

not sorry when he led me into the next room where aunt and Mr. Bevan were making elaborate pretences to be engrossed over some photographs, while my future sister-in-law was turning up her nose at everybody as much as to say, "You can't deceive me with your transparent devices."

Somehow, when I looked at those three, and caught a glimpse in the glass of two red-faced young people advancing hand-in-hand with a wofully conscious air about them, the funny side of it caught my attention, and I began to giggle nervously.

Aunt looked up, so did the prospective father-in-law, and I was greatly relieved at the laudable quickness with which they guessed the state of affairs.

Daisy of course made herself as disagreeable as she could by compelling us to explain the whole thing in the most cold-blooded way

imaginable, and ended by pecking at me coldly, and offering congratulations which resembled icebergs more than anything else.

However, the evening turned out very merry and happy in spite of the wet blanket, and Mr. Bevan explained that the present he had given me was quite a mistake, as he had intended to present me with a little brooch, which must now be reserved for the wedding. Nevertheless it arrived next day—a beautiful little chased gold brooch—and I have worn it ever since in company with my sapphire engagement ring.

That night I heard aunt say to Mr. Bevan, as I was wishing Daisy and Maurice good-bye, "So the old quarrel is healed by our children, Hugh, and our sorrow will end in peace!"

As Maurice was well off, and I too was not portionless, there was no real reason why we should not marry at once, only I did not like

leaving aunt alone till she herself declared that my lover's wistful eyes and face were a constant reproach to her selfishness; so on my twenty-first birthday we were married, aunt giving me away and Daisy Bevan and Brenda Colville being my only bridesmaids.

My life since then has been placidly happy, with the exception of certain sparring matches with my sour-minded sister-in-law, who has never quite reconciled herself to my appearance in the family, though my mother-in-law has got used to it.

We live in Dulminster still, as I love the place dearly.

Aunt Frances and I both learnt a lesson during our life together which I think we have never forgotten; and I often reflect tenderly on the dear old days in My Home in the Close.

[THE END.]

## NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

BEFORE reviewing our monthly collection of ballads, pianoforte pieces, and other selections of the smaller class, we feel it a proud duty to point out to those of our readers who take a more serious interest in music, the really wonderful list of compositions of the greater class—cantatas, oratorios, and so forth—which have emanated mainly from the English musicians, who, with the grand exceptions of Dvorak and Brahms, are the only great composers of the present period—Dr. Villiers Stanford, with his *Battle of the Baltic* and his marvellous sacred drama, *Eden*; Dr. Hubert Parry, entitled (not without reason), the English Bach, with his masterly polyphonic writing, his *Blest Pair of Syrens*, *Ode to St. Cecilia*, and, finest of all, *De Profundis*; Dr. Mackenzie, and Dr. Harford Lloyd, with works of very high standard and excellence. These and others combine to form a "school" worthy of the attention of the entire world of music.

Space will not admit of our examining in detail these noble art productions, an analysis which we hope all advanced students will make for themselves, and from which we can promise them much intellectual profit and enjoyment.

### CANTATAS.

*The Child of Elle* (London Musical Publishing Company), a traditional ballad set for soli voices, chorus, and orchestra, by Erskine Allon.—This will prove an interesting work for young choral societies, the choral writing being as good as any part of the cantata.

### PART-SONGS.

*Soft Wind of Eve* (Joseph Williams). No. 2 of twelve two-part songs, by Arthur Richards.—If the others are in any way equal to this graceful duet, here is a mine of wealth for ladies' singing classes.

*Slavonic Cradle Song* (Laudy and Co.). Composed by Anton Dvorak.—A four-part song for mixed voices, of great simplicity in melody, and much ingenuity in harmony. An example of how nice consecutive fifths may be made in experienced hands is to be seen between the sixth and seventh bars of page 4.

*Pastoral Albums* (Paterson and Sons), by Alfred Moffat.—These are two series of two-part songs, the first six dealing with subjects akin to spring and summer; the second six to autumn and winter. There is a painful similarity about them all—a lack of originality and freshness. Surely the time has gone by for writing in thirds and sixths only, and we have reached a period when some independence and

variety may safely be given to each part, even in children's songs. If not, what is the good of the higher grant for singing from note rather than guessing by ear in our Board schools? It is a pity that the lower part in these songs is so suggestive of that obsolete expression "seconds," which invariably meant thirds!

*The Last Rose of Summer* (Paterson and Sons), arranged as a four-part song by James Fleming, has a distinctly Scottish flavour, accentuated by slight but observable alterations in the Irish melody. There is a clever little piece of canon between treble and tenor in the last line.

### ORGAN OR HARMONIUM MUSIC.

*March Album* (Tuckwood).—The best specimen of a march in this small volume is the one by Edwin M. Flavell. This would make a useful voluntary.

*National Organist*, Book 6 (Tuckwood), consists of six little voluntaries effectively written for the instrument by Edwin M. Flavell.

*Canterbury Voluntaries for Harmonium* (Phillips and Page).—These are excellent. We have two books before us containing arrangements from the great masters and original compositions by J. W. Elliott, whose services in the cause of the harmonium are well known.

*Holyrood Albums for Harmonium or American Organ* (Paterson and Sons). Arrangements by the late Dr. Rimbault of Classical Transcriptions in Book I. and of Scotch Airs in Book IV.

### VIOLIN MUSIC.

*Selected Compositions for Violin*, by H. Herrmann. (Laudy and Co.).—The numbers we have seen—No. 27, a Berceuse; No. 28, Marion Gavotte, a beautiful little movement in D minor, with a pleasantly-contrasted trio in D major; No. 37, a Romanesca in G minor, plaintive and quaint; and No. 40, *Vieille Chanson*—are all well written, are easy for a violinist, and are accompanied by the piano in an interesting manner.

*Serenade*, by Arnold Dolmetsch (Laudy and Co.) is more difficult perhaps, but quite as effective as the compositions just spoken of.

### PIANO MUSIC.

We have received a number of things disguised as Pas de Ballet, Intermezzