

her element, and he follows her to her spirit home. The sea-maiden leaves him that she may obtain the sea-king's sanction to the union, but he with the storm-spirits, has already doomed her to death for loving one of mortal birth, and she re-appears to her lover only to announce her fate. He, for his temerity, is driven from the spirit land, and cast back by the tempest to the shores of the upper world. The sea-spirits lament the maiden, the serfs, the death of their master. The work opens with an introduction, or short overture for the Orchestra, descriptive of the weird sounds of the sea when the winds are hushed and the waves are calm. The strings begin pianissimo, gently increasing; the wood instruments are added, and lastly the brass. The vocal score begins with a chorus of male voices, melodic in conception and bold in construction. It stands out in strong relief against a background of contra-puntal figures and harmonic progressions by the Orchestra. This chorus was very effectively rendered, both Orchestra and voices performing their parts conscientiously and with precision. The next number, a recitation and aria, "The Full Moon is Beaming," was sung by Mr. Jenkin, of Hamilton. With reference to this gentleman we are compelled to assert that a second hearing has fully confirmed the opinion we expressed in a previous number. Undoubtedly Mr. Jenkin has a good tenor-robusto voice, and we allow that he has musical feeling and a fair share of musical knowledge, and it is this alone that serves him from utter failure. By his method, which is really an absence of all method, scarcely two notes following each other, are of the of the same quality of tone, and while it is true that *a* (broad) may be employed as a vocal exercise, it is simply nonsense to change the sound of other vowels, as for instance in the duet, "Here may we Dwell." The word "dwell" is used in the coda of the duet, several notes being written against it; the vowel *e* has, as nearly as letters can express it, the sound of *er*, but Mr. Jenkin sang it dw-er-er-a-a-a-erl, thus converting the simple word "dwell" into dweraerl. The question suggests itself, "where are all our native tenors?" Leaving this to the philosophers we proceed. Especially deserving of notice, both with regard to the composition and its rendering, was the chorus of Storm-Spirits, "Down through the Deep." The orchestral score is here replete with tone, imagery corresponding to the sentiment of the words, "Mid the Eddying Sweep," "Down! down! where the cold waters creep." The play of the violins here represent the eddying of rushing waters. The word "Down!" occurring at periodic intervals by chorus in unison and descending step by step.

"Down to the darkness at last
By the mountain that stood
Bald ere the flood:—
Down where the sea blossoms wave,
Down!
By the mariner's grave:—

The music reaches its climax at the line "Bald ere the

flood," and the following is calm and soothing until the lines

"Through the wide ocean, desert and strand,
They have passed to the bright spirit land!"

Here the melodic form becomes more definite, the harmonic progression simpler; the struggle is over, the goal is won, and a sense of satisfaction and rest is conveyed as the chorus closes in the major key. In our opinion this is one of the most dramatic choruses written, and it is due to the members of the Philharmonic Society, Chorus and Orchestra, to say that the very excellent manner in which they rendered it is deserving of great praise. Mr. Warrington as "Sea King" was in good voice, and the next number, a recitation and aria, "The Sea Rules All," was by him very happily sung. Miss Hillary, as "Sea Maiden," sang a recitation and aria, "Our Home Shall Be." This lady, so well known to the Toronto public, sang her numbers conscientiously and well. Her voice is clear, sufficiently powerful and well developed, and her method correct, but an absence of passion in the tone of the voice makes itself felt; it is lacking in color and warmth. Thus, in the rendering of oratorio and other sacred music, where all human passion is forbidden, Miss Hillary's style and voice will appear to better advantage than in works of a dramatic nature which require dramatic force and coloring. By this we do not mean any fault, if fault it be, of a positive character, but merely negative, for in every other respect her numbers were charmingly rendered. "Hail to Thee! Hail to Thee! Child of the Earth." This chorus in triple time is bright and sparkling, and makes a charming contrast to the more solid form of the previous numbers. The Cantata closes with chorus by *Serfs* who seek their master in the following words:—

"The dark storm is past, but the day cometh late,
All night has the watch dog howl'd at the gate;
Where is the Lord of Dunkerron?—Oh! where?
In the hall?—No, not there! In the chamber?—Not there!"

This is replied to by the sea maidens, who from the dark waters bewail the loss of the sea maiden, closing with the words:—

"Oh! ne'er will the sea maiden come—nevermore!
All lost to our rite on the song haunted shore;
Lost to the bright spirit land evermore!"

The second part of the programme, which was of a miscellaneous character, opened with the Overture to Oberon (Weber). This overture as an orchestral work is not difficult, but at the same time it requires careful playing to render it effectively. The orchestra was not all that could be desired in reference to its strength and completeness, but it must be borne in mind that this is the fault of circumstances over which the conductor has no control. The pianissimo opening by violins was neat and clean, the attack vigorous, and the light and shade carefully preserved throughout. A scena and aria, "Softly Sighs," from (*Der Frieschutz, Weber*), was sung by Miss McManus. This young lady has a clear soprano voice of good compass, equal scale and musical quality, and we should judge is possessed of much musical enthusiasm. As yet her voice is only partly cultivated and