

## Periodicals.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes occupies some 84 pages of *Lippincott's* for December with her readable story "Mrs. Hallam's Companion." Readers of artistic, sporting or literary tastes will each find something to please in this number. For have they not "Living Pictures at the Louvre," "Shooting Bob White" and many other contributions of varied interest to entertain them?

The *Expository Times* for November is good, if hardly up to the high level of this excellent periodical. Mr. Headlam continues his "Theology of the Epistle to the Romans." We shall be interested in his next contribution on "Righteousness of God." A brief article by Mr. Adamson on Wendt's "Norm of Genuine Christianity" deserves attention. The "Great Text" is 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

The first paper in the *Methodist Magazine* for December deals with Japan, and is by the Rev. John Saunby, M.A. It is descriptive of Missionary work in the Land of the Rising Sun. The editor, in the Tent Life in Palestine Series, conducts the reader from Baalbec to Beyrout. The Rev. Frederick George Scott contributes a simple, yet touching poem entitled "Hymn of Trust." Much other interesting and profitable matter will be found in the December *Methodist*.

That grave and weighty periodical the *Political Science Quarterly* brings us a number of thoughtful articles on questions relating to the science of politics. Professor F. W. Taussig, under the caption "The Tariff of 1894," argues strongly for the study of such subjects by "the best intelligence of the country." Such questions as the income tax, the assimilation of nationalities, the Negro Suffrage in the South, and the new Belgian Constitution are ably discussed in the December number of the *Quarterly* by specialists.

Stephane Mallarme entertains the readers of the *Chap Book* for 15th December with a lively French poem entitled "Les Loisirs de la Poste." Helen Leah Reed calls "The Maxman" the one book of the year. It's enormous sales put the imprint of public approval on this view. "Le Bain," by F. Valloton, contains about as ugly a display of grotesque nudity as we have seen for many a day, and yet this is called art (?) Eugene Field, on the next page rhythmically writes of the day

"When reverently I brooded o'er,  
The glories of Boccaccio."

Katherine Bates contributes the story "An Impassable Gulf," and "The Land of the Straddle Bug," is still considered by Hamlin Garland.

Dr. George Stewart, in the December number of the *Canadian Magazine*, gives us as clear and graphic a picture and as just an estimate of the mystic, naturalist and author, Thoreau, as we have seen in the same space. D. McCaig favours us with a stirring poem entitled "Thanksgiving Morn." Mr. James Cleland Hamilton has contributed an able historical paper to this number on "John Brown in Canada." From many sources Mr. Hamilton illustrates and enforces the lessons of the life of the intrepid abolitionist. Mr. Frederick W. Falls' article on "The Thousand Islands" is bright and pleasing, and is charmingly illustrated. Charles Gordon Rogers tells quite cleverly "How I went Duck Hunting" and R. Holmes supplies one of the most fetching illustrated papers we have yet seen in this magazine. Bravo *Canadian*, progress, is our comment—Excelsior, is your aim. May, December '95, see your brave, patriotic venture as far ahead of this, as it surpasses December '93.

Napoleon, and his time, are favourite topics for magazine discussion and we are not surprised to see in the place of honour in *Macmillan's* for December a paper entitled "A Conversation with Napoleon at Elba." It is a republication of a pamphlet which came from the press in March, 1823, nearly two years after Napoleon's death and was written by Lord Ebrington, a British officer. It is a most interesting brochure, but ordinary English readers will have to brush up their French as perhaps a fourth of the article is in that language. The illustrious Talleyrand received

short shrift from His Emperor. "He spoke of Talleyrand as the greatest of rascals, 'un homme capable de tout.'" After enumerating several of his (Talleyrand's) not over-virtuous deeds, Napoleon thus dismissed the subject—"Mais que voulez-vous d'un homme dépourvu de tout principe, de tout honte, enfin d'un prêtre défrôqué, d'un évêque marié et marié avec une putain?" Canon Ainger's "Poetæ Mediocres" in this number is good.

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## Music and the Drama.

It is intended to give a performance of the "Messiah" every Christmas, and its production the other evening, in the Massey Hall, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington, can be considered as a commencement of such a custom. We believe the idea is a good one, and that, if it once becomes associated with Christmas yearly, our people will appreciate it more and more, and look forward to its performance with increasing interest and sympathy. We were unable to be present at its production on the 13th inst., but learn that the choruses were sung with noble body of tone, and with capital swing, and that light and shade were more carefully attended to than usual. The great choruses of Handel so sung are wonderfully effective, with their swaying masses of tone, and intense climaxes. Mr. Mills, the eminent English baritone, achieved a distinct and thoroughly deserved success, and we are glad that arrangements have been made for a return visit of this artist early in January. He will then give a song recital in the Massey Hall, when we hope to be able to speak more analytically of his singing and general style. The other soloists, it appears, did not do themselves justice for some reason or other, consequently not a little disappointment was felt by the audience. The orchestra might have been better also. The amateur element was largely in evidence, and managed to make themselves heard too distinctly, as is usual on these occasions, much to the regret of those who would have it otherwise. But the wishes of the few in this city are not always taken into consideration, especially as regards refined and finished orchestra playing. Ask any great conductor, and he will tell you that one bad player in an orchestra is one too many. In Toronto, where it is difficult to procure a sufficient number of good players to form a large orchestra, we think it would be infinitely better, in every way the matter is looked at, to have a small orchestra of select performers, who would at least give us a pure musical tone, even if it was not a very large one. We venture to say that the soloists would also appreciate such a weeding out, and feel grateful for such a change.

