

MUSIC.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE Toronto Vocal Society, which was organized a short time since with a view of cultivating the highest kind of concerted vocal music and making unaccompanied part singing a distinct specialty, has announced its first concert to take place in the Pavilion Music Hall, on the evening of Tuesday, April 27. The concerts of this Society will fill a long-felt want in Toronto, as the programme will embrace many beautiful works which would otherwise be left untouched—works which depend more on the refined delicacy of their rendering and perfection of detail than on broad and massive effects.

Chief among the novelties Mr. W. Elliot Haslam, the musical director and conductor, has selected for presentation at this concert, will be a setting of Tennyson's beautiful lines, "Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O Sea!" by Sir George Macfarren; an arrangement of "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," as sung by the celebrated Lambeth Choir, of Glasgow, before Her Majesty at Balmoral; "The Winds Whistle Cold," the opening glee for male voices, from "Guy Mannering," by Sir Henry Bishop; and a sacred motet by Gounod, "Come unto Him," which was the test piece selected for the Choral Competition last summer in London.

It is a part of the constitution of this Society that the net proceeds of concerts be contributed to some one of the different city charities, and as no public recognition of the valuable services, as hospital nurses, rendered last spring in the North West by the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine, and been given, the first concert of the Society is to be in aid of that Order, and will be under the patronage of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Robinson, Colonel Otter and officers of "C" Company, Colonel Miller and officers of "Q. O. R." Colonel Grassett and officers of "10th Grenadiers," Major Gray and officers of "Toronto Field Battery," Captain McMurrich and officers of "Garrison Artillery."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

OUTLINES OF PSYCHOLOGY. Translated [from the German of Hermann Lotze] and edited by George T. Ladd. Boston: Ginn and Company.

This volume forms Volume IV. of Lotze's "Outlines of Philosophy." The present translation is made from the third German edition of the dictated portions of the lectures delivered by Hermann Lotze some quarter of a century since. Prof. Lotze was the son of a physician versed in human physiology and pathology, and was admirably fitted by native faculty and practice to deal with the great science of psychology. Perhaps no better compend of truths touching the science of Mind than this, at once so brief and comprehensive, is to be found in all the literature of the subject. It covers a wide range, not, as is usual in psychological treatises, relating exclusively to the details of the phenomena of intellect, but including precisely the subjects into which all most desire to look—the seat of the soul, its reciprocal relation to the body, its essential nature, and even its realm. Prof. Lotze was the German of the widest culture that has yet approached these deep problems. He stood between the two schools of thought which yet dominate philosophical speculation—those holding the all-explaining doctrine of evolution and those holding to the ideal construction of the universe. Primarily an idealist, he yet at each step takes account of the naturalist position, trying, however, not so much to unite naturalism and idealism as to exhibit the two side by side and to assert for each its proper place. The present portion of his philosophical work, although only a brief presentation of outlines, is the most profound of all, and the one that will appeal with most force to the student, and to all thoughtful readers desirous to grasp the principles of modern philosophical movement without the labour of mastering all the details. The translator is Professor of Philosophy in Yale College, and it only remains for us to say that he has done his work—which we are sure must have been a pleasure to him—with admirable exactness, using a terminology beautifully clear and simple, although translated from so scientific a language. Where so much is pregnant with meaning, it is difficult to select a passage for reproduction; but we do so with one on "Immortality," which, perhaps, may show the author's bent:—

Touching Immortality . . . it is no subject for theoretical decision. In general we simply hold the principle to be valid that everything which has once originated will endure forever, as soon as it possesses an unalterable value for the coherent system of the world; but it will, as a matter of course, in turn cease to be if this is not the case. However, this principle is wholly inapplicable in our human hands; we cannot presume to tell in what the merits might consist which justify such duration, or what the deficiency which makes it impossible.

