

NINETEENTH EVENING.

Dr. Goodman Tells a Story about a Stradivarius Violin.

THE time has at length come when our weekly meetings must be suspended. The weather grows warm and the tired teachers are about to take their flight from the city to recuperate their flagging energies by sea-shore or on the mountains. This is our last meeting for this season. We have spent so many pleasant hours together that we feel somewhat saddened at the prospect of our long separation. Very little was said before the playing began, but the genius of music soon asserted herself, a solace, to the musical soul, for all the petty miseries of life. It seems strange to some people how others can go on, year after year, playing the quartettes of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, with ever increasing love and admiration. For instance, Crabbe has been a quartette player for nearly fifty years, yet he says—"I never sit down to a quartette without a thrill of pleasure that is indescribable." Even Parks, who learned to play the violin with the avowed intention of playing De Beriot (which he does creditably), and who was rather unwillingly brought into the quartette at first, has, more to his own than the others' surprise, discovered that pretty solos have lost their attractions for him, and even, though as yet he will not admit it, his beloved Italian opera is somehow losing its charm. The playing was kept up to a late hour. They seemed loth to stop without going over all their old favorites. When they ceased and lit their