

nary merit of her beloved, she replied, "My beloved is ruddy and white, the chiefest among ten thousand." A more potent influence than the warmth of the sun's rays has been at work here, and ancient history reveals some singular traces of it. Both in Italy and other countries the archaic images of the deities were painted red, and the traditional practice was, in some cases, long continued. It has been said that this practice was intended to please "the colour sense," by which is meant that these images were regarded as pretty gew-gaws. This is not likely, and the true explanation is that the colour red was sacred. All pristine creeds can, with probability, be traced ultimately to two origins. They are, in different disguises, the worship of the sun and the worship of humanity. Red became, therefore, an exceptionally odious colour when the ascetic temper gained possession of religion. The author of the Wisdom of Solomon betrays a profound antipathy in the following, "Or made it like some vile beast, laying it over with vermilion, and with paint colouring it red, and covering every spot therein." The coating of vermilion was plainly offensive to him, and he describes in another place the voluptuary as crying, "Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they are withered." Afterwards a fresh association was added, and scarlet typified not only the sins of Babylon, but their punishment. When Dante in his vision approached the Imperial City he saw that the towers in it were scarlet, as if they were just out of the furnace. In the great Russian dialect there was one word for good and for the colour red.

Although pure reds are comparatively rare in nature, the relatively high value which they obtain, as light becomes more intense, and they are contrasted with a blue background, tends to increase their reputation. Such bright reds as may be seen, as, for instance, in the petals of flowers, become more brilliant, and all visible objects acquire a reddish tinge. The fires of Phœbus and of Cupid are alike symbolized by the reds. Bacchanalian songsters have felt the instinct, and "red" and "ruby" are the favourite epithets of wine. Anacreon, in one of his Odes, declares that he will seek inspiration in draughts of red wine, and the epithet "red" is not simply ornate, but indicates a fiercer passion. . . . The taste of landscape painters for sombre colours may be in part a sentimental preference for red; for they cannot altogether disregard the natural colours, and most of these became broader when infused with red. But the necessity, explained by Professor Helmholtz, of qualifying the tones in order to make the representation true, has most influence. They are compelled by their limited scale of light and dark to reject pure colours where these violate the relative truth. For this reason yellow is the colour which is most valuable where rightly used, most fatal when misapplied. It is composed of green and red, which contains all the larger waves, and is, for this reason, the aptest representation of light. The fashionable taste for sombre colours in dress has a different origin. It is, in part, caused by a just desire to select such colours as give the greatest value to the natural colours of the complexion, but is also a protest against the natural taste. Fashions are always in part artificial distinctions between the rich and poor, or the reputable or disreputable classes.—*The Nature of the Fine Arts, by H. Parker.*

#### ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON PROHIBITION,

LORD BRAMWELL begins by saying that his cause needs no apology because it is just, moral and in conformity with the practice of all mankind. If so, what need is there to be much moved by those whom he evidently regards as a small and wrong-headed minority. It is because, as he assures us, they have said, and have been permitted by their opponents to say, we are the righteous, the good, the virtuous; and you are wicked, bad, and vicious! Now I would respectfully ask Lord Bramwell who has ever said this? Can he, out of reams of temperance literature adduce a single sentence to that effect? I have attended temperance meetings in Aberdeen, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Durham, Sunderland, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Derby, London, Bristol, Oxford, Cambridge, and many other large towns, and I have never heard anything distantly approaching to such an allegation. There is not a single reasonable advocate of temperance who would not regard so Pharisaic and uncharitable a judgment as perfectly detestable. Of course when a cause is taken up by advocates of all degrees of wisdom and unwisdom, it is quite possible that, from lack of education, or in the heat of argument, or in the excessive fervour of sincere but ill-regulated zeal, some of them may have used language which might constructively be pressed to this absurd conclusion. But a cause must be judged on its own merits, not by the most extravagant and uncredited utterances of its least competent partisans. For myself, I can only say that, during nine years of total abstinence, I have never so much as told young persons in confirmation classes, or even children in my own national schools, that it is their duty to abstain; and as for morally condemning millions of wise and virtuous men who are not abstainers, I know no total abstainer who would not heartily despise himself if he could be guilty of a judgment so wholly unwarrantable.

Lord Bramwell must surely be aware of two very patent facts, the one that the chair is very frequently taken at temperance meetings by clergymen and gentlemen who at once open the proceedings with the remark that they are not abstainers; the other, that the great Church of England Temperance Society is avowedly founded upon a double basis, and that the non-abstaining section of it is intended to be in all respects as honoured and as prominent as the other. As regards the vast mass of English abstainers, it is a wholly groundless charge to say that they pride themselves upon their own practice in the matter; and still more to say that they condemn or desire to encroach upon the independent judgment or the moral liberty of their neighbours.—*Archdeacon Farrar's Reply to Lord Bramwell in Nineteenth Century.*

#### MUSIC.

THE death of Ferdinand Hiller at Cologne, on May 11th, closes another of the few remaining lives which link us with the days of Mendelssohn and the past generation of composers. Hiller was, like many great composers, of Jewish parentage, born at Frankfort (in 1811). He commenced receiving instruction on the violin, but afterwards took to the pianoforte instead, which he studied under Aloys Schmidt, the writer of some well-known technical studies. At the age of ten he played a Mozart concerto in public, and at twelve began to compose. He afterwards studied with Hummel and also in Paris. He was the friend of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, and all the great musicians from Beethoven to the present day. His compositions are numerous, varied and of the highest rank; but his influence has been strongest as conductor, teacher and critic. He belonged essentially to the old school, hating Wagner and all his doings. He was always outspoken on this subject, but never descended to abuse or petty jealousy.

