

me the key" in the "Lyon's Mail." Yes, Mr. Morrison is very good and well worth seeing. We shall go to see him again.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A FAIRLY large house greeted the Hecker children at the Academy on Tuesday, and seemed to take pleasure in the performance. The entertainment does not call for special criticism. We would suggest, however, that we have lately heard and seen too much of infant prodigies. We do not mean this as a reflection on the Hecker children. If we are not mistaken, their playing on Tuesday night was spoiled by chilled hands.

THE TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

THE second concert of this society is announced for Tuesday, December 16, at the Pavilion. Of its able conductor, the N. Y. *Philharmonic Journal*, in 1880, said: "We maintain that Dr. Leopold Damrosch and Sig. D'Auria are the only two men in the country to-day, known to us, who at all approach the rare combination of qualities which can alone command the respect alike of both public and musicians." This was high praise indeed.

THE LAMBETH CHOIR.

WITH all the proverbial hardness attributed by unsympathetic critics to the Scotch, they are nevertheless a musical people. The songs of the country are characteristic; they exemplify the patriotic, the pathetic, and the humorous sides of Scottish life. This was made evident at the Toronto Auditorium last week when the famous Lambeth Choir gave their very attractive concerts. The first on Friday evening was mainly though not exclusively devoted to Scottish minstrelsy. The audience, considering the many attractions elsewhere, was remarkably good. As Glasgow city organist, Mr. Lambeth has a national reputation. The high expectations previously formed were fully realized. Although the principal soprano-soloist, Miss Lambeth, was absent through indisposition, the programme was splendidly sustained. The part singing was as perfect as fine voices, thorough culture and excellent management can achieve. The shading was exquisite, and the expression faultless, bringing out in a manner seldom equalled the spirit and meaning of the songs that have met with world-wide appreciation. On Friday evening, Miss Kate Sherry was the leading soprano-soloist, and she won golden opinions from her Toronto audience. All she did was well done, and it is unnecessary to particularize. She was encored every time, and it may be mentioned that in one of these, her rendering of "The Land o' the Leal," brought out the touching pathos of the song in a style it would be difficult to equal. The varied power of Mr. James Moir's finely-cultured tenor was evidenced in "Mary of Argyle," "Macgregor's Gathering," and "Gae Bring to me a Pint o' Wine." The full company did ample justice to all the pieces they sang, particularly the opening and closing numbers, "Hail to the Chief," and Bishop's "Now Tramp." Sullivan's "Oh, Hush thee my Baby," and "Scots wha hae," were given with admirable effect. As a whole, this well-sustained concert was thoroughly enjoyed and highly appreciated as was indicated by the constant though possibly inconsiderate fervency of the encores.

RHEA will appear as "Josephine" at the Grand next week.

"BLEAK HOUSE" is billed for the Academy next week.

BARTHOLOMÆUS SENFF, of Leipzig, published recently a new ballot for tenor voice with piano accompaniment entitled "The Buried Song" (words by Rudolf Baumbach), composed by Anton Rubinstein. It is broadly conceived, and contains a good dramatic climax, while it is at the same time well written for the voice.

It is stated in the Italian papers that the once eminent violinist Sivori, who has for a long time lived in France, proposes soon to make a fresh artistic tour of Italy. The foreign papers thereupon print a criticism of Sivori sixty-two years ago. Sivori was born in 1815 and was a pupil of Paganini and Costa.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

GYMNASTICS. By A. F. Jenkin. London: George Bell and Sons.

The "All England Series" gives us this volume, and it is well worthy of a place in the library of all who are interested in athletics, and its small price brings it within reach of all. The book is written so as to appeal to a learner who wishes to become a fine gymnast, and so that the reader may be able to set about learning a variety of exercises with a clear idea of what he should try to do. The horse, horizontal and parallel bars are separately and well treated of, and a number of illustrations assist not a little in making the book pleasant reading. The training and care of the body by these methods is much thought of nowadays, and a really good work on the subject such as this is, should be welcome.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. Illustrated. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This volume is an addition to a well-known series by the same author. Those who have accompanied "The Boy Travellers" to the continents of Europe and America

