

taking me to task for non-appreciation of the dailies and otherwise giving me a gentle push. The dailies—oh! we are quite satisfied with them. Here is a Saturday supplement with "cribs" from *Cornhill*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Times*, *Black and White*, *Review of Reviews*. What I mean is a different thing—the systematized reference to what is best in the purely literary periodicals with occasional extracts lengthy enough to give one a good idea of the whole. My correspondent understands me now, perhaps, better.

A SERENADE.

OH sweet, my sweet, may perfect rest
Unto your sleep belong;
May holy dreams and visions blest
Around your slumbers throng,
And angels stand with outspread wings
To guard your soul from hurtful things,
And shield your life from wrong.

My darling, in your sleep to-night
I pray your dreams may be
Fair and bright, and sweet and light,
And beautiful and free,
Till night shall melt away in morn
And I shall greet the day new-born
That brings you, love, to me.

O, hours of darkness, speed apace!
O, morning, tremble through
The slowly-fading night, and chase
The shadows from the blue
Of night's chill sky, and let again
Abiding Love's all potent reign
Its daily course pursue.

Brandon, Man. A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

ART NOTES.

CLOSE OF THE SPRING EXHIBITION OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

THIS event took place on Saturday, the 25th ult., and the pictures have since then been gradually dispersing to their purchasers or those who were fortunate enough to obtain prizes in the Art Union. The gallery will remain open until September. Though the financial results are still far from such as the enterprise and outlay expended would fairly warrant, still this year is a decided advance upon previous years. Sales have been more encouraging, and the daily attendance has proved a decided increase in public interest. So far all is well, but there is still room for greater encouragement for our local patrons, and it is not too much to say that the daily attendance would require to be multiplied by ten before the community could be held free from a charge of indifference to the deserving efforts made by this Society to cultivate the growth of art in its midst. It has been suggested that were the artists of Canada to make an effort to obtain the co-operation of their brethren at home, inducing contributions from men of note, as is done in Australia, a great awakening would take place. As we now have very fair exhibition galleries in Montreal and Ottawa, and an excellent one in Toronto, why cannot something of the kind be done by the profession which would eclipse any effort of private dealers? In these days of facile travel the well-to-do classes are generally more or less familiar with the great exhibitions of the world, and what is required to attract and to satisfy them seems to be an exhibition national in character and of such excellence as will bear comparison favourably with any elsewhere. We look to those who have this matter at heart to move in this direction.

WHERE SOME OF OUR ARTISTS WILL SPEND THE SUMMER.

MR. T. M. MARTIN purposes a visit to the United States; Mr. O'Brien will seek subjects near home; Mr. Manly is across the Lake among the historic battle-fields of Canada; Mr. M. Matthews and Mr. Forshaw Day again go to the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast; Mr. Verner has started for England; Mr. T. H. Wilkinson is in the western part of the Province; Mr. Gagen goes to the coast of Maine for a short vacation; Mr. Blatchley goes to British Columbia; Mr. and Mrs. George Reid are in the Catskills, where they are building a summer studio; Mr. Bell-Smith is shortly expected home from Europe; Mr. Carl Ahrens has gone to Eastern Canada; Mr. Brymner is now in the Rockies, and Professor Coleman started for that region last week; Mr. Forbes is again invited to England to execute some important portraits; Mr. J. W. L. Forster's studio will remain open through July; Mr. Bruenech will replenish his canvas in Muskoka; Mr. Knowles and Mr. Challener are still in Europe.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

AT the annual general meeting of the Toronto Vocal Society, held last week, it was announced by the Hon. Sec.-Treas., Mr. J. N. Sutherland, that "Mr. W. Edgar Buck, who has so ably wielded the baton for this Society during the past two years, has, for reasons expressed in his letter upon the subject, resigned the musical Directorship of the Society." It was also stated that the Com-

mittee had appointed Mr. Schuch as Mr. Buck's successor for the coming season.

HASLAM VOCAL SOCIETY.

MR. W. ELLIOT HASLAM has unfortunately, owing to protracted illness, resigned the conductorship of the Haslam Vocal Society; his successor is not yet announced.

MUSICAL AT-HOMES.

