NEW MUSIC

So many of our readers write to us to advise them in the purchase of new music that we find it impossible to answer them individually in our "Answers to Correspondents." We therefore intend to give each month a list of new music, with short descriptions of their character, which will enable the girls to make a wise selection for themselves. No new song or piece of music which seems bad taste or poor music will be inserted in the list, as our space and time are limited.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO. —

Changer.—Words by Adelaide Proctor; music by Alfred Scott Gatty. A charming song, easy to sing and to play, and one that requires little dramatic expression.

Again to Meet.—Words by Helen Cresswell; music by Emilio Pieraccini. A song of human love lasting “to all eternity”:

"Tell me not that thou art mine
Only while life shall last.

The words of this song do not deal with the subject of broken love, but the love may remain with us after this life, but love for our Divine Master only can bring any of us happily together again. Bearing this in mind, our girls may safely and thoroughly enjoy the singing of this beautiful melody, the accompaniment to which is one of the loveliest that we ever remember to have played, and one, too, which will help to educate the young performer to that "correct musical taste" of which Professor Macfarren wrote in a recent article in this magazine.

Yes, I’ll Stay!—Words by T. Ashe; music by Ciro Pinsutti. A bright, melodious song. The singer, who is supposed to be a man, is floating down the river facing a fair storm, with a song on the subject of his lady-love, closing with the climax, "I’ll wed you, sweet, and you shall steer my craft for eye."

This song deserves to become very popular.

The Unforgotten Song.—Words by Ada Leslie; music by G. D’Oro Barri. Some people might like this song, which endeavours to effect a sentiment on the theme of "Home Sweet Home." By-the-bye, it is not generally known that the author of "Home Sweet Home" (J. Howard Payne) never had a home of his own. Before he died he said:

"How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, on the hand organ, playing "Home, Sweet Home," without a shilling to buy the next meal or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for my bread. My only wish is to die like the child, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity.

NOVELLO, EVER & CO. —

Palaces in Air.—Words by C. A. Reck; music by George Garrett. This truly beautiful and scholarly song is especially recommended to all cultivated musicians.

"But I know in the far hereafter
I shall hear the angelic throng
In the golden streets of Heaven
Continuing that grand, sweet song;"

For all that on earth is holy
And all that is great and fair
Of perfected beauty there!"
NEW MUSIC.

W. Morley, Junr., 7o, Upper-street, Lilling-
ton.

The Watchman and the Child. Words by Mary Mark-Lemon; music by Frederic H. Cowen (set in three keys).—This is a very easy and very effective song by the composer of "The Children's Home," which formed the subject of a ballad story in our last volume. This new song is about a poor little girl with no one to love her who "slumbered amid her violets" on a doorstep as the watchman called out, "Twelve o'clock and a wild wet night." At six o'clock, when this same watchman called out "A sunny morn," the child had "the angels all to love her."

The Angel's Gift (in two keys, for soprano and contralto). Words by Mrs. Mark-Lemon; music by Cotsford Dick. — The angel's gift was a white rose, which he carried down to the quiet earth in the hush of a tender twilight, to put into the hand of a sleeping child. The words are good, and the music well adapted to them. The composition would be much enjoyed by musical girls.

A Golden Wedding (in E flat, compass B flat to E flat, and in F, compass C to F). Words by S. J. Reilly; music by Cotsford Dick. This is an enjoyably long song, most suitable for use on the festival of a golden wedding. The song ends with these words:

"Our steps are faltering now and slow.
Our sun draws near the West! Still on we go, and know that yet For us life hath its best.
What matter that those things of earth
Grow dim to fading sight? A higher love than ours shall bring At eventide the light!"

J. B. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street.

In the Golden Eventide (compass D to F). Words by Mary Mark-Lemon; music by Ciro Pinotti. A simple and pleasing melody with an easy accompaniment. A more suitable title for this song would have been "The Rose's Voice," for it tells of a rose "I gave to her," which "spoke the words I fain had said." In the after days when the stream of life flowed on, a rose again spoke "that love and wove the old sweet dream," and when the tide of her life was o'er "I held a rose on her silent heart," and "no longer need the rose's voice to awake the old sweet dream." Every girl, we think, would be pleased with this composition.

Across the River (in two keys for soprano and contralto). Words by Nella; music by Henry Parker. There are ten pages of this song, but no one would think it too long, for it is a most enjoyable composition, charming music wedded to good words. The time changes from two-four time to six-eight in the chorus, the melody of which runs thus:

Rowing a'long, steady and strong, Teardrop and smile, gladness and glee, Softly the boatman sings;

Each in turn doth come;

Rich and poor here they all must meet, Side by side here to go their ride.

Wayward peasants and mid-ens sweet.

Pleasure, and pain, and pride.

Our girls can here glean but a poor idea of the merits of this beautiful song. They should turn from this to the song itself to appreciate and enjoy the composition.

MEYSTER and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.

The Captain's Song. Words by Col. Meadows Taylor; music by J. L. Hatton (Compass C to F).—This is a capital song to present to a musical brother.

Daring nell. Words by C. J. Rowe; music by J. M. Coward (compass A to E).—It is rather extraordinary that this sea-song, Daring Nell, should be written by a Rowe and set to music by a Coward. Notwithstanding the seeming contradiction shown in the title and the composer's name, however, Daring Nell deserves to float with other barebone songs in the estimation of the music-loving public.

Queenie Gavotte. Pianoforte Solo. By J. T. Musgrave.—The coloured picture on the front page would alone induce our young friends to invest some of their pocket-money, and then the music is equally pretty, with the advantage of not being too difficult for the ordinary pianoforte-player.

LAMBORN COCK 23, Holles-street, Oxford-street.

My Heart! Words by Frederick Langbridge; music by Jacques Offenbach (compass C to E).—This is a splendid song, but requires much study and declamatory rendering. Suitable only for a grown-up girl.


A Bourree. By Florence May. A well-written and easy piece, by which a taste for what is really good may be fostered. It is within the powers of our younger musicians.

Mimic and Trio. By Claudius H. Coul dery. Another easy and well-marked piece, rather longer than the "Reviver," but easily committed to memory.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Ambassanto. By Stephen Heller. Edited by Charles Halé. A carefully fingered and easy study for young performers. Charles Halé's name alone would ensure the usefulness and grace of this—what will be thought too short—piece by the player as well as hearer.

Thuringia. Melody by Mendelssohn. Transcribed for the piano forte by Frederic K. Lohe. This well-known and most pleasingly arranged theme will well repay the careful attention of our young friends. It is graceful and smooth and but moderately difficult.

Boosey and Co., 255, Regent-street.

Twenty-One. Words by F. E. Weatherly; music by J. L. Molloy (in three keys).—This song, by the writer and composer of "Darby and Joan," is sure to attain the success achieved by the latter song, for it has the same subtle charm of reaching the heart. We had the pleasure of hearing Madame Antoine Ster ing sing both songs the other day, and the new one charmed us as much as "Darby and Joan" has always done. The writer would be sung by the advanced in years, for it commences by speaking of the days of long ago, "when we were only twenty-one." The last verse is:

"And is not life, for young and old, worth living then? Oh, answer from the heart, oh, answer, yes! To rise above the world, and all the ways of men."

To win one little child's caress.
One loving hand within your own to clasp and hold.
And all life's duty, as it should be, bravely
And ah! you'll soon forget if you are growing old.
Or if you're only twenty-one.

How nice it would be if some of our girls were to visit the aged poor in their cottage homes and sing such a song as this to them. It would cheer their lonely, desolate hearts, and if in addition they could play the accompaniment, which is most simple, upon the guitar, why the poor old lady would be pitying themselves that they themselves had the greatest comfort of this life after all. Our girls will be rejoiced to learn that Madame Antoine Stering has revised and set to music by Richard Stering has revised and set to music by Richard Stering, and raised them as a work for "How to Sing in Public." This paper, which will be written to aid girls in singing before their friends, or at any local entertainment, will probably appear in our next monthly part.
NEW MUSIC.


"The first that I've had from my sailor lad,

There are no fine words of tenderness or passion,
But it's all just expressed as I feel it.

In his own true, simple, honest fashion.

"My dear little girl, I'm so hard and so rough

And you are sweet and good, and I'm not good enough," etc.

Let us hope that love did not blind the sailor lad or mislead him into supposing that his "dear little girl" was better than she really was. This is a charming and simple song, sure to be successful if sung brightly.

The Children of the City. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Stephen Adams (in two keys). This is a truly beautiful song, the study of which is sure to be profitable. It tells of the unfortunate children of the city with no one to care for them. In the workshops and in the street, falling full of bread, and life seems so hard for them—

"They lose the glimpse of heaven,

And there seems no better life.

Abba Father, Abba Father,

From their bondage set them free

Abba Father, Abba Father

Suffer them to come to Thee."

Stephen Adams has illustrated these beautiful words sympathetically and well, and we heartily recommend the composition.

The Lowest of All. Sung song. Set to music by Theò Marzials (compass, D to F).—Every girl knows the words, "I think when I read. This simple and familiar hymn is suitably set to music, and forms a composition admirably adapted for Sunday use.

The Cavernish Music Books.—Mears.

Boosey are sure to have a large sale for these books (about thirty in number). Each book is sold for one shilling, and contains thirty-two pages of valuable music—songs, duets, &c., &c. For instance, is called "Sixth of the Day," and contains ten songs by Sullivan, Molyneux, Diehl, Cowen, Piniatti, and others.


"There is no flock, however watched and tended,

But one dead lamb is there;"

and many will be glad to have this suitable setting of it.

Augustus Buhl has written seven short Studies for the strengthening and equalising the fingers of young players; and "a wrist and finger exercise" in a single study, which must be of immense benefit to any one who will carry out the author's advice of practising them from ten to fifteen minutes daily. These exercises are not intended for a beginner, as they require the hand to be sufficiently developed. The method of fingering each exercise should be carefully attended to, and practised slowly and firmly until quite perfect.

A Romance Sans Parole. By Henri Steichl.—The air, which is produced by the left hand, is very smooth and pleasant. The accompaniment is light and graceful and played with the right hand.

Lamborn Cock, 23, Holles-street, Oxford-street, W.— Has sent us four of six musical sketches by Claudius H. Coulthard.—Nos. 1 and 2 separately and together—all of which are admirably adapted for young players, well fingered and marked, so that, by careful practice, there can be no doubt as to the pleasure they will afford. No. 2 consists of only two pages: an andantino, easy to read, and very sweet.

Nos. 3 and 4, published together.—No. 3 is in Waltz time, and No. 4 is a beautiful slow movement which must become a favourite.

A Granoffina is a very spirited piece in march time, quite military, with its staccato and crisp octaves.

Fragment selected from the instrumental works of Haydn: No. 1, a romance from the symphony, La Reine de France. A smooth and easy arrangement in three flats, without any great difficulties either in execution or time.

An Allegrato Grazioso, by Charles Steggall, requiring a little more advanced pianiste and careful playing. The composer has marked the character of each bar most plainly.

A Rondo à la Valsc, upon one of Rossini's well known operatic airs, not at all difficult, and well executed.

Gai Réveillé. By Henri Steichl.—A brilliant little piece, working up to an accelerando crescendo which will awaken the dullest listener.

Lost. A romance for the pianoforte. By Richard Dressel.—The introduction in the first page prepares for the andantino movement, which is "singing" leaving the player to imagine and arrange her own romance according to the suggestions of the music.

Metzler and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.— The Language of Flowers (by Frederic H. Cowen) is a much more pretentious composition, capable of testing the highest taste and execution of the performer.

Six flowers have been selected: No. 1, the daisy (innocence); No. 2, the lily (first emotions of love: fascination); No. 4, the columbine (folly); No. 5, yellow jasmine (elegance and grace); No. 6, lily of the valley (return of happiness); each of which is supposed to demonstrate the charac or of its subject.

It is arranged both as a solo and duet for the pianoforte, and if only as a study for clever reading, will be found useful to the diligent student.

Novello, Ewer and Co., Berners-street, W.— Pianoforte Solo. Gounod's sacred song, "There is a Green Hill Far Away," Transcribed for the pianoforte by Berthold Tours.—The name, both of composer and transcriber insures a production of more than ordinary merit. The well-known air is treated in a simple and effective style, and is sure of success.

An easy arrangement for the pianoforte of Fritz Spindler's Hassewrits. By Berthold Tours. In the key of D. We can recommend this as being easily committed to memory, and sure to give pleasure.

The Leisure Hour for April, 1881. The Girl's Own Paper Office, 56, Paternoster Row, London. The Sisters. Duet for female voices. Words by Alfred Tennyson. Music by Arthur Sullivan. Surely it is a sign that the magazines issued from 56, Paternoster-row, are keeping pace with the progressive musical culture of the English public when we see in its oldest magazine, the Leisure Hour, a duet, the words of which are written by the Poet Laureate and set to music by Arthur Sullivan. The words are taken by Mr. Tenniency's permission, from "The Sisters," a long poem, recently published in his new book of "Ballads," and characteristically set by Mr. Sullivan in his usual charmingly-melodious style. Every musical girl who desires to keep herself well informed upon the subject of new music should at once procure the above number of the Leisure Hour.


J. B. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street.—Minster Wondcrs. Words by Jetty Vogel. Music by Ciro Piniatti (in three keys). An easy, effective song, with a moral which is cheering to a saddened heart. The stained Minster window of martyr and saint soothed the heart, for they "show of a sorrow greater than mine."


THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

By Dora Hope.

That's a very happy event for the young mistress of the house. The visit home and intercourse with her sick and dying mother had had, as Margaret phrased it, "a most alarming effect on my voice, with the little huskiness and angularity rubbed out, the lisp was all the more desired, and all the more I desired it, the more it was neglected."

