your race to soil your hands with trade.' 'Honest work,' says Jack, 'will soil no man's hands, and, please God, I'll touch nothing that isn't honest.' 'You'll be falling into English ways and selling the old place as not fit for you to live in. I know the ways of your purse-proud English.' Then Jack went white all over his face, and he says, 'It's never a stone of Knock I'd sell if I could keep it with my own heart's blood, but it's time it had a master who could spend money on it instead of seeing it fall to pieces before his eyes.' Then it was the Major's turn to go white, and mother said softly, 'Jack dear—Jack!' You never knew my mother. Bridgie is like her, she always made peace, and after that father made no more objections. I think in a curious sort of way, he was proud of Jack because he would have his will, and he is doing well. He will retrieve our fortunes some fine day. There! there go the hounds! They are over into the covert, and see! see! there's that old shepherd holding up his hat. The fox is off! Now for it!"

Now for it indeed! From that time forth there was little chance of connected conversation, but all his life long Geoffrey Hilliard looked back upon that morning with the fond, yearning tenderness with which we recall the sunshine which precedes a storm. It was so delightful to be mounted upon a fine horse galloping lightly across country with that beautiful figure by his side, the dark eyes meeting his with a flash of understanding at every fresh incident of the run. As time wore on and the ground became more difficult, the other ladies dropped behind one by one, but Esmeralda never wearied, never flinched before any obstacle. It was the prettiest thing in the world to see her trot slowly but straightly towards gate or fence, loosen the reins, and soar like a bird over the apparently formidable obstacle, and Hilliard privately commented that it took him all his time to keep level with her. The Major still rode apart, and seemed to take pleasure in choosing the most difficult jumps that came in his way; but his mare behaved well, and no one felt any anxiety about the safety of one of the cleverest riders present. Danger was close at hand, however, in one of those nasty "bits of water" of which Esmeralda had spoken to her sister. The hounds doubled suddenly, and the huntsmen, wheeling their horses to follow, saw before them at a distance of some quarter of a mile a line of those well-known willows which to the practised eye so plainly bespeak the presence of a brook. Esmeralda pointed towards them and spoke a few warning words.

"A bad bit, swollen, I expect, after all the snow. A fence this side. There's the Master taking a view. He will tell us if it's safe. If not, we must try the meadow. Ride over here towards him."

She swerved to the side as she spoke, and a moment later was within short enough distance to hear the warning cry. The Master pointed with his whip in the direction of the meadow of which Esmeralda had spoken, and the next moment the whole hunt was galloping after him. The whole hunt, we have said, but there was one exception, for one rider refused to take warning or to turn aside from the direct line across country. The sudden change of course had left him in the rear, and so it happened that his absence was not noted by his companions, and it was only when several moments had passed that Esmeralda, looking from side to side, began to draw her delicate brows into a frown as she asked Hilliard—

"Where's father? I can't see him. He is not here."

"I don't see him either, but he was with us five minutes ago before we turned back. I saw him in the last field."

"So did I, but where is he now? He can't"—Esmeralda reined in suddenly and turned great startled eyes upon her companion—"he can't have tried that brook?"

"No, no! Certainly not." But even as he spoke, Hilliard had a prevision of the truth. Although he would not admit as much to Esmeralda, there had been something in the Major's bearing which had struck him unpleasantly since the moment of meeting, and his reckless riding had deepened the impression. "You go on," he said earnestly, "and I will ride back and see. Perhaps he took a look at the brook and then had to come round after all, which would make him late. Please go on, Miss Joan."

But Esmeralda looked him full in the eyes and turned her horse back towards the brook.

"I am going back myself. If there has been an accident, it is I who should be there. Don't hinder me, Mr. Hilliard. I must go to my father."

(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF LEONARD BORWICK.

THE subject of this sketch, if requested to relate the chief incidents of his life, would declare with characteristic modesty that there is little to say; but those who have followed his successful artistic career to its present point know that there is much of value to the student in the narration of his years of patient toil, of triumphs honestly won, and of honours modestly borne.

Leonard Borwick was born at Walthamstow on February 26th, 1868. He belonged to a family of artistic cultivation, his father, Mr. Alfred Borwick, having surrounded his children from their nursery with every musical advantage that money and refinement could lay in their way. From a very early age the little Leonard was wisely made acquainted with classical chamber music, and laid the

foundation of his unequalled *ensemble* playing in the home trios which he formed in conjunction with his father and sister. The house of Mr. Alfred Borwick was the rendezvous of many distinguished instrumentalists who used to comment with surprise on the unusual powers of reading which the child possessed. Without being a prodigy, Leonard Borwick was musical in the deepest sense of the word, and he had, from his babyhood, the rare gift of "absolute pitch." While playing with his toys on the nursery floor he would yet answer faultlessly the name of any note struck on the piano as a test of the accuracy of his musical ear.

Yet, undoubted as were his natural gifts, there were few signs of the remarkable development of genius which was to come with matured years. Affectionate, lovable, industrious, he passed a happy, unspoilt childhood in his beautiful home near London, undreaming of the great musical future which lay beyond the boundaries of early manhood. At fifteen he was just a music-loving schoolboy, willing to practise out of school hours, learning from a good teacher, but in no way in training for an arduous professional career.

