

Whisper more softly : I hear ye at last,
 Hush ye! dear voices : oh! speak not so fast.
 Shall I tell what the pine voices whisper'd to me,
 Of the strife and endurance on land and on sea,
 How they spoke of the strife of life's battle on earth,
 How they bid me fight on with true sense of its worth?
 Oh! how can I tell what was whisper'd to me?
 Oh! how can one trust when the eye cannot see?
 Oh! where are the wings that can waft one on high?
 Oh! far, oh! how far gleams the blue of the sky?
 Pass upward, pine voices, perchance it may be,
 Your long dreamy voices may come back to me,
 Perchance I may learn as the year passes by,
 To see 'midst the shadows a gleam of light lie.
 Ah! come, ye sweet wind-voices, rest and be still,
 The pine boughs are clashing with hearty good-will,
 A storm from the ocean waves breaks on the shore,
 The pines in an ecstasy answer its roar.
 But the king of day sends down his sunbeams so fast,
 That the winds met in hurricane, lie still at last;
 There is sunshine in pine woods and sunshine on sea,
 Oh! such sunshine, great king of day send down to me.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters should be brief, and written on one side of the paper only. Those intended for insertion should be addressed to the Editor, 162 St. James Street, Montreal; those on matters of business to the Manager, at the same address.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous letters, nor can we undertake to return letters that are rejected.

All communications to contain the name and address of the sender.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—Observing the announcement of a sermon by the editor of this paper: "*It does not matter what a man believes,*" and having been in the habit of thinking that it matters everything what a man believes, I await explanations with some anxiety.

Yours,

Correspondent.

[In reply to "Correspondent," I would say that the text should have read "Does it matter what a man believes?" and he will be able to judge, as the sermon will be published in our next issue.—ED.]

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—Permit me through your columns, which have on former occasions been kindly open to the question of Domestic Economy, to ask the question touching the formation of a Domestic Training School, which is so much needed and desired by many in this city, and which is meeting with great success in every city outside the Dominion of Canada. Surely, sir, this all-important matter will not be allowed to fall through for want of sympathy and tangible support in a large community like Montreal, where *no one* the head of a family can deny that servants are less capable and more expensive than they should be, and vastly more so than they formerly were. The evil requires to be grappled with at once, if we would avoid the stigma and reproach of having deserved the never-ending mortifications, humiliations and inconveniences to which householders have so long been subjected. Servants now engage their mistresses, *not* mistresses their servants; the latter dictate what they *will*, and what they will not *do*, just as though any mother of a family could say what the exigencies of the moment might or might not require, and she is therefore obliged often to do it herself, only because *that* particular duty had not been especially stipulated for in making the engagement,—a condition of things altogether destructive of domestic comfort and harmony. I must not, however, too far intrude on your valuable space, or tire you upon this vexatious question, especially as the matter has already been ably stated in your columns and other journals of this city by various writers; but I would enquire, and urge, too, in the spirit of philanthropy, the necessity for ladies of influence, means and ability, of which there are many in this community, to be up and doing, earnestly and practically, to get up this institution, the need of which I feel sure all householders must admit, and who will, no doubt, come forward to aid so desirable a work,—a work which must prove alike beneficial in *time, temper and money*. At present the *ignorant waste* is enormous, and far beyond what any gentleman has any idea of. Do, Mr. Editor, help on this desirable work by your influence and magic pen. Why not call a public meeting of ladies and gentlemen, too, (for we ladies can do little without them,) thus showing an earnest in the undertaking?

H. S.

Musical.

All correspondence intended for this column should be directed to the Musical Editor, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Notices of Concerts in Provincial towns, &c. are invited, so as to keep musical amateurs well informed concerning the progress of the art in Canada.

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—Your paragraph entitled "Exhibition Notes" may, no doubt, have been thought very clever by the writer of it, but he was, to my mind, very impolite to the judges. These gentlemen no doubt did the best they could under the circumstances, and awarded prizes to the New York Weber, as the competition was *nil*. Perhaps the N. Y. Weber was in competition with itself. I should have liked very much to have seen the Kingston Weber in rivalry with it. And now, Mr. Editor, will you not tell your contributor that his strictures on the judges were too severe?

Yours,

Inquirer.

