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THE (Boston) *Musical Herald* says "the irrelevant interlude must go." Amen, brother Tourjée!

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WE never could see why an organist should interject fragments entirely foreign to the subject in hand between the different verses of a hymn.

* *

AGAIN; these interpolations are generally the veriest twaddle,—and even where the organist improvises with real ability, his efforts are so evidently out of place that any intrinsic merit is entirely lost.

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OUR church music in Toronto, with one or two praiseworthy exceptions, is sadly in want of revision. How few of even our best church members realize fully that the singing, the music of the church, is as much an act of worship as any other portion of the service.

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THE MUSICAL JOURNAL desires to give forth no uncertain sound with regard to its views on Church Music. We are looking hopefully for the day when we shall have in our midst some reliable institution for the training of choirmasters and organists for the service of the church. Technique, without a trained taste and sound theoretic tuition, is a growing danger against which sacred music needs prompt protection. How lamentably ill-judged are the majority of the "voluntaries" we hear in our churches!

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JOSEF HOFMANN, the "Child Prodigy," is the latest craze in Gotham. If half what is said of him be true he has a great future before him. We have had nearly all the celebrities in Toronto, and it is said that one of our leading musical houses has in contemplation a "Hofmann" Concert. The enterprise would doubtless prove a success, for with Hofmann's New York record he would certainly fill the Pavilion. Local musicians will be glad of an opportunity of hearing a lad of nine who can perform artistically such compositions as the Beethoven Concerto in C minor and the Mendelssohn Capriccio (piano and orchestra).

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WE notice time and again in publications issued from American presses the "mongrel tenor clef" *i.e.*, the C clef on the third space of the Staff. This

misuse of the C clef is an abomination that should not be tolerated for a moment by any right minded musician. The C clef denotes always the middle line of the eleven lines forming the Grand Staff and should never be written upon a space. The N.M.T.A., and kindred organizations should take this matter in hand, and deal with it "calmly, but severely."

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TALKING of Musical Societies brings us to the Canadian Society of Musicians, which held its Third Annual Convention at London, on Dec. 27th, 28th and 29th. Mr. St. John Hyttenrauch was elected President for the coming year, with Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac., Vice President and Hon. Treasurer; W. Elliott Haslam (Conductor of the Toronto Vocal Society) Hon. Secretary; V. P. Hunt, Assistant Secretary. The representatives of the cities are, R. Thomas Steele, Hamilton; J. H. Jones, St. Thomas; Dingley Brown, Ottawa; St. G. B. Crozier, Mus. Doc., Belleville; Wm. Carey, Kingston; Angelo M. Read, St. Catharines; C. A. Garrat, Mus. Doc., Brantford; Mrs. R. Smith, Stratford; W. E. Hiscock, London; (Toronto and Guelph—vacant). Executive Committee, All officers of the Society, the Representatives of cities, also Mrs. Moore, London; Mrs. Hillary, Toronto; Thos. Martin and Dr. Sippi, London.

The programme was well selected and well carried out; want of space prevents more detailed mention. We shall be glad to give more space to the C.S.M., when we have a larger number of the members upon our books,—as it is we must make our paper interesting to our general readers, and the minutes of the C.S.M. would be but dry reading for them, as we have over a hundred amateurs on our list for each professional. This is a hard statement to make with regard to the musical profession in Canada, but it is strictly true.

* *

WE publish in this issue a song by Mr. T. C. Jeffers, Organist of the Bloor St. Methodist Church, and Pianist of the Toronto Philharmonic Society. Mr. Jeffers is meeting with gratifying success as a teacher, and evidently is not neglecting the other branches of the art. It is an encouraging sign of the time that teachers (and pupils) are taking more and more interest in composition.

EDUCATION OF TEACHERS.

PROF. OTTO SINGER, of Cincinnati, in an able essay on "Musical Education," read at the annual meeting of the Ohio Music Teachers' Association, among other excellent things, said the following:

"How would it do to talk about our own education? Is it not of the highest interest and importance to our scholars to know something about their teachers?"—After a well-sustained statement that those who had become famous as virtuosos, composers, etc., seldom make successful teachers because their own attainments make them unable to sympathize with the routine of detail teaching, the essay continued:

"Of the highest importance to the musical public of our country are all those masses of teachers and musicians who, perhaps, without name and favor, teach the population, instruct the masses. We might say, without any exaggeration, with them rests the hope of the art in the future of the country. All these teachers are generally a class of musicians who do their duty in a most faithful way. They do more to raise the taste in, and the standard of, music, in the general public, than the greatest and most famous virtuosos can do with personal performances."

This is a plain truth, well told, and coming as it does from such a high source, should carry with it a convincing force impossible to question. Prof. Singer is of the class to which he himself alludes, the "virtuoso" order, and speaks understandingly. As a teacher himself, he fully understands the relation of teacher and pupil, and realizes the need of both. The essay goes on telling the kind of teacher the "good musician" is:

"This class seems to us to be sometimes very faulty. Their first and principal fault is, that they have no methodical and systematic way of teaching. With their love and adoration for good music, they compel the scholar to study and play the works of our great masters long before they have the intellect and technique to overcome the difficulties which we meet in these compositions. Very often we have to take the good intention for the correct and good execution. To these musicians and teachers I feel inclined to say: without a good, solid technique, there is no possibility of an artistic performance. And again: technique alone never will do it; a cold and uninteresting show of merely mechanical accomplishments will attract only for a little while the attention of the audiences."

No one will or can dispute this: Let us see what Prof. Singer has to say of another class of teachers.

"One class pays in a too one-sided way only attention to develop the more or less gifted scholar to become a 'virtuoso.' All other important means of educating a pupil musically are neglected, and 'technique' is considered the only point worthy to gain. It is true, if the faculties of the scholar allow it, this is the shortest way to gain a success, especially in the eyes of people who stand far apart from music. There is very soon made a show of talent in the most striking and surprising way, but only to be followed soon afterwards by a feeling of disappointment. This one-sided way of musical education will never be satisfactory for a long time, either to the listeners or the executant himself. We have striking examples of these kind of musician in our country. They play with a

dash and brilliancy, with a never-failing technique, and in spite of all this, the musical public of the better kind never take a deep interest in the performances of these virtuosos. We have them not only on the piano, but also on the violin and with the voice. The other class of teachers consists of those who are called generally "good musicians."

In other words, superficial coaching, to enable one to "show off," is made to take the place of a more solid based system of instruction.—*The Folio.*

USES AND ABUSES OF THE PIANOFORTE.

BY LOUIS LOMBARD.

THE pianoforte may be justly stigmatized as a dry and inexpressive instrument if we listen only to the average player; however, as under the touch of a Chopin, a Liszt, a Rubenstein, it becomes a soul-breathing machine, capable of creating the noblest emotions within the breast of aesthetic auditors; it behooves us, therefore, not to speak disparagingly of this complex and wonderful product of human art, but rather to express our intense antipathy toward that vast army of *pianomaniacs* which infests the earth.

Notwithstanding its apparent coldness when compared with instruments played with a bow, the pianoforte, next to the great organ, is entitled to the highest place among musical instruments, owing to the possibility in its mechanism of simultaneously reproducing harmony, counterpoint, melody and a variety of timbres.

The guitar, the zither, the harmonica, *et id genus*, being too trivial to elicit any comment here, we will consider only the harp as a competitor against the pianoforte, on account of the nobility of its sounds, its accents of love, and other exalted sentiments that it inspires. Unfortunately, that identical sonorousness which transported us a moment ago, becomes as insipid as fatiguing, if we hear three or four successive harp solos.