THE musical elements contained in the closing exercises of "Cootherstone House," Toronto, were excellently prepared and carried out, reflecting great credit upon both instructors and performers, making Wednesday, June 29th, a red letter day in the annals of this successful Institution. Mr. J. L. Blaikie in distributing the prizes made several happy and appropriate remarks. Rev. Thos. DesBarres presented a special prize for Theology; Mrs. W. Edgar Buck also gave two prizes to her most deserving pupils in French conversation. Several pupils of the principal, Miss Jopling, and her talented sisters, received rewards for proficiency in music and drawing; the latter were presented by Mr. Jopling, recently of Paris, being pictures in water-colours from his own brush. A large and fashionable assemblage witnessed the exercises.

THAT extensive establishment on College Street, Bishop Strachan's School, sustained its well-earned reputation at the final exercises of the season on Wednesday, June 28th, in the presence of a large gathering. The instrumental music department was efficiently represented by the students under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, and the vocal class did great credit to Miss Emma Patrick, their instructress, in their singing of the cantata "Pearl," by Harraden. An advanced pupil in solo singing of Mr. W. Edgar Buck, whose name appeared on the programme for a vocal selection, was prevented from appearing on the platform owing to recent indisposition. The students of this favourite College owe much of their proficiency to the assiduous care of Miss Grier, the principal, and her able staff of assisting teachers. Rev. Dr. Davies presented an additional prize for the best recitation. The prizes were duly distributed in order of merit, with appropriate eulogies, and gave every satisfaction.

MR. G. S. LAYARD, in his new interesting life of Charles Keene, one of *Punch's* great artists in black and white, tells us the draughtsman greatly loved music, read it well at sight, and belonged to sundry well-trained choirs. But strangely his chief musical affection lay with the bagpipes. He insisted there was no instrument like it. He knew every type of the instrument, and was learned in all kinds of bagpipe lore. Such a curious fascination for "the old instrument of Gaul" has not been uncommon, although Southerners for the most part escape the fascination, whatever it is. Mr. Layard mentions that Keene's persistent practice in his lodgings of this strident instrument was the source of a good deal of difficulty with his landlady. Doubtless he had pity for her as an ungenerate Southerner.

THE second performance was given recently of M. Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," with the same cast and with equal success to that which attended its recent production. Undoubtedly the chief merit of the work lies in the happy manner in which the music accentuates and carries out the idyllic character of the story. Viewed apart from the text, the scoring is often thin and poor, but it is always appropriate to the occasion it illustrates. The work, moreover, is an advance on "Cavalleria Rusticana," inasmuch as the composer seems to have written independently of Italian traditional forms, and to have been entirely actuated by a desire to fulfil the dramatic exigencies of the text. The most important numbers in the first act are *Suzel's* expressive little song as she presents *Fritz* with her birthday offering of flowers, and a weird song sung by the gipsy youth *Bepps*. The second act contains two duets between *Suzel* and *Fritz*, and the Rabbi *David* and *Suzel* respectively, which form the most charming numbers in the opera; and the third act contains a fine tenor air for *Fritz* and an expressive love duet. Many other beauties will be revealed to those who give the work more than a single hearing, which it certainly deserves.

FROM the *Musical News* we gather the following interesting information: The Princess Karadja, in her pleasant and readable book, "Etincelles," remarks that "not to be able to play the piano is a talent as charming as it is rare." Certainly the facilities and educational advantages of modern life open the way to the abuse of many good things. But there is another side to this notion—one of the many brilliant "Flashes" in the Princess Karadja's entertaining book—there can be no objection to everyone possessing the charming talent of being "able to play the piano," any more than there can be no objection to everyone being able to write a letter. The real objection lies in the fact that most people play the piano badly, and as a rider one may add, many who try to play the favourite keyboard instrument would be doing better with some other instrument. Dr. Johnson heard a lady play a piece of music he was informed was "difficult," and he had the blunt frankness to say he wished it had been "impossible." The keynote of the matter might be expressed in the paraphrase "not to attempt to play the piano upon slender qualifications and attainments is a talent as charming as it is rare." To know and to do that which is possible for us to do, and to avoid that which is impossible, is to possess artistic judgment of a very high order.

