

MRS. L. B. WALFORD, in the New York *Critic*, says of Sir Noël Paton that he has just finished a very important picture: As is now his almost invariable custom, he has chosen a solemn subject, and, it must be confessed, to my mind, a dreary one. "De Profundis" represents a female figure climbing a mountainous path, amid chill mists, which rise out of black, impenetrable darkness beneath. The figure, miserably clad in soiled and tattered raiment, with long black hair streaming loose, and bare arms extended, represents a struggling human soul, which the divine form appearing above is drawing upwards to a land of joy and peace. Sir Noël Paton has written some verses descriptive of the picture, which are worth perusal, as affording an insight into its fuller meaning. The conception is certainly a noble one; but I confess to a distaste for Sir Noël's colouring—especially for his free mixture of red and blue—and look forward to the engraving of "De Profundis," preferring, in nearly every instance, the engravings of his pictures to the pictures themselves. A trifling reminiscence connected with this subject may interest your readers. Some years ago I chanced to meet Sir Noël Paton on the shores of a beautiful Scottish loch, all alone, with an open Bible in his hand. He put his finger between his pages as he rose to greet me, and still kept it there as we talked. Supposing he might be devoting a quiet hour to devotional reading in the secluded spot, I made no remark on the nature of his studies; but after a few minutes he observed, with a glance downwards, "You see, I am getting a new picture." He then proceeded to explain that it was his habit, before setting down to his winter's work, to walk about in the neighbourhood of his summer residence, wherever that might be, with his Bible in his hand, seeking for an inspiration. Sometimes the inspiration came almost immediately; at others, he was weeks before he could please himself. The following spring appeared "The Good Shepherd," one of the finest of his works.

MR. HOMER WATSON'S recent success in London, England, is praiseworthy and gratifying. The pictures mentioned in the following descriptions, from the pen of the Hon. James Young, communicated to the *Galt Reformer*, have the one been hung in the place of honour at the Goupil Gallery, Bond Street, and the other been purchased by the manager of the Gallery and hung beside some of the best examples of Clausen, Peppercorn and J. Hitchcock, who may be pronounced the most prominent of the younger men of the English school: 3. "The Edge of the Forest." This is a charming painting, and, so far as an amateur can judge, one of the best productions of Mr. Watson's brush. There is a very natural foreground, then the edge of the forest, the foliage of which is dense and beautifully natural, while through below the trees glinting in the distance is a typical Berkshire village bathed in a flood of light. The foreground, the forest, the village—all are beautifully conceived and skilfully executed. Though not so large as the former two, this seemed to be the gem of the collection, and is a picture at once so striking and pleasing, that it will be surprising if it does not greatly attract Art connoisseurs and raise its author a niche higher on the ladder of fame. 4. "A Lothian Moorland," is a sketch of Scottish moorland, redolent of the land of "brown heath and shaggy wood," and the details of which are very naturally and pleasingly worked out. We have pleasure in presenting to our readers some views of Mr. Watson on the new phases of Art which is styled "The Impressionist." Millais, Leighton, J. Watts cling more to the old way of painting as exemplified by the early masters, but the younger men with an eye and idea of getting something new and fresh in the world of art have studied the laws of light and evanescence, i.e., the way objects melt into the subtle medium of atmosphere in which they are environed. In landscape it is no longer a question of painting, a view, or well-known scene, that takes with those well qualified to judge as to the merits or demerits of this art. It is rather the expression of some idea or of some mood of nature and generally of some simple subject in which scope is given for the full play of what artists now consider the great essential thing, and that is the value of objects as they show as colour tones. To represent these with a full brush, suggesting by well studied strokes nature's infinity of detail rather than niggling at the lesser truths, attention to which breeds conflict always with the large essential truths. Rendering a thing in this way has been called impressionism. When done with masterly as in the best examples of Whistler and the three men named, it conveys a sense of lasting joy; but there are those who seek by this method to slight work. They are not artists and are not recognized by those who are faithful in work and study; too often however such empty productions are viewed by the public as examples of the impressionist school. They are really the weeds of the art field. The true impressionist is he who leaves on his canvas a large array of what has been discovered to be the most artistic truths of nature, all expressed with the knowledge, sought out, that a feeling for spontaneity and breadth of handling gives.

OUR deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds.—*George Eliot*.

I HAVE enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.—*Schiller*.