On what instrument can you perform the principal works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, or Liszt?—inspirations of geniuses who have mastered the technicalities of the pianoforte as well as the canons of musical composition. Even the orchestral scores of these giants can be interpreted upon a single pianoforte with sufficient fidelity to permit the listener a full comprehension of their harmonic, counterpointal and melodic structure. Liszt advanced so far as to faithfully portray orchestral tone colouring.

What more charming friend than the pianoforte? If you wish to sing, what can better accompany your voice? With its aid you can play to your friends the reminiscence of last evenings' opera that now flashes through your memory, whether it be a bit of melody or a grand *ensemble*. At all times and places it is ever ready to lend its strings to the *epanchements* of music lovers.

To comprehend the importance of the pianoforte in musical art we should look at its repertoire. Had not it been the sympathetic echoer of the secret sensations engendered within the soul of a Beethoven—what vacuum might not now exist in our musical literature?

Imagine that master of masters as conceiving his *Sonata Pathétique* upon a harp, or think of Chopin improvising his immortal nocturnes over the organ, and your supposition will immediately appear preposterous.

Great difficulties are surmounted by the piano virtuosi; the most intricate and rapid passages are played by them; how few, however, among those pyrotechnical professors, can perform a simple melody in the true *cantabile* style! Their *pona asinum* seems to be encountered in the development of a sympathetic touch, without which mode of expression, the most meritorious musical performance is not deserving of greater consideration than are the efforts of a clever gymnast. Such exhibitions excite our astonishment, perhaps our admiration, but they never reach our hearts.

This same instrument, which, under the fingers of a Liszt would arouse our deepest and best feelings, becomes the means of their acrobatic thumps. Whom then shall we condemn? The torturer or the victim that piteously howls under his or her blows?—*American Musician*.

PRECOCIOUS TALENT.

THE remarkable performances of young Josef Hofmann have revived public interest in the subject of prodigies. In reading over old journals one finds many names mentioned which in their day attracted a good deal of attention. The precocious musical children are by no means as rare as many imagine them to be. Undoubtedly one of the most remarkable prodigies was Mozart, whose name was known all over Europe when the boy was scarcely over seven years of age. But while there were many precocious little ones since then, there was but one Mozart. There is mention made of a young Braun, who gave concerts before he was four years of age. Then there was the flutist Michael Folz, who was regarded in his youth as an "enfant terrible," for before he had reached the age of eight years he played over two hundred concertoes. Eliza Kandles, the daughter of a blind organist, played in public before she could speak. A still more remarkable prodigy was Miss Hofmann, who gave a concert in London in 1788, when she was but two and a half years of age. While she played no concertoes, she had mastered about one hundred numbers, which she played with a degree of accuracy that is said to have been surprising. The two Millanolo sisters who set the world wild with their charming performances on the violin, are still remembered by many that have heard them. Berlioz in one of his numerous articles speaks of a young girl, Sophie Bohrer, the daughter of Capelmaster Anton Bohrer, of Hanover. The author says that she was "a charming child of twelve, whose marvelous organization fills her friends with not unnatural fears.

The great Erard piano factory, Paris (France), was completely destroyed by fire on the 2nd inst. Loss about three million francs. Insurance in the neighborhood of half that amount.

THE CONDUCTOR.

(Written after attending a rehearsal of Gounod's *Redemption*.)

See him now take his stand
With his "Time-Stick" in hand
As the expectant band
Round him is tuning;
While with a direful wail
Legions of "A's" assail
His tortured ears, like hail,
Till he's nigh swooning.

Mark the great chorus there
Deeply breathe in the air,
When the smart rap "prepare,"
Calls for attention;
Tuned is each double-bass,
Each man has found the place,
Boldly the music face,—
'Tis the "Ascension."

Fiddles to right of him,
Fiddles to left of him,
Fiddles in front of him,
Screech in tremolo,
While, with a frenzied moan,
Wildly the Bass-Trombone
Plays "his hand all alone"
In a brass solo!

Now, with a great "Unfold"
In wades the chorus bold,
While if the roof will hold,
Anxious, we're doubting,
Still calmly sits he there,
Seated upon his chair,
List'ning with greatest care
To all that shouting!

Hark! with a fearful boom,
Like the loud Crack of Doom,
The great drum shakes the room:
Cymbals are sounding;
Cornets, with brazen throats,
Loudly prolong the notes,
The kettle-drummer glotts,
O'er his mad pounding!

Sweetly the *Alti* sing,
As the *Soprani* spring
Upward, on rising wing,
The Oboe chasing;
Loudly the *Bassi* roar,
Up the *Tenori* soar,
Till that "high G" once more
Bravely they're facing!

Now the chromatic scale
Strings, Wood and Wind assail,
Sharps, Naturals, Flats like hail
Madly are scattered!
One yell the welkin rends,
Then the great chorus ends;
Safe that brave man descends,—
Though sadly battered!

—CARILLON.

Walter Damrosch has been engaged to conduct the Buffalo Musical Festival in June next.

Puroell's *Dido and Eneas* will be revived by the Bach Choir, London, March 1st.

Mr. Whitney Mockridge is preparing for a Western tour, which will probably include Toronto. *The American Art Journal* says: "His rarely beautiful tenor, and artistic aplomb are being generally spoken of by the critics this season." The star of Mr. Mockridge is undoubtedly in the ascendant.

HANDEL'S SACRED ORATORIO,
"THE MESSIAH."

BY J. WARRINGTON HAWARD.

IT may be said that nothing can adorn or elevate the history of the Incarnation, yet perhaps Handel's immortal oratorio may in some measure help us to feel its import and its power. For whatever expands and refines the mind, increases our power of appreciating the highest truths; and true music has in this way an incalculable influence. That is a very erroneous idea of music which regards it as a mere trivial amusement. That Handel, its greatest master, did not think it so, is evident from the severe study he gave to it; and from the fact that when he was complimented by Lord Kinnoul upon the entertainment he had given his audience by the performance of his oratorio *Messiah*, he said, "My lord, I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better." The Chinese say that the heart, finding neither words nor signs adequate to express its emotions, at last burst forth into music. And we must admire the truth as well as the beauty of that idea; for music is that lofty language which in its exquisite strains expresses the deepest feelings and arouses the most tender sympathies of the soul. It is a most valuable adjunct to poetry; for often the ideas expressed in true music are too profound even for the rich language of poetry, unassisted, to embody. The poet borrows its name for some of his finest ideas, its time to give beauty to his metres, and its tune to give harmony to his rhymes. The most perfect music is poetry expressed in sound.

Germany, the land of deep thought, has produced the greatest musicians that have ever lived; and their works are best appreciated in England, the birthplace of a Shakspeare, a Newton, and a Bacon. Even the finest poetry is only thoroughly understood in the language in which it is written; but true music is comprehended by the aesthetic mind of any nation, age, or tongue. Some of the greatest philosophers as well as poets have admired and cultivated music. Pythagoras discovered the ratio of its sounds, and added the eighth string to the lyre; Euclid turned to it his wondrous intellect, and reduced the ratios of Pythagoras to mathematical demonstration; Plato refreshed his giant mind by listening to its sounds and studying its beauties; Ptolemy, the astronomer, found time from his grand contemplation of the orbs of infinitude, to write upon it; and Vitruvius in his architectural works could not pass it over. Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton, have testified to its marvellous influence and power. Every one knows what Shakspeare (who had no mean knowledge of human nature) said of it,—

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."