SOCIAL STUDIES IN ENGLAND. By Sarah K. Bolton. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

This must be a deeply interesting volume to all interested in the higher education of women. It is made up of twenty papers dealing for the most part with the education of women in the special schools and colleges

of England; at Cambridge, Oxford, the London University, University College; with the new avenues of work opened to women in the practice of needlework, decorative art, floriculture, cooking schools, and in nursing; and with special reference to the charities and work of Agnes E. Weston, Mrs. Spurgeon, Miss de Broen, and the Peabody Homes. The author spent two years in making her studies and investigating the various institutions she has described, and the result is a collection of facts upon the subject which have never before been brought within the compass of a single volume, and which is of the utmost importance as a handbook of reference for readers and writers. In her account of the London Charities we came across the following pathetic experience:—

We used often to go to George Yard, Whitechapel, to see the noble work of George Holland, who has given his life to ragged schools. Since such schools were started, nearly forty years ago, three hundred thousand children have been rescued from crime to become good citizens.

The last time we took tea with the white-haired man, two bright-looking boys came into the room, perhaps nine and ten years of age, one with a shrivelled leg, and the other with a deformed arm. We said to one, "John, tell us about yourself, where you have lived, and what you have done." "We used to live in a fine house, mum, and father were a preacher, an' there was big folks come to see us. Father drank, and then mother, an' we left the big house, an' come to a alley." "And how did you live after you came to London?" "Father died, and mother got wus" (worse); and then he added with a chuckle, "We steals knives an' sells 'em for sixpence, and buys buns for a penny!" "How did you get hurt?" "Jim was runned over by a 'bus, an' I gets my arm smashed by hangin' onto a wagin. You see, mum, we's allus on the streets nights, cause mother shoves us out o' bed, an' you have to hang onto wagins or suthin, to pass the time. You can't stay long in a place, less you find an empty barrel or suthin, cause the bobby (policeman) he rushes you along."

And these are only two of noble George Holland's hundreds.

AFTER HIS KIND. By John Coventry. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

This is a charming little story of English country life. It is introduced by a prologue timed some seventy years earlier, wherein one Devil Dick sails from America for England—which was the last of him; for he was lost at sea, although not drowned. And another and a counterpart Devil Dick appears in the story itself, which is placed in an English village, the ancestral seat of the Shustones, of which ancient family the American Dick was a cousin. And the connection between these two Dicks is one of the mysteries of the book; which beside this wonderful thing, is full of many interesting incidents and much entertaining talk among the old-fashioned English country folk. It has also its tragedy, the accidental shooting of a young woman, which, however, opens a path to the closing of the story in a way that ensures the happiness of the chief personages with whom we are concerned. Altogether, a delightful work, of a perfect literary style which gives it a peculiar charm of its own. We have seldom read a story of the kind with greater pleasure, and this feeling of having a finished production before one is enhanced by the dress it appears in. The "Leisure Hour Series" of books is in a handy form, well printed on good paper, and tastefully bound; *elegant* in the proper sense of the word. But let us introduce one of the beauties of the book:—

And as he stood arrested in an attitude of instinctive courtesy, astonishment, admiration, and delight were expressed in all the aspect of the man; for his gaze rested upon a wonder, and the wonder was in the beauty of the girl. Such beauty is not for intricate dexterities of description; rather is it for the heart of the beholder, for the imagination of the reader, not for the wordy weavings of the story-teller, who, if he be wise, will confess, in confronting the inexpressible, the limitations of his art, and forbear to beat the air. But that this girl (whose part in the drama to be enacted here will appeal to our generous emotions) may appear as a form of flesh and blood and not a misty phantasm, as a person and not a mere voice, I would fain trust my reader to construct for himself from the simplest elements the ideal Phyllis, who alone can be real to him.

Her age, twenty; her stature, not so tall as to be important, nor so short as to be trivial; her form, round without redundancy, and soft without voluptuousness; her feet and hands, large for a princess and small for a peasant; her complexion, fair and blush-tinted,

Blushes that bin
The burnish of no sin;

big brown eyes, habitually curtained under drooping lids, or raised for a moment in shy perplexity or appeal; a glory of red brown hair, the rare "auburn" of poets and painters, massed in rich shadows or shot with golden lights with every movement of the beautiful head; lips, surpassingly lovely in curve and colour, but too often pathetic and tremulous; *item*, two brown eyebrows; *item*, one white neck—and so on to the end of the imbecile inventory. The American stood expectant, one hand on the back of a chair, the other unconsciously advanced, with the slight but gracious movement of courtly service.

The Englishman sat in a posture of exaggerated indifference, his elbow planted on the table, his averted face supported on his hand, puffing