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—Your correspondent "Exhibitor" is, no doubt, well qualified to *sell* pianos, not to speak of buyers, but he is not by any means able to express himself with perspicuity. That he should refuse the right to an opinion is something novel, while his statement that the Weber won everything is difficult to understand. *All* the exhibitors at the Centennial had the highest record, and like the awards here, the affair proved itself "a gigantic farce." As to puffing the Decker, it is unnecessary; it is only those pianos whose reputation is insecure that require puffing and extraordinary advertising. I would like to know who Albert Weber is, and who is the New York Piano Company, and who is Joseph P. Hale,—all piano-makers, all represented by the same agents, and all prize-winners, *of course*. The Weber piano is not, in my opinion, equal to the Decker, the Steinway, or the Chickering, and exaggerated statements are not credited by sensible people. The Decker piano can hold its own, in the judgment of musicians, and is not furnished to concert-givers gratis, nor are large commissions paid to music-teachers and others to induce them to make sales.

Yours,

X.

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—What a splendid chance, Mr. Editor, your Exhibition critic (in your issue of the 25th September) gave the piano-dealers for free "ads." Already have the Weber people taken advantage of it, as their lengthy letter in your last number shows; and now, as the barbers say "Next."

Your critic is accused of sneering, of impertinence, and of a concealed malice to puff a rival instrument. The effect of the red rag before the eyes of the enraged bull is mildness itself compared to the anger produced by a paper in which they advertise, for admitting into its columns one word of condemnation of their pet piano, or one word of praise of a competing instrument. The letter is signed "Exhibitor," and indeed it is an exhibition of ill-temper,—an exhibition of "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness" towards the luckless reporter who dared to say the prize reminded him of the schoolboy who was head of the class because the other boy was absent. It is an exhibition of an insatiable craving for fulsome puffing. "Exhibitor" looks down with lofty pity on the senile efforts of Steinway, "now too old for active service," and with one stroke of his pen sweeps Chickering, Knabe "and a hundred other manufacturers" into oblivion. But the vindictive dig he gives to Decker shows that Decker alone is the one maker of whom he is afraid. The twaddle about "the majestic swell of Weber's Grands, and the sweet, plaintive notes of his Squares and Uprights" is almost too strong for weak stomachs. This preposterous palaver, if persisted in, will be catalogued as quackery, or enumerated with the noisy puffs of nostrums.

Another Exhibitor.

THE PIANO WAR.

THE "WITNESS" ENTERS THE FIELD.

Anyone acquainted with the Montreal *Witness* must be aware of its high moral reputation, its consistency, and, above all, its freedom from bias or corrupt influences of any kind. Judge, then, our surprise at seeing the following editorial in its issue of Saturday last, followed by what purports to be an extract from these columns, but is in reality a different article, or at least the same one considerably altered:—

"THE MONTREAL EXHIBITION.—A writer in the CANADIAN SPECTATOR throws discredit on the exhibition of musical instruments at Montreal, ridicules the judges, sneers at the stately Weber piano for appearing in such company, and sarcastically asks why the pianos of Decker, Steinway and Chickering did not put in an appearance, whereupon an "exhibitor" goes for him and the pianos whose absence he deplures, in the following lively style:—

[We omit the altered letter on account of its length.]

According to the above we are accused by the *Witness* of sneering at the "stately" Weber piano for appearing in such company. Now, as a matter of fact, our complaint was that the Weber piano had *no company*, it being head, tail, and middle itself. We cannot understand how *any* respectable paper (more particularly the *Witness*) should make itself responsible for such a mis-statement, or to print such a patched-up letter as an extract from the SPECTATOR. The employees of the *Witness* are (or ought to be) all teetotalers, so that the usual "after dinner" excuse will not hold good; it is possible that the item was handed in as an advertisement, and that the usual "adv." was inadvertently omitted, still we opine it is not such an advertisement as should be taken by this example of moral rectitude. By the bye the *Witness* calls the Weber a "Stately" piano. What kind of an instrument is this? We have heard of a "perfect bearing" as applied to these instruments but of a "stately" piano never. However, the age is progressive, and it is possible that in the advertisements of the future we will have the popular instruments of Steinway described as "graceful in carriage and elegant in department."

Mr. Alfred Deseve, our popular violinist, is, his "Farewell Concert" to the contrary notwithstanding, still in town, having abandoned the idea of emigrating to the United States. We are glad to have Mr. Deseve remain with us, but we think this "Farewell" business is about pl— well, effete.