St. Augustine, speaking of St. Ambrose's music, said, "How did I weep on thy hymns and canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of thy sweet-attuned choir! The voices flowed in mine ear, and the truth distilled into my heart, whence the affections of my devotions overflowed, and tears ran down, and happy was I therein." Bishop Beveridge said,

"Music calls in my spirit, composes my thoughts, delights mine ear, re-creates my mind; and so not only fits me for the after business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts; so that when music sounds the sweetliest in mine ears, truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind." And who has not felt the influence of nature's music? What more joyful than the song of lark or thrush, or sweeter than the "cheerful tender strain" of that "messenger of calm decay," the redbreast? Or what more conducive to calm and earnest thought, than to wander amongst the stately pines in the quiet of evening, when the wind, bringing upon its wings, the sweetest perfumes of the flowers, plays amongst the branches its solemn chant; and the nightingale breathes upon the air its exquisite soprano, whilst the murmuring of distant streams and the gentle rustling of leaves form the low and soft accompaniment? If there were more attention given to nature's music, and if the great masters were more studied, we should hear less of the fashionable drawingroom combinations of meaningless scales, trills, and finger-trickery, and more of true music. The compositions which seem to possess such extraordinary attractions for so many of the fair pianists of the present day leave one in doubt, at first, whether the performer is trying the instrument previously to commencing; then we think that a very badly arranged manual exercise is being played; next we form the conclusion that the first note having been given, the whole instrument has to be ransacked and drummed upon to find the second, until at last, as we listen in painful perplexity, the end is announced to us by the loud bang of a very doubtful chord. Of all compositions of this class, those styled so aptly "variations" are the most objectionable. They seem as if some melody is vainly endeavoring to struggle forth, but is prevented on all sides by the discords, irregularities, and anile inventions by which it is overwhelmed. They are like many of the commentaries on "The Pilgrim's Progress," or Shakspeare's works; some one, for want of better employment or an original idea of his own, seizing on some master's work, and mutilating and defacing it with constant interruptions, or thrusting it into a cloud of ignorance and absurdity. It should be remembered also that manual dexterity alone, no more makes a musician, than the ability to mix colours does a painter, or the quantity of paint used, a picture. And although all must admit how much the musical art originally owed to Italy, I confess to the opinion that the music of Italy is mostly very superficial in its effect, and greatly inferior to that which Germany has given us. For although some of the Italian operatic airs are very pretty, yet they do not bear often repeating, for after a few hearings they lose their attractions and animation; whereas one of Handel's or Beethoven's melodies we could listen to almost for ever, and then not tire of it, but only see fresh beauties by its repetition. One of Handel's oratorios is as infinitely superior to the most finished Italian opera, as Canterbury Cathedral is to a lady's boudoir.

It is notable also that the greatest musicians have exerted their most matured genius, and utmost powers, upon sacred music, evidently from a sense of its superiority to any other kind. Thus Handel, during the last years of his life, composed, with one exception, no more than sacred music; his operas are scarce-

ly known, and never heard now, whereas his oratorios are familiar to almost every one. The same may be said of Haydn. The finest music of Beethoven and Mozart will be found in their masses; and Mendelssohn (of whom one cannot think without the deepest admiration for his life and regret for his early death)—who, had he lived, would, I believe, have produced works more nearly approaching to Handel's and therefore to perfection, than any other composer—gave his last days and greatest powers to those exquisite sacred compositions which culminated in the oratorio *Elijah*.

The very foundations of modern music are found in the Church, for they were laid by St. Ambrose of Milan, Isidore of Seville, and Gregory the Great.

It is generally allowed that Handel is one of the greatest musicians that ever lived, and also that his oratorio *Messiah* is the finest of his compositions. In it his genius seems to culminate. The more often it is heard, the more beauties are discovered in it, and the more it is admired and enjoyed; for—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness."

Handel had an intense sentiment for the beautiful and appropriate, which no other musician ever had to such a degree; and from this, combined with his immense learning and fertility of imagination, arose the sublimity and pathos of what he wrote. "Handel," said the immortal Beethoven, "knew best of all of us what to do." And the reason why this transcendent wonder, the oratorio *Messiah*, is so superior to all other musical compositions, is that Handel, with his deep appreciation of what was truly beautiful, chose for his theme the most touching story that ever fell on human ear and for his text the simple words of the Bible, and to these he has added music, of which it is the highest praise to say that it is fitting for them. No one who has ever heard this oratorio adequately performed, can doubt the power of music. It produces in us a perfect ecstasy, for we forget the world, ourselves, and everything but the one grand theme which is sounding in our ears.

What a calm and comforting influence is diffused over us as we listen to the sublime and simple opening—"Comfort ye, comfort ye My people,"—preceded by the solemn overture, whose majestic minor tones and stately fugue have prepared us to listen earnestly to all which is to follow. Then soon is asked the impressive question, "Who may abide the day of His coming?"—followed by that wonderful movement to the words, "But He is like a refiner's fire," which, in its impetuous utterances, and sharp penetrating tones, seems to realize to us the searching character of the element. And then, after a description of the darkness of the earth and its people, given in gloomy chromatic passages, we have the expressive announcement of the Light that has arisen and the Child that is born to us; culminating in the enunciation of His names—"The Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." One of the simplest pieces in the whole work, and the loveliest melody that ever touched the heart or charmed the ear, is that to the beautiful words, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, and He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and gently lead those that are

with young;" followed by the divine invitation, "Come unto Him, all ye that labour any are heavy laden, and He will give you rest." One could never tire of listening to such heavenly strains. Handel left this air so complete that even Mozart could not add a single note of accompaniment to it. The scholarly and majestic chorus which opens the second part leads to a passage of exquisite pathos,—“He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;”—in the last part of which, to the words, “He gave His back to the smiters,” &c., there is a profundity of emotion expressed in the broken melody, that utterly defies all description. But even this does not equal the recitative that shortly follows,—“Thy rebuke hath broken His heart, He is full of heaviness; He looked for some to have pity on Him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort Him;” and the air to the words, “Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow,” in which Handel surpasses in pathos all of music that has ever been written. There is a passionate intensity in them which awakens the deepest sympathies of which the soul is capable; and surely no one can hear them without his heart filling with love to Him who thus “bore our griefs and carried our sorrows,” and with grief for the sin which caused them.

I will not speak of the triumphant airs and choruses which follow, for they all lead up to that immortal burst of praise, the “Hallelujah.” What language could ever describe the glorious majesty of this chorus, which no one, even to England's king, could hear without in reverence rising and standing as he listened to its wondrous peals? The splendour of its opening is only surpassed by the calm sublimity of the heavenly passage to the words, “The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ,” leading to the mighty burst of harmony with which it ends. Then comes that exquisite air, so full of pious confidence,—“I know that my Redeemer liveth;” of which Burney relates, that when it was heard at the Handel Commemoration performance in Westminster Abbey in 1784, there was no one within his view who did not “silently a gentle tear let fall.” And after those fine passages—“Since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection from the dead; as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive,” in which by the alternation of the quartet and chorus, the victory of Christ over sin and death is so admirably expressed, we arrive at the grand climax to the stupendous whole, the final “Amen.” This chorus, of which one cannot even think without excitement, is the sublimest music that has ever been produced. Its deep harmony rising and falling like an ocean wave, and dashing its tremendous tones upon the air with defiant and triumphant might, each bar bringing fresh power, each passage expanding into greater might and still profounder depth than the preceding, is so impressive that one dare not speak much of it, it is so infinitely superior to anything that can be said of it. We must surely always think of the author of such a work as this oratorio with the greatest reverence. To him (with the exception of the reference to his birthplace) may be applied the words of Homer,—

"When
From among the sons of men
Some wayworn stranger shall inquire,

As he journeys by,—
 'Whom of the vocal choir,
 O damsels, do ye most desire?
 Who sweetest strikes the lyre?'
 Then auspiciously,
 Then with one accord reply,—
 'The blind old man, that dwells in high
 And rocky Chios, he is dear;
 Him we most delight to hear;
 All his deathless verse
 Distant ages shall rehearse."