In future, Betsy, you must come up and lay the cloth half an hour, or even longer than that before the meal, then you will not be all at a drive at the last; there is nothing like being beforehand in preparing for everything. You know you take your time early in the morning and afternoon, and then as the meal hour approaches you get quite a flurry. So try to be quicker early in the day, and get every
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J. & W. CHESTER, Brighton.

We can very highly recommend a "Suite in A flat, composed by John Glendhill."

No. 3.—Clavicle, No. 4.—Double.”

William Cerny, 349, Oxford-street.

"Hein vui quit ma phong. —A pretty little

"camirote musicale," for the pianoforte.

By A. Gehrman.

Caprica Mélodieuse.

Novello, Ewer, and Co., Berners-street.

"Rêveurs" by Berthold Torens. It is in the key of A minor; and the composer has been so careful to give a page of quiet minore, returning again into the original key. An average player will find no difficulties in catching the right performance of this short and bright piece.

A. C. Mackenzie has written three character pieces for the pianoforte entitled "Scenes in the Scotch Highlands.

No. 1. On the Hillside. No. 2. On the Loch. No. 3.—On the Heather. On the Hillside is a march in three four time. On the Loch is a slow movement; the pedal is in constant use, but the composer has left no doubt as to the right use to be made of it, having carefully marked every bar. On the Heather is a particularly pretty style. In the performance of all three pieces, which are moderately difficult, the wild Scotch pipes can be recognised.

Lambert Cock, 25, Holles-street.

Henry C. Lunn has taken Tennyson's lines:-

"Wherefore that faint smile of thine,

Shadowy, dreamy Adeline?"

and composed a valse with Adeline for its title. A sweet singing air with a flowing accompaniment and a very pretty valse style.

Forsyth Brothers, 272, Regent-street.

Dame Maguire. By Costadick Lé Visaindonère. By F. Vivian.—Two agreeable and easy pieces for the pianoforte.

Boosey and Co., 295, Regent-street, W.


The Cottage's Lullaby. Words by the Poet Wordsworth. Music by Charles Vincent. This is a charming song, sung by Madame Antoinette Storjeh, and a composition which will be much enjoyed by girls who like a quiet domestic song. The accompaniment, which is descriptive of the rocking of a cradle, is original and clever.

The Parting Hour. Words by Maidan. Music by James Kennedy. Compass B to D.—The words of this easy and effective song are above average merit, and most suitable to many to hear a home-bird singing.

Is there anything in the parting hou?—will chill the warmest heart.

And kindred, comrades, loves, friends, may wander in the cool shade.

But well I know, for many a pang

Has pressed it on my mind.

That he who goes is popular

Than those he leaves behind.

(To be continued.)

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actually discouraged in its snit, he had left his native village and taken a situation as foreman in a thriving establishment not far off, ostensibly to better himself, but also, as Betsy could not pretend to be a musician, with the idea of renewing his proposals.

"And now," continued the damsel, hiding as best she could amongst the friendly gooseberries, that were always ripe at this agitating moment absolutely curmudgeon, "now the young man was pressing for a decided answer, and a letter had come that very morning, written in common terms.

"But you don't mean that—he doesn't want you to marry him directly, surely!" asked Margaret, lost in amazement at the abruptness of the declaration.

"Oh, that is only to give him the lie, miss," replied the damsel, unable to refrain from a smile at her mistress's simplicity; "it's only to keep company, as the saying is; and I thought as father hasn't no objections, and if you didn't have no objections, and he's a very steady young man and getting on well in his trade too—"

"Your father knows him, then?"

"Oh, yes, I think there's a child, I might say, and me too. We was at school together, and was always friendly like."

It was Margaret's turn to smile now, for the idea of not being allowed to see one's betrothed even now and again struck her as droll. She was on the point of saying: he could come as often as he liked, but, on second thoughts, prudently replied, "Of course I wish to do what is best for you, so I will think it over, and let you know what can be arranged.

"No, miss, certainly not, nor I wouldn't wish to. Should you have any objections to me seeing him now and then, miss?"

This was the beginning of the tale, the first in the series of events that was to lead to the marriage. Margaret, in her usual manner, returned an affirmative, and, in the end, this was the result. She thought about it, as usual, "ask Mrs. Trent or Joanna about it," for this was indeed a new experience for her. She knew, poor child, that a whole day's thought would bring her no light on such a subject, and though she felt much interested in the affair (as what girl of fourteen would not?) she wished she had not to give an opinion on it.

As soon as possible she set out for Mrs. Trent's, timing her visit so that Wilfrid would be certain safe at his business. In the case of the case, Mrs. Trent congratulated Margaret on Betsy's having made so good a choice, for she had heard the young man spoken of in high terms by his employer.

"As to his coming to see Betsy, it has always seemed hard to me that while Miss Belinda in the parlour may have her beaux, Betsy Jane in the kitchen is not permitted to have a follower! One wishes to be kind and considerate in such cases, but too frequent visitations are not satisfactory; it unsettles the girl, as she always feels that this is expected of her, and it may tempt the young man to waste the time when he ought to be at work. Now, I think it will be as well for him to come every other Sunday afternoon, have tea with Betsy, and go to church with her in the evening. On the intervening Sunday she will see no doubt, a great deal, and he should not come into the house on any other occasion, save by special permission."

"Oh, Mrs. Trent, only once a fortnight! Why, don't you think the man of business will want to see him every single day? I'm certain I should," Margaret exclaimed, blushing and laughing.

"No, we cannot have everything we want; love; suppose he lived far away, once a fortnight would seem delightfully often. But you had better propose that to Betsy, and I feel sure she will be well content, and he too.

Now, dear, I will give you that recipe for the making ink with which my linen was marked when I was married thirty years ago, and, see, it is as black and clear as if it were freshly written. Take two drachms of powdered gum arabe, one scruple of sap green, and one drachm two scruples of nitrate of silver, dissolve these in an ounce of pure water, and before using it, it is necessary to prepare the linen with a mordant, made by dissolving one ounce of burnt wood-soda in half a pint of water. Moisten the place to be marked with this mordant, and when dry proceed with the ordinary marking ink, finally holding the newly written letter or word in contact with the ink and rubbing it in. If this is a little more trouble to use I'm sure it will be well worth it, for the names on your linen, done so long ago, are far clearer and better coloured than any I can get now.

"Yes, I think you will be pleased. In looking over my old papers, searching for that recipe, I came across this one—it is a delicious sugar-pudding I believe—I have never seen or heard mentioned since I was a child, and used to have a spoonful for dessert on Sundays as a great treat. Yes, you may have it, but I must warn you after all it is not a very different thing from drinking the infusion of tea-leaves. This is the recipe—

Take red-rose petals, remove the white part at the bottom, then cut them into a sieve, to remove seeds and other particles. Weigh them, and allow three times their weight of the best loaf-sugar. Boil the leaves till they are tender, color the sugar about a pint of water to the same measure of petals. Then add the sugar and boil, stirring all the time till the syrup is nearly all taken up. Then put away in large bottles, for preservancy.

"I shall like to try that as soon as our roses are in perfection; it is such a pretty recipe, and it is so polite actually to eat a conserve of rose-leaves."

"Then I saved two simple custard recipes for you. They are such an improvement with rather sour early fruit, which will be soon coming in abundance of them here. Take a pint of milk, add two large eggs, both whites and yolks, and a little nutmeg. Beat these together for five minutes, and pour into the pan over the flame till the mixture thickens. Put into a jug a little drop of almond flavouring, or vanilla (half a teaspoonful is ample), strain the custard into the jug, stir it once more, and serve cold. The other recipe is equally simple and economical.

For it you must boil a pint of milk, with a little lemon-peel, two bay-leaves, and sugar to taste. Meanwhile, rub down smooth a dessert-spoonful of rice-flour into a cup of cold milk, and mix with it the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Take the milk and milk with the flour, then pour into the saucepan of boiling milk again, stirring it one way till it thickens and is on the point of boiling; then put in the lemon-peel or other spices, stir it for some time, adding a tablespoonful of pease-water, and any flavouring you please."

"Those certainly sound very simple. I have never been very successful with custards when I have tried the more complicated recipes, but surely I cannot go wrong with such an easy one as this. How much more lovely that bouquet of lilac is! Surely they are not the same clusters that I saw here more than a week ago."

"Yes, indeed, they are the same, and they are as sweet as ever, are they not? It is because there was a little charcoal put in the water in which they stand. There is nothing like it for keeping flowers fresh."

"Well, I hope Betsy will not think me very hard-hearted about her interviews with the young man," said Margaret, as she rose to take leave.

"She will be unreasonable if she does; but you need not fear it. I hope you will meet with no worse treatment from the powers that be when your own time comes."

To be continued.

NEW MUSIC.
and proclaims it to be the work of a musician of superior culture.

Wiley and Co., Argyl-place.

The Fairie Doll. Morceau for the Piano for E. Baunder. A piece suited for beginners, well-fingered and easily learnt, presenting no insurmountable difficulties.


Boat Song. By Theo. H. Barnett. This is No. 2 of "Summer Sketches," and is a fine soothing movement, with an easily-caught air, taking us in fancy over the rippling waters, after the bustle of everyday life. An easy and pleasing little sketch.

Merritt & Co., 37 Great Marlborough-street, W.-

Over London River. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Frederick Henley. Compass, D to E. This is a song on a subject which we hope is not exhausted. Mr. E. Weatherly's "London Bridge" has evidently set song writers going on the same theme. The music of "Over London River" is melodious and correct, but more we cannot say.

The High Art Maiden. Words and music by Herbert Harraden. Compass, D to D. This is a humorous song on a subject of modern aestheticism. The capital coloured picture on the cover shows the consummate quiddeness and utterness of a feminine aesthete, who is feeding on the sense of sight, or, as the writer calls it, "that Bedlam-flite stars" upon a summer place in a blue and white jar. In the last verse the singer asks:

"Why does she love with such fervor bestow
On a blue plate that cost but a shaving or so;
And why does she beg us, with tears in her eyes,
To lay her with her whenever she dies?
Don't you know why? "High Art" is the cry!
What? "Not be aesthetic!"
"More better to die!"

The music to this song is suitable to the subject and clever, allowing the necessary amount of flippancy and attitude.

Enoch and Sons, 10 Holles-street, Cavendish-square, W.-

Evening Star. Nocturne by Fritz Spindler. An easy, graceful little Nocturne. The theme is well sustained and carried out, only requiring moderate attention to the indications marked by the composer to secure a right rendering.

These publishers have issued a set of four songs, entitled "Proverbs in Songs." The verses are by F. E. Weatherly, and the music by Joseph L. Reechell. The following are the subjects of the compositions already published, and others will be added in course of time:

1. Two's Company, Three's None (Compass C to F).
2. A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush (C to E).
3. When Poverty Knocks at the Door, Love Flies out of the Window (D to F).
4. Is't a Long Way Round or the Shortest Way Home (E to F).

All these songs are capital for performance in the drawing-room. Of course, the proofs are illustrated by stories of love, but they are again and again not "fetched," as many might expect.

No. 3 is our favourite by reason of the

illustration (or contradiction, rather) of the proverb as much as of its suitable setting by Mr. Roucel. The song tells us of two poor lovers who married in spite of their neighbours telling them that when "poverty knocks at the door love flies out of the window." And poverty worked its severest-

"But this staunch little, true couple
Only stuck to each other as the more,
Till love, every day growing stronger,
Rid the poverty out at the door.
So they dwelt at their poor little cottage,
Deoted as husband and wife:
And though poverty pays them a visit,
Love is their tenant for life."

A. Cox, 29, King-street, Regent-street, W.-

Grand Canzonet. Words by M. M. D. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Compass, D to F.

This little, short song, which is really the meaning of the term canzonet, is a delightful composition, highly recommended to our girls. The title refers to the coming again of summer weather, the flowers, and the birds:

"In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sheet,
Little flowers begin their growing,
Far beneath our feet."

Sleep in Peace. Words by Mona. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Compass, D to B sharp. A charming, soothing, delicate rendering, especially in the lullaby:

"Sleep in peace! God's love and care will never cease.

Separation. Duet for soprano and contralto or baritone. Words by Lewis Novra. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. The subject is the familiar one of the parting of lovers with the necessary renewal of vows. A capital duet, both easy and effective, well worthy of the composer's fame and our readers' purchase.

OUR PATTY'S VICTORY; OR, A WHITE HAND.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By FARRER OWEN, Author of "Her Sweet Revenge," "When I was a Girl," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

"If only I knew what to do!"

Patty uttered the ejaculation to the empty air, in the stillness of midnight; as, in her own little room, she sat on the bedside in wakeful self-communion, troubled by doubts and tremors, none the less real that the subject of them will appear to others but trivial.

To each human soul its own struggle is absorbing. The recent which this young girl was now sustaining was to her as fraught with pain, as earnest and intense, as were ever the inward wrestlings of the soul so sorely tried and tempted sufferer for conscience' sake.

It does seem so hard," ran her mental pleading, "when I am trying to do what is right. It must be right when by-and-by I may earn money and help mother; and the learning costs nothing."

"Mother is often wishing she could afford things that I know she used to have, and the children getting bigger, and more expense every way. Father's illness last year cost a good deal, and it he were to be so again—"

She had risen, and was gently pacing the room to and fro with her hands clasped before her.

She had only taken off her dress, and loosened her hair. The candle was extinguished, the half-drawn curtains admitted the moonlight to one side of the chamber. The rest was in shadow.

In the small white bed lay Susie, calmly sleeping, rocked little of the struggle which was agitating her sister, and keeping her from the pillow she should hours since have been sharing with the pretty nosed fellow there.

Patty communed with herself half aloud. "Yes, if father were to be ill, or if Mr. Campion were to go abroad again, the old one would want fewer gardeners at the Castle. Then what use the money would be if I were earning!"

She stopped in her walk, checking her thoughts with her footsteps.

