

young lady who sat beside him and slept profoundly. When the coach stopped to change horses, our author and his musical friend walked a short distance to view the ruins of a Gothic Chapel in the moonlight, and he asked him if he knew the lady on whose shoulder he had slept so well, and he replied "I have never seen her before, but we do these things for one another in Bavaria." How kind the ladies were of that period!

Miss Lillian Blauvelt, the distinguished soprano, whose delightful singing and charming presence so captivated Toronto people when they heard her at the Musical Festival last June, will sing at the concert given by the Mendelssohn Choir on the 15th of January. No more popular concert singer is now before the public and this will probably be her only appearance in Toronto this season.

Elm St. Methodist Church has lost the services of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight. They have had charge of the choir in that church for nearly (if not over) a dozen years, and during that time have presented to the congregation music of a very exceptional order. Mrs. Blight is one of the cleverest organists we have, both as a church player and as a concert organist. Mr. Blight is well known as a splendid baritone, and is—as he has always been—very popular. They have been engaged to take charge of the choir in Bloor St. Presbyterian Church, which church may be heartily congratulated on securing their services.

In a letter we recently received from Dr. S. Jadassohn, the great composer of Leipzig, he tells us that the attendance of pupils at the Conservatorium this season is remarkable, and also that many of them have splendid talent.

The mother of the composers, Philip and Xaver Scharwenka, recently died in Berlin at the age of seventy-two. This is remindful of the fact that Paderewski has lost his father, he having died in Poland the early part of December.

Mr. James F. Thomson, baritone, late of Toronto, has been engaged by Mr. Walter Damrosch for the forthcoming season of German Opera under his direction in New York.

Friedheim, that giant among living pianists, has been playing in New York the past week with really immense success, having had thunderous applause and recalls without number. The *Musical Courier* says he is monarch of his instrument, and played on the occasion referred to with the most superb passion and impetuosity.

## Art Notes.

A life-size bronze statue of the great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, the gift of the Danish residents in New York and vicinity, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies in Central Park, on Sunday, November 18th.

A portrait of Lady Marjorie Gordon by Mrs. Wyatt Eaton, of New York, was the Christmas gift of Lady Aberdeen to her husband. Mr. Eaton has been for some time in Montreal and the portrait was painted at Sir William Van Horne's as a surprise. It is life size, of the head only, and seems to have given great satisfaction both as a portrait and as a work of art.

In a new book on Ruskin's "Influence upon Modern Thought and Life," its author calls attention to several interesting points. He claims that Ruskin "has endowed man with a new habit of mind and laid the foundations for a new class of observations midway between science and art and overlapping both. Ruskin has given us a new intellectual discipline."

Thomas Nast, the American cartoonist, it is said, has met with great success since he located in London six months ago. He has received an order for a life-size painting of the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. The order comes from Mr. Herman H. Kohlsaat, of Chicago. It is Mr. Kohlsaat's intention to present this picture to the city of Galena. The presentation will take place on the occasion of Grant's birthday next April.

In the little village of Gruchy, near Cherbourg, where Jean Francois Millet was

born and grew up, still swings an old blacksmith's sign in front of the village smithy, representing a horse tied to a door. It was painted by Millet long before his "Angelus" and "Gleaners" had attracted the attention of the world to him. But now the French Government are desirous of securing it, and have made offers to purchase it that it may find a resting-place in the Museum of the Louvre.

The collections of the Brussels museum of ancient art-works has been enriched by the acquisition of one of the sketches made by Rubens for his paintings of the ceiling of Whitehall, in London. The sketch is slightly different from the panel, which is a tribute to the Government of King James. About the Whitehall paintings Rubens wrote to the French book-lover, Peiresc: "As I hold courts in horror, I have sent my work to England by messenger. My friends say that his Majesty is well pleased. Yet I have not been paid. This would surprise me if I were a novice at business."

Those who have made use of the opportunity to see Mr. Bell-Smith's picture of one of the busiest corners of our city, have no doubt been interested in it both for its technique and subject. The management of the lights—the last flush from the sky on the upper parts of the houses, the points of electric lights and the mellow gas seen through the twilight of the streets with their fading perspective—is skilful, and the composition and grouping, to which a very pleasing opportunity has been given, leaves nothing to be desired. One might find fault with the drawing or movement of some of the figures, perhaps, but the whole is a most effective piece of realism. Mr. Bell-Smith has left for Halifax, to be present at the funeral of the late premier, and we suppose to make sketches for future use.

A movement is being set on foot for starting, what it is hoped will prove to be, the nucleus for a permanent collection of pictures and works of art in Toronto. As the first step towards this, the purchase of a picture by Mr. Carl Ahrens, "After Rain," has been spoken of. Any one who visited the last exhibition of the Palette Club will remember the work, which shows a great deal of sentiment and is by far the finest thing Mr. Ahrens has produced. One who has seen much art at home and abroad said that to him it very strongly suggested Millet in its treatment and subject. Mr. Ahrens is a Canadian artist, whose art education has been altogether acquired in his native land, and whose subjects are chosen from the life and surroundings of the people about him, and rendered with a keen appreciation of the poetry of every day life.