It is a touching story, that of Handel's life. It was nearly all one long struggle, but his indomitable determination overcame all opposition and obstacles; and there is something grand in the indifference with which he worked through them all. Think of the child of seven years old, in spite of his father having endeavoured by every means in his power to prevent his acquiring the slightest knowledge of music, playing the organ in such a manner as to attract the attention of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels to his genius, who in consequence persuaded his father to let the boy be educated as a musician. It must have been very painful to so sensitive a man as Handel to see his finest compositions unappreciated; but knowing that he was in the right, he resolutely pursued his own way, and eventually silenced all opposition. A great deal has been said of his irascible temper and eccentric habits; but it must be remembered, as with Dr. Johnson, that almost every detail of his life was made public, and that to so sensitive a man, to see error prevailing must have been doubly galling. But it is perfectly certain that he was at heart a man of great magnanimity and benevolence, as well as of true piety. Like the great founder of his art, Pope Gregory, he was a great lover of children and children's voices, and among his many benefactions, the Foundling Hospital alone received more than £10,000 from the performances of the *Messiah* which he gave for it. Handel's oratorio alone has produced more for charitable purposes than any other single work of art. One of the Birmingham musical festivals gave to the hospital of that town more than £5,000. And even when the great affliction of blindness fell upon him he still remained cheerful and happy. It must have been a most affecting sight, that of the grand old musician sitting, blind, at the organ, accompanying with never-failing skill his own oratorios; and to have seen him, when that most pathetic air in which Samson laments his blindness was sung, grow pale and tremble with emotion; and then, when it was over, led forward to receive the rapturous applause of the audience. He was very sensitive to his own music, and it is told of him that he was found literally sobbing when composing the air, "He was despised," &c.

It would be easy to trace many points of resemblance between Handel and another great genius in a sister art—Turner the painter:—both masters of their art, both struggling against difficulties, misrepresentation, and abuse, and both knowing that they were in the right, and pursuing their course in spite of every opposition; both triumphing at last; both rough externally, yet tender within; abused during life, and revered after death.

Judging from the engagements of Dr. Carl Martin, the eminent basso, Handel's *Messiah* still holds its own on the other side. His dates from Dec. 7th to Jan. 16th include six cities where it is announced.

The Musical Journal.

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AGENTS wanted in every town. Liberal commission allowed.

TORONTO, JANUARY 15th, 1888.

SERVICES OF PRAISE.

TWO parishes of the Church of England in Toronto (the Church of the Ascension and the Church of the Redeemer), have inaugurated monthly "Services of praise," which are held in their respective churches on week evenings. The programmes comprise psalms, hymns, anthems, organ solos, oratorio selections, etc., and the thoroughly good numbers appearing on them reflect the taste and judgement of the choirmasters in charge, and the appreciation of those who take part in and attend the services.

This is doubtless a movement in the right direction, as it will familiarize the people with those exquisite productions of musical art which are intended for use in the services and offices of the Church, and gradually break down the prejudice which at present excludes them.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS FOR THE PEOPLE, IN CHURCH.

TORONTO is a city of churches, handsome and commodious, some of them having fine organs, and organists of no mean ability. Yet how little is the "king of instruments" heard, except it be at the regular services on Sunday,—or when (the finances being low) we accept the invitation to a "Recital"—admission free (silver collection). Now Sunday afternoon is generally dull. The average business man and the toiler, as a rule, after his Sunday dinner, takes a smoke or goes to sleep, or both. Not very edifying it is true; but it is rest! Rest that is only appreciated by those who have worried through the week at the high pressure too prevalent on this continent.

An old country Wesleyan local preacher was requested by his minister to fill an appointment in an adjacent village on a Sunday afternoon. "I'd rather not, sir," said the former, "its preaching *through* puddin' and preaching *at* puddin', there's no making an impression, and the rustic congregation only wakes up at the singin'."

The Star.

Andantino.

T. C. JEFFERS.

VOICE.

1. In the mid - night
2. Days come and

PIANO.

sky a star I see, One large, bright star a - lone,.....
go, moons wax and wane, And ah! the years slip by,.....

..... And soft - ly it shines in beau - ty When the world to
..... And soon.. we're old, and soon we fade, And in. the

rest has gone..... A gem on the brow of the night it
church - yard lie..... Through smiles and tears, 'mid joy or

THE STAR.

seems, A ma - gic jew - el fair ; A - lone, a -
 woe, In hope or in des - pair A - lone, a -

far, I know my star is shin - - ing, shin - - ing
 far, I know my star is shin - - ing, shin - - ing

there Is shin - - ing, shin - - ing there
 there Is shin - - ing, shin - - ing there



Andante.

FOR THE CABINET ORGAN.

HANDEL.

The musical score is arranged in six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piece is marked 'Andante'. Dynamics include *p*, *f*, *mf*, and *ad lib.*. The notation includes chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines in both hands.

Reminiscence of Corelli.

Andante largo

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of music. Each system is a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature is G minor (one flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo marking is *Andante largo*. The music is characterized by a steady, flowing accompaniment with various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and some triplet figures. The piece ends with a double bar line.

O Zion, City of our God.

From Sacred Cantata "DANIEL."

KEY E \flat . QUARTET. *Andante espressivo*. M. 88.

G. F. ROOT.

		.s	s	.s	:l	.s	:f .r
		1. O	Zi - on,	ci - ty	of our	God,	Can
		2. Je	ru - sa -	lem!	our	tears are	Tears
		3. And	they who	have us	cap - tive	here,	Now
: .m	m	.m	:f .m	:r .d	t _i	:—	: .r
1. O	Zi - on,	ci . ty	of our	God,	Can	we thy	beau - ties e'er for -
: .s	s	.s	:l .s	:f .m	r	:—	: .s
2. Je	ru - sa -	lem!	our	tears are	there,	Tears	that in
: .d	d	.d	:d .d	:d .d	s _i	:—	: .t
3. And	they who	have us	cap - tive	here,	Now	bid us	sing thy
							song a -

s	.s	:t	:l	:s	:f	m	:—
we thy	boun - ties	e'er for -	get ?	The lovely	paths,	the	paths where
that in	si - lent	anguish	flow,	And still for	thee,	for	thee our hearts
bid us	sing thy	song a -	gain,	We may not	wake	a	sound, a sound
t _i	:—	: .r	d	.d	:d	:d	:d
get ?	The	lovely	paths	where	once	we	must
r	:—	: .t	l	.l	:l	:m	:m
flow,	And	still	for	thee	our	hearts	must
s _i	:—	: .se	l	.l	:l	:l	:l
gain,	We	may not	wake	a	sound	so	dear,
							The harp
							untun'd
							must
							still
							re -

t	:—	:	:	:	:s	d	.r
trod,	pine,	dear,	r	:—	:	:t _i	d
yet,	Are	sa - cred	to	our	mem'ry	yet,	Are
s	:—	:s	d	.t	:r	:d	:t
woe,	While	strangers	coldly	mock	our	woe,	While
s _i	:—	:s	m	.r	:f	:m	:s
main,	The	harp	untun'd	must	still	main,	The
							harp
							un -
							cred
							gers
							un -
							d
							cred
							m
							f
							s
							l
							:m
							f
							:d
							un -

r	.m	:f	.s	:l	:d	d	:—
to	cold	tun'd	d	:—	:d	mem	'ry
to	f	.s	:l	.s	:f	:l	:m
cold	f _i	:—	:f _i	:—	:s _i	:—	:s _i
tun'd	must	still	re	yet.	woe.	main.	yet.
							s _i
							:—
							:f
							:—
							:s _i
							:—
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The Temperance people, believing in the goodness of their cause, do not hesitate to utilize Sunday afternoon, and music, too, to further their views. Why cannot our musicians and singers make a move in the same direction? We hear much about the moral influence of music—its elevating, refining, softening, and soul-inspiring characteristics. Why not put it to a practical test? For the encouragement of any of our church authorities who may be bold enough to inaugurate such a work, we insert the following from the *Tonic Sol-fa Reporter*:

"The Rev. E. Husband, incumbent of St. Michael's, Folkestone, is one of the few clergymen of the Church of England who venture to depart from the ordinary services and methods for encouraging people to go to church. Mr. Husband was one of the first, if not the first, to commence 'Sunday Afternoons for the People' in church. These services form one of the attractions of the town, both to residents and visitors. The attendance is invariably large, and shows no signs of falling off, although the novelty of these 'Afternoons' ceased nearly three years ago. Their success is partly due to the wide-spread desire for shorter sermons, more singing and better music, and partly to the ability and attention of Mr. Husband himself. He is not only incumbent, but also organist and choirmaster, and his skill at the organ as well as his power in the pulpit is now well-known.