"That is all 'if,'" she said, doubtfully. "Perhaps I ought to have more faith. If God sends the trouble he can send help too. He has done before now. But then perhaps this is the way sent for me to try. Miss Blake says I am getting on so well, and should soon be able to take the girl's place."

"I wish things could be smoother at home though, everything seems to go wrong lately. Yet mother always tells us 'What thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might,' and I have tried to learn, and I love it so!'"

Another check to the rapid pacing, to the busy thought.

"Yes," she went on doubtfully, "I want it so. Love it so, may be because very reason I ought not to. Ah! if I did but know—if I did but know!"

The little one stirred in her sleep, and murmured Patty's name. The elder sister bent down to draw the covering closer, and a thin hand found its way round Patty's neck and nestled there.

The moonlight just showed the little flushed face and tumbled hair. Patty softly caressed
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

ldeged the feeling of admiration which she had from the first inspired, and the reason why he had hesitated to let this be seen. There are many more in the letter than can be related at length.

Enough to say that, as Edith read it, a glad flush spread on her cheeks—paler than usual through her deep violet eyes, and her voice, as she read on, coursed down them, she murmured, "If I were only good enough to deserve the affection of one like Henry Martin!"

The Northcote family generally were quite satisfied to believe that Edith would now be a treasure to any good man. Henry Martin's character, age, and position were all suitable, and in his case, had no interested mother that his many excellencies had won her daughter's affection and respect. The answer to that "sober letter" was evidently all that its writer desired, for he said to his sister, "Congratulate me, Nora. I hope soon to call Edith my wife."

"And congratulate me," said lively Mrs. Martin, hardy knowing whether to laugh or cry to show her sympathy; "for my brother-in-law is giving me my dearest friend as a sister."

This was, of course, further correspondence between Mr. Northcote and his son-in-law elect, but all of a pleasant character. Henry was to spend Christmas and New Year at the Northcote house, and then perhaps, one day, he would come to London. Nora and her husband could not join the happy gathering, for on Christmas Eve their first baby opened her blue eyes to the light, and they were rejoicing in their tiny treasure.

No person who looked at Henry and Edith could help saying how well they matched each other. They were naturally almost inseparable during that happy holiday time, for, as Henry said, "their actual love-making was terribly in arrears. In fact, it had all to be done before they left."

You did not show special regard for me, and you were so kind to everybody. Sometimes I thought you liked me better than others, and then, when I felt how little there really was in me for anyone to like, I did not care much for you when we used to meet last summer, Edith?" he asked.

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NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO, EWER & Co., Berners-street.

The Wishing Stone. Cantata for female voices. The words written by EDWARD OXENDEN. The music composed by FRANK ATIT.

Not long ago, it seemed that even a good trio for female voices, beyond "The flower greeting" (Curzeifenn), "Liftthine eyes" (Mendelssohn), or "En Stella" (Mendelssohn), the search would have been in vain with some difficulty, and as for a cantata for the same voices, the thing was comparatively unknown. In these later days of advancement we are delighted to have the word "simple" appropriately placed in the mouths of musicians. The cantata before us opens with a short introduction for the piano alone, landing into a bold chorus (No. 1). "O'er the down bewitched meadows," capitaly
out for the voices, if we except the harmonies of the first two bars in the key of D major, which appear to us a little forced at the voice leading of the second bar, and the third. No. 6. "I'm a little peasant maiden," is a nice floating melody in waltz time.

No. 4. "The sly-ery moon," contains some very artificial writing for soprano and contralto. No. 6. "Hand in hand we hasten," although what may be termed a pretty chorus, is built upon a somewhat slight foundation, and seems to come to us like an old friend. The same may be said of No. 8 (ballad), "Sweet fairy who for countless years."

The cantata closes with No. 10, trio and chorus. The idea is broken by the preceding phrase reminding us vividly of Spohr's "As pants the hart," but the succeeding chorus is undoubtedly Franz Abt, and brings the work to a conclusion in a masterly and happy way.

**The Water Fairy.** Cantata for female voices. Words by Edward Oxenford; music by Franz Abt.

The introduction is somewhat incoherently, slightly monotonous. The key of D, which seems to say, is not resolved, the chord of E2 in the recitative (No. 2) coming immediately after.

This progression must surely be an oversight.

No. 3. Air. "This day is sweet," runs trippingly along, fresh in character, leading off in 6-8 time, cleverly relieved in the last verse by a change into common time, the flowing melody being still retained; the accompaniment written in arpeggios.

No. 4. "Young lady, shine," is a charming duet for two sopranos.

No. 5. "Near the shining waters." A light and fairy-like air.

No. 8. "A queen in days long pass'd away," Ballad with chorus. The only number in a minor key, is in very effective, if not strikingly personal.

No. 10. "The day is o'er" (trio). This number throughout enunciates a restlessness to which we are not quite satisfied; it is weak at starting, and gains but little strength even towards the close of the cantata.

**The Silver Cloud.** Cantata for female voices. Words by Edward Oxenford; music by Franz Abt.

This work opens (like the preceding one) with a somewhat chordic introduction for the piano, and the treatment of No. 1. "Waken, sisters, waken," is rather like a pianoforte exercise which is not entirely well executed; it is weak at starting, and gains but little strength even towards the close of the cantata.

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be accurately followed. If cooked rice or cold meat be used, the dish will not be worth eating, and old vine leaves will spoil it.

**Kufta (Egyptian Style).**

Take the finest possible beef or mutton, cut from the bones and put these to stew in a saucepan while preparing the Kufta. Pound the rice very fine, to a paste (one might answer), till it is like a paste, adding a few drops of water from time to time. Then add dry bread crumbs, chopped parsley, a little minced onion, pepper, and salt. Dip the hand in water and roll the paste into balls, not larger than walnuts. Fry these slightly in butter, without either browning; add some tomatoes cut into the pan, stir for a few minutes, then turn all into the stew-pot, where the bones have been cooking (having carefully skimmed the same of course), and properly season it. Let there be enough gravy to make a plentiful allowance of sauce. They should be done in an hour and a half or less from the time of putting them into the broth. Have a dish of nicely boiled rice, and when this is very nearly tender enough, but not quite, heat a spoonful of clarified butter over a hot point, put the rice (in its stewpot), and set by the side of the fire for five or six minutes; serve to eat with the Kuftas, but they must be in a separate dish. If the Kufta met any one not quite like this, if properly cooked. But if you do not pound the meat very well your dish will be quite unpalatable; there must be no bits of fat or bone in it.

**ORIENTAL RICE MILK.**

This dish, which is only a resource for invalids when forbidden better fare in England, is really a very nice one, prepared Orientally, with milk, should be possible, be skimmed milk, if partly skimmed or watered, allow more. Boil the milk, and when just beginning to boil put in the rice, carefully washed, in the proportion of about a tablespoonful, not heaped, to a half-pint of milk, as soon as it boils again, slake the fire, and simmer or boil slowly, stirring about all the time, add white sugar, to taste, and a little cinnamon ditto; if the milk be real country milk, you add a very little water, as it thickens, now and then, and if the milk be thin, or the trouble is to make very little cold milk; stir very few moments less it burn. It should be of the consistence of thick cream when well cooked and the grains hardly to the top of the milk. If well done it is a very tempting invalid dish, and not to be despised by healthy people. The English ways is to put far too much rice and boil for too quickly, and serve when half cooked; in fact, this way takes more time and trouble, but few good things can be had without. If you will try it, my dear girls, some invalid will one day thank you, I feel sure.

