

bears evidence of industry, care and painstaking, and the compiler has received flattering letters from some of the first English authorities on such subjects to whom the work has been submitted. While sensible that there may be room for such a compilation, even in democratic Canada, we should not be unmindful of the supplication of the ancient Anglican litany. "From all blindness of heart, from pride, vain glory and hypocrisy. . . . Good Lord deliver us."

### TIRRIL.

A youth shot by the accidental discharge of a gun, while hunting with one of the Professors of the school in which he was a student.

With luring note the hunter calls,  
The deer leaps to the fateful bourn;  
Down the blue deep the falcon falls,  
The bleeding dove is ruthless torn.

So fair a world, so sweet a day,  
How should they speak of woe and pain?  
How should they shake our hearts and say  
Where our our young hunter lieth slain?

The ancient shadow glideth still,  
Where'er we walk it cometh nigh;  
The busiest lives their measure fill,  
And youth may find a time to die.

A voice that sounded loudest cheer,  
And gave the note of purest glee,  
His comrades never more may hear,  
And one bright face they ne'er may see.

That spring of life doth guiltless flow;  
While autumn forests, golden-hued,  
Echo a sullen sound of woe  
Through all their sylvan solitude.

Ye moist red on the crimson'd leaves,—  
Ye drops that wayside grasses stain,—  
Ye faltering voice that vainly grieves,—  
Ah, who can bring ye back again?

A shadow lies upon the hill,  
Through each long hall it creeping goes;  
The playground echoes all are still,—  
Thy fate each awe-struck student knows.

But sorrow lifts her wail for thee,  
O, child, borne to thy mother now!  
That dark'ning stain, how can she see,  
Blent with death's pallor on thy brow.

Wild grief shall have of tears her fill,  
Till resignation bring repose;  
But, ah, brave heart, thou shalt be still,—  
Unharm'd by any wind that blows!

Yet He who marks the sparrows' fall,  
And the crushed lily on the lea,—  
Who hears His children when they call,—  
Hath surely taken thought for thee!

Hast thou no charm, O quiet grave!  
For those who in thy bosom lie?  
Hast thou not hid the good we crave,  
Which thou wilt give us by and by?

God knoweth all! Who giveth strife,  
Then rest, when labour ended is,  
Who maketh death the way of life,  
And sorrow's door the gate of bliss.

PASTOR FELIX.

### ART NOTES.

We expect soon to hear of the next exhibition of the Palette Club.

On Saturday evening last Mr. W. A. Sherwood presented to the Canadian Institute, at the first meeting of the session, a portrait of the Secretary of the Institute, from his own brush. The gift was acknowledged appreciatively, and the artist elected a life member.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid have returned from their summer home in Onteora, New York State, to their winter residence

in our own city, "bringing home their sheaves" in the form of many canvasses. They will be at home to one and all of their friends every Saturday afternoon in the delightful studio of their rooms in the Yonge Street Arcade.

The first "Saturday Night Sketch" of the season in connection with the Women's Art Association, met at the house of Miss Dignam, 250 Rusholme Road, about forty members and friends being present. Dr. C. E. Saunders, the well known flautist, gave a talk on "Pigments," dwelling on their stability and instability, when exposed to the light and atmosphere, and the chemical action when combined. He strongly discouraged the use of pigments that were not permanent, but which might be used on the grounds of cheapness or brilliancy, and recommended the use of such only as could be depend on for lasting qualities. The sketching was proceeded with diligently. Several flute solos were rendered during the evening by Dr. Saunders, and were much appreciated. The Saturday Sketch will be continued at the homes of the different members during the season.