WE learn from *Sport, Music and Drama* that two ladies by the uninterestingly Teutonic names of Mrs. Wach and Mrs. Benke were among the attendants at a recent service at Westminster Abbey. Dr. Bridge selected for the anthem of the occasion Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer," because the two ladies were the surviving daughters of the composer. They expressed to him their appreciation of the performance, and especially of the singing of the choir-boy who took the solo in the well-known composition. The greatest triumphs of Mendelssohn were won in England, where his oratorio of "Elijah," written for one of the Birmingham festivals of half a century ago, ranks second in popularity to-day only to Handel's "Messiah." Also from the same source, that Sir Arthur Sullivan a few days ago celebrated his fiftieth birthday, receiving hearty congratulations and floral tributes from many friends. The reports of his health are, however, disquieting. He does not seem to recover from his long illness as rapidly as was hoped; and an American musician who recently visited him in London utters a gloomy prediction to the effect that he will never be a well man again. The musical world will hope that this prediction will be falsified. Arthur Sullivan has founded a new school of light operatic music, after having won recognition as a solid and dignified composer for the Church. He is the leading English composer of the century, and has the warmest wishes of everyone for his speedy and complete recovery.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

IMPERIA: A STORY FROM THE COURT OF AUSTRIA. By Octavia Hensel. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1892.

A pretentious but very inferior work. The plot is involved and obscure, and the story is simply impossible, although the author alleges that it is a true one, told as she herself learned it. Apart altogether from its defective literary workmanship, it is a story that can do no possible good, and one in which, we think, no intelligent reader could find any interest.

THE ERL QUEEN. By Nataly von Eschstruth. Translated by Emily S. Howard. Illustrated. New York: Worthington Company. Paper, 75 cts.

This is a thoroughly good story—one that we can commend without hesitation to our readers. There is a liveliness in the dialogue, a colour in the descriptions and a sprightliness in the narrative that we do not always find in German novels. The translation, too, seems to be admirably done. Sir Arthur Helps somewhere says: "Women are always more literal than men in their rendering of anything that is before them, and they would make the most accurate translators in the world." In this case we cannot speak of the accuracy of the translation, but the English is excellent.

HAZELL'S ANNUAL FOR 1892. London: Hazell, Watson and Viney, and Hodder and Stoughton. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is the seventh year of issue of this exceedingly useful compilation. It may, in large measure, claim to be, as its title page represents, "A cyclopaedic record of men and topics of the day, containing above 3,500 concise and explanatory articles, on every topic of current political, social, biographical and general interest referred to by the press and in daily conversation." Of course one cannot expect infallibility in such a work, and the Canadian reader will be surprised to find Ottawa awarded a population of 118,403, and Toronto of 86,445. Then under biography we should have liked to have found mention of the Hon. Edward Blake, one of the greatest living Canadians. Take, however, such headings as "Art," "Astronomy," "Germany," "Literature," or "Trade," and one may see at a glance the pains taken, the labour expended, and the great amount of useful information comprised within the 726 closely-printed pages of this invaluable handbook.

GRANIA: THE STORY OF AN ISLAND. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. New York and London: Macmillan and Company. 1892.

ON the bleak and gloomy canvas of the Islands of Aran in Galway Bay, off the coast of Ireland, the author of this novel has drawn a masterly picture from apparently most unpromising material. Indeed the work we have already had from the same deft hand proves its possessor to have a touch quite out of the common. Amid scenes of poverty and wretchedness, which invest the story with a pervading gloom, the lives and characters of the poor and uncouth fisherfolk who eke out a wretched subsistence from the troublous sea, which is but poorly supplemented by the barren island rocks on which they exist, are described with a power and pathos which give to the story the spirit and movement of life. This is a story, indeed. It is a tale of living beings, struggling to live where life seems almost impossible. In this remote corner of the world, and from amidst these sad surroundings, we see the glow of human love, the fire of human hate and the ebb and flow of circumstance—in lives, it may be, far removed from our ken, but that nevertheless impress upon us their power. The strong yet gentle hand which has written for us in these pages the fortunes of Grania O'Malley, Murdough Blake and Shan Daly may justly claim to be