No 2. **Contralto Air, "Year after year."** Although simple in character, this will require very careful treatment at the hands of the singer to the very best advantage of monody. A graceful serenade follows for soprano and unaccompanied four-part chorus, "She sleeps." No 3. **Duet for two sopranos, "All precious things."** Herold most appropriately the arrival of the fairy prince delivering, commencing with a kind of boloero accompaniment, it proceeds a fine minuet and gradually developing where all before was rest. The spirit of the words is here most thoroughly caught, showing us the utmost sympathy for the music, and the two sopranos. No 4. **Chorus, The revival."** A grand awakening after the hundred years' repose. Now all is hustle and bustle, a veritable tone picture. We cannot help being amused a little farther on, at the quiet awakening of the king, whose drowsy conversation with his chancellor forms an agreeable rest to the ear before we come to No 5. "The departure," where the Prince carries off his newly awakened bride. We would strongly recommend this cantata for the use of choral societies, the vocal parts being so well arranged for the voices. It has the further advantage of a harmonium accompaniment in separate parts for the pianoforte, this of course leading great colour to any performance of the work.

**Mettler & Co., Marlborough-street.**

**Only the Sound of a Voice.** Words by ADELAIDE PROCTOR. Music by HENRY WATSON. A plaintive melody, suitable to the words; full of feeling and tenderness, and well arranged.

**Light.** By JOSEPH BARNBY. Words by E. W. LATHROP. Another telling song, the burden of which is a poor blind mother recalling the places where once her sailor son was wont to gladden her heart "fifty years ago," and dreaming that she is about to join him with restored vision in the higher and better land. J. Barnby's songs are deservedly favourites, and are always well received.

**Cramer & Co., Regent-street.**

**At Bencroft (A. F. Green).** Composed by OGDON BARR. With harmonium accompaniment (ad lib.). Words by MARK LEXON. Whish we are in the voluntary society group. "At Bencroft" is one of the passages, and the melodies of the passages, and the harmonium score is well marked, and adds greatly to the effect. It can be had in F major for cornet, from B to D major for soprano or tenor compass from D to E.

**W. Morely, June., Upper-street, N.**

**Before the Shire.** Music by HENRY J. STARK. Words by MARK LEXON. Another song arranged for piano and harmonium. The accompaniment of the piano is very effective, the left hand having the sustained notes, whilst the right, detached, and legato chords form a pleasing accompaniment. The harmony in this part is very simple, yet adds a fullness and richness to the whole. This is an excellent composition, and deserves a wide circulation.

**The Child's Mission.** By OGDON BARR. Words by MARK LEXON. With harmonium accompaniment (ad lib.). The whole work is simple and unpretentious. The chorus is accompanied by the passers-by in the cold night, amidst drifts of snow, but heard by a little suffering boy, bringing solace in his dying hours; as music from heaven, and the accompaniment parts easy to acquire, and pleasing.

**The Child's Dream.** By JACQUES BULTMANT. Sung by Mrs. OSGOOD. This song is written in three keys, No: 1 in E, No: 2 in G, No: 3 in A, full of variety in rendering, and very dramatic. The transitions from pianissimo to forte passages are thrilling, and when sung with feeling will be classed with our "picture songs."

**The Fairy Castle." By ANTONIO MORA.** Words by LEWIS NOYES. — is of quite a different character, light and airy, with no difficulties either for the voice or accompaniment, coming as a relief after more elaborate and ornate compositions.

**SWAN & Co., Great Marlborough-street.**

**Near Thee, Still Near Thee.** Words by Mrs. BISHAM. Music by ALON MACEDON. A smoothly-written song with good accompaniment, words and music flowing together, harmoniously.

**Jennyta : The Flower Girl's Song.** By the same composer. Words by WILLIAM MUSGATE. A very pretty song, light and graceful. Sure to be a favourite.

**STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & CO.**

**My Fisher Lad.** Words by SARAH DOUTH. Music by C. E. RAWSTONE. Thoughtful words of a trustful heart. The music, perhaps, not quite suitable, the words, still by no means unpleasing, and quite easy for a high soprano voice.

**Cat Darlings at Home.** Words by JOSEPH HATHAW. Music by WALTER MAYNARD. A smooth song in 6/8 time, with a decided swing in it, but containing a disagreeable novelty in the manner of accenting some of the words, as under:

E-ver in life may be-mile, True-

We are the more surprised, at this, as the composer in other works shows that he knows better.

**Why should we part ?** Words and Music by WALTER MAYNARD. In this song we have an evidence of the composer's ability to write suitably for the voice. The melody is extremely pretty, and the accompaniment easy. It may be sung either with a mottled tune in the part, or preferably, as far as the words are concerned, by the latter.

**Meeting again.** Seque to "When shall I see you?" Words and Music by WALTER MAYNARD. A slow-moving melody in the key of D with an easy accompaniment, thus presenting no difficulty either to singer or player. Being written within the compass of an octave, this song should not be very useful. On page 3 a misprint occurs in the treble line of the pianoforte part, where A is written for B, a little error that can easily be corrected for future editions.

J. and W. CHESTER, Brighton. The Song of the Owl. Composed for and dedicated to her little friends by MARIA LOUISE BLAIR. Words from the Sunday Scholars' Companion.

We are sure this song has only to be heard to become a favourite, and although one or two phrases seem just a little familiar, taken as a whole, it is very nicely composed and well put together, sparkling and gay.

**Capriccio.** By A. H. JACKSON. Quantitativeness evidently the point aimed at in this piece, which is of moderate difficulty, but rather too full of repetition.
when transferred to a carpeted and well-furnished room may sometimes lose the brilliant tone which it appeared to have where it originally stood. Care should therefore be taken to play in a room of good acoustics and with a good quality of tone, so that when stuck about the middle part, with the key held down, it should have a continuity of sound, which will enable the music to be heard from any room. The best instruments are more substantively put together, and are consequently more durable, and will stand in tune, and play more distinctly without the aid of any dampers than inferior instruments without injury—although it is not good for them that children be allowed to tamper with them, which should never be permitted.

