

Quite a large audience assembled in Massey Hall last Tuesday evening on the occasion of the fifth annual concert of the Toronto Orchestral School, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington. This organization, which consists almost exclusively of amateurs, is doing good work in giving to them such training as could scarcely be obtained in any other way, and while it cannot be expected that an orchestra of this character will give as fine a performance as would a body of experienced professionals, the manner in which the programme was rendered showed that considerable earnest work had been done in the way of preparation. The orchestra was assisted by several well-known local soloists, who evidently gave much pleasure to the audience, while the performance of some of the young students—who are scarcely known to the public as yet—was worthy of much praise.

The regular monthly meeting of the Toronto Clef Club was held on the 7th inst. In addition to the usual informal proceedings a paper was read by Mr. J. Humfrey Anger in which he related some of his own experiences when engaged as organist in an English town. The essay proved to be interesting, instructive, and amusing, and was listened to with much pleasure by the members of the Club.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

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Art Notes.

IN a group of young and rising portrait painters, mentioned in these notes last week, William Carter's name was placed beside those of more brilliant and showy men; but it is to be questioned if Calkin, Furse or even Shannon will have a more lasting fame. Mr. Carter's development has been slow; but a steady gain in power has marked his course not only in respect of technical skill but in those great essential matters of design, arrangement, light and colour. In 1886 he exhibited in the Royal Academy a tenderly beautiful portrait of a young girl wearing on her brow a wreath of ivy; and from that time till the present date he has been represented at the yearly exhibitions by portraits which, like that of 1886, were of a high pictorial quality, and showed powers of refined and poetic conception. That Carter is not wanting in the gift of portraying his sitters recognizably is indicated by the fact that he is in demand as a portrait painter. The matter of getting *likeness* is probably a certainty with him, and it is much to his credit that in the course of some ten years of busy practice the allurements of commercial prosperity have not led him away from his early ideals of what his art should be. On the contrary, he is always improving; and, while some of his more popular rivals are showing those signs of decay which come with the hasty and ill-considered production of a prodigious number of portraits, he is content to complete a few which are on a high artistic plane, each canvas being the modest and legitimate theatre for the exercise and development of the artist's powers.

Although there is no technical display in the work of William Carter the critic would be sadly lacking in acumen who failed to discover that he is, in his own way, a technician. He is a sound painter who is the more to be commended for his reticence because the temptation to win a cheap *clat* by the display of a spurious masterliness must be great in such a metropolis as London, where fame (even though it be ephemeral) is won by a single *bravura* effort, and where fortunes are made out of one lucky "hit." The tendency to technical precocity, which is only too evident in London, invariably results in premature decay; and we may found upon a real intellectual superiority, or upon the splendid basis of actual genius. Amongst the younger men who seemed to reach their technical zenith without a corresponding maturity of their intellectual faculties was the gifted but disappointing Hugh Glazebrook, who, after painting a few portraits in Canada,—and they were very good, I am told—returned to London, gained a measure of popularity, and achieved some degree of artistic success. His methods were largely founded upon those of Shannon; and profundity is not to be expected from the reflection of what is shallow. With Carter the growth of power has been slow, but he has at last attained a mastery over his mater-

ials which enables him to give us occasionally a picture, such as the lady holding a black fan, of two years ago, which would be difficult to outclass in the quality of brilliant incisiveness. He inclines to a sober key of colour, but with strength and depth. His pictures of old people are distinguished by a dignified repose; and occasionally there is a fine mysterious quality in one of his deep toned canvases where the figure looms dimly out from its envelopment of gloom.

E. WYLY GRIER.

The twenty-fourth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists was opened on May 5th and has been largely attended. Amongst the oil paintings are "Notre Dame," a strong sunlight effect, and the "River Thames," by F. McG. Knowles. Several Scotch mountain scenes by Miss I. Tully, who has three pictures now on exhibition at the Royal Academy in London. Mr. Wyly Grier exhibits "A Pastoral Symphony," one of the largest canvases in the collection and a portrait of a little girl. Miss Clara Hagarty has a couple of broad studies of sea and beach and some studies of foliage.

Mr. F. I. Challoner has a striking head study of "A Blonde," and Mr. W. E. Atkinson a large moonlight landscape and several smaller ones.

The water-colours are numerous and include several mountain peaks, by F. M. Bell-Smith, English and Scotch scenes, by W. Smith, C. W. Manly, Joseph Rolph, A. G. Boulton, etc.

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My Hope.

My hope is for the little feet,
That now are playing on the green;
That they when play and toil are o'er:
May wander to some blissful shore.

My hope is for the little hands,
That gather wild-bloom in the morn;
That they may bear a fadeless flower,
To the angel-land at sunset hour.

My hope is for the heart that yearns,
To find the answer love would bring;
O'er white-fleeced waves with golden crest,
May full-winged sails fly home to rest.

ANTON RETHAL.

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The Life of a Theosophist.*

THIS is a strange book; and yet its contents are no new thing. Whatever we may think of Mrs. Anna Kingsford, *née* Bonus, having a father "descended from a great Italian family which enjoyed distinction in the Middle Ages for the variety and excellence of their gifts"—one of them being "a noted alchemist and occultist," a fact which may account for the qualities of Mrs. Kingsford—whatever we may think of this lady, her character, her gifts, or her works, people of similar pretensions have lived before, and they will live hereafter.

Her collaborator, or affinity, or other pole, Mr. Edward Maitland, writes like a gentleman and a scholar, although sometimes his English is a little queer, and even his grammar not always what we should expect from an Oxford man. However, he has every appearance of being sincere, although to some persons his sincerity will be more apparent than his sanity. When we mention that, in his Preface, he speaks of "The world's foremost Revelators and Saviours," we can understand the double horror that will come over some readers.

Many outsiders are apt to jumble together mesmerism, animal magnetism, spiritualism, and theosophy; and not unnaturally different views are taken of these subjects individually and collectively. By a good many persons spiritualism, for example—that is to say, the calling up and materializing of departed men and women by means of a medium—has been regarded as a sheer imposture; and it is beyond question that a good deal of imposture has been connected with it. Nor is it otherwise with certain kinds of mysticism or theosophy. A certain Mr. Harris, who appears in these pages, and who was, at one time, the prophet and guide of Mr.

* Anna Kingsford: *Her Life, Letters, Diary and Work*. By Her Collaborator, Edward Maitland. In two volumes. London: George Redway. 1896.