Therefore was there consternation among his friends when, a year later, he went to Frankfort to study under Madame Schumann. It was too late for serious art study; he would never be more than a mediocre piano teacher. Such were the gloomy prognostications of relatives.

And it seemed they were to be verified when letters came from the boy—letters telling of disappointments and humbled pride. He was "put back"—oh, terrible sound—to the A B C of technique, under the tutelage of Frau Schumann's daughter; and when the great lady at last consented to take him, there were incessant fault-findings and stinging sarcasm to be borne, with little or no praise to encourage the shy English lad.

But he persevered unceasingly, and slowly grew in favour with his teacher, until a day came when he was chosen of all her pupils to play Beethoven's Concerto in E, at a Museum Concert in Frankfort.

A year later (1891) he was engaged at an important concert in Vienna, where he played Brahms's Concerto in D minor, the composer being present. Brahms wrote a post-card in the concert-room to Madame Schumann announcing that her pupil was distinguishing himself. "And that post-card," says Mr. Borwick, "is my most valued possession."

LEONARD BORWICK.

He was first heard in England on May 8th, 1890, at a Philharmonic Concert, when he played Schumann's Concerto in a manner which announced that a new pianist had arrived for England.

Mr. Borwick's success was established firmly from the first, and he soon became high favourite at the Saturday and Monday "Pops," when amateurs become acquainted with that velvety touch which is one of his peculiar possessions. Some seasons later he introduced into this country the Piano and Song Recital in conjunction with Mr. Plunket Greene, and everyone knows the educative influence this form of entertainment has been throughout England.

Mr. Borwick's achievements are by no means confined to his own land. He is known and esteemed in Paris, Berlin, Meiningen, and Bonn, and has toured more than once in Holland and Scandinavia with great success. Twice has he played by command to her late Majesty the Queen at Balmoral.

He is an untiring worker, having always a large repertoire in readiness, unlike many *virtuosi* who tour through whole countries on practically one programme, and his knowledge of the great domain of chamber music is little short of marvellous. Indeed, it is in *ensemble* playing that you hear Leonard Borwick at his best; it is then that his highest qualities appear—unerring technique, abasement of self, intuition, sympathy, and earnestness of purpose.

I would particularly invite the close attention of my readers to Mr. Borwick's chord playing—always a strong point with players of the Schumann school, and in his case, assisted as it is by a clever system of pedalling, quite the most admirable feature of his art. Hear him in the march of Schumann's Carnival, or in the last movement of that composer's Etudes Symphoniques, and notice how round and full is the tone of the great chords, with never a suspicion of a hit. Alas! how many distinguished players attack these and similar passages as though they had a long-standing grudge against the music.

Then notice his many shades of tone, and see if you cannot recall some players who have a marvellous *pp* and *ff*, but little or nothing between. These points of Leonard Borwick's are not tricky effects, but achievements which are only noticeable to those who know.

Again, who can surpass him in a Brahms Andante, the slow movement in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, or in showing forth the artless grace of Mozart? But for Chopin in his most romantic moods we must go to Paderewski and Pachmann; for the earnest, strenuous nature of Leonard Borwick is not attracted by Chopinesque vagaries, beautiful though they be.

He sadly complains, "I cannot play Beethoven; I do not understand him!" Think of that, you girls with nimble fingers, who rattle off your Beethoven Sonatas with such satisfaction. Those who have heard Mr. Borwick in the great C minor Sonata, or in the E flat Concerto, however, can have no cause to complain of his want of sympathy with the Master's finest moods.

Although a prodigious worker, Leonard Borwick has found time for cultivating his strong love for poetry and painting, and his greatest delights are a ramble in the country, and a visit to the galleries of the Italian cities. I may also be permitted to add that he carries out the maxims of "plain living and high thinking" by being a firm believer in a fleshless diet, on which he states that he can perform his hardest work best. He is further a first-rate tennis-player, a clever amateur conjuror, and an enthusiastic cyclist and gymnast.

Dr. Joachim has the greatest admiration of the genius of Leonard Borwick, and is never happier in his playing than when associated with our English pianist in Brahms's or Schumann's chamber music. Indeed, one of our most distinguished critics has named Mr. Borwick, "The Joachim of the piano," and in his playing, more especially of Bach, he nearly reaches the dignity, the repose and the lofty purpose of the great violin player.

"Nothing could be more contrary to his nature than to take the world by storm," was said of Leonard Borwick by another writer, and all who have watched his quiet, almost self-effacing demeanour on the platform, will have no difficulty in recognising a conspicuous feature of himself and his art. Mr. Borwick is not a *virtuoso*. He is a great artist of the Classical School. An idealist, a lover of his art, who earnestly strives to place before you the spirit of the composer unmarred by any affectations, it is easily seen that Leonard Borwick is not a man to "play down to the gallery," and a cheap renown—the applause of the flippant and the ignorant—will never be his.

MABEL K. WOODS.