

pointment and sought to console it, and an inspiring message from an old poet, who, when almost four score, still believed in and passed on to others the brave creed of his youth.
E. E. M.

*The year 's at the spring
And day 's at the morn;
Morning 's at seven;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled;
The lark 's on the wing;
The snail 's on the thorn:
God 's in his heaven -
All 's right with the world."*

(Song from Pippa passes, 1841.)

Robert Browning

June 28. 1888.

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Music and the Drama.

DURING the past year I have noticed quite frequently in various musical papers articles relating to the study of vocal music abroad. Hundreds of students flock to Paris and other European cities and hope to achieve in a comparatively short time both fame and fortune. Many of these students spend large sums of money which have been scraped together by years of economy, and others who have very little to spend live in the most frugal style in order to permit themselves to have lessons from such and such a teacher. In every large continental city where students congregate, unscrupulous persons live entirely on the mis-spent dollars of these unfortunate, although ambitious, pupils. I say unfortunate because many would have received better instruction at home. There are wretched impostors practising the musical profession abroad as well as in this country. And this seems particularly true of vocal teachers. They practice their often nefarious and ignorant systems upon those who imagine that anything foreign must of necessity be nearly perfect, and hold out the most encouraging hopes to their deluded victims that a brilliant future is certain. Many of these students endure hardships, fatigue, and frequently distress, for being away from home and friends, and, having limited means, are obliged to practice the strictest economy in the manner of living. Distances are often great in going to concerts and lessons, so public conveyances, coupés or busses have, of necessity, to be used, which help to diminish a small income. They have to procure their own fire and light, and, if young ladies, require a chaperone and more attention and expense as regards dress than the sterner sex who can put up with, if necessary, one suit of clothes and an umbrella. And what does it all amount to? Perhaps out of dozens one success, the rest all failures. Money, time, ambition, all gone. The disappointment is heartbreaking. Their friends expected artistic achievement, but realize only dismal decay. The

picture is not overdrawn. Where the difficulty lay was in going abroad at all. We have in America, Boston and New York, and in Toronto too, teachers more conscientious, artistic and better equipped than many to be found in musical centres abroad, who, as I have said, live only to humbug and relieve foreigners of their money. Studying at home is infinitely less expensive and a hundred fold more comfortable. If caution is observed a master can be selected who has all the artistic qualifications necessary to make good singers or players, and where the pupils can have the care of their parents and the comforts of their own fireside. Should they not reach eminent distinction, or even develop beyond well cultivated amateurs, the disappointment, it such it can be called, is bearable, and the money wisely spent. There are bad piano teachers who know nothing of touch or technique abroad as well as in this country, but I believe vocal teachers with "the only method" carry off the palm, because the former may be musicians inasmuch as they may have studied, but the latter, as vocal teachers, may not have studied that art at all and consequently their lessons prove in the end to be infinitely worse than valueless.

Mr. and Mrs. Klingensfeld gave a very enjoyable and successful pupils concert on Thursday evening last week, the 7th inst., in the Y.W.C.A. on Elm St. Piano, violin and vocal solos were given in a manner reflecting highly on the abilities of both pupils and teachers, and the audience showed their appreciation by generous applause. Some three or four of the performers exhibited much promise, and all the supervision of conscientious teachers.

Is it not a peculiar thing that foreigners residing here and making their living, and who continually growl and find fault with nearly everything, do not return to their own land? If we are so far behind the times, and are so unappreciative of their good qualities and talents, why on earth do they not leave on the first train and go to live among their own people who will realize their superior importance and distinctive qualities, whatever they may be? The fact is that many of these persons would be nothing at all, or practically so—at home, a mere drop in the bucket as it were, because recognition is a thing which must be earned the world over. A good reputation cannot be bought, one has to show their skill by practical illustration and thus prove their culture and ability. Being associated with so and so, or having, by chance, been introduced to one or two famous men, will not avail anything unless backed up by brains, education, enthusiasm and conscientious, well-directed work. I always disliked grumblers and fault-finders, and recently I have heard, through both first and second hand channels, a considerable amount of this distressingly wearisome talk, which emanated from some dismally pessimistic individuals here in Toronto. Here, however, is the rub, they are jealous of their successful rivals who mind their own business and endeavour to do superior work, in consequence of which they have a good business to mind, and friends of value and influence. So it is, and so I suppose it ever will be.

Sir Charles Hallé, the eminent musician and pianist who died a few days ago in England, reached a great age, having been born in Germany in 1819. Removing comparatively early in life to London he soon made his presence felt to the extent of being recognized as one of the greatest classical players as well as one of the leading teachers. He, however, was very conservative, and readily imbibed English musical customs, such as the *fingering* in vogue in that country, as compared with the continental 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. One can feel the scholastic, pedantic pedagogue in his piano school and in his few compositions. He has frequently played the whole of Beethoven's Sonatas and performed other musically intellectual feats. He was married to the distinguished violiniste, Norman Neruda, who survives him.

W. O. FORSYTH.

A concert which promises to be exceedingly interesting is the one on the 26th of the present month which introduces for the first time in Canada the eminent French violinist Marsick. He will be accompanied by the rising young American composer and pianist Howard Brockway, who will play some of his own compositions. They will appear in the Massey Hall.