

to endeavour to make himself believe that the critic knows more about his abilities than he does himself, and to settle down into that state of self-satisfaction which is the tomb of all progress toward real excellence. Then, too, the journalist has a duty to the public to perform—for the people look to him for reasonably accurate information as to the merits of a performer or work. The influence and prosperity of a newspaper is limited by the extent of the confidence the public has in its policy and utterances. If the public is systematically misled in any one direction—in musical criticism, for instance,—the more intelligent will discover it, and their influence will certainly be adverse to the journal which has so far deceived them. The critic has also to consider that it is not just that a performer who has devoted much time, thought, and talent to his work should be disposed of by a paragraph, the phrases of which have often been used to indicate the qualities of some performance of which even the tyro knows enough to judge that it is far surpassed by the one last spoken of. I do not argue or believe that Ontario newspaper men are incapable of good writing on art subjects. What I do say is that newspaper proprietors, in justice to their readers, to artists, and to themselves, should place the department of art criticism in capable hands, and then support their critics against the attacks which people who are self-seekers, and too ready to impute dishonourable motives, are sure to make upon them.

Another obstacle to the rapid spread of musical culture in Ontario is the weak, sentimental, trashy character of Protestant Sunday-school hymnology. When, years ago, Bradbury and Root, and others in the United States, first published the collections of Sunday-school hymns which marked the introduction of the special "Sunday-school" hymn, and led to the virtual banishment of the church hymnary from the Sunday-school, they accomplished an evil work, whether considered from a religious or musical standpoint. As poetry and music calculated to exert a good influence upon the little ones—as good poetry and music—the namby-pamby ditties, adaptations for the most part of negro or minstrel melodies, wedded to weak poetical effusions which tell of "A Home Over There, Over There," "There are Angels Hovering Round," or "Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land," can no more compare with the rugged yet tender lines of the grand old hymns to be found in the hymnaries of the Protestant churches, set to tunes founded upon the magnificent chorales of the German churches or the equally inspiring strains composed by the old English writers of church music, than can the wailing of the sickly infant be compared with the powerful yet well-modulated tones of the orator. The type of hymn brought into common use by Moody and Sankey, and adopted by the host of their imitators, has also had a most pernicious effect, making the greatest of mysteries and most holy things common, lessening the reverence of the children for the Deity, and preventing the growth of a love for the really good and beautiful in poetry and music. It will take years of good instruction to overcome the influence of an early training in the use of these Sunday-school hymns. Yet who that has heard a band of little ones pealing out the strains of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah," and noted their intense emotional feeling, as their little throats swelled into that glorious "Hallelujah! King of Kings and Lord of Lords," but has felt that here of a surety was a grand illustration of a power of good music allied to genuine sentiment? The Sunday-school should be rid of the "Golden Harps," "Song Crowns," "Sparkling Diadems," and a thousand and one Sunday-school hymn books thrust upon the market by mechanical hymn-makers, and a return had to the church hymnary, if the coming generation is to advance as rapidly in musical art as could be wished.

I think the time has come when the establishment, upon a large scale, of a thoroughly equipped Conservatory of Music is a necessity in this Province. Such an institution would help the spread of true ideas of music, furnish a standard of musical teaching and criticism, and would help rather than compete with the large number of capable teachers now resident in the Province. Whether it would be a financial success is a problem. That it would do a good work there can be no question, and were it established there would then be no more excuse for sending our young students to New York, Philadelphia, or Boston for a thorough musical training any more than now exists for passing by Toronto University, and sending our young people to American universities to obtain a liberal education.

I take a hopeful view of the present state and prospects of music in Ontario. Those qualities which made the nations to which our fathers belonged the leaders in musical culture should and will have their effect on us, and as we have progressed in commerce and general education, so I believe we shall advance in musical culture.

F. W. WODELL.

M. WADDINGTON once told "a certain Eastern sheikh" that France would protect him when he was in the right. "That is not enough," quoth the Oriental; "we want you to help us when we are in the wrong also."

A PARIS PENSION.