To keep the piano in good order, then, it should stand in a room the temperature of which should be as equal as possible—neither too cold, nor too warm. And it should never be placed against an outer wall, or between windows, or a window and a door; but, if possible, it should stand some little distance from an inner wall, not too near a fire, or against a wall. There is nothing so destructive to a piano as damp, and it must be kept free from dust. Pins or beads should never be placed on or near the instrument, as they are apt to obstruct the action, and thus to create a jarring noise. The case should be carefully rubbed with a soft cloth and the felt boxes of the keys may be used for cleaning the keys occasionally. There are so many different materials used in the construction of good pianos, that new care is required in keeping them from injury than most people are aware of. Damp will affect almost every portion of the mechanism, and seriously injure the freedom of almost every part of the action, by causing the swelling of the woodwork, the leather, the centres of the mortises of the hammers, and also the keys; and too much heat will cause the wood to shrink, and the snares and windlass to rattle unpleasantly; therefore, care should be taken to prevent an instrument from standing on a damp floor. The piano should be closed constantly when not used; and it is a good plan to make a wadded silk cushion to place upon the keys when closed, as it preserves the whiteness of the ivory, and prevents it from being scorched or being dimmed. Still, a piano should not be locked up for any length of time together. The door and windows should not be left open, so as to allow the piano to stand in the air, as there is nothing so destructive to a piano as damp. A blanket or woolen cover should be thrown over the instrument every night, and at all times when the room is cleaned and dusted, as dust is also very destructive to a piano. Should dust accumulate, a pair of gloves should be used to blow it out. Books, music, and other things should never be allowed to be put on the top of a piano, as they, too, destroy the sound, and are apt to cause an unpleasant jarring. A new instrument should be tuned five or six times for the first year, and it is allowed that it should be below concert-pitch at any time, by so doing it much deteriorates from the brilliancy of the tone. But after the first year a piano should be tuned every two months or so, and if it should be necessary to remove it to any distance, it should be tuned again immediately after its removal. Never allow an itinerant tuner to make the piano too flat, or too bright, and if it should be necessary to remove it to any distance, it should be tuned again immediately after its removal. Never allow the action to be damaged in any way, for it is a very expensive repair. If it is ever out of order, and a misprint occurs in the words, "through being evidently meant instead of authentic," the piano is repaired at once.

NEW MUSIC.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Night and Morning. Sacred song. (C to G.) Words by the Rev. F. L. DOWNHAM.

Music by J. H. FORTUNE.

The words of this song are simply delightful, and the music, which is equally fine, is evidently the work of a thoughtful composer and sound musician. The various changes of key in the piano part are most happily conceived.

GODDARD AND CO.

The Wild Birds' Song. Words by JOHN SAFERY. Music by ALFRED RAWLINGS.

One of the prettiest songs we have seen for a long time, the music and words being equally good. The first part of the melody is given by a good soprano voice, the compass extending from E to G sharp. On page 2, an awkward misprint occurs in the words, "through being evidently meant instead of authentic." The New Graduated Method for the Piano forte. By JOSHEP GODDARD.

This is a most comprehensive work, dealing thoroughly with touch, fingering, and technical difficulty. It is thought that the pupil who will carefully journey through these seventy-five pages of letterpress and music will emerge from the task with a sound knowledge of everything appertaining to the groundwork of pianoforte playing.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

Dear is My Little Native Vale. Trio. Words by SAMUEL ROGERS. Music by J. L. HATTON.

CHARMINGLY written for two mezzo-soprano parts and contralto, with a characteristic pianoforte accompaniment.

The Cavalier. Trio. Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT. Music by C. A. MACLONIE.

We have heard better compositions from the pen of Miss MacIonne, who, even on the first page, seems to have borrowed a very familiar phrase from our old friend, "Hail! smiling morn." It is, nevertheless, prettily put together, and was the sure fire of the other. On page 2 a misprint occurs in the third bar of the last line in the pianoforte part, where B is written for G.

But Softly, Chords. By CARILLI. Adapted for female voices by HELEN BIANCHI TAYLOR.

This well-known composition is capital, adapted, the French words being in this edition retained.

BLUE CORNFLOWERS.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPITERS.

By the Hon. Mrs. ARMSBY.

CHAPTER IV.

"Aunt Joan, do come out," was the pleasing cry from the pretty little girl, who, sitting in the garden of the old cottage by the edge of the River, as she held the table at the window where Joan sat working. No longer obliged to toil so hard, and now the days of her life were a day longer than necessary, Joan had persuaded her sister-in-law to settle for a while, at all events, in a little farm cottage in a more remote part of the country. But how far from being at rest was she! She felt she had already removed to possess all the enjoyments which true lovers of nature ever delight in. It was cheerful enough to sit there, she was happy, for the pretty young widow attracted universal sympathy as she passed along, and all were ready to show her a kindness when Robin Cardwell had introduced Mrs. Everard and her sister to some of the new friends gathered in the neighbourhood, through whom these lodgings had been found. It had been Joan’s satisfaction that none had ever known her, but that this was the case with the pearl necklace. The price received had enabled her to satisfy the angry creditor, and to provide Everard with all the luxuries he needed at the last. Dora never thought how or where the means were found. That was Joan’s business and when, after his death, the contents of the studio were disposed of, many brothers artists came forward and secured what there was at prices far beyond the intrinsic value; but there is a kindly feeling among artists which ever leads them to acts of generosity. So the unfinished sketches, &c., were carried away by old friends, and Joan found herself free to leave Fitzroy-street to go wherever might be best, and so finally the move was made, and before long Joan had arranged their few treasures and made the rooms look snug and home-like. Dora’s room, and, of course, the young widow must not look for a prolonged visit to her old home. There were too many younger ones coming on there for Mrs. Bruce and her. It had been suggested that she should go, and left to herself, Dora and the child would soon starve, and Joan, true to herself, was quite ready to add her small income to the general fund, and thus make a home together.

The first year had passed, and Joan had found herself some work to do to increase their means. Like many others, she found there was work to be got by women if only they were steady in earnest about it, and are willing to drop all false shame and resolutely determine to earn something by brute or hands. The convenience offered by the fact that Joan must go occasionally was one advantage in their present residence, and an old friend or two sometimes came over. None more welcome than Robin Caldwell whenever he was within reach, and he contrived to make his business fit in with a visit to Dale Barn as often as the spring of the year advanced. Joan’s heart beat with pleasure when she greeted him; though never by word or look did he revert to past days. His was the true heart of the kind friend who had found this little house; he was the adviser when Dora had any difficulty; he it was, indeed, who thought of a name to give some sight to be seen, which otherwise the two lone women must have missed, and it was not odd that he should be their escort on any such expeditions.
couple in their easy-chairs had just awakened from a brief afternoon doze. On the table was the old fashioned tea-service of blue china, with the antique silver teapot and cream-jug that had descended to Mrs. Alderstone from her grandmother. There was brown bread and white; there were the crisp tea-cakes that Daisy always relished, and delicate fawn-coloured eggs that the cochins had laid. And in the middle of the white cloth stood the rustic-looking pot, that contained a flourishing fern, green and fresh in its setting of moss, as if it had only just been gathered in the Hurstone woods.

It is a pleasant place at that hospitable board, and the old folks patted her in their quiet fashion. Does any one ever truly realise the strong influence of a real home? Home influence was just the very thing that Daisy needed that day, and she missed it at the old farm.

