

theme spoken of above, and died out with the appealing tones of a solitary wood wind instrument. The last movement, *Adagio Lamentoso*, was mournfully lugubrious, almost funereal. And it did prove to be the funeral music of its inspired creator, for Tchaikowsky's death came rapidly after its composition. The world lost a great master, and a noble man when this great artist died.

Other numbers were the lamented Bohemian master's (Smetana) symphonic poem, "Sarka;" Schumann's overture to his one opera, "Genoveva," a couple of extracts from Wagner's *Tannhaeuser*, Beethoven's Minuetto, and finale from his string quartette No. 9 for string orchestra, and a Fantasia for violoncello by Davidoff played by Bruno Steindel. All the other orchestral numbers were performed in a most beautiful and finished style, and hearty applause proclaimed the appreciation of the audience. The cellist was lustily cheered, and he deserved it, for he proved to be one of the very best performers heard here in many years.

The Toronto Vocal Club (Mr. McNally, conductor,) will give its annual concert in Association Hall, on the evening of the 25th of February. The numbers to be performed by the Club I have not learned, but understand that the chorus is better than any preceding year. The prices are to be twenty-five cents (reserved seats any part of the hall), and surely with such a programme as will be presented, an overflowing house will assuredly assemble. The assisting artists will be local, but chosen from among the best of our talent.

Sousa's Band will be along early next week and give two or three concerts in Massey Hall. It is not necessary to comment on the brilliant playing of this popular band, for Toronto people know full well from past pleasant experiences how fascinating and exciting the performances are.

I have received from the Publishing House of G. Schirmer (New York) a new work on Arpeggios by Henri Falcke, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the most complete and useful of any work with which I am acquainted. Of technical finger exercises, and octave schools we have abundance, but the systematized work on Arpeggios in the forms to be met with in modern piano music, and for the development of really brilliant Arpeggio playing, and the cultivation of great technical skill in this branch of piano music, for some reason or other did not appear. The splendid French artist, Falcke, has supplied this need, and superlatively well has he done it. All forms and combinations of Arpeggios with passing notes, harmonic suspensions, etc., are supplied, and in a manner at once so thorough and exhaustive, as to prepare the hand for almost any form of passage growing out of dissonant chords. I have pleasure in bringing this excellent work before the notice of Canadian musicians and students as in the highest degree useful, and when once used will be found indispensable. It may be ordered through any dealer.

Schirmer also sends me a new Dictionary of Musical Terms, by Dr. Theo. Baker. It contains, as stated on the title page, "upwards of 9,000 English, French, German, Italian, Latin and Greek words and phrases used in the art and science of music, carefully defined, and with the accent of the foreign words marked; preceded by the rules for the pronunciation of Italian, German and French." It furnishes a concise and accurate definition, or explanation of any technical word or phrase, which is likely to be met with by the student. The work is very complete and one of the best as it is the latest of the kind. Handsomely printed and bound, it should be in the library of every student not already possessing such a work.

Mr. J. Lewis Brown sends me a new song of his composition very beautifully got out by the enterprising house of Whaley, Royce & Co., entitled, "A Fount of Music." James Russell Lowell is the author of the words, which are very beautiful, and the music is scarcely less so. Accompaniment and melody are sympathetically connected, and intensify to a passionate degree the character and meaning of the poem. Published in two keys, F and D. W. O. FORSYTH.

A neat little volume entitled "Memoirs of an Artist" has been received from the press of Rand, McNally & Co.

The work is an autobiography by Charles Gounod, translated into English by Annette E. Crocker. An autobiography of a great man is always of interest, especially to those who admire the productions of his genius and wish to become more familiar with the personality of the individual. Gounod in this work traces the course of his education from early childhood, showing how his artistic tastes were gradually developed, how for some time there was doubt as to what particular career he was best fitted for, and how the decision at last fell upon music in spite of the strenuous, though loving opposition of his mother. The father had died when the son was still a child, so that he was dependent on his mother for support during the whole time of his education; and to her he pays a tribute of profound love and admiration. The pages dealing with his residence in Italy contain many observations on the peculiarities, from an artistic standpoint, of the various cities he visited, and some space is also devoted to comments on the great paintings and other works of art found there. After relating his first visit to Germany, where he met Mendelssohn and other noted musicians of the day, he gives an account of his life on returning to Paris. There he began the production of his operas and other great works, but unfortunately the narrative breaks off just after speaking of the first performance of *Faust*, leaving very much of the history of Gounod's life untold. The style in which the book is written reveals an honest and lovable character, while the writer's occasional comments on his own works indicate the possession of considerable power of dispassionate judgment on his part—not a common accompaniment of genius. The translation of the volume is for the most part very well done, and so far as type and paper are concerned the book leaves nothing to be desired.

F. H. Cowen's church cantata, "The Transfiguration," which attracted considerable attention on the occasion of its first production (at the Gloucester festival last autumn), appears, from a study of the vocal score which recently came to hand, to be much less simple and direct in style than one would have anticipated, judging the composer from his best known works. A restlessness of tonality, a straining after effect, and an evident desire to avoid the commonplace at all hazards—peculiarities not usually found in Cowen's works—are observable in this. How far the effects striven for are actually obtained one cannot tell from the vocal score. It is evident that the work should be heard with orchestra, and that an organ accompaniment, no matter how well played, would be altogether unsatisfactory. In spite, however, of the prevailing peculiarities just mentioned, the chorus "O Jesus, none but Thee" is smooth and simple in construction, and beautiful as well. An organ accompaniment for this number would be quite satisfactory, and being well adapted for use in church services, as an anthem, it is worthy of the attention of choir-masters. It may be obtained separately.

At St. Simon's Church last Sunday, a short programme of music was rendered after the evening service. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison played some organ solos, Master Michael Young sang a contralto solo from "Elijah" and a soprano solo from "St. Paul," and Mr. Oscar Wenborne, whose voice has a decidedly tenor-like quality, contributed a baritone solo from "St. Paul." The music was much enjoyed by the very large congregation present. C. E. SAUNDERS.

Art Notes.

I AM sorry that my notes on the pictures at the Toronto Club had either to be prophetic or (practically) retrospective, so that I was unable to make a running fire of comment which my readers might have compared with their own views on the exhibition. But a review of the most important collection of pictures that Toronto has ever contained may not be amiss. Beginning with the room on the left of the top of the stairs we note, first, that it is devoted to French pictures, if we except the works of Van Marcke and Monticelli; and there is no finer group of pictures in the Club. Taking them in their order we first confront a picture by Duprè, which, to my mind, is not impressive though pretty. The Corot, which follows, is a very fine example of the master, having qualities of imagination which entitle it to consideration as being more than a study or fragmentary transcript of nature; and it may be classed with