



AN EGYPTIAN SLAVE.
(From the painting by Sichel.)



On New Year's night a very pleasant little dance was given at the residence of Mr. Birks, by the members of the Musical Score. The club is composed of twenty young people of considerable talent. They meet every week at each others' homes and pass a pleasant time in playing and singing and occasionally vary it by dancing. The members have the privilege of extending invitations to their friends.

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After all, five o'clock teas are very charming in spite of all the fun that has been made of them. "Where the women meet to gossip and talk scandal," which last is not true. "What!" well, sometimes perhaps, but very seldom. Gossip they do of course, but it is done in a friendly spirit and with the best intentions. Then what a pretty scene it is, with the softly shaded lamps, lighting up the animated faces of the fair groups as they discuss the latest item of interest, and the table with its dainty furnishings

adds to the general effect. The last concert given by the Mendelssohn choir in the Windsor Hall, came in for quite a discussion at one of these teas. Several declared it was the best they had heard for some time, others found fault that there was too much sameness.

The programme opened with three quaint Christmas carols of the 13th and 15th centuries; these were rendered as to fully bring out the sweetness and simplicity of the music of that date. The fourth number, a Styrian dance, by Fh. Scharwenha, made one wonder who Heini of Steier was, that the choir should so joyfully sing "For Heini of Steier has come back again." In the Slumber song by Frederic N. Lohr, the choir sang with such grace and delicacy of expression, that they received an enthusiastic encore * * * Herr Franz Rummel, the piano soloist of the evening, played selections from Schubert, Brassin, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Greig. His playing was characterized by a great delicacy of touch which was especially brought out in one of Chopin's Nocturnes, this was somewhat marred however, by his fortissimo notes being too loud and jarring. Herr Rummel's rendering of a Polonaise by Chopin was faultless and was encored by a delighted audience.

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I heard of one five o'clock tea given by a young lady in

New York that was like a pleasant picture to the mind. The centre of attraction was an old lady of eighty-five, small, slender and erect, pleasant features, hair worn à la pompadour, and brown eyes which retained all the brilliancy of their youth. A most charming conversationalist, she held the attention of all the young people present as they clustered about her chair and listened to the descriptions of some foreign countries she had travelled through. She certainly possessed the art of growing old beautifully and was ever a most welcome visitor to all the young people's five o'clock teas.

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The clear, frosty weather and the moonlight nights have been an inducement to many to issue invitations for snow-shoe, skating and sleigh drive parties. A somewhat amusing, though rather trying accident occurred to a sleigh drive party on their way to Lachine where a dance was to follow at my well known host Hannahs. One of the runners on the large "Kingfisher" broke and there was nothing for it but to leave the sleigh with its comfortable robes and walk the remainder of the distance. The roads were heavy, and walking did not prove a 'delightful exercise' just then, and so the dance was given up when they reached their destination and supper was called for instead.