

the violin. I have read many times that Grieg is not successful in the composition of Sonatas, as the form is too severe for him. I do not agree with this verdict. His three sonatas for piano and violin in F, G and C minor in themselves refute such statements. The themes are fresh and spontaneous, and the working out amazingly imaginative, and thrillingly effective. If a sonata has to be calculatively and pedantically dry, without any sweep or freedom, then certainly Grieg is not a sonata composer. Lachaume is a splendid pianist, and I admire him greatly. His tone is magnificent, full and authoritative, and his touch and execution unerring and full of charm. He plays musically also, and with much artistic abandon. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson have improved greatly, and were lustily cheered. But then they deserved it, for their work was finished, and carried a certain conviction of sincerity.

I did not hear Victor Herbert and his fine band, nor was I able to attend any of the Thanksgiving concerts, which, I am told, were very excellent, especially that given under the direction of Mr. T. C. Jeffers in the Central Methodist Church on Bloor Street.

The issue of the New York Musical Courier, Nov. 13, is a superb number. Besides the usual amount of musical news from everywhere and the contributed articles by the paper's own staff of excellent writers, several pages are devoted to descriptions of the Carnegie Music Hall and Library in Pittsburg. Apparently it is a magnificently appointed structure and will be a lasting monument to the generosity of the donor, after whom it is named, Andrew Carnegie. It contains a splendid organ and the great organist Frederic Archer has been engaged at a very large yearly salary to give two or three free organ recitals each week.

There is a very funny picture of Brahms, the great Vienna composer, in the "Raconteur's" column in the above mentioned issue of the Courier which amused me greatly. I have seen him frequently with just such an outfit on in Ischl where he spends the summer; a massive intellectual head and large, although short, body enclosed in the most ill-fitting garments, or at least they looked so. If I remember correctly his trousers were either several inches too short or else rolled up London fashion, and his coat, a well-worn one made of tweed, with long flowing tails. It is comical enough, but what a master? The profundity and depth of his music amazes one, it is so inexhaustible, yet when one gets to its very core the purling ripples of its harmony and enticing melody repays one for the study a hundred fold. Still I often think of this colossal music thinker, as I used to see him in lovely Ischl, walking along the beautiful paths, or drinking his coffee in the Café Walther, by the swift running river Traun, which, at this moment, will be murmuring its own silvery song as it glides rapidly on to the sea. The waters of the river are as clear as crystal, the current is rapid, the banks are fringed with exquisite green, and away above are the mountains many of which are capped with snow. Brahms lives there from May until October, and amidst such surroundings, where the air is the purest, he composes his wonderfully rich music teeming with genuine inspiration and the thoughts of a noble mind.

W. O. FORSYTH.

The usual Thanksgiving concert took place at the Central Methodist Church on the evening of the 21st inst. The choir, under the direction of Mr. T. C. Jeffers, rendered a number of choruses in a highly creditable manner. Several readings were given by Miss Jessie Alexander, and vocal solos were contributed by Mr. Harold Jarvis and by members of the choir. The church was filled to overflowing and the audience gave evidence of its enjoyment by granting numerous recalls.

M. Charles LeSimple, a noted European violoncellist, who has been spending the summer in Canada, and has recently played at a number of concerts in the principal cities of Ontario and Quebec, is staying for a few days in Toronto. It is hoped that arrangements will be made for him to appear here in public before leaving the Province. He has been received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, and certainly his fine technique, his virile style, and the remarkably sweet tone which he draws from his instrument would win for him a like recognition in this city.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

On Thanksgiving Day a Musical Service was given in the West Presbyterian Church, under Mr. W. J. McNally's direction, which appears to show that the prejudice hitherto existing among the members in regard to services of the kind is weakening daily. This is encouraging, and no doubt is largely due to the excellent choir and the good work generally done by Mr. McNally.

The pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds gave a very fine recital in the hall of the Conservatory of Music on the 18th which reflected highly on their talented instructress.

On Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 12th, the pupils of St. Joseph's Convent gave an entertainment in honour of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto. The entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental music, and a festal drama. This drama, we understand, was written by one of the Sisters, and was exceedingly pretty. Miss Nordell, as the Crown-Bearer, and little Miss Herson, as Canada, might be singled out for special notice, though all the young ladies taking part acquitted themselves creditably. The choral class did good work in the choruses, while the instrumental music was well rendered. Miss Herson sang Millard's "Ave Maria" with good effect. The whole entertainment was a success, and this success was largely owing to the efforts of Miss Bowes and Miss Hillary, who had charge respectively of the drama and the music. At the close the Archbishop, in a few well-chosen words, thanked the pupils for the pleasant entertainment they had given him.

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Art Notes.

WATTS has painted at least two portraits of Leighton—now Sir Frederick, and president of the Academy; but the early one—a romantic treatment of a handsome subject, and a deep-toned, richly-coloured picture—remains in my mind as one of my first and most pleasurable recollections of the official leader of English Art. Another of those recollections is a long picture representing a formal procession of well-dressed Greeks—if one may so describe the compatriots of Homer—who were passing before the eyes of the spectator along a marble terrace bounded by pines of somber hue and formal growth. This scholarly composition (with a name a trifle too scholarly for recollection) made a deep and almost sad impression on my youthful mind; and although, as far as I remember, there were no positive signs of mourning in the picture, I was wont to recall it in after years as a funeral procession. The picture was more noteworthy, then, on the Academy walls, than it would be now when not only Tadema and Leighton are occupied with Grecian subjects, but Schmalz, Wegeulin, Poynter and half a dozen others: and the effect of a group of stately men and maidens in the draperies of the Parthenon freizes, when surrounded by *genre* pictures of the English school, conventional portraits, and the drab-coloured pastorals of Sidney Cooper, was very striking and impressive.

Leighton's interest in the people of ancient Greece is perfectly genuine; his classicism is not the effect of a long course of academic training, but is the sincere expression of a great love for beautiful form: and, as no period of the world's history produced men and women of nobler mould, nor garments more suitable for the display of graceful line, his mind is filled with visions of this day of Athen's glory. His women are Helens, Daphnes, Junos, nymphs, and courtizans; his men are heroes of the Isthmean games, quoitthrowers, Arcadian shepherds, satyrs, Ganymedes, Apollos and Hectors. His manner of dealing with these subjects is not of the correctly antiquarian sort. He is presumably familiar with the facts relating to the manner of life of the ancients—the architectural details of their houses and temples; the style and pattern of their dresses, etc.—but his presentment of these classic themes is in the broadest and most decorative spirit. Splendour of colour and grace of line are the great charms of his designs; and he never attempts to display, realistically, the facts of Athenian life. That he is familiar with these facts is, I repeat, eminently probable, but his pictures display anacronisms almost as palpable as those of the Italian masters. An Alexandrian feast by Sir Frederick Leighton would have the sumptuous breadth of a Venetian banquet scene and would be almost as untrue to the actual facts; but the Fates preserve us from those antiquarian painters who busy themselves with the texture