"In 1884, Mr. Husband was anxious to provide a musical Sunday afternoon that would be interesting to church-folk and non church-goers alike. He had not heard of the experiment being made elsewhere, so he decided without the aid of others' experience to plan a programme of his own. He opened by giving an organ recital of popular pieces, heading his programmes with Henry Ward Beecher's golden words: 'All good music is sacred if it is heard sacredly, and all poor music is execrably unsacred.' A couple of well-known hymns and a short address upon some semi-religious subject completed the service. The church was crowded with church people, Nonconformists, Roman Catholics, and a number of persons who at other times did not attend any place of worship. Being thus encouraged, he has continued these 'Sunday afternoons for the people' ever since, on the first Sunday afternoon in each month.

"On a recent occasion, the service consisted of a Collect and the Lord's Prayer, two hymns, two airs from *Elijah* (Mendelssohn), sung by members of the choir, and several organ solos by Mr. Husband, who also gave an address which occupied about fifteen minutes. The large congregation seemed thoroughly to enjoy the various items on the programme, and the service must have been a boon to many who find Sunday, especially the afternoon, a dull and dreary time.

"It cannot be said that Mr. Husband's musical energy is used up on Sunday afternoons, and his work neglected at other times. He spends much time and labour over his services, and is a man who has a large heart and broad views. He encourages the musical work of other churches, and has helped them in various ways. Every Wednesday evening, from eight till nine, Mr. Husband gives an organ recital. This is always well attended. The programmes are popular rather than classical, but they are never commonplace. The instrument is handled with considerable judgment and taste. At another week-night service the

church was recently filled to hear Mr. Husband deliver a lecture on 'Gounod's Church Music'; illustrative anthems were sung by the choir, and selections given from the *Redemption* and *Mors et Vita*.

"A debt of £9,000 has just been paid off, so a 'Thanksgiving Service' was held on a week-evening. Special hymns and psalms were sung, and selected solos and choruses from Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*. After a sermon, Gounod's Thanksgiving *Te Deum* was rendered. Mr. Husband presided at the grand piano in the chancel, a friend taking his place at the organ. He finds the joint effect of the two instruments is good, and that the piano is useful beyond words in picking up the different leads, and especially in keeping the boys well together in their parts.

"Mr. Husband's experience is that music draws the people in, and he feels that he can preach to them through music as well as by a sermon from the pulpit. He has set a good example which may be held up for imitation wherever there are courage and devotion sufficient for the work."

"It will ruin the attendance at Sunday Schools," says the superintendent. We do not think so. Once a month commence a little earlier, and after Sunday School march the little ones into church. Children like music—the more the better!

"It will make a dreadful dirty mess of the upholstery," says the pewowner. Possibly; but, to the spiritual eye, that worn old hassock will shine with a heavenly lustre if upon it has knelt some poor penitent, breathing from his heart the prayer of the publican. With the great apostle to the gentiles we believe in becoming "all things to all men," if by any means we may be instrumental in brightening and bettering the lives of the people.

MUSICAL CRITICS.

WE feel that we are venturing upon dangerous ground when we approach this subject, but we also feel that in the performance of our duty to the musical public and the cause of music generally, we must brave the danger, and to the best of our ability, tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about that peculiar biped yclept the musical critic, as found in musical circles in Toronto.

And what is the truth about this peculiar creature? Assuredly, that here in Toronto he is developing to an alarming extent,—one tumbles over him everywhere, in the press, at the concert hall, at rehearsals, in society, in the church: particularly in the choir—in short he has become a positive nuisance; and in the best interests of our musical progress it is imperative that he should in future be promptly squelched and severely sat upon by all true lovers of the art, wherever he shows his ugly phiz.

It is impossible, in the space of one short article, to deal with all varieties of the critic musical, and we must therefore content ourselves with a few remarks on one of the more objectionable varieties.

First, then, we notice the incompetent, who as-

sumes to write press notices of important musical events. He is generally a pseudo-chorister, who, in the dim ages of antiquity, was connected in some capacity (perhaps assistant librarian) with some noted choir or society in the old land. He is one of that class of individuals who rely upon their imagination for their facts, and their memory for their wit; and his sole capital and stock in trade is imperturbable nerve, or, as our American cousins would say, "unparalleled gall!" Sometime in the course of his existence he has heard one of the halfdozen leading orchestras of the world, and he assumes that all orchestras, wherever formed, of whatever material composed, and performing under whatever conditions, should perform with the same precision and perfection as say the band of the Leipzig Gewandhaus, Gericke's, or Mr. Mann's Orchestra. His motto appears to be "Give me perfection or give me death!" The false standard upon which he bases his *judgments* (save the mark!) arises of necessity from his ignorance of matters musical. He knows he must have some foil for this vital weakness, and has therefore the cunning to take perfection as his standard, and hence feels perfectly safe in railing at and decrying everything local, thinking that he is secure in assuming that such affairs cannot possibly approach perfection. Hence the glaring injustice so often done to local performers and local musical organizations in our daily press.

Take for example the criticisms which have appeared regarding the recent performance of the *Messiah*. The writer in one morning paper, presuming on the fact that many members of the orchestra had last season appeared at an *amateur* concert, nauseates the public by a pitiful display of ignorance and petty malice. That the orchestra at the above performance was perfect no one will for a moment claim, but we state without fear of successful contradiction, that it was a credit to Toronto and to the Toronto Philharmonic Society. Anyone in the least familiar with the difficulties that have to be successfully encountered before an orchestra such as that so unmercifully condemned by the critic in question is put upon a Toronto platform, will unhesitatingly admit the truth of this statement. One of the greatest of these difficulties is the incapacity and indolence of some of our so-called *professional players*. They simply *will not* come to practices or rehearsals. It may astonish many to know that two of the wood-wind performers absented themselves without notice to the conductor from the two final rehearsals for a recent important concert! Want of space renders it impossible for us to mention more of the difficulties referred to, but the reader may take our word for it their name is legion.

Hence it is that of the more serious shortcomings noticeable in the orchestra at the *Messiah* concert, all were on the part of the *professionals*; the amateurs as a body played well and faithfully, and deserve praise,—not blame.

When will our critics recognize the truth that a man who obtains from the available material at his hand all the effects possible under the circumstances, is entitled to as much or more credit than the man who has the advantage of the best material and obtains from it perfection?

It is time that men who know practically nothing of music, and could not harmonize correctly even a chant to save their lives, should abandon musical criticism, and take up some more suitable employment. Say sand-pounding.

HOME AND FOREIGN NOTES.

CANADIAN.

TORONTO.