Mr. T. H. Wilkinson, O.S.A., had on exhibition on Monday and Tuesday of this week, at the rooms of Dickson and Townsend, King street West, quite a large collection of water-colors. The result of the sale, which took place some time after going to press, we do not know, but to judge by the number of visitors coming and going, the prospect was good. Among the best of the pictures were a brilliant autumn vista in the Rosedale Ravine; a "Misty Morning"—a symphony in greens and greys, with the gleam of the white birch trunks; a brilliant sunset sky, in "Castle Rock;" and a fine glimpse through a stone gateway in "Old Marcelles." These are only a few of many good pictures, some of which show that the artist has seen and seized the picturesque of both town and country in our own land, for there seems to exist the idea that of that quality we have none here.

In addition to the very interesting collection of architectural drawings (which might possibly have been made of more value to the profession by the addition of plans and sections of some of the buildings, but certainly not of more interest to the public generally) the Art Association, of Montreal, has assembled many objects of a kind not often seen. Mr. Angus has lent models of windows and archways illustrating the Moorish architecture of the Alhambra; their wonderful decorations in red, blue, and gold are exactly reproduced and give a far better idea of the beautiful effect of Arabesque ornaments than drawings could do. The Hon. G. A. Drummond has also loaned some very quaint examples of old Chinese art work in wrought iron, showing what wonderfully delicate forms can be produced in this metal. Several choice water colors of interiors of English Cathedrals were very fine; the drawing for a sun-dial for a residence on Sherbrook street is quaint and original, and the technical skill shown in most of the work, notably in single windows, or portions of buildings, is excellent.

Mr. P. G. Hammerton, in "A Sketch of Francois Flameng" in *Scribner*, makes the following remarks on genius and its

environment: Some readers will remember a little treatise by M. Taine, on "The Philosophy of Art," in which he advocated the theory that the artist is the product of his time. Taine had a full belief in this theory himself, and supported it by many arguments and examples. Since then a new opinion has found expression. Artistic genius, it is said, exists independently of everything else, and there never has been an artistic epoch. *Spiritus spirat ubi vult* alike in time and space. The artist appears where he is least expected, and when the most elaborate preparations are made for his reception, the world may wait for him in vain. Each of the two doctrines contains a portion of the truth. The artist is nothing without a natural gift, and the natural gift is sure to prove abortive unless he is favorably situated for its development. Harmen, the miller, has a son born at Leyden, near the beginning of the seventeenth century. The artistic and theological influence of Leyden and Amsterdam operate upon the child, and the result is Rembrandt. The same influences operated upon a child of inferior natural endowment, and the result was only Van Vilet. But if the child Rembrandt had been born in the twelfth century he would have illuminated missals, and if he had the Shetland Islands for his birthplace he would have learned no fine art whatever.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Paderewski has said that he will not play the piano very much more in public, as he intends devoting his time almost entirely to composition. In that case we may never hear him in America again. During his short career thus far as a pianist, he has made a vast amount of money, perhaps quite sufficient to last him the rest of his days, so he can well devote his leisure time to creating art works, especially when he has such genuine gifts in that direction. Many of the world's greatest performers have done the same thing. The great Liszt latterly gave nearly all his time to composition, Rubinstein is doing so now, and d'Albert has recently said that he believes musical composition should be the highest ambition of every musician, no matter how difficult it is to win success. Friedheim remarked to us, not very long ago, that in all probability, in the course of four or five years at most, he would retire, also, from public piano playing, and engage in composition, for which he has great fondness, and also remarkable talent and originality. His piano concerto, a truly pregnant and beautiful composition, although bristling with the most torturous combinations of excessive technical difficulties, and which we had the good fortune to hear played twice by the composer when he was in our city last June, is considered by Mottl, the eminent conductor in Carlsruhe, to be the most brilliant and effective written in recent years. Saen-Saens is a splendid pianist, although he rarely plays—composition taking nearly all his time. It is the same with Moritz Moskowski, although he now and then teaches—and Emanuel Moor, the Hungarian pianist, now living in London, who is a fine player, but has practically abandoned the concert room, in order to have plenty of time to pursue the fascinating study of composition. Concert piano playing is excessively nerve-wearing. The technical demands are so