

musical ability of the organist ; a party is formed, some side with the organist, some with the opposition, and one of two things invariably result ; Either the choir breaks up and the best members leave, or an armed neutrality exists during the organist's term of office, either of which consequences is deplorable as an obstruction to the advancement of musical cultivation and the service of the church. Even where such a state of things as we have depicted does not exist—and the exceptions are rare—zeal, so often pleaded, on the part of inefficiency, will not supply the place of ability. The material of our choirs, though rough, is often good, and wants but the master hand to direct and shape it. And we feel safe in asserting that no business man would entrust the financeering of his affairs to his porter or office boy, accepting zeal in lieu of ability and experience. We trust our readers will pardon this degeneration from our subject and accept it *en passant*. We may return to it again in a future article, when we will treat of choirs and their ailments from a pathological point of view, and suggest some remedies for their peculiar (dis)tempers culled from the practice of old and tried *doctors* and *practitioners* of music. Returning to the progress of music in Toronto, we must not forget to mention the military bands. These have had a varied existence, progressing or retrogressing under their successive leaders. Though far from that standard of perfection which is frequently reached by military bands in many other places, still on the whole the progress has been decided, while their repertoires are more extensive and of a better character generally.

### MUSIC AS A PROFESSION.

Speaking of Music and Musicians one day, not long since, a *learned* gentleman expressed himself as follows : "The reason," said he, "why the same respect is not accorded to the Profession of Music as to the learned professions, is because Music is a thing that may be *picked up*, as it were." No opportunity was allowed at the time to refute this error, which was as dogmatically stated as though it were incontrovertible. Conscious of the years of patient, thoughtful study, which must be spent ere the grammar, i. e., the laws of the science of Music, to say nothing of the executive art, can be mastered, we felt the injustice of the unthinking remark and remembered it, and answer it to-day by the following extract, from an interesting little work entitled, "The Elements of the Beautiful in Music," by Ernst Power :

"Music has become so popular, it has obtained such undisputed supremacy as a means of education and rejoicement, that we often forget to consider whence comes its surprising effect, its irresistible strength. Thousands of people rush to concerts, and to operas ; are delighted with the sweet sounds, the rich harmonies, the enchanting melodies which salute their ears ; yet not one in each thousand will take the trouble to analyze the source of his enjoyment ; and many, even if they endeavored to do so, would be unable to account for it. In musical art nothing is left to mere chance. The composer has not only to learn all the hundreds of rules which regulate the prosaic part of his work, but he has to study nature ; he must dive into the psychological mysteries of the human heart ; must identify himself with the feeling which his

subject demands ; in short, the composer has to pass many an anxious hour, before he can lay his pen down with the consciousness that he has faithfully served his art, that he has made good use of the talent which a Divine Power intrusted to his care."

That a very large number of persons, totally unqualified, taking advantage of the free trade, as it were, in Music, rush into the profession, to its discredit, professionally and socially, is true enough, and the same thing would be true of the other professions, were it not for the protection they receive. If the learned gentleman had reference to these, the expression, "*picked up*," is indeed about the right one after all. But such persons are not "*Musicians*," nor are they properly members of the profession. They are Hucksters, and have no claim to the rank of membership of a fine art other than the often self-assumed title, "*Professor*." The country swarms with "*Professors*" of every sort, but there are very few *Masters*.

THE truth of the following passage from a paper by Mr. Salaman (the eminent English pianist and composer), read at a meeting of the Musical Association 1879-80, will, we feel sure, be fully endorsed by our readers :

"Philanthropy has always been a characteristic feature of the profession of music. No other, with perhaps the exception of the Medical and Actor's profession, has done so much to alleviate distress and bestow substantial comfort upon the unfortunate. Individually and collectively, musicians, in every department of the profession, have been always ready, upon every summons, to exercise their talents gratuitously in furtherance of charitable objects. Music and charity have so often been thus intimately united that they may almost be claimed as synonymous expressions."

### SAD MEMORIES.

The weary world is wrapt in sleep,  
The quiet stars blink in the sky ;  
By casement ope I sadly weep,  
And think of happy days gone by.

Before my eyes their silent forms —  
Pale shadows moving to and fro !—  
The friends who loved and were beloved  
Like phantom figures, come and go.

And when their well known forms I'd stay,  
And cry aloud in my despair  
Lo, silently they melt away,  
And vanish into empty air.

O stars that shine in summer night !  
O night winds wandering sadly by !  
O lonely cricket on yonder hill :—  
Singing when all the night is still—  
Have ye no pity, that ye bring  
Sad memories of that happy spring,  
When all the earth seemed strewn with flowers,  
And days flew by as dreaming hours !

Dumb things ! ye cannot know the pain  
That wells and surges in my breast ;  
Nor how, with longing deep, I fain  
Would be for ever laid at rest !—*Oportidia*.

"THE ARION" is the name of Mr. Davenport Kerison's new musical monthly, the first number of which has been published. It is a handsome, well-printed sheet of eight pages, containing some suggestive articles on topics embraced in music and art. It should supply a want long experienced in this city.—*Toronto Mail*.