F. H. TORRINGTON'S ORCHESTRA.—FIRST CONCERT.
SEASON 1887-8.

This concert took place on the 15th ult., at the Pavilion Music Hall. It will be remembered that Mr. Torrington's Orchestra made a decided "hit" at its second concert last season, and therefore the large and fashionable audience that assembled to greet it, on its first appearance this season, was prepared for good work—but we are not going beyond the truth when we say that the performance of the Orchestra surprised every one present. Since the concert we have had the opportunity of conversing with many of our leading musicians, and in every case the Orchestra and its work has been most highly commended. In short, the establishment and success of this Orchestra marks the commencement of an important era in the musical history of our city. Our veteran conductor, Mr. Torrington, has labored long and earnestly for the establishment of a local orchestra, on a permanent and satisfactory basis. In the prosecution of this praiseworthy aim he has overcome one by one many serious difficulties—not the least of which has been the unreasonable (we had almost said *idiotic*) standard adopted by the self-constituted critics mentioned in another column (see editorial "Musical Critics"), in judging of local musical effort—and it must therefore be the more gratifying to him to feel that at last his labors are reaping their reward,—that his Orchestra has won for itself substantial recognition from our musical public. At the above concert the Orchestra put upon the platform sixty-four effective performers, exclusive of the conductor and vocalists. Below is the programme in detail, with the names of the soloists.

Overture, "Bridal Rose," (Lavalée) Orchestra.
Vocal trio, "Ti Prego," (Curschman) Miss Fowler and Misses Ryan.
Romanza, "Frühlings Erwachen,"—Awakening of Spring—(Bach) with horn solo by Mr. Spacey; Orchestra.
Song, "Killarney," (Balfe) Mr. Curren.
Violin solo, Polonaise, (Vieuxtemps) Mr. Andersen.
Operatic selections, *Bohemian Girl*, (Balfe) solos by Messrs. Andersen, Trendell, Corlett, Spacey, Warren, Clarke and Lawson; Orchestra.
Song, "Three Wishes," (Pinsuti) Miss Kate Ryan.
National selection, "English Airs," (Lax) flute solos by Messrs. Arlidge and Glionna; Orchestra.
Valse, "Auf Wiedersehn," (Bailey) Orchestra.
Song, "The Wayside Cross," (Rawlings) Miss Fowler.
Cello solo—Gavotte—(Popper) Mr. Frank Wagner, accompanied by Mr. E. R. Reigger.

Serenade for flute and horn, (Tit'l) Messrs. Arlidge and Spacey, and Orchestra.

Cornet Solo, "Adonis' Polka," (Wiegand) Mr. Clarke.

National selection, "Scotch Airs," (Cox) Orchestra.

Vocal duett, "A Night in Venice," (Lucantoni) the Misses Ryan.

(a) Serenade, "Des Mandolines," (Desormes); (b) March "Donna Juanita" (Suppe), Orchestra.
"God save the Queen."

The playing of the Orchestra, in all the numbers, was marked by a good full tone (a little rough of course on occasions, but that is a defect which time and experience will remedy), and a precision and attention to detail really remarkable in so youthful an organization. In all points where the ability and mature experience of their conductor could be made to supply the place of any deficiency on the part of the performers, it was done, and in those points where an orchestra is thrown on its own resources, independent of and apart from the conducting, the performers shewed up in a truly gratifying manner, demonstrating that the requisite material,—the requisite talent and ability necessary for the formation and development of a good local orchestra is now to be found in our own city, and demonstrating, too, that Mr. Torrington and the energetic committee at his back, are fully alive to the fact, and are endeavouring to take advantage of it—an effort in every way worthy of substantial encouragement and praise.

Of the vocal soloists we may say, in brief, that while all acquitted themselves well, the Misses Ryan certainly carried off the palm. Mr. Curren was hardly in his usual trim, and Miss Fowler was heavily discounted by acute nervousness, a fault which, of course, is common to all young singers, and which time and experience will doubtless remove.

The instrumental soloists were also well received. Mr. August Andersen, in the Veuxtemp selection, proves himself the possessor of true musical feeling. He took the *ballade* at the correct tempo, despite the assertion of one of our morning papers to the contrary, (by the way, we happened to observe the writer of the notice in question enter the hall *after* the *ballade* was finished) and the dignified movement adapted for the polonaise gave the *march-dance* its true effect. The critic before mentioned, judging from his strictures on the performance of this movement, seems to have run away with the idea that a *Polonaise* is a round dance! Mr. Andersen plays with his brains, and, unfortunately for some people, it requires brains to understand such a player.

Mr. Herbert Clarke, solo cornet, by his excellent performance won at once the sympathies of the audience, and responded to the unanimous encore which followed his first effort by playing Sullivan's "Lost Chord." Mr. Clarke if he continues to improve in the same ratio as he has done during the past few years may look forward to taking rank as a cornet-soloist of continental reputation.

Mr. Franz Wagner in his cello solo was a trifle unsteady, and somewhat uncertain in his stopping at the start, owing principally to nervousness, but soon settled himself, and played the latter portion of the Gavotte very acceptably. He evidently has the necessary talent, which needs only patient cultivation to make him a fine performer.

The second concert of the season will take place some time in March and among other numbers on the programme will be the *Larghetto* from Beethoven's Second Symphony.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—SIXTEENTH SEASON—FIRST CONCERT.

On entering the Hall on the evening of the 27th ult. we were glad to notice the large number of "old timers" among the audience. The *Messiah* always brings out a goodly representation of those who in past times bore the burden and heat of the day. Those whose singing days are not yet over find their way back to the familiar platform, while those over whom Father Time has asserted more potent sway are fain to content themselves with listening to and applauding the efforts of their musical successors.

It is only one who *knows* Handel's masterpiece, one who possesses true musical instincts, and, we must add, true

Christian insight, who can in any way appreciate the *Messiah* but to one who hears and feels as Handel heard and felt, what a work it is! How the faces of the old friends we have mentioned brightened as the conductor rapped for attention, after the singing of the National Anthem, as they leaned forward in their seats, with the evident intention not to miss a single note, a single word! One had but to glance at them to see that they at least were not thinking of the "old fashioned" style and the "mannerisms" of the music, mentioned by one of the morning papers. Pity some of our *new fashioned* compounders of pryrotechnic music cannot "get on" to the same "mannerisms!" If they could they would get on in the musical profession far more rapidly. One really loses oneself in admiration of the colossal cheek of the local critic who calmly shelves one of the greatest conceptions of human genius, with the comment "old fashioned" and "mannerish." On such a one the gasping cry, the moan of anguish foreshadowing the darker tragedy to come, which Handel has so faithfully depicted in the opening movement—an effect as remarkable as the means of its production, (causing the strings to expend on the *arcsis* the same length of the bow as on the *thesis*, but in one-third the time) are simple—with the other master-touches of the work, are entirely lost. Where can one match the matchless pathos of the plaint "He looked for some to have pity"? Or the sublimity of suffering exhibited in that despairing lamentation "Thy rebuke hath broken His heart." Again, how the clouds roll away, how the heavens brighten, how is glory set upon glory, from the peerless *Hallelujah Chorus* to the great *Amen!* The heart throbs and the pulses tingle at the very thought, and as to the ear of the mind, the mighty shout of the ransomed of the Lord swells ever louder and louder, further and further, till it seems to shake the very universe with that song of triumphant praise, "Blessing and Honor, Glory and Power be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever, amen! we throw down the pen in despair! The brush of a Turner could not depict the majestic grandeur of Niagara. The pen of a Milton could not paint the glories of the *Messiah*."

Of the performance on the above occasion we need not speak at length. The chorus was excellent, well balanced, with a pure tone and plenty of it when occasion required. The orchestra on the whole did remarkably well, the only noticeable faults being on the part of performers who, though known as professional players, evidently need to attend more practices than they themselves consider requisite.

