

tioned chorus, the speed attained being so great as to cause the dignity of the composition to disappear. The soloists were Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, soprano, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor, and Mr. Fred Warrington, baritone, all of whom well sustained their reputations. Both Miss Robinson and Mr. Robinson appeared to best advantage in their solos, being rather overpowered at times in the heavier concerted numbers, although the high C for the soprano soloist in "The Marvellous Work" rang out with ample power. The baritone part of the oratorio is very low in many places so that Mr. Warrington was not able to do himself full justice; nevertheless his efforts won much applause, as did also those of the other soloists. The work as a whole was well received by the audience, though one cannot but feel that, in spite of some splendid numbers, it is a little tiresome. It is not to be classed with such oratorios as the "Messiah" and "Elijah." There are "sandy wastes of prose and catalogue," especially in the recitatives, one or two of which were taken much too slowly and thus became additionally wearisome. But perhaps, after all, the trouble is with ourselves. We are very highly fed and very critical in this age. We are no longer sufficiently childlike to enjoy such unspiced food, nor do the composer's simple artifices impress us deeply. The "awful thunders" and "wasteful hail" excite no fear. The "roaring lion" seems to us a stuffed museum specimen; and we feel very little interest in either the graceful, orchestral leaps of the "flexible tiger" or the chromatic crawlings of the sinuous worm. Parts, however, of the oratorio are most noble, as, for instance, "The Heavens are Telling," a chorus that will live for many a generation yet.

Mr. J. K. Macdonald, the President of the Society, in addition to introducing the new conductor to the audience, made the interesting announcement that Gade's "The Erl-King's Daughter" had been selected for presentation by the Society this season. Those who are acquainted with this singularly beautiful work will be much pleased with the information. It is certainly one of the most charming of all compositions of its class.

Last Monday evening the faculty and pupils of the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution held a reception in honour of the Principal, Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., who has recently returned from Europe. During the course of the evening a short programme was given by vocal pupils of Mr. Shaw, assisted by piano pupils of Mr. Ed. Fisher, and varied with recitations by Miss Nelly Berryman, the talented Associate of the School. Many guests were present and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

A copy of a new song, composed and published by Mr. G. W. Johnson, of Toronto, has been received. Its title is "Loved, and Lost Awhile." It is written in a popular style, and, though it does not display any particular originality on the part of the composer, its extreme simplicity is a point in its favour which should not be overlooked. It has a refrain probably intended for a number of voices in unison.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's monthly organ recital will take place in All Saint's Church to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. An interesting programme, including as the chief number Guilmant's Fifth Sonata, will be rendered. The vocalist will be Master Eddie Cooke. C. E. SAUNDERS.

MADAME LOUISA BODDA PYNE.

A short time since a public appeal was made on behalf of Madame Bodda Pyne, formerly Louisa Pyne, who during a long professional career of 58 years, contributed largely to the pleasure of the public by her great talents and beautiful gift of song. By the example of her pure, unselfish life, and her earnest efforts in producing operas by native composers, she did much for English music, in fact she may be called the foundress of English opera.

Many years ago she visited Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, indeed all the principal towns of Canada. She has never ceased to speak in the liveliest terms of pride and gratitude of the warm reception she then received, and regretted that family ties should have prevented her returning. It is hoped that many of her old Canadian patrons and friends who remember how she charmed their youthful ears may be anxious to contribute to the fund now being raised and

thus brighten the last years of her life. She began her career at nine years of age, from which date she contributed to the maintenance of her parents and educated younger members of her family.

She is now 67 years old, a widow, childless, and in failing health. Many losses, caused by no imprudence, render assistance very needful. Her case is strongly supported by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Santley, and Lady Thompson. The last named will gladly receive donations if addressed to her at 33 Wimpole street W., London, England, or they can be paid to the "Louisa Pyne Fund," at the National Provincial Bank of England, Baker street W., London, England.

* * * Art Notes.

WITH the death of Sir Fredrick Leighton, the Royal Academy loses one of the ablest presidents it has ever had. None of the seven men who have filled the office have upheld the dignity of the chair with a more courtly propriety and grace than Leighton: and, as a painter, he ranks as second only to Sir Joshua. I speak from memory when I say that there have been seven presidents; and their names and order of succession were, to the best of my belief, as follows: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Martin Shee, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Francis Grant, Sir Fredrick Leighton. Of these the last was the only recipient of a peerage; and, sad to relate, he only received it three weeks before his death.

A short time ago I made Sir Fredrick (what his title as a peer was has not yet transpired) the subject of my notes, and if any of my readers care to refresh their memory I refer them to the issues of THE WEEK of Nov. 29th, Dec. 6th, 13th and 20th. I shall not recapitulate the various matters I touched on previously, but will briefly summarize a few of the works and characteristics of the predecessors of Leighton.

When the Academy received its royal charter, Joshua Reynolds was created its president, and received, at the same time, the honour of knighthood. This last distinction has been conferred on all the presidents. In the case of Leighton a baronetcy and a peerage followed the knighthood. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most popular as well as the most all round able portrait painter of his day still heads the presidential list in point of celebrity and of artistic worth. He painted the portraits of a vast number of the notable of his time and not a few renowned beauties. Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Keppel, Rodney, Mrs. Siddons (who sat for the famous portrait "as the Tragic Muse"), and a host, of others not to mention a fine picture of himself. Sir Benjamin West who followed was a painter given to the production of a ponderous order, of historical pictures which did not all rise to the high level of his fine "Death of Wolfe." Then comes the popular Sir Thomas Lawrence, the painter of the Countess of Blessington, little Lord Mornington, Kean, the Duke of Wellington, and many more celebrities and pretty women. Of Sir Martin Archer Shee (or is it Shea?) I know very little beyond a few portraits only one degree less commonplace than a certain "poem" on "Art" which he was rash enough to publish, and which in point of area and dryness may be said to be a kind of literary Sahara. Sir Charles Eastlake is more deserving of consideration as a writer on the Italian schools of painting than as an artist. It has been my lot to see only one of his pictures; it is located in one of the public galleries (probably South Kensington), and represents somebody (was it an Italian peasant or was it Cleopatra?) suffering from the bite of an asp. Then we come to Sir Francis Grant, another of those painters whose elevation to the presidential chair may be made the subject of sad reflection. He did some entirely respectable portraits, but as he is almost wholly unrepresented in the English galleries, he is rapidly—and I should say justly—fading into oblivion. When his death caused the vacancy which Sir Fredrick more than filled there was considerable speculation previous to the announcement that Leighton was the Academy's (and the Queen's) choice, as to who would receive the honour; but I should say that the selection would be still more difficult now. Millais is rather too old and his powers are waning. I do not know what Calderons' qualifications may be (outside of his painting which is coldly correct), but both he and Luke Fildes (the painter of "The Doctor") stand