THE Spartans do not enquire how many the enemy are, but where they are.—*Agis II*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

WE are to have Sims and Raleigh's much-talked-about comedy "The Grey Mare" next week from the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Nothing is more indicative of the change in English taste, than Mr. George R. Sims' appearance as a co-author of this bright comedy. Mr. Sims is a skilful purveyor to the popular taste, and when he turns to delineation of comic scenes and characters it is a pretty sure sign that the days of the roast-beef melodrama are for the present ended. The tendency has, of course, been for a long time a marked one, but the accession of so distinguished a convert to the school of dramatic fun makers is a notable incident in the development of the drama. The piece is to be done by Daniel Frohman's special company of players.

ASSOCIATION HALL.

ON Tuesday evening, November 1st, a most enjoyable entertainment took place at Association Hall. The hall was well filled and the audience showed their appreciation by the somewhat primitive method of encoring every time. Miss Agnes Knox, the well-known elocutionist who has recently returned from a most successful trip to Europe, gave some excellent recitations. Miss Knox has undoubtedly mastered the technique of her art and possesses a full yet exquisitely modulated voice; but both these accomplishments are acquired by men and women of a very inferior order. This lady has something besides, something which Delsartism or the mastery of the mechanism of the emotions can never give, a spontaneity which stamps the artist *per se*. These seven selections with which Miss Knox favoured her audience showed her in very different rôles. As *Cleopatra*, without a soupçon of stage illusion, she certainly threw into a somewhat turgid poem a force and feverish energy peculiarly her own, and one could not help wishing that she had chosen instead a passage from "Antony and Cleopatra," or those beautiful lines in "A Dream of Fair Women." Amongst her lighter selections may be mentioned a pathetic little piece, entitled "The Shadow on the Wall," some rather mournful verses with the refrain "I Only Know She Came and Went," and one of the Ingoldsby Legends, to all of which she did more than justice. In Aytoun's "The Island of the Scots" Miss Knox was perhaps at her best; the fire of these splendid lines, which never degenerate into bombast, was given in all its fervour. And the pathos of them, the subtle transition from a patriot's pride to an alien's sorrow, was shown in all its intensity. In her reading of perhaps one of the most difficult passages in "Hamlet," Miss Knox showed the dramatic instinct which prefers latent force in reserve to ungoverned emotion *en evidence*. The Enterpia Choir opened the programme with "Anchored," and received a well-merited encore; their "Calumny Slumbers" at the commencement of Part II. was also exceedingly pretty. This is a new organization and deserves great credit. Miss Maggie Huston's charming voice was heard to advantage, particularly in R. de Kovens, "A Winter Lullaby." Mr. F. Warrington, who was received with much enthusiasm, sang some comic songs in his rich baritone and with all his accustomed vivacity. The "Handel Male Quartette" delighted the audience with "On the Sea" and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," both of which, needless to say, were encored. The entertainment was in all respects one of the very best we have witnessed in the hall this year.

ON Saturday, November 5th, a novel and attractive institution was brought to a successful close; we refer to YE OLDE ENGLISHE FAYRE. The Pavilion was crowded every day with men, women and children who looked and bought and wondered, and looked and bought again. The illusion was complete; there were the olde costumes and with them something of the spirit of that old-time merrie England when there were bull-baits indeed but no school boards. A special feature was the representation of the seasons of the year through the medium of tableaux and dances, in which over a hundred performers took part. Amongst these were butterflies and bees, imps and cupids joining hands in the mad merriment of the world of dreams. Mrs. George Artkurs, Mrs. Drayton and Mrs. Bendelari are to be congratulated upon having designed and staged this lovely dream labyrinth, in which the harmony of mingled contrasts was completely attained. In the quaint costumes of long years ago many fair faces could be seen in the shops and booths surrounding the square. Each department had its own peculiar style of dress, and the square seemed literally to flash with light and colour. On Wednesday and Friday afternoon the Upper Canada College Musical Society, under the excellent leadership of Mr. Walter H. Robinson, gave an attractive programme. Space will not admit our entering into detail in regard to the several performances of very high merit which took place at the faire. Suffice it to say that the people of Toronto appreciated a very audacious attempt to revive even for a few days those poetic "old times" so alien to the positivism of to-day. We cannot speak in too high terms of the energy and good taste of Mrs. Herbert Mason, the president, and of the able manner in which she was seconded by the ladies of the St. George's Society, ye exchequer of which doubtless will now be filled with doubloons and guineas galore.