Mme. Giulia Valda, the soprano soloist, won golden opinions, Miss Ryan (the contralto) and Mr. Wilbur Gunn (tenor) pressing her hard for the laurels of the evening.

Messrs Schuch, Warrington, Curren and Blight took the bass solos, and while all did well, Mr. H. M. Blight was—and we think justly—the evident favorite. He has a fine voice and great facility, and gave a magnificent rendering of "Why do the nations."

Mr. H. Clarke who performed the obligato to Mr. Warrington's solo "The Trumpet shall sound," though he did not play as confidently as at the rehearsal, acquitted himself in a musicianly manner,—and every one who has studied instrumentation and knows anything of the difficulty of the obligato in question, will have no hesitation in congratulating Mr. Clarke on the merit of his performance.

It is needless to add in concluding that "Father Torrington" conducted with his usual tact, presence of mind, good humor and ability. The MUSICAL JOURNAL congratulates the Philharmonic upon another success and will be very glad if the announcement made by their worthy President, Mr. John Earls, of a yearly performance, during the Christmas season is duly carried into effect. The Society is now hard at work on Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, which will be performed at the second concert of the season.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, TORONTO.

The programme of the "Service of Praise" given in the Church of the Ascension on the 4th inst. was exceedingly good. Mr. Torrington's solos were much appreciated, as also the vocal quartet, and the chorus "For unto us" by the Choir. Mr. Doward, the organist and choirmaster, is to be congratulated upon the very great progress he has been able to make in matters musical at the Ascension. The service last Christmas morning was exceptionally fine.

Miss Anna Howden's concert at Millbrook, in aid of St. Thomas' church organ fund, was a very successful affair. The performers were the Misses Howden, Miss Brent, and Messrs. Anderson, Fenwick and Schuch. A capital programme was presented.

The Brooklyn correspondent of the *Whitby Chronicle* says "the organ in the Methodist church has been repaired and placed behind the pulpit, adding to the appearance of the church; but the music is not there, or it requires some one to bring it out." There must be a dearth of organists in that section.

Entertainments are given fortnightly in the parochial school house, Barrie. The programme of the last of this series was contributed by ladies only, under the presidency of Mrs. Andros. The performers were Mesdames Mackid, Nicholson, Henderson, Holmes and Morris, and the Misses Crompton and Stritch.

Miss Ellie Long, contralto, of the Ontario Ladies' College, (sister of Major Long, of Whitby, and a pupil of Mrs. Bradley,) recently appeared before a New York audience in Chickering Hall. *The American Art Journal* says "Her pleasing presence, unaffected manners and earnestness, won her cordial recognition." She sang Rossini's "Ah! quel giorno," and an aria, by Beethoven, and responded to encores with songs by Claribel and Molloy.

The closing exercises of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, took place on Wednesday evening, 20th ult. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison (Toronto), and the young ladies of his class, were heartily congratulated by their friends at the close. The *Whitby Chronicle*, speaking of the singing of the Rev. Mr. Crossley, says "he displayed a charm of voice unequalled by any Canadian vocalist!" *Rara avis!* Whoever heard a millionaire or a parson sing? We are advancing, evidently.

The organ recital in St. Paul's church, Peterboro, on Friday, the 14th ult., attracted a very large audience. Mr. J. S. Parker, organist and accompanist, Misses Vair and Cottingham, Mr. Bagnley, and the choir, (30 voices) rendered the thirteen numbers on the programme with brilliancy and precision. The choir, after the performance, were entertained at supper in the school room by the ladies of the church. (Good! In other places how often after a successful entertainment have the tired executants gone home with a hearty vote of thanks, and a cool drink from the elephantine church picher?)

The Church of England Temperance Society, Mitchell, gave a concert in the Town Hall, on Monday, the 19th ult., under the presidency of the Rev. Mr. Ker. The performers were Mr. E. B. Hollis, of Seaforth; Messrs. Clark and Harrison, the Misses Davis, Masters Hord and Clulow, Mr. O'Hagan, Miss Jennie Hall, Mesdames Hall and Harrison, and Mr. W. R. Davis. A temperance address was given by the Rev. J. Ridley, of Galt. This is an excellent idea—some good music before and after an address is a decided improvement upon ordinary methods of "padding" temperance meetings.

The Regina Glee Club is being worked into shape, and the following ladies and gentlemen propose giving their services, when required, to assist at any entertainment which has for its object the furtherance of Church work or affairs of a charitable nature:—Misses Hunt, McBrain, Laidlaw and McKibbin, and Messrs. Blundell, Holtby, J. W. Young, Burbank, and W. H. Hunt. Pianiste, Miss McReynolds. President, W. Burbank. Sec-treas., W. H. Hunt.

An efficient leader having been found, the probability is that the Regina Brass Band will be resuscitated.

Mrs. Dewdney's recent *musical* was a great success. The *Regina Leader* says: "Nothing could be more enjoyable than the singing, and the arrangements made on hospitable thoughts intent." Just like N. F. D.

The Port Hope *Times* correspondent says: "The citizens of Bowmanville made a sorry exhibition of their gratitude, by absenting themselves from the Dominion Organ & Piano Co's annual Band Concert." It was ever thus; probably the merits of the Band would be better appreciated by outsiders.

Bowmanville has a Quintette Club. We hope to hear from it occasionally. Every village and town in the country should have a quartette or quintette club. How many old violins, violas, cellos, etc., are ornamenting the walls, or sleeping in the attics or closets of our houses—heirlooms some of them—brought out by their owners rather than sacrifice them in the "old sod?" Fetch them out, dust them, string them up; take out their flabby bows, tighten them, and make the fiddles vibrate with the simple but sublime works of the old masters. Get together and stick to it.

Whitby has organized a glee club.

Prescott is organizing a singing society.

Mr. Dingle, of Oshawa, (late of the Leipzig Conservatory) has been appointed organist of the George Street Methodist church. His duties commence February 1st.

The new organ in the English church, Elmsvale, was opened on Sunday, December 4th. The choir, which is composed of pupils of Miss Porter, Pentanguishene, sang well.

The Barrie Citizens' Band will give a series of popular concerts, monthly, during the present season, under the direction of Mr. Henderson, bandmaster. Barrie is coming to the front.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is said to be at work on a grand opera entitled *Mary Stuart*, in which Mme. Albani will appear. The management will be under Carl Rosa.

Miss Lily Begley, organist of St. Mary's Church, Grafton, has been made the recipient of a handsome testimonial, in evidence of the high esteem in which she is held by her Cobourg and Grafton friends.

An old folks' concert was given at Farmersville, on Tuesday evening, 27th ult., under the auspices of the High School. The performers were Messrs. Briston, Kincaid, Miller, Cornell, Gibbard, Telgmann, Corn, Lewis, and Fenwick. Mesdames Fenwick, Cornell, Parish, Stevens, and Donovan. The Misses Addison and Richards, and the singing class, under the direction of Prof. J. Ross. The antique performance netted a handsome sum for the School Piano Fund.

Miss McNeil, a member of St. Andrew's Church Choir, London, Ont., has been made the recipient of a testimonial and a substantial recognition of her valuable services in the choir.

The *Mitchell Advocate*, reporting the Musical and Literary Entertainment, given in Gould's S. S. No. 6, on Thursday evening, Dec. 30th, says: "The elements, and everything, and everybody, seemed to have conspired to make the performance a success. The night being all that could be desired and the sleighing good." From the above, and the homely titles of the musical and literary selections, we may conclude our country friends had a real good time, showing that a long sleigh-drive is no deterrent to country lovers of music enjoying themselves. Professor Hawking, of Staffa, was the accompanist. By-the-by, how is it that every little programme mentions a professor or two? What do they profess?

TRADE NOTES.

We have received from the Canada Publishing Co. a copy of the first of a series of books entitled "The Canadian Music Course," by Alex. T. Cringan. The series comprises three books, the first of which deals with the Sol-fa Notation only, while the second applies the Sol-fa to the Staff, and in the third, exercises in the higher branches of both notations are given with a choice selection of high class school and patriotic songs, arranged for two and three parts. The exercises are nicely graded in difficulty, and there is no theory to confuse the pupils, consequently they have nothing in the books but what is of real practical use. The books are nicely got up on fine toned paper, printed in the finest style of the art, and bound in limp cloth. We understand it is the first Tonic Sol-fa work published in Canada.

We understand that Messrs. Warren & Son are making great progress with the *Vocalion*, and hope soon to see this new and magnificent musical instrument upon the market. The Messrs. Warren can be relied upon for good work.

The University College Song Book has met with the most gratifying reception on the part of our musical public. One hears it favorably spoken of in all circles. It is already in its second edition.

Edwin Ashdown, the well-known English music publisher, has opened a Toronto Branch, under the direction of his son, Mr. Sydney Ashdown, a young man of considerable push and business experience. A full line of the Ashdown and other standard publications will be found at the Toronto Branch, No. 89 Yonge St., comprising the best music, old and new, vocal and instrumental. Music for the pianoforte a specialty.

Henri Herz, the octagenarian piano manufacturer, head of the Paris house of Herz, whose products have long since been ranked with Erard and Pleyel, Wolfe, died in Paris, on January 6, aged 82 years. He was born in Vienna, January 6, 1806. His tours throughout the United States, Cuba, Mexico and California between the years 1846 and 1850 were undertaken to rebuild his fortune, lost in the manufacture of pianofortes in Paris, when he was associated with Klepfa. He was very successful, and literally coined money on his tours in America. Returning to Paris he established the house of Herz, and carried off the first prize for his pianofortes at the Exposition of 1855. For 32 years he was a professor of the pianoforte at the Paris Conservatoire, in which capacity he won the esteem of the musical lights of France, who conceded him to possess the teaching gift in a remarkable degree.—*Art Journal*.

TONIC SOL-FA NOTES.

Since its introduction, the Tonic Sol-fa system has had a considerable amount of opposition to contend with, but its promoters, nothing daunted, have steadily continued to advocate its claims. The spirit of opposition has been succeeded by the more liberal spirit of investigation. The *Century Magazine* for December contains two long articles from Mr. Kroebl, a well-known musician and critic, and Mr. Theo. F. Seward, one of the foremost teachers of music classes in the States, who was intimately acquainted with the late Dr. Lowell Mason in the preparation of his admirable work, the "Pestalozzian system of teaching music." Both of these writers advocate the use of the system in all classes where pure part singing is the object desired.

There is also an excellent article in the *Musical Courier* of last month, from the pen of Dr. Wm. Mason, the well-known pianist and teacher.

When musicians of this class have investigated and pronounced so favorably on the merits of the system, we cannot but admit that it must be something more than "a system suitable only for the most elementary school children." Underneath we give a few reports of the work being done by Tonic Sol-fa teachers in our Canadian cities.

TORONTO.

The Tonic Sol-fa Society which was formed last winter has now in hand a splendid selection of high-class glees and part songs, which they have been studying during the past two months. This society is unique in its method's of practice as no instrumental aid is used in the preparation of the music, all the members being able to read from the Tonic Sol-fa Notation from which they sing. The executive are making arrangements for the first concert of the season to be given in February. The society is under the leadership of Mr. A. T. Cringan.

The system has been introduced by Mr. Cringan into the Public Schools, and is now taught in all classes under the Sen. 3rd book. Two choirs have been formed in connection with the schools; one of six hundred voices, which meets monthly for rehearsal of music to be sung at the annual closing in June. The other is a choir of one hundred selected voices, styled the Toronto Juvenile Select Choir. The practices are held in the Mission Hall on College Ave. every Saturday afternoon. All the music is in two and three parts, and the children sing readily at sight.

We understand that a parlor class has been formed by a few well-known local professionals who are studying the system enthusiastically.

HAMILTON.

Mr. Johnston has been teaching the system in the public schools for several years with the most gratifying success, and has several evening classes.

STRATFORD.

Mr. Freeland, who was appointed in August last to teach the system, with the sanction of the Minister of Education, has been most successful in creating an enthusiasm among the teachers and pupils of the public schools. At a recent meeting held under the auspices of the School Board, the young folks gave a demonstration of the progress which had attended their teaching, which proved satisfactory in every respect.

ST. THOMAS.

Mr. J. H. Jones, the well-known organist of Trinity Church, has been investigating the system, and writes concerning the result, "I have come to the conclusion that it is the only system that can be made a success in our Public Schools, and as such have advocated it at the Elgin Teachers' Convention." This is exceedingly gratifying to the promoters of the system, as previous to his investigation, Mr. Jones was opposed to it, and had been more than ordinarily successful with the teaching of the staff.

INTOXICATING SUCCESS.

Our travelling agent is laid up, very much so! He thought he could have a lively time and rope in a good round "commish," by going to the London Convention, and being forewarned as to the danger he incurred from the open-handed generosity and genial hospitality of the members of the C. S. M., he started for the Forest City armed with a patch of blue ribbon on the breast of his coat as large as the left ear of a Riverside belle. Poor fellow, despite all his precautions the C. S. M. got the better of him. They did not get him on his skates with "Carling's Amber," it is true, but they sent him back to the Queen City fairly "paralyzed" with success? So much so, indeed, that in walking up from the Union Station he resolved to celebrate his good fortune by a real live oyster supper. It was when he got home and started to open the can that the fun commenced. After his recent experience at the Convention he thought the task of opening that can with his wife's best scissors a veritable picnic, and tackled the job with commendable ardour, while his wife got out the crackers and vinegar. The scissors, however, seemed to have some rooted objection to going through the lid, though, when, after an impatient jerk, they slipped against his left hand, they went through that in the most accomodating manner, and as he hastily dropped the oysters on his pet corn, flung "those confounded shears" to the far end of the room, breaking off *en passant* the nose of a plaster Beethoven that decorated the side-board, and ruefully began stanching the blood with his handkerchief, he almost wished himself back in London canvassing the Convention. Our drummer, however, is a man of determination and is not to be daunted by trifles. His motto is "try again" and he did try again, though not with the scissors. He tackled those oysters the second time with the big bread knife. But it was no go, and after spoiling the table-cloth and cutting a fair-sized steak off his arm he gave up that method as impracticable, and cast about for some better weapon. Suddenly bethinking himself of the old axe used for splitting kindling, in his haste to secure that implement he nearly broke his neck by falling down the celler steps; but his face wore a revengeful smile as he emerged from the stairway with his shirt collar flying by one button, his coat split down the back, and a big rip in the seat of his pantaloons. He triumphantly laid the oysters on top of the bread-board and brought down the axe with a tremendous thwack! Crash! a section of the severed can caught his better-half in the right eye, while the oily liquor squirted over the wall-paper and carpet in all directions. A flying fragment of the bread-board upset the cruet, knocking out the stopper of the vinegar bottle, while another struck his young olive branch in the pit of the stomach, causing him to set up a howl that formed a fitting obligato to the marital duetto! Still our valiant friend was not conquered; but when he gathered up the fragments of that can, and only succeeded in finding *one oyster*, he caved. Such a denouement following in the wake of his London experience (for he had returned from the Convention with a single subscription) knocked him out. As he said, when we called on him yesterday on a visit of condolence, the *coincidence* was too much for his nerves!