

REMBRANDT HOUSE.

AN art ramble for the sake of art in this city of Toronto might not seem at first sight to include the unpromising purlieus of Leader Lane. Banks, Bodegas, engravers, and beggars abound on either hand; the guileless house-agent salutes you at the top, and the retiring commission merchant smiles upon you at the bottom. Utilitarianism surrounds you on every side, and you desecrate with emotions of ill-disguised joy a jeweller's window radiant with cases of six-and-a-half-dollar diamond rings—warranted pure stones of the finest water. The jeweller is not, however, alone. Passing along this prosaic thoroughfare, you pull up, just in time to prevent your walking bodily through the window, in front of an assemblage of pictures which look doubly and curiously precious in this precarious nook. Entering Rembrandt House, for such is the name of this Mecca of artists, to which some of the finest work of the day comes from Paris, Rome, and other art centres, you will stand, if you are easily impressed, and even if you are not, in silent admiration—a hackneyed phrase for which there is no better equivalent—before a large canvas representing the Sacristy of the Cathedral of Parma, a picture fraught with a two-sided interest. The mass of the work consists of a magnificently carved chamber, the carvings, painted a reddish brown, extending from floor to ceiling, and surmounted by busts on the cornice above. This mass of rich, yet never flagrant colour, serves admirably to throw out the figures of the priest, clad in cold greens and grays, and the choristers in attendance, the lines of glass and wine, table-cloths, and other accessories. The picture tells no story; it is art for art's sake. The management of light is most dexterous, and the entire effect absolutely satisfying. Its size and general conception is such as to dwarf all other pictures surrounding it, but there are excellent things here beside it all the same, which must not escape the eye. Mr. J. Kerr Lawson, our Canadian artist, at present studying in Paris, has sent out a fine study of a head, painted in the best manner of the best French school—alive, human, startlingly real, and naturally rendered, especially the nose, the hair on the forehead, the relentless truth of the ugly colouring. Another pair of pictures by the same artist deserves commendation. Some studies from the nude are also well projected by Miss Ford, though somewhat too severely dark in the shading. Miss Sutherland and L. R. O'Brien have a few pictures here, and the north window is filled with an immense canvas representing a winter scene of much beauty—yellow sky, whitening road, leafless branches and all. The room is charmingly decorated with rugs and *bric-à-brac*, and forms a fit setting to the artistic objects displayed in it, among which will be found reprints of the various Salon successes, framed and unframed, and making an appropriate pendant to the more highly-coloured oil and water studies that surround them. After which, *verb. sap.*, let none say that we have not the nucleus of an Art Gallery in our midst, small, but exquisitely chosen, and much of it Canadian work.

TO TURN to Mr. Roberts' excellent collection of first-class pictures, which also in great measure deserves the name of Art Gallery, how can you explain away the indifference and ignorance that besets such a thing as a Saturday sale in those precincts? Pictures sold last Saturday for three and four dollars that were worth three times those sums, and some pictures worth even more were hoisted up for inspection, and suffered to beat an ignominious retreat—nobody wanted them. Of course, you frequent sales in order to buy pictures cheap, that is understood, but the pathetic quality of the transaction comes home to you nevertheless, or it ought to. Some of the names are good in Paris, Rome, Naples, London. Let it be understood that these pictures, studies, sketches, and landscapes are of real merit, though perhaps of small market value, and you will treasure your purchase all the more even if you only gave a few dollars for it, in place of pounds.

MUSIC.

THE Juch-Carreno concert came off successfully in the Pavilion on Monday night, being well attended by a pleased and sympathetic public. Miss Juch's beautiful soprano completely filled the building, and her perfect English, her delicacy of phrasing, and the rich clear quality of her voice held her hearers rapt while she was on the stage, while her choice of songs betokened artistic feeling of high order. Madame Carreno was, as usual, enchanting in her absolute command of her instrument and the perfection of her manner, but she should have played better music. The "Moszkowski Serenade" is not a piano piece, and Madame Carreno could have found dozens of pieces of similar style in her piano repertoire which would have suited her purpose equally well, and redounded more to her artistic credit. The "Harmonious Blacksmith" too, though very suitable for an encore, is scarcely important enough for a special programme place, when we reflect on the hosts of sonatas, ballades, preludes, fugues of Mendelssohn, Chopin, Bach, and Beethoven, and the equally large number of Schumann selections, with all of which Madame Carreno is of course perfectly familiar. It rests with such a grand artist to popularise good music, for her attraction is so strong, and her technique and phrasing so inimitably easy and delightful in appearance, no matter what it may have cost her to attain it, that people will take from her what they will not from a less sympathetic player. Such a chance, let us hope, the fair and gifted Carreno will not lose again. Mr. Martin has a fine voice, but is too cold and conventional for the songs he chose on this occasion, though doubtless in others he is more pleasing. The cellist possesses an admirable tone, very pure and clear and full of sympathy, though he has somewhat too much manner. His selections met with great approval. Mr. Arthur Fisher very kindly supplied all the accompaniments.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

It is expected that the present edition of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* will be completed before the end of next year.