will gladly join them on a tour through England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the adjacent islands. Mrs. Barrett and Mary, the mother and sister of Frank, add additional investigative zeal to the party. We rejoice when the route diverges from the path of the ordinary tourist, and we visit fields new to the majority of American travellers. How charming is the visit to the Isle of Man, still the possessor, in spite of changed rulers, of remnants of old Scandinavian customs. Our minds are gratified by more than fabled tales of three-legged men, and a superabundance of tailless creations in the animal world, and we steam away to Liverpool with refreshed memories of Manx life—regretfully thinking of the gradual, yet sure annihilation of old-time customs and relics, by that fell-destroyer of antiquity—the summer tourist. "The Boy Travellers" are animated by the true spirit of exploration and their unflagging interest leads them on ground comparatively little known to the ordinary visitors. For those who long to wander over the lands and homes of their forefathers, the history, and anecdote of many a noble building renowned in song and story, of church, of cottage, of fortress are graphically told, and act as side lights to the attractive scenes so skilfully depicted. Literary celebrities, new world industries, and old world customs, each and all find a niche within the covers of this captivating book, and many hours of profitable and cosy travelling may be passed with the aid of its pages and the accompanying maps. The volume is written in the United States' style, and will possibly on that account be chiefly attractive to U.S. readers.

SIDNEY. By Margaret Deland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

This story is by no means equal to John Ward, preacher. It is however a very pathetic tale and deals with the same kind of metaphysical and religious questions. Mortimer Earl, whose life has been blighted by the early death of his beautiful wife, determines to save his daughter, Sidney, from love and its consequent sorrow. Religious ideas are delusions, and she is studiously prevented from learning them. She grows up an agnostic. She is warned to avoid love, and is brought up with the determination not to marry. Nature however is too strong. She falls in love with Alan Crossan. At the deathbed of her saintly Aunt she grasps the problem of life: "What is this which beckons to the stars, or lifts the sweetness from the flowers? What is this which makes the thought of Alan flash into her brain? What is this which moulds the rain into a drop in the heart of that rose, and brings the instant remembrance of Miss Sally's love of roses to burn Sidney's eyes with tears and lays upon her heart the burden of regret? All working together; all one; and eternal—what? Force? All these were force, and force is one, and force is the energy of a cause. . . . It did not make life less terrible; it only filled it with confidence and peace. It made it worth living, if it were lived struggling for oneness with the eternal purpose, of which sorrow was as much a part as joy, death as life." Her father comes into the room; he stopped an instant at Miss Sally's side, and touched her hand; the look upon his face turned Sidney white. "Father?" "My darling," he said in a whisper, "she is dead."

He would have taken Sidney in his arms, but she put her hands upon his breast and breathed rather than spoke. "No, not dead—there is no death. Life and death are one; the eternal purpose holds us all, always. Father—I have found God."

She has evolved pantheism, and it is a disappointment that the story closes and leaves her on this comparatively low level of truth. She does not grasp the idea of God as revealed in His Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY: Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sydney Lee. Vol. XXIV. Hales-Harriott. Price \$3.75. New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Williamson.

If the interest of the names dealt with in the present volume hardly rises to the average, there are at least a good many of great importance, and the style of treatment is as high and as thorough as ever. Among the early names in the volume we meet with the two Haldanes, James Alexander and Robert, whose religious influence in Scotland and in Switzerland, and even indirectly in England, was long and deeply experienced.

A figure of more permanent interest is that of Sir Matthew Hale, a man who lived through the time of the Commonwealth, as lawyer and judge, serving in a state of things which he disliked, without compromising his principles or his position. A man who could gain the respect of the Protector without losing the confidence of the royalists was certainly a remarkable personage. From Sir Matthew Hale we pass over a good many pages to the "ever-memorable" John Hales of Eton, an earlier contemporary of the foregoing, described by Andrew Marvel as "one of the clearest heads and best prepared breasts in Christendom."

An article of unusual interest to us Canadians is one on Judge Haliburton, our immortal Sam Slick, who is perhaps less known to young Canada than he ought to be. A vast array of Halls meets us, and some of them are persons of very considerable interest. Among the more modern names, we have the recently departed Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Among the older, there is Joseph Hall, the famous Bishop, first of Exeter and afterwards of

Norwich, the preacher at the Synod of Dort, and the author of the admirable "Contemplations." Between these comes the Baptist Robert Hall, the friend of Sir James Mackintosh, whom some not unskilled judges regard as the greatest preacher whom England has produced in this century. Of the numerous sermons published on the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, Hall's was considered the best.

