. They are *always* proud of having been married more than once. 'You didn't think, Miss, as I'd had five wives, now did you? Ah! but I have though—leastways I buried five on 'em in the churchyard, that I did—and *tree* on 'em *beewties*!' On another occasion I playfully suggested, 'Don't you mix up your husbands now and then, Mrs. Page, when you talk about them?' 'Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I really du! But my third husband, he *was* a man! I don't mix him up. He got killed, fighting—you've heerd tell o' that I make no doubt. The others warn't nothing to him. He'd ha' mixed them up quick enough if they'd interfered wi' him. Lawk ah! He'd 'a made nothing of 'em!'"

"Instances of this obtuseness to anything in the nature of poetic sentiment among our rustics might be multiplied indefinitely. Norfolk has never produced a single poet or romancer. We have no local songs or ballads, no traditions of valour or nobleness, no legends of heroism or chivalry. In their place we have a frightfully long list of ferocious murderers: Thurtell, and Tawell, and Manning, and Greenacre, and Rush, and a dozen more whose names stand out pre-eminent in the horrible annals of crime. The temperament of the sons of Arcady is strangely callous to all the softer and gentler emotions." G. M. A.

MUSIC.

A LULL in the busy life of the reporter, the critic, and the performer has occurred. We can rest on our laurels—if reporters and critics ever have any—and, gathering together our impressions, sit down and make them into an article, well knowing that the period of musical depression coincides with the religious and fashionable one, which will, too suddenly for our impressionable nature, start into activity again on Easter Monday. The Hot Cross Bun will mark the Rubicon of our social and artistic life, and when it is eaten and digested—they do sometimes take more than a day to digest properly—we may again be due at four musical "teas," a *matinée musicale* and a grand evening concert, all on the same day. The days are long distant when two concerts a year were the *summum bonum*, or highest musical good of Toronto; the first in importance being, perhaps, the visit, long-looked-for, long-delayed, of Carlotta Patti, with an Italian company—concert company, of course,—or Mdme. Anna Bishop, or Parepa Rosa; the second, a grand concert in aid of some charitable institution, at which the shining local lights of fashionable musical society were to sing, and both attended by the genuine *élite* of Toronto in low evening and dinner dress, lumbering two-horse cabs, a good deal of charming ignorance, and a faint remembrance of how things went once upon a time at Her Majesty's or Drury Lane. The favourite *morceaux* on these occasions were "*Una voce poco fa*" sung by the soprano with unlimited *fioritura*, to which a furious encore was invariably given, resulting in "Five o'Clock in the Morning," or "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Toon." The tenor always sang "*M'appari*," when "*Com è Gentil*" was not requested by the audience, and for an encore gave "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye!" oftener than anything else. Gottschalk's pieces were favourites with the pianist, and the trio from "*Attila*" usually concluded the concert. There was a wonderful amount of good feeling in these audiences. They smiled across to one another, walked about between the parts—even the numbers—encored everything vociferously, and in those days the artists had none of this high-toned, modern superiority to encores—they liked them, and showed that they did—and Mdme. Rudersdorff was known to have sung two encores in this city, and then sit down and play her own accompaniment to a third. At the big charitable show the good feeling and the intimate terms of acquaintanceship were even more openly exhibited, and the appearance of some society singer on the little platform of the old Music Hall was invariably hailed by a burst of sound from hands and throats that must have startled the celestial cherubs on the walls and the floating nymphs on the ceiling out of the little propriety their creators had left them.

By the way, we wonder how many people remember those same little curly cherubs, with long pink and blue ribbons streaming from their necks and ankles, the yellow bulls, the rosy clouds, and the corn-laden ear of Ceres! From the St. Lawrence and the old Music Hall to the Pavilion is a tremendous jump, though in reality bridged over by gentle gradations in art and enterprise apt to be forgotten by the present generation of musical tea-drinkers and promoters of artistic growth. These intermediate days are not so long distant, but that on viewing the splendid glass proportions of the Pavilion of to-day we remember the "Gardens" of yesterday, around which, and notably around and within the pretty rustic building