The Galt Philharmonic Society, of which Mr. Walter H. Robinson, of this city, is the conductor, gave its first concert of this season on the 11th inst., to a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Robinson has talent for conducting, and, before long, granted the opportunity is afforded him, our people will be bound to recognize it. We notice this in the way the University Glee Club sing under his baton, and we also observe it in his enthusiasm, in the rhythmical steadiness of his beat, and in his manner of interpreting and presenting a composition to the hearer. Besides this, Mr. Robinson is ambitious, and he works.

Miss Eva N. Roblin, our Canadian *prima donna*, has, since her return from Europe, twice visited her native town of Picton, appearing in song recitals before large audiences. On the occasion of her first visit and her exquisite rendition of "The Angels' Serenade" the audience was very enthusiastic. Miss Roblin had left home several years before, a mere child, returning but recently after an interval of study abroad. It is not generally known that a former *prima donna* of Canada, Madame Albani also lived when a child in Prince Edward county, appearing for the first time in public before a Picton audience.

Theodore Thomas' celebrated orchestra of Chicago will give a concert in the Massey Hall in January. We hope the rumour is correct, and that it will materialize. We confess to a feeling of hunger for some fine orchestra music, played by such an organization, and we know there are plenty of others who have the same feeling.

The twelve Fantasy Pieces in three parts of which we have received the first and the last, by Adolf M. Forester the Pittsburgh composer, are well constructed poetic trifles, bearing the titles, "The Evening Star," "Sylvan Spirits," "Evening Bells," "Canon," "The Sea," "Harelequin," "Pretty Marie," "Triumphal March," "Antique," "Prelude," "Mazurka" and "Homage to Rubenstein." The latter work is perhaps the most ambitious of the set, and has been evidently inspired by the No. 10 of Rubinstein's "Kammenoi Ostrow." Mr. Forester is always earnest and sincere, and what he says is always said like a musician and an artist. The "Prelude" and "Mazurka," in part 3, have an especially fine musical and characteristic flavor; the former is dignified and rich in treatment and the latter is graceful and flowing, although quite vigorous in style. The pieces will doubtless find many friends. Kleber & Bro. of Pittsburgh are the publishers.

A. & S. Nordheimer have published a sacred solo for Mezzo Soprano or Alto entitled "Thy Will Be Done," the music by Lawrence Sumerville. The song is full of faults in harmony, and crudities which betray the ambitious and self-conceited amateur. We can see no reason for the publication of such songs; they have no musical merit, and this one has not even the swing about it necessary to catch the ear of the frivolous public. The song should have been looked over by a competent musician before being engraved.

The Toronto Vocal Club announce their first concert for this season in Association Hall on the evening of January 29th. Miss Jessie Alexander, elocutionist, Miss Maggie Huston, Soprano, and Mr. J. C. Arldridge, Flutist, will assist. The chorus numbers some 50 voices, who are now, we are told, singing admirably.

"Stately Grace" is the dignified title of a pretty little piece for the piano by J. Lewis Browne. It is without octaves, and is, as its title indicates, both stately and graceful. Whaley, Royce & Co. are the publishers.

Charles Scribner's Sons and William Briggs of Toronto, announce publication of a volume of essays by Mr. W. F. Apthorp under the title "Musicians and Music Lovers" which we have just received. These essays are admirably written, and we have thoroughly enjoyed reading them. The writer is well known as a critic of culture and excellent judgment, whose writings are pregnant with ideas which exhibit a wide range of vision, and an analytical insight into the structure and character of the art works he criticises. More than this he shows his keen observation of the idiosyncracies of musical amateurs with their frequently ridiculous, and almost insipid expressions regarding music and musicians. We have this type of music lover in our own midst and can well appreciate what our author says respecting him. To understand and thoroughly enjoy music one must be able to separate it into its component parts, to examine its organic unity, to note its lyric or dramatic expression, and its power of appealing to the intellectual faculties as well as to the heart. Otherwise the enjoyment cannot be intense, neither deep nor lasting. Why then should musical works be condemned by persons totally incapable of passing an opinion of the slightest value concerning them? Music lovers so-called, yet not loving it enough to even acquaint themselves with the various forms of composition, or to fix their minds upon any work sufficiently to enable them to comprehend even a suggestion of its meaning. As Mr. Apthorp says: "When they think they are talking about music, they are often not talking about it at all, but how it makes them feel." "They are too fond of merely hearing music, and have not sufficiently formed the habit of really listening to it. The italics are ours. "A hundred things they say about music, a hundred questions they ask, show plainly enough how utterly they mistake the relative importance of various elements in the art." How true this is, every musician knows. The essays, "Some thoughts on Musical Criticism," "John Sebastian Bach," "Additional Accompaniments to Bach's and Handel's Scores" and "Music and Science," the latter closing the volume, are very fine. There are so many excellent things said, that we feel that we should like to quote passages from each, but quotations, being isolated from the subject matter from which they are taken, are