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some things in music that he never could say again even in his masterful symphonies. He struck a universal human note that appeals to the common man. The Requiem is a work of seven choruses with solo passages for soprano and baritone, taken by Miss Marie Stoddart and Mr. Gwylim Miles, both of New York. In character it is not liturgical, but rather oratorical. In technique and colour and emotional expression it far transcends any oratorio. It is perhaps sufficient to say that it contains nothing which was not adequately expressed by the Choir. It is quite certain, however, that the character of the work was not fully appreciated at a first hearing; that if the work could be given by the Choir next season, more would be got out of it expressively by the Choir and more appreciated by the audience. It is to be hoped that the Choir will not wait too long before repeating this remarkable work.

On the Tuesday evening programme another of the three great B's of music was worthily represented in the two choruses from the great B Minor Mass of Bach. Here again the average Canadian listener was taken by surprise. Those who had conceived of Bach as a mathematical formalist found that for prodigality of exuberant melodic expression in harmonic form this master has said enough to last the world till the day of Judgment. One rather acute listener observed that these Bach choruses with their marvellous figurations and polyphonic treatment were heathen rather than Christian; perhaps pagan rather than heathen in their boundless extravagance of tonality. But it will be noted that Bach wrote nothing, however exuberant and gorgeous in colour, that was not under the rigid rule of the greatest form writer the world ever knew. These choruses gave people thrills which they so could not describe nor wholly understand. It is doubtful if any choir in the world ever sang them any better. As heard in Toronto they were in some respects the greatest tonal productions ever given in this country; much too ornate and prodigious to be given as part of any church liturgy and written not for any particular liturgy so much as for the church universal. The only fault that could be found with these works was that the organ was too thin and that the orchestra played the concluding passages after the choral part of the *Hosanna*, and as the work is scored for only part of the orchestra the effect after the symphonic work of organ, chorus and voices was that of anti-climax. Next year it is possible that the whole of this great Mass may be given by the Mendelssohn Choir. It will be a pity, however, if this is done without the support of a big complete organ such as is being hoped for in Massey Hall and only awaiting the removal of a hitch between the Massey Hall authorities and the City Council.

The unaccompanied works of the Choir this year were unusually generous in variety and better than ever in performance. The possibilities attained in previous years were far exceeded in the ravishing pianissimos and crescendos of this year's programmes. Much of this is due to the fact that the average quality of the voices is higher owing to judicious selections of new material; much more to the fact that the ensemble of the Choir arising from experience is of a much better and richer texture. The colouring of the voices is warmer. The Choir is able to sing a fortissimo without the suspicion of a shout and the most ethereal pianissimo without the painful thinness of a divided tone. The most notable unaccompanied numbers were those by

Elgar, Lotti, Cornelius and Palestrina. Some of these had been given in previous seasons; Elgar's "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land" being done in the early history of the Society when the effects obtained were far less beautiful than now with a larger and more experienced choir. The Lotti *Crucifixus* was also given last season and surpassed in the work of this year's choir.

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THE Theodore Thomas Orchestra forms an ideal harmonic union with the Mendelssohn Choir. The conductor, Mr. Frederick Stock, expresses himself as satisfied that the orchestra has found a body of singers trained with the same artistic fidelity and intellectual appreciation as characterised the discipline and development of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. It may be a far cry to Chicago, in miles and money, but after this year the Toronto public will look for the Theodore Thomas Orchestra as a foregone accompaniment to the Mendelssohn Choir. The soloists employed this year were in keeping with former traditions and achievement, although Mr. Miles' performance was rather colourless. Mr. Cunningham deepened the favourable impression he had made earlier in the season, and Mr. Josef Hofmann won a triumph which looked at one time as if the fourth concert would become a pianoforte recital. The brilliancy of the Liszt numbers was magnetic but the Chopin interpretation was a temperamental revelation which captivated a city that has already heard this season such pianists as Hambourg, Paderewski and De Pachmann. The close of the week was marked by an attendance quite equal to that of the first night and the community feels an added debt to the conductor who has made his choir of continental reputation and to the organisation which spares no pains to make each cycle an epoch in Canada's musical attainment.

\* \* \*

A SOMEWHAT suggestive discussion was heard last week during which a Chicago citizen accused Toronto audiences of a lack of warmth, declaring that if the Mendelssohn Choir belonged to Chicago, loud cheers and the most lavish applause would fall to the lot of the conductor. "Why, a Chicago audience would fairly mob Mr. Vogt if he belonged to them."

"But the size of the audience—the fact that every seat in that hall was taken—is loud enough proof of our appreciation," replied a Toronto man.

The capital of Ontario is not hysterical over music or art, whatever it may be over champion shots or oarsmen. Toronto knows perfectly well that it has the best choral conductor in Canada and felt every confidence when Mr. Vogt led an invasion to Carnegie Hall, New York, last February. Toronto will send sixteen thousand citizens to attend the Mendelssohn concerts during one week and will continue to do so. During last autumn, if the papers of Chicago are to be believed, the feminine audience listening to M. Vladimir De Pachmann went so wild with enthusiasm as to climb on the platform and storm the piano-stool. Canadians do not indulge in these picturesque outbreaks but their appreciation is all the more likely to endure. They are exceedingly proud of Mr. Vogt but they are not capable of yelling "bravo" after the Latin fashion.

Mr. R. E. Knowles tells in his earliest novel of how a young Canadian pastor, from a canny Scottish-Ontario town, journeyed to South Carolina where he preached in an historic Presbyterian church. A pretty girl was complimenting him at dinner in sugared, Southern phrase about