THE Frenchman is a sort of *bureau de placement* personified. No matter whether one comes to Paris to improve one's mind, one's body, or one's toilet, he is ever ready with recommendations, and has at his command a score of professors, doctors, and tailors. Your own particular physician is always sure to be a charlatan, and your singing master an ignoramus. Alas that the foreigner should so soon catch this spirit; and we, ere long, find ourselves persecuted not only by the Gaul, but by our fellow Saxon.

No.—was a charming pension, but our little friend, Mr. Harmonicus, had discovered another, which he assured us was an earthly paradise. It was on the fifth étage, naturally, but of a most beautiful house, situated on the banks of the Seine. The entrance to this mansion was superb: the grand staircase of coloured marble, the concierge's room, princely; but nothing can so well describe the charms of this pension as the erudite landlady's card—(Authentic.) :—

MADAM JEAN B—.,
Diploma from Academy.

First-class Family Home. Boarders for learn French.
Furnace, lifts in house.

No.—, Avenue M—.

No.—, you see, had decided attractions.

There are certain peculiarities which Parisian pension-keepers possess as a genus. Whether these are real or factitious, they are, nevertheless, flaunted before the eyes of every stranger, upon whose lack of insight the Frenchman flatters himself with astounding complacency. You will invariably find that your landlady is the granddaughter, the niece, or second cousin of a count. She has lost her fortune—but any amount over a franc is a fortune in France—during the dreadful war of 1870, and finally she and that Jack-of-all-trades, her husband, not to break entirely with all their old habits of elegance and luxury, are pleased to permit a few friends to share their *vie de famille*, that they may not be forced to retire to more humble quarters.

No.— is saved by its situation. The view from the windows of that now famous fifth étage is unsurpassed in Paris. On the other side of the place or square, facing which the house stands, flows the Seine *Sous les mille jalots assise en souveraine*. To the west, rising like a rampart against the sky, the hill of Meudon, dotted with white villas; to the south, that vast sea of houses above which towers the domes of *Les Invalides*, and the Panthéon; and far away to the east, through a veil of mist, Notre Dame; to the north, the heights of Montmartre; and one has only to walk out upon one's balcony to view this magnificent panorama.

In Paris there are artists and artists. The Frenchman, the Russian, the Swede manage to be quite happy in the tumble-down old *pensions de famille* of the exterior boulevards, or the funny little rooms of the Latin quarter, but with the worthy Saxon it is another thing. If he is *exigent* at home, he is ten times more so when abroad. Then, with most of the Americans who come to Europe to study, art is not a matter of bread. They may have to put their talent in the market some day, but they inwardly hope and pray that hour may never arrive. In the meantime they are in Paris, and their life at times reflects some very pretty day-dreams. But alas! the rushes of cold reality are not infrequent.

Our pension was a perfect nest of artists. But this had its disadvantages. Imagine eight pianos, two violins and five *cantatrices* all going at once. No wonder the occupants of the étages revolted. Alas for the musician who dared to strike a chord after nightfall. If his room happened to be on the court, his efforts were instantly drowned by cries, from garret to basement—"Down with the wretched instrument!" "To the guillotine, the violin!"

Dinner-time was one of our few moments of respite. Then gathered in the dimly lit dining-room, a heterogeneous mass indeed.

At the centre of the table sits the landlady, with eyes and ears always on the strain, smiling, rusé, coquettish, a mass of pose. Opposite, her husband, ever ready to talk of things he most ignores, but prudently changing ground when a stronger foe comes on the field. Coward in all things, awkwardly polite, he is the type of a certain class, a class fortunately not large.

We have the proud sensitive Dane, the sarcastic little Swiss governess, the thoughtful, shiftless Russian, with her eternal "*que faire!*" the argumentative little English correspondent, who plays at an unended game of cross-purposes with the world in general, and his pretty *vis-à-vis* in particular—four sisters, Americans, whose conversation has more than the usual amount of dashing assertion, condemnation and aplomb. With these latter and a few others, we form the Saxon colony, the despair of our hostess, who sighs to the British correspondent—"Alas! that I cannot understand your beautiful *langue*." (Her mind truly French, ever turns to the same