THAT indefatigable gleaner of musical facts, fancies and figures, Mr. A. Willhartitz, of Los Angeles,

Cal., sends us the following tables, which are quite ingenious and interesting. This is what Mr. Willhartitz says: "It may be of interest to your readers to be shown in a concise way which country is best entitled to the name of musical. Of 9,260 names in my forthcoming lexicon, where the nativity of the different musicians is given, I find the following—being the true showing—to wit:—

Albania.....	1	Malta.....	3
Arabia.....	6	Mexico.....	1
Austria.....	368	Netherlands.....	36
Belgium.....	173	Norway.....	11
Bohemia.....	238	Persia.....	1
Brazil.....	3	Poland.....	33
Canada.....	5	Portugal.....	42
Chili.....	1	Rome.....	18
Corfu.....	1	Roumania.....	1
Cuba.....	2	Russia.....	119
Denmark.....	40	Scotland.....	32
England.....	1,105	Spain.....	233
Flanders.....	2	Sweden.....	31
France.....	1,349	Switzerland.....	42
Germany.....	2,569	Syria.....	1
Greece.....	27	Turkey.....	2
Holland.....	188	United States.....	595
Hungary.....	89	Wales.....	8
Italy.....	1,929	West Indies.....	1
Ireland.....	49	Zealand.....	1
Jamaica.....	1		

Austria should have included Bohemia and Hungary, which would have swelled the number to 696, but the latter two countries were nearly always considered separate, and so it was left thus on this occasion. Holland, Flanders and the Netherlands might have been bunched; also England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, which would have given Great Britain 1,194. The great number of English musicians given in comparison to Italy, Germany and France may be accounted for by the fact that Sir G. Grove and his assistants, as well as their several followers and successors, have raked and scraped the British Isles for names of musicians, many of whom could not have figured as such before German, Italian and French compilers. My 'Lexicon' being in its characteristics a compendium to all existing musico-historical works, I was obliged to bring all given names. While England has 1,194 names, the United States of America have but a few above one-half the number, viz., 595, which, of course, falls short of a true showing. Whether the English are more forward than we are, or whether the average or probably the better musicians seek seclusion and shirk notoriety, remains a question. I have spent time, money and labour for the purpose of giving a good and true showing of what we are doing as a musical country, but am very much afraid that I am falling short a goodly number."—*The Musical Courier*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

AN ISLAND PARADISE AND REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL. By H. Spencer Howell. Toronto: Hart and Riddell. 1892.

This is in all respects a beautiful book. The binding is not only in excellent taste, but is thoroughly suited to the contents. The paper and type are nearly as good as they could be. So far, our commendation applies to the publishers; and we may assert that Messrs. Hart and Company who are famous for the beauty of their publications have seldom put forth anything quite as charming as the volume which lies before us.

When we go on to remark that the "Reminiscences of Travel" here put on record are not undeserving of the form in which they are given to the public, we have said enough to commend a book which will furnish most readers with information and all with entertainment. It was by what is called an accident that Mr. Spencer Howell made his way from Australia to Canada by way of the Pacific and the Hawaiian Islands—the "Paradise of the Pacific"; where he spent a few weeks at Honolulu, its capital, and a week on a trip to the volcano country of Hawaii. Out of this latter visit which contained a descent into the active crater of Kilauea (a foolhardy undertaking, the writer says) came a paper which was read before the Canadian Institute, which is here enlarged into five chapters giving an account of the history of the islands, their natural features, and particularly of their beautiful capital. Hawaii is not unknown to Englishmen or Canadians. In various ways we have got to know a great deal about its people, especially the noble Kamehameha II., and his Queen Emma. Moreover the little book of our accomplished neighbour Mrs. Forsyth Grant has added considerably to our knowledge; and now we have this admirably written account by Mr. Howell which previous publications have in no way rendered unnecessary. We wish we could give some extracts. We have marked several as worthy of quotation and adapted for the purpose; but space forbids.

The second part—"Reminiscences of Travel"—consists of ten chapters, describing first a journey "across the American continent" from Toronto to San Francisco, which has some charming sketches of our own country and of California. In the third chapter we find ourselves at Ceylon and India. The writer does not generally give us any details of his journeys from one place to another, but drops down, as it were, upon the locality and proceeds to tell us all about it. We think this is a good plan, and saves a good deal of time. After India we find ourselves at Malta, at Gibraltar, in London; and then (chap. v.) at Brussels and Antwerp and Edinburgh. The only detailed account of a journey is one of a voyage of eighty days to Australia, part of which, as may be guessed, was spent