THE new cemetery at Vienna contains a part where all persons of merit and celebrity will be interred. To this place the remains of Beethoven and Schubert will shortly be transferred. Mozart's grave is, strange to say, unknown; but a monument will be erected to his memory in this new "Poets' Corner." The skull of Haydn is missing, but is in the possession of a surgeon of Vienna, who will probably be compelled to give it up. After his death the skull was stolen and another sent to Prince Esterhazy in its place. The cost of the monument which will be erected to Beethoven in this cemetery will be defrayed by the Musical Society, and that of the Schubert monument by the Vienna Men's Vocal Union.

AN interesting musical performance recently took place in the Sing Akademie, Berlin, when two pupils from the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind at Norwood, London, Mr. Alfred Hollins and Mr. John Moncur, performed before a large audience, among whom were the Crown Princess and Sir Edward and Lady Malet. The object of the performance was to show in Germany what had been done in England for the education of the blind. These gentlemen, who were taken over by Dr. Campbell, the founder and Principal of the Norwood College, produced a marked effect on their audience. Mr. Alfred Hollins, who is only nineteen, performed with great success a Beethoven's No. 5, Schumann's Op. 54, A Minor, and Liszt's No. 1, E Flat Major; whilst Mr. John Moncur's rendering of Beethoven's "Adelaide" and David's "O, ma maitress" was such as to call forth the remark by a competent critic that he was the only tenor in Berlin.

A HIGHLY successful performance of the "Elijah" was given last week by the Ottawa Philharmonic Society, under the conductorship of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. Both band and chorus, numbering about one hundred and twenty, acquitted themselves admirably. The former, led by Mr. C. Reichling, consisted of local players reinforced by about a dozen from Montreal; Mr. F. Boucher, the well-known violinist, resident in Ottawa, also gave his assistance in the orchestra. The character of *Elijah* was taken, in the first part, by Mr. F. M. MacDougall, whose excellent rendering of this music is well-known to Toronto concert-goers. In the second part, Mr. E. Belleau assumed the character, and also acquitted himself admirably. Mrs. Hodgson (Miss Maloney, formerly of Toronto) and Miss Denzil kindly assisted in the soprano and alto parts respectively, and several ladies and gentlemen of the Society performed the concerted music in a most satisfactory manner. Miss E. Patrick took the solo, "Woe unto them," giving it with much effect. A marked feature of the concert was the magnificent singing of Mr. T. H. Norris, of Boston, who was specially engaged for the solo tenor parts. This gentleman has been heard in Montreal, but never in Ottawa, and his rendering of the important part given to the tenor was quite a surprise for the audience, who gave a rapturous *encore* for his singing of "Then shall the Righteous." Mr. Norris is young, has a fine voice, good method, great feeling and declamatory power, and has undoubtedly a fine future before him as an oratorio singer. This concert concluded the fourth season of the Society, during which time it has performed the following creditable list of works: Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," Spohr's "God, Thou art Great," Van Brees' "St. Cecilia's Day," Handel's "Messiah," Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" (twice with symphony entire), Bennett's "May Queen," the with portions of "Elijah," Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," and other works.

"THE Mikado or the Town of Titipu," the ninth operetta from the facile pens of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, has so far won a brilliant success at the Savoy Theatre, London, England. The comparative failure of its predecessor, "Princess Ida," led many people to predict that Mr. Gilbert would in his next libretto abandon the vein of grotesque absurdities which he had previously so industriously and so successfully worked, and that on his next effort he would supply a subject which his talented *collaborateur* would illustrate with music of a more serious kind. The first performance of "The Mikado" proved that there had been no foundation for such conjectures. The dialogue and situations are as unnatural, extravagant and ingeniously perverse as those of any former production by Mr. Gilbert, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's muse is again devoted to the embellishment of the unreal and the absurd. "The Mikado" is entitled a Japanese opera; but no attempt has been made to give a local colouring to the music, which is as unmistakably English as anything Sir Arthur Sullivan has written. On perusing the edition of "The Mikado," as supplied by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association, of Toronto, we discover that the story is devoted to the love-history of *Nanki-Poo* and the fascinating *Yum-Yum*. The course of true love, as usual, refuses to run smoothly, and the great *Mikado*, the father of *Nanki-Poo*, declares