A very excellent memoir is given of Henry Hallam the historian, and a brief but sympathetic account of his brilliant son, A. H. Hallam, the subject of "In Memoriam." We have more than a hundred pages of Hamiltons of all degrees, from Marquises and Dukes down to philosophers and persons far below these. Those who take an interest in the second of these classes will turn to the excellent article on Sir William Hamilton of Edinburgh, which gives us exactly what a book of this kind ought to supply, the biographical and historical, rather than the critical. Scientifically minded persons will get the same kind of information about Sir William Rowan Hamilton; whilst the general reader will probably feel more interest in the story of Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson's Emma (her name was really Amy, by the way): it is told with care and good taste. Certain points are not yet quite cleared up, and there is no need to clear them up. Professor Laughton has done the work as well as it could have been done.

But we must not linger among the Hamiltons in spite of the attractiveness of many of the names. We next light upon a capital account of the great Anglican, Henry Hammond. How many of our young divines of any of the churches know anything about him? And yet he was not only, Charles the First declared, the most natural preacher he ever heard, but a genuine theologian, not a very common thing. Not far from him comes John Hampden, eleven years his senior, belonging to a different school, moving in a different sphere, destined to leave his mark upon English history. Besides him stands another Hampden, now almost forgotten, who, not many years ago, convulsed the University of Oxford and the Church of England, or rather was the occasion of such convulsion.

One great name which appears in this volume is English only by adoption: it is the name of George Frederick Handel. Mr. Fuller Maitland and Mr. Barclay Squire have handled the subject fully and completely. They share in the modern tendency somewhat to depreciate this great master. Whether they are right, posterity must decide. If those are right who tell us that Wagner's is to be the music of the future, we can quite believe that Handel, if not forgotten, will be depreciated. We hear of Lord Nelson's Hardy, but not of the hero's last words to him. Are these to be relegated, like many of our *souvenirs*, to the region of myth or legend? We hope not. Again we hear of the Hares, and of the most learned of them, Archdeacon Julius Charles, one of the first to make us acquainted with German Theology to any large extent.

A number of Harleys, some of them, as the reader must know, deserving more than a passing mention, must be let alone; and only one other name must be noted, coming near the end, but one of the greatest in the volume. It is Harold, the King of the English, one of the wisest in counsel and the mightiest in battle. All the materials for the period of the conquest have been so completely brought within our reach in Dr. Freeman's great work, that there is no longer any difficulty in arriving at the mere facts. But there is always room for a fresh attempt to make the facts more intelligible, and Mr. Hunt has told, in our judgment, the story of Harold better than it has been told before; and, when we remember that his predecessors were Mr. E. A. Freeman and Mr. J. R. Green, this is high praise indeed.

WITH all its prejudices the *Canada-Français* is doing very good work. The November number alone contains no small amount of matter which will be, and indeed now is, of great value to the Canadian historian. For example: M. N. E. Dionne's *La Traité des Pelletteries sous Champlain*; M. Benj. Sulte's *Le Pays des Grands Lacs au XVII^e siècle*; M. J. Edm. Roy's *Notes sur le Greffe et les Greffiers de Québec*; and perhaps above all the *Documents sur l'Acadie*. *Canada-Français* must pardon us the employment of the word "prejudices" if it will print sentences like the following: "Le Canada est aux Canadiens français avant tout, car ils sont été les premiers possesseurs du sol; et s'ils cherchent à amener chez eux du sang français, nous avons le droit d'y applaudir avec enthousiasme!" The exclamation point is our own; the sentiment neither merits nor requires more definite comment.

M. D. CONWAY, Julian Hawthorne, Joaquin Miller, G. P. Lathrop, Louise Chandler Moulton and Edgar Fawcett are the stars of chief magnitude in the index to volume V. of *Belford's Magazine*. The December number is, from the point of view of variety of contents, a highly successful one; gay trips after grave in the most fantastic manner. The allusion must be apology for the adjective. The editorial department, however, is serious and sensible. It is also outspoken, as the following sentences suffice to show: "The truth is that the McKinley Bill . . . was really the production of a lobby representing the manufacturers who had paid the Republican expenses of the previous political campaign." "The McKinley statute . . . is not merely a failure; it is a demonstrated fraud." It is a treat to read in an ultra-American periodical such bold criticism of measures American.