

character of a mere musical performance, and carried the message of the words to the heart. The deepest silence pervaded the congregation as they listened with rapt attention to the singer. Indeed, after listening in this way to words of this kind, wedded to sweetest sounds, it seemed that one almost needed an interval of silence before it was possible to listen adequately to the ordinary and conversational tones of the preacher. The sermon, without being distinctly eloquent, was a good one. Mr. ——— is a well-endowed and unpretentious man who, though perhaps not a prophet, is a "workman needing not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." His discourse was a little diffuse, but it was interesting, and was evidently the word of a thoughtful, educated, and sincere man. If it lacked the fire of the earlier Methodism, there was nothing about it that could be taken exception to by the most captious critic. Neither was there anything that stuck in the mind with a barbed point, or came home to one like a warm living word, hot from the mint of another's personality. Some sermons are like a landscape that one is focussing on the ground glass of a camera—amateur photographers will understand the metaphor. The colour and the general features of the scene are all there, but it wants a little adjustment to get the picture sharp and real. Otherwise there is a vagueness, and in photographs as in sermons vagueness is to be striven against.

I attended the church again in the evening. It is an edifice that "lights up" remarkably well and the scene from the south gallery, where I sat, was quite imposing, as a great assembly nearly always is. The service was conducted by Rev.—Bishop, who has a massive voice and an uncompromising manner, as though he were sure of things. Among other things he is sure of an everlasting hell, and preached it. He spoke of those in this city who, in the nature of things, "must have their part in the lake that burneth." He also told us of several cases in which people died, respecting whom "there was not a vestige of hope." I have been going about to the different churches of Toronto, and this is the first time I have heard the doctrine of an everlasting hell preached. I do not think that dogma has any hold on the people of to-day, and as a rule the preachers relegate it to the region of those matters respecting which there is a mysterious uncertainty. The thought came to me that if half what the preacher said were true we ought not to be sitting there enjoying the fine music and the beautiful, decorated church. We ought rather to be mourning in some crape-hung wailing place. Immediately after the service, however, a woman's sympathetic voice rang out over the hushed congregation in the words of the hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," and in the sequence of the sweet cadences, the dread gloom of the preacher's utterances was forgotten.

J. R. N.

Art Notes.

AS a designer of compositions of noble theme Watts reaches epic heights. His work ranks with that of the best periods of Greece and Italy. Less prone to exaggeration than Michael Angelo, his pictures have an impressive air of grandeur without lapsing into the grandiose. His designs have, to my mind, more of the Grecian spirit than the Italian, although the fact that his means of expression is painting more frequently than sculpture, leads to comparison between his paintings and Titian's, when a closer parallel might be found in the sculptured gods of Phidias. Such a picture as "Time, Death and Judgment," has, it is true, the gorgeousness of Veronese, Titian or Tintoretto; but the super human types of face and form, the sublimity of the whole conception, seems to me to lift it to a higher plane than the sensuous products of Venice, and to place it beside the Theseus and the Venus of Milo. The frescoes of Cimabue and Giotto, as examples of pure allegory of the highest form, are not comparable to the works of Watts because, like the pre-Phidian sculpture, they exhibit the archaisms of a school whose ideas are obscured by an undeveloped means of expression; whereas the English allegorist is a consummate master of form and colour; so much so, that even those to whom his exalted themes but little appeal, are moved by the majesty of his idealized men and women, the beauty of his disposition of line, the drawing of flowing

draperies, hands, arms, feet and all the other adjuncts to a masterly picture.

Some one said of Watts' work that it "breathed a spirit of impersonal melancholy"; and it is hard to recall a single instance when he has painted with anything approaching to joyousness. This is distinctly un-Venetian. But, inasmuch as he generally paints a passionate or fervidly religious theme, he may be said to be equally un-Greek. His "Time, Death and Judgment"—the three figures of the Nemeses of human life—affects you as does an approaching thunderstorm—you are haunted for long after leaving the picture by a sense of impending calamity. The "Orpheus and Eurydice"—the moment chosen being the fording of the fatal river, when the loved form fades from Orpheus' grasp—is conceived in the spirit of what may be called the higher pessimism—the pessimism of the author of "Beauchamp's Career" and the "Ordeal of Richard Feverell."

The picture "Love and Death" is not less sad than the "Orpheus," but, being pitched in a less sombre key, does not produce such a gloomy effect on the mind of the spectator. On the steps of a narrow, rose-entwined portal, Love—a beautiful stripling, not the baby Eros of a French ceiling—meets the approaching figure of Death, who stands with his back to the spectator, shrouded in heavy drapery, his right hand up-raised. Love falls backward, his many-coloured wings being crushed against the lintel; and the petals fall from the rose. Watts has done nothing more moving than this design, and nothing more beautiful in colour. The pervading hues are light—greys and pinks predominating. His "Paola and Francesca" is a work of great passionate force. The lovers, locked in one another's arms, with commingled draperies half obscuring them in swirling folds, are disappearing into darkness.

E. WYLY GRIER.

Music.

MR. W. J. McNally, organist and choirmaster of West Presbyterian Church, was recently presented with a gold mounted umbrella by the choir of Beverley Baptist Church. Mr. McNally formerly held the double position of organist and choirmaster of the latter church, and the presentation was an acknowledgment of his past services, and is naturally highly appreciated.

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews' magazine, *Music*, for October concludes the eighth half-yearly volume, and has many articles of special interest to the amateur, student and musician. Indeed it should circulate freely among music lovers, for topics are continually being discussed, representing almost every phase of musical thought, by writers of talent and culture. The Editorial bric-a-brac, written in Mr. Mathews' breezy and interesting style, is always refreshing, and, speaking for myself, I turn to it with delight and read it first of all. Mr. Mathews is a great admirer of Dr. Mason. In fact, it may be said the latter has no greater champion and admirer in this country, popular and esteemed as he is by all musicians. His touch and technic is made the text of many sermons, and the so-called two-finger exercises and pressure touch, form the basis of no end of remarks and technical calculations. Through this medium and Mr. Presser's publication "The Etude," pressure touch has been lauded and praised to the skies, as if it were the beginning and end of everything pertaining to beauty of touch and tone. I do not think so. As a fundamental principle pressure touch is both mischievous, misleading, and injurious. It destroys perfect naturalness, and looseness of finger action, and abnormally develops the muscles of the wrist and lower arm. This touch should be sparingly used, if at all, until the hand has attained great finger independence and suppleness in the performance of scales, chords, arpeggios and light-springing octaves. When the hand has been thus cultivated the clinging pressure touch under certain conditions might be advised for those lyric melodies which require to be sung on the piano with richness and sonority, and the player will thus know how and when to use it with artistic discretion and judgment. There is so much that is good in Dr. Mason's Touch and Technic, it seems a pity this principle is continually insisted upon and advised, because it absolutely forbids and prevents the fingers from gaining that agility and lightness, necessary to play with silvery clearness and rapidity, those passages which are not primarily melodic,