There are people who have a power of creating a home wherever they go. Here and there you find a woman who can transform a lodging-house sitting-room into a haven of peace for a troubled soul. She does not even alter the arrangement of the furniture, perhaps, but she puts a book here, and a work-basket there, and rings for the tea-tray; and in five minutes she has created an atmosphere of comfort around her. Any tired man, coming in from the turmoil of the outer world would say to himself, "Here is a veritable home."

The talk and the tea and the petting old Daisy, in a world of good. At half-past six she was escorted home by Janet and Esther, the housemaid. Well was it for that she Hollycock Farm was scarcely a stone's throw from Hurst Hall.

At seven she had to sit down to dinner in the great dining-room with her uncle and aunt Cecily and Lord Hazlewood. Cecily gave her many an anxious glance, and was unspeakably relieved to see a brighter look on her face.

After all," thought Daisy, as she went up the stairs, "I ought to have thought more of Aunt Cecily's happiness than mine, and I have no right to insist that she shall only be happy in my way.

It is hard sometimes for us all to remember that human beings are not railway engines, and will not travel obediently on the iron lines that we have laid down for them.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

ASHDON AND PARRY.

Sweet Concert Belles. Trio. Music by J. L. HATTON.

The Thrush. Trio. Words by BARRY CORNWALL. Music by J. L. HATTON.

We would strongly recommend these two numbers as really beautiful trios for ladies' voices. The music is wedded to equally pretty words, and the pianoforte accompaniment in both is also very tastefully laid out.

Now bring ye forth the tabors. Chorus of bridesmaids and choristers from the opera, The Wedding of Camacho. English words by F. E. COX. Music by MENDLES-SOHN.

This wonderfully effective chorus should be in the hands of all ladies' singing classes. The music of Camacho may be reckoned among the happiest inspirations of Mendelssohn, and in the English words here used the writer has entered into the rhythmical form of the music with the utmost success.

The Spanning Chorus. Arranged from Wagner's opera, Siegfried. Words by ARTHUR O'LEARY. Music by L. H. F. DU TERREAU.

This is another work that should be better known. The music has the charm which contains melody, presents no striking difficulty. Perhaps the accompaniment will most try the powers of the amateur, but we may add that the result will repay any trouble expended on it.

Rest that with this Missy Fifteen. Trio. Words by Bishop HEBER. Music by HENRY SMART.

Although Henry Smart always wrote well, he certainly excelled most in his trios for ladies' voices, and amongst them this will take a foremost rank. If our young friends have not already made acquaintance with this lovely trio they should advise them to do so without delay.

Kind Words. Trio. Words from the "After Glow." Music by C. PINSUTT.

It is not always May. Trio. Words by ROWLETT. Music by C. PINSUTT.

What has been said of the late Henry Smart might be nearly literally repeated with regard to Cro Pissut. Here we have two trios, the work of very different masters, the music well laid out for voices, and revealing beauties in every bar.

J. B. CRAMER and CO.

The Scales. How to Play them. By HENRY PARKER.

The Voice, its Production and Improvement. By HENRY PARKER.

We cannot say that in the "Scales" we can discover anything more than Kalkbrenner has already given us in his method. As to "how to play them," that is entirely a matter of opinion. With regard to Mr. Parker's treatment of the voice, it certainly contains many original suggestions, though whether they will infallibly achieve the result guaranteed must remain a matter of considerable doubt.

The Dream Queen. Cantata for female voices. Words by NELLA PARKER. Music by ODOARDO BAREI.

The extreme beauty of words and graceful idea of this cantata seem to have been thoroughly appreciated and entered into by the composer, who has adapted them to some equally charming and graceful music. No. 1. Introduction and Chorus, "Now day has departed," though rather short for an opening number, reveals many beauties, without any extraneous modulation, which is nowadays so frequently resorted to, with such indifferent effect.

No. 2. Soprano Solo. "Drummy seems each day. Rather melancholy, but we suppose appropriately so.

An agreeable change is in store for us in No. 3. Metzo Soprano Air, "Simple peasant maiden," a very pretty melody in waltz time.

No. 4. Duet. " content little sister mine. A smooth and flowing duet.

No. 5. Contralto Solo and Chorus, "Where the roses reign." The subject-matter both for solo and chorus being so fair, almost elegant, rather suffers from its triple repetition.

No. 6. Soprano Solo and Chorus, "Queen of happy dreamland." We must take exception, in particular as far as bar 5, which are to all appearance in 6-8 time, though the figures 3-4 stand at the signature. Strangely enough, the same mistake happens again at the bottom of pp. 31, 35, and 37. Despite this technical error, the music of this number is exceedingly pleasing, containing near the close a cadence with a descending chromatic passage of no ordinary difficulty.

No. 7. Contralto Air, "Oh foolish heart," is thought to be original and charmingly conceived.

No. 8. Mezzo Soprano Solo and Chorus, "O yield not, despair not." To this we cannot award much praise, the themes being distinctly weak.

No. 9. Soprano Solo, "No more for rest or gladness," is rather strained in its effects, commencing well, but losing interest as it proceeds.

In No. 10, Solo and Trio, "At last thou hast found it," the last bar on line 2, page 51, seems to require some explanation; but as we go farther on we find some smooth and pretty writing.

Finale, Chorus, "Come, sweet sister spirit," is an excellent number, the music aptly exemplifying the contentment of the maiden once more restored to earth and her simple home again.

We would recommend the composer, before the issue of the next edition, to carefully re-read his proofs, as several small errors occur, one very important one appearing on the first page, bar 15.

Wherever the Dream Queen is heard, we are confident it will be a great favourite both as regards the words and music.

LAMBORN COOK. Holles-street.

Dir Allett. Words by HENRY RUTHERFORD. Music by H. H. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Dir Allett (To thee alone) is a musically very pretty song, in which the melody commencing plaintively in C minor, with a happy change to the tonic major at the termination of each verse. We cannot help thinking of a pity that the music of all three verses is alien, though undoubtedly interesting, we arrive at verse three with a slight feeling of weariness, that might easily have been avoided by a little varying of the treatment, to which the words also would have readily lent themselves.

The Pear Tree in the Court. Music by Madame SAINTON - DOLBY. Words by J. T. WOGEL.

Madame DOLBY's name is a sufficient guarantee for purity and goodness of style, and this simple song well sustains this reputation. The accompaniment is quiet and graceful, giving expression to the words, which tell of a solitary pear-tree left to dwindle away for want of sun and culture; yet "gladdening the hearts in the courtyard," and so not spending its life in vain.

The Humming Bird. By WALTER MAYNARD.

Lively and good, requiring a flexible voice, with a moderate amount of cultivation and clear upper notes. The accompaniment is simple and graceful, and must become a favourite when once heard.

Gavotte and Menuette. By A. A. JACKSON. A clever and musician-like composition, especially well adapted to Mr. Windham. The composer has satisfactorily caught the spirit of the old masters, and where one or two extra difficult passages occur, he has accommodately supplied additions, which adds to the charm of the dance. This means that this charming Gavotte is brought within the reach of any performer.


The Dove. With the original French words and an English imitation. Music by CH. GOUNOD.

A smooth little Romance, with easy accompaniment and pleasing theme. Written in the key of G.