Mr. E. A. Abbey is now exhibiting a collection of his illustrations of Shakespeare at Keppel's gallery, New York, of which *Public Opinion* speaks as follows: "The reproductions seldom do justice to the beauty of line or of color in his work, which is always so delicate that much is necessarily lost in reduction. The pictures shown are illustrations to Shakespeare's comedies, and are mostly in pen-and-ink, but occasionally in crayon or in gouache. The scenes of the shipwreck and of the banquet in "The Tempest" are, in the latter medium. The most remarkable of the drawings in pen-and-ink are the entry of the prince of Morocco in "The Merchant of Venice," and the scene between Olivia and Viola in her Turkish dress in "Twelfth Night." Mr. Abbey's imagination is essentially dramatic. He must have several, or, at least, two figures to dispose of, and he tells his story more by composition than by the expressiveness of any single figure. Indeed, his figure-drawing is often at fault, and his best qualities are precisely those which the engravers cannot render—exquisite grace of line and richness of color.

Our readers, says a New York exchange, who have doubtless not failed to recognize the high artistic merit of the posters which proclaim the appearance of the *Century* and *Harper's Magazine*, will perhaps be surprised to learn that the highly colored sheets are eagerly sought for by collectors not only in America, but in Europe as well, for the collection of posters is the reigning "fad" of the day. In comparison with other collecting fads, this latest development of the disease has many healthy symptoms, among which the

beautification of our streets is not the least. The new impulse given to art is also gratifying. Long life to the "fad." By the way, it is not so easy to get the *Harper* and *Century* posters as one might suppose. The July *Harper's* is almost as rare as an Elzevir. One man, to our certain knowledge, has tramped the New York streets for several weeks buttonholing every newsdealer he met—yet still lacks the poster of that month. Another friend, entering the *Century* office and asking for the Napoleon poster, was surprised to learn that the supply was completely exhausted, and that the company was preparing to issue a second edition of it.

## Readings from Current Literature.

### THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

We are in the habit of paying our lawyer without dispute; in fact, he often has the money in his own hands, and we can only remonstrate. We pay, half the time on a sort of compulsion of shame, the minister's salary, and feel as if it were a species of Peter's pence, and gave us admission to the gates beyond.

We often make the minister presents, too, recognizing the help his strong hand gave us when we went down into dark waters with those we loved, or the need we shall have of that hand when we come to cross those waters ourselves; and often in our wills we leave him some sum of money, some remembrance, be the same more or less. We pay our tradespeople as promptly as we can, not liking to let the grocer's bill stand, seeing the wisdom of settling one bill at the dressmaker's before beginning another; and for most of our pleasures we pay out of hand—the ticket at the door, as it were. But when it comes to paying the doctor we think twice. We did not think twice when we called him; we never staid to consider whether we were going to be able to meet his bill or not; we wanted him; we had him. Perhaps it was in the dead of night, perhaps in the middle of a howling storm that he came, at no matter what inconvenience or discomfort to himself. He entered the door like a messenger from heaven, with healing in his hands; he brought us help and surcease of pain; he restored us to life; and he did it all in such friendly wise that we never thought of money, and if we had thought of it should have considered no money could reward him sufficiently.

But by-and-by, when his bill is rendered, we are well, and have been for some time. We forget all that period of illness, the fever and restlessness and pain, the coming on of the darkness of night with a sort of vague horror that sound of the doctor's voice, sight of his face, dissipated, the comfort that he gave us, the way in which we hung upon his words, the way in which we thought of him then. We think of him now with a difference. The bill—this charge is exorbitant, that is unreasonable, the other is outrageous; we don't know if we will pay it; certainly not without a protest; and we delay about it, and speak of it to him, and settle it, at last, after some abatement and grudgingly, and send him no remembrance, and do not put down his name in our will.

Yet for every item in that bill the doctor has spent what is equivalent to his life-blood. His simplest advice would be worth nothing to us if it were not backed by years of hard study, by hours in the dissecting-room, by all sorts of disgust encountered and overcome, by long practice and familiarity with painful sights, by perpetually keeping up with all the last surmises, ideas, experiments, discoveries, by exposure in all weather, by sleepless nights and bitter experience. Hard work, unflinching interest, faithful endeavor, the lifting from us of all responsibility, wisdom, knowledge, skill—we have all this, and we quarrel with the bill! He came to us when the child was at its last gasp, and we felt a new strength come with him; he staid with us till the child was safe, fearing no contagion, sparing no fatigue, forgetting his own home and ease, and acting like one of the forces of providence. It would seem as if, were there gratitude in human hearts, this were its fit occasion; and it is really marvellous that we can any more think of questioning the doctor's fee than of quarrelling with a divine decree.