A COLLECTION of Dean Stanley's *Sermons for Children* has been made, and will be issued immediately by the Scribners. Few announcements could prove more welcome than this to thousands of parents throughout the land.

ALL lovers of the music-drama will be interested in the paper which William F. Afthorp, the well-known musical critic, will contribute to *Scribner's Magazine* for November, on *Wagner and Scenic Art*, which is to be fully illustrated from the original Bayreuth sketches.

READERS who are interested in contemporary French literature may be glad to hear of the *Bulletin Bibliographique de la Librairie Française*, which is issued quarterly at 117 Boulevard Saint Germain, Paris. Summaries are given of the contents of a number of recent French works, and the subscription is only a franc per annum.

D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY will shortly issue an interesting *Life of Robert Southey*, with numerous letters not before given to the public. The volume has been carefully prepared by John Dennis, the well-known English writer, author of *Studies in English Literature* and *Heroes of English Literature*, and is first published in America.

PROFESSOR SAYCE'S Hibbert Lectures for 1887 on the Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by the Religion of the Ancient Babylonians, just issued by Messrs. Scribner and Welford, is noteworthy as being almost the only hand-book on the Babylonian religion. The absence of such a work has long been a reproach to Assyriologists, and its advent has been anxiously hoped for by all students. This volume will prove of immense value on its subject, and being written in an easy and pleasant style will interest a wide circle of readers.

A GENTLEMAN of this city having written to George W. Cable, the well known writer of Creole tales, as to the pronunciation of the name, Sevier, in his novel, *Dr. Sevier*, received the following reply:—"Sevier is an old southern name, not Creole, but (generations back) Huguenot, Xavier. It has long ago lost its French pronunciation, and is known throughout the South as *Seveer*. Dr. Sevier was not a Creole." Many will no doubt remember that this (Seveer) was the pronunciation given by the author himself when he read in conjunction with Mark Twain at the Pavilion in this city some years ago.

MR. E. H. WALKER, for many years Statistician of the New York Produce Exchange, has joined the editorial staff of *Bradstreet's*, the well-known commercial and financial newspaper published in New York, to which he will give his exclusive services. Mr. Walker is perhaps the best-informed man in the country on the statistics of grain, flour, provisions, live stock, and kindred lines. He is the author of the only complete records of this kind in the country, and the inventor of the "visible" grain supply statement. With his aid, in addition to the original work in that direction which *Bradstreet's* has done and has projected, that journal must become indispensable to all interested in those subjects.

I HAVE been struck, says a correspondent of the *Critic*, in reading the life of Dickens, with an incident that impressed me very much. It was near the close of his busy life, when one morning he received a letter from a correspondent in Liverpool, describing himself as a self-raised man, attributing his prosperous career to what Dickens' writing had taught him at its outset of the wisdom of kindness and sympathy for others; and asking pardon for the liberty he took in hoping that he might be permitted to offer some acknowledgment of what had not only cheered and stimulated him through all his life, but had contributed so much to the success of it. The letter enclosed £500. Dickens was greatly touched by this; and told the writer, in sending back his cheque, that he certainly would have taken it if he had not been, though not a man of fortune, a prosperous man himself; but that the letter, and the spirit of its offer, had so gratified him, that if the writer pleased to send him any small memorial of it in another form, he would gladly receive it. The memorial soon came: a richly worked basket of silver.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE AND COMPANY, London, will issue for the forthcoming holiday season new and fully illustrated (many coloured) presentation editions of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* and the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. Uniform with their choicely illustrated editions of *Musterman Ready* and *Settlers in Canada* they will issue *Captain Marryatt's Poor Jack*. Thomas Keyworth, author of *The Naresboro' Victory*, *Grunny's Boy*, and other stories, has written a new one called *A Long Delay*. A cheap edition of that ever popular book of travel in the Holy Land and Egypt, *The Crescent and the Cross*, by Eliot Warburton, is now ready. In nursery literature they will publish a new coloured book of rhymes, *Young England's Nursery Rhymes*, illustrated by Constance Halsewood, with one hundred charming illustrations in colours, after original water-colours; also a very clever toy-book in Japanese style, *Jappie Chappie, and how he Loved a Dollie*, illustrated in colours and with many quaint and humorous vignette pictures. *A Man who would Like to Marry* is a series of twelve humorous and clever sketches, by Harry Parkes. *A Modern Hoyle, or How to Play Chess, Draughts, Dominoes, Backgammon, and Card Games*, will be published, edited by Professor Hoffman, and uniform with their new *Modern Etiquette*. The new volume in Warne's Continental Library will be a translation of *Harlette*, by the Countess of . . . , author of *Wanda*.