



NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

These eminent publishers add considerably to their laurels as providers of what is best in music at prices within the reach of all; and, certainly, amongst the most useful and acceptable of their publications stand the *Albums for Violin and Pianoforte*. We have before us Nos. 11 and 12, each containing six of Corelli's quaintly beautiful sonatas. No. 17, devoted to six of Handel's sonatas; all the more interesting for being his Opus 1, and therefore one of his very earliest efforts. No. 15 contains some easier pieces, composed by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, to whom we are indebted for the clever accompaniments upon the original figured bass, and also the bowing, phrasing, and editing of the different Albums just referred to.

Two Songs, from the music to "Marmion," composed by A. C. Mackenzie.—The first of these is a sad, plaintive melody of great tenderness, with a lament in chorus. In the second, Dr. Mackenzie gives us a most spirited and dramatic setting of Lochinvar, "so daring in love and so dauntless in war."

PATERSON AND SONS.

Vocal Trio, *The Bee and the Butterfly*, by Otto Schweizer.—An effective little part-song for two sopranos and an alto.

Two Songs, with German and English words, by Georgette L. Peterson, show considerable talent. There is especial charm about No. 2, "Sag' ich liess sie grüssen."

Song, *By Islay's Shores*. Words by William Black. Music by Alfred Stella.—This is a ballad much in the manner of the old Scotch folk-songs. We cannot understand why it should end in the relative major, when the whole character of the story, from the commencement to the last word, is sad and lonely.

Scottish Songs without Words, for the Pianoforte, by Eugen Woycke.—We should have preferred a more simple accompaniment to "Auld Robin Gray" and the other favourite melodies under treatment. As it is, the airs are environed by damp fireworks, giving us the feeling that we are looking at a "set piece," which the bad weather has prevented from coming out clearly.

The Abbey Portal. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by McConnell Wood.—We call attention to this song in the sincere hope that it is the last that will ever be written solely in order to drag in part of the church service as a refrain. This time it is the "Agnus Dei!" We've had the "Kyrie eleison," "Ora pro nobis," "Gloria," and nearly every portion of the Liturgy. The scene is almost always an abbey or cathedral, and the listener a dying beggar or a consump-

tive child; and apparently what ultimately kills them is the draughty position they occupy as listeners, combined with two doses of the refrain!

The Old Mill. Words from "The Pageant of Life," by George Barlow. Music by Arthur Hervey.—We recommend this well-written song to our mezzo-soprano readers as being much above the average, and at the same time not difficult. The compass is from D flat to E flat.

A Border Pastoral for the Pianoforte, by Colin J. Stalker.—A most charming musicianly pastoral movement. It glides along just as the sweet burn does amid the purple heather, and really breathes of the highlands. To play it well you must be sure to be legato in style, but never heavy.

"MAGAZINE OF MUSIC" OFFICE.

Pictorial Pianoforte Tutor.—A most wonderful five shillings' worth. Over seventy illustrations, including twelve autograph portraits of celebrated players and composers; the elements of music made interesting on a new and Kindergarten principle; pianoforte playing gradually developed, with illustrations to each step, from a first lesson to such studies as a Rubinstein would practise. These are only a few of the many good things presented in this truly marvellous compendium.

THE PRIVILEGES OF POVERTY.

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

"WHAT are you girls quarrelling about?" asked Mrs. Grenville with a smile, as she entered the breakfast-room one snowy afternoon, and broke in upon a very animated discussion between her daughter and niece, who were sitting over the fire, and talking as fast as their tongues could go.

"Oh! mother, we are only arguing—not quarrelling," said Eveline, making room for the new comer to join them. "Gladys will maintain that poverty is an unmix'd evil, and

I say that it has many advantages connected with it."

"I should like to hear Aunt Emily's opinion," said Gladys. "She knows more about it than either of us, for she has tried almost every sort of life in her time—haven't you, auntie dear?" and she stroked Mrs. Grenville's hand, of which she had taken possession.

Mrs. Grenville returned the caress by an affectionate look as she replied—

"Yes, Gladys, I have been both rich and poor; and I should echo Agur's prayer, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches;' but I must own I agree with Eveline in thinking that poverty is not without its privileges."

"Privileges! Aunt Emily, what a word to use!" exclaimed Gladys. "Now if you had said mitigations, or compensations, or consolations, it would have been more natural."

"I can tell you one privilege attendant on

being poor," said Eveline. "The ability to get enjoyment out of little things."

"But surely that is more a question of temperament than of circumstances," said Gladys.

"Not altogether," interposed Mrs. Grenville. "If a person is too poor to buy flowers regularly for the table and the drawing-room, and a box comes unexpectedly from a friend's greenhouse, or from a cousin at Cannes, the pleasure the arrival gives, the satisfaction of arranging the flowers to the best advantage, and the enjoyment of the sweet things afterwards, are something very different from the sensation felt when flowers are supplied as regularly as bread and butter at tea time."

"I suppose so," said Gladys, reluctantly.

"Again; when money is scarce, and it is not possible to gratify every little fancy as it arises, what delight a birthday present often gives."

"It does," said Eveline. "Now last week how charming it was to get that watch-bracelet you gave me, mother. I had such a desire for one. I have wanted it ever since they came into fashion. If I could have managed it, I should have brought it directly I saw Miss Everett's; but I never could have saved enough out of my allowance for it, I know."

"Well, but," said Gladys, hesitating, "suppose you had been rich enough to buy it at once, wouldn't you have had just as much pleasure, and three months sooner?"

Eveline looked doubtful how to answer, and her mother replied—

"Possibly, though very likely the having to wait for the bracelet, and the improbability of ever getting it at all, made it the more precious when at last it came. But I think there can be no doubt that the mere fact of being able to gratify every desire as fast as it arises, does deaden the sensation of pleasure as time goes on."

"Oh, yes," said Eveline. "If I could order any book I liked from the bookseller's as it came out, I should not have felt any particular gratification when uncle Edward gave me that beautiful 'Tennyson' the other day. I should have felt it kind of him, but I should have got it somehow, whatever happened."

"And then," said Mrs. Grenville, "there are so many things that are pleasures to poor people—a concert, a flower-show, a dinner-party, a day at Windsor, a drive in the park, an excursion to Canterbury, a trip to Paris, a month in Switzerland. Now even the greatest of these enjoyments is no particular treat to a person who takes it as part of the regular routine of life. It is impossible to help being *blasé* sooner or later, and *ennui* effectually destroys anything like brightness or amusement. Poverty makes pleasure much more pleasing, because it is taken in smaller and more wholesome measure."

"And there is another thing," said Eveline. "You escape a great deal of painful doubt, and a burden of responsibility, if you are poor. Muriel Wentworth is one of the best girls I know—so thoughtful and conscientious. When I stayed with her last winter, she was often terribly worried about what it was right to do. You know her father gives her an immense allowance, but he expects her to be always very handsomely dressed. If she wears the same gown often in the evening, he says, 'Muriel, I am quite tired of that old thing; haven't you something fresh?' So she is obliged to spend a fortune on her clothes. Then when she wants to send good subscriptions to missionary societies, or help largely in their parish, she finds a difficulty in doing it. She says she often feels quite miserable and wicked when she spends ten pounds on a new dress, while her room is full of old ones not half worn out or even old-fashioned, and

cannot give more than a guinea to the rector for his coal club or clothing society. She thinks it can't be right. I told her it was her father's money really, not hers, and if he gave it for a particular purpose, of course it was her duty to use it for that. But she said she knew she was inclined to be fond of dress herself, and she never felt quite sure, when she bought something new, how far she was making an excuse of her father's wishes to please herself. Now if she had had only just enough to buy necessities, like me, she would have been saved all that; and I know it was not affectation, but a very real trouble to her."

"Well, I own," replied Gladys, "that I have heard Lady Seymour say often that it is so perplexing to know how to give, and where to refuse. She has a district, Aunt Emily, in the East End, and at first she gave at every visit. Then the clergyman called on her, and told her that one woman, who seemed nice, and complained bitterly of her husband's cruelty in keeping her without money, was addicted to drinking too much. The husband was an honest, well-meaning man, and trying hard to keep his wife out of temptation; but Lady Seymour's half-crown upset all his plans, and the wretched woman got intoxicated, sold the furniture, beat the children, and did all kinds of dreadful things. Lady Seymour was very unhappy, and promised never to give any more without the clergyman's leave. Then she heard of the death of a little boy, and the doctor said if he had had plenty of beef-tea and jelly, he might have been saved; and Lady Seymour had that on her conscience for a long time, because she could easily have given it and did not. Then she says she has about a dozen appeals for charities every day in the week, and of course she cannot give to all, though she might to a great many; and she does not know which to answer, or how much to give. Sometimes people come to see her, and beg for help whom she knows to be unworthy, and she says it is so dreadful to refuse them, and then sit down to lunch, while perhaps they are almost starving. She feels as if she had no right to enjoy her good things while so many go without. I said one day to her, that if she set aside a certain proportion of her income for charity, and spent it all, she would feel satisfied. 'Oh, no,' she said, 'because how do I know I ought not to set apart more?'"

"There, again," said Eveline, "poor people must have clothes, and cannot set apart more than a certain amount without going into debt; so they have no qualms of conscience on that score."

"Another advantage of poverty is, that it usually sharpens the wits," said Mrs. Grenville, "and certainly encourages habits of industry. Many young men who waste their lives in idleness, if nothing worse, because they have enough to live on, would be useful, hard-working men if compelled to work for their living. Some able writers would never have put pen to paper but for the stimulus of poverty. Many talents would lie buried for ever if not brought to light by the stern pressure of want. Poverty guards us from temptations to sloth and self-indulgence, and so helps to keep us healthy and strong. A girl who must be with her pupils at nine o'clock every morning, cannot get into the lazy habit of coming down to breakfast at eleven. People who keep a plain and frugal table, cannot undermine their constitution by excessive indulgence in rich and unwholesome dainties."

"Ah! but, Aunt Emily, is not poverty often very injurious to health too?" asked Gladys. "When I was at school, I used to be so sorry for Fraulein Grätz, the lady who taught the violin. She had a delicate chest, and yet she was obliged to come out in all weathers, or

she would have lost her lessons. She often used to complain, poor thing!"

"I fancy more people suffer from want of sufficient air and exercise, than from having too much of it," replied Mrs. Grenville; "though of course there are exceptions to every rule."

"I am sure Flora Ashworth is an example of what you mean," said Eveline. "When we were at school she was the hardest working girl, and the cleverest of us all. She used to write, and I believe things of hers were printed in magazines, though she never would own it. Miss Meadows always said she would distinguish herself; but since her uncle died, and her father came into that great property, Flora has done nothing at all. She comes down at eleven, and goes to bed at one or two; spends her life in shopping, calling, and going out, and declares she has 'no time' for anything sensible. She is always having headaches now, and looks ill and cross whenever one sees her nearly. I am certain she was a much happier as well as a much better girl before she became rich."

"Yes, she always looks dull now, and bored," said Gladys—who had been to the same school—"and in old days she used to be so bright and full of spirits. I must admit that poverty does give people an object in life, which the rich often seem sadly in need of. Flora used to be so keen on getting a scholarship and going to Girton, so that she might be independent, and no burden on her family. How she used to sigh over the expense of her education, and rejoice over the five pound note her rich uncle sent her annually on her birthday. I doubt if fifty pounds would please her as much now; and she certainly does seem to have nothing to live for, though in another sense she has everything."

"No Christian girl ought to be without an object in life, however she is situated," replied Mrs. Grenville; "but it is easier, I imagine, for the poor and hard-working to keep their heavenly aims in view than for the rich. Undoubtedly, if we look at secondary objects, the girl who has some immediate duty before her, such as maintaining herself, earning money for a charitable object, eking out a limited income, so as to be suitably dressed for her station in life, to keep out of debt, and at the same time have a trifle in hand to help a friend or meet any unexpected emergency, is happier than one who sees nothing particular that she *must* do, and cannot decide which to choose among the host of things that she *may* do."

"And, mother," broke in Eveline, vehemently, "there is one great advantage that poor people have. If persons seek their friendship, and seem fond of them, and try to cultivate their acquaintance, it cannot be from interested motives. If I had a fortune, and a poor man paid court to me, it would be impossible to help wondering occasionally whether the money might not be a part of my charm, especially as I am not pretty or clever."

"Oh! nonsense, Eveline," replied Gladys, who was very attractive, and knew it. "You are quite charming enough in yourself, without the aid of money."

"Eveline is right, though, in principle," said Mrs. Grenville. "The rich are beset with flattery in word and deed all their life through, as men, women, and children. Very few have courage to tell the truth to a rich man when it is a disagreeable truth. It is astonishing what a glamour money seems to shed over its possessor. Persons who are anything but toadies, and have nothing in particular to gain by it, will allow their rich friends to take liberties that they would never for a moment tolerate in their poor ones. Naturally, this kind of treatment has the worst

possible effect on the character of its recipients. Another way in which the rich are at a disadvantage, is the impossibility under which their labour of truly sympathising with the majority of their fellow-creatures in their every-day troubles. They cannot understand the point of view from which life is regarded by persons who are unable to gratify simple and harmless desires. The idea of 'going without' is so unfamiliar to them, except as a self-inflicted discipline, that they absolutely cannot realise the condition and frame of mind of their friends, dependents, and *protégés*. They cannot make allowance for faults and failures which in their case would be heinous indeed, but which are much more excusable in those who suffer from the wear and tear consequent on poverty-stricken circumstances. This makes them often appear harsh, unkind, and unreasonable when they have the best intentions, so that true gratitude and affection less frequently fall to their share than to that of persons really less kind-hearted but better fitted by their training and habits of life to meet the requirements of their neighbours."

"On the whole, then," said Eveline, "you think poor people are better than rich, or at any rate behave better?"

"I do not give any opinion on the point," replied Mrs. Grenville. "Poverty has its special temptations—covetousness, envy, discontent, meanness, a grasping spirit, dishonesty in little things, leading eventually, perhaps, to great frauds, all have to be guarded against. I do not mean that the rich are not also tempted to these sins, but they may naturally be expected to have more power over the poor. I say nothing about grumbling, for a person with a natural turn for it will find as ample opportunity for indulging it in a palace as in a hovel."

Eveline laughed, and Gladys blushed, for she knew she had rather a character for being fond of airing her grievances.

"There is one other temptation that poor people should watch against," said Mrs. Grenville; "but I find it difficult to give it a name. I mean a sort of peevish dissatisfaction with the way of life of richer neighbours, a tacit disapproval of others because they indulge in little comforts, luxuries, and pleasures which are out of the question for themselves. It does not follow that because it would be very wrong for Eveline to give £10 for an evening gown, it is wrong for her friend Flora, who has five times her income. It would be extravagant for me to keep a French cook, but it is not at all extravagant in my sister, whose husband likes her to entertain largely, and is quite willing and able to meet the expense. Many pleasant things in the way of trips, visits, and amusements, which would be unjustifiable in persons of small income, because the money spent in them would have to be taken from the comparatively slight amount set by for religious or charitable purposes, are quite allowable, and perhaps beneficial, to wealthy people, who may devote a suitable proportion of their income to God, and have plenty left for such things. I have sometimes noticed a tendency, in good, self-denying, poor people, to judge hardly the persons who drive where they must walk, and pay servants to free them from the little drudgeries of daily life, which are a tax on their own strength. There is a disposition to look down on our superiors in fortune, and perhaps in rank, from a sort of high moral platform, merely because they avail themselves of the comforts which God has given them, though, for wise reasons, He has seen fit to deny them to us."

"I know what you mean," said Gladys;

"I think it is the same sort of thing as being ill-tempered when you are uncomfortable, and good-tempered when things go right. When I have neuralgia, my people say I find fault with everybody else at home, and when I am in good spirits, it always seems to me that they are much better behaved."

"You mean, that because I should like to go to Cannes for the winter, and cannot, the disappointment disposes me to think it very self-indulgent of my cousin to do it when she can and does go," said Eveline.

"Precisely," said Gladys. "Well, Aunt Emily, I am afraid I must give in, and acknowledge that even poverty, much as I detest it, is not without its good points, for a religious person, at all events."

"And remember, my dear Gladys, that the temptation to regard this world as our home, and to set our affection on things below, instead of above, must have tenfold power when all the world can afford of pleasure is at our disposal. Our Lord Himself tells us that it is hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God, and the marginal reference reminds us that the corresponding passage says it is hard for those who *trust* in riches, thus implying that it is all but impossible to possess riches without in some measure trusting in them. I always think that passage in the Epistle of St. James is very encouraging to a true servant of God, through whatever vicissitudes he may pass: "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted, but the rich in that he is made low." We may rejoice in prosperity with a clear conscience, if God is pleased to give it us, and we need not go mourning all our days if our lot is cast in the shadier walks of life, sure, as we are, that our heavenly Father is—

"Too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

THE GOOD DOCTOR.

By ANNE BEALE.

AND he is gone, the friend we all loved best!
Life's labour done, the gentle soul has rest.
He cannot die who lives in every heart;
Whose good deeds form of every life a part;
Whose spirit is with God and yet with us;
It is not death to live in memory thus:
Not death but rest—eternal rest above—
His love for us made perfect in Christ's love.

In hamlet or in town, in hut or hall,
He heard the poor man's cry, the rich man's call.
Wherever sorrow touched or sickness lay,
His words could comfort and his presence stay.
Son to the agèd, father to the young,
Brother to all—the honey from his tongue
Fell, like the flower-dew to the thirsty bee,
In soothing sweets of holy sympathy.

And never beat there on this toil-worn earth
A heart in happier harmony with mirth:
Wherever joy-bells rang, or childhood played,
Or jest went round, his hasting footstep stayed:
Abroad, his happy laugh and sunny smile
Could even suffering of its pang beguile:
At home, they wakened up in every part
The joyous echoes of heart answering heart.

At home! be comforted, oh widowed wife!
With you the memory of a blameless life,
Of wedded love unchanged from youth to age;
As pure as new-fall'n snow is that fair page—
Of childlike faith, of Christlike charity,
Of self absorbed in true philanthropy—
To you the blessed hope, through Christ, is given
Of near re-union with your saint in Heaven.

Be comforted, oh, children of their love!
One-half your life below, one-half above:
To you is left a holy heritage,
Her life to cherish and her grief assuage:
His stainless name to love, and stainless bear—
His robe of purity unsoiled to wear—
So God shall gently wipe the tears you shed,
And say—Wife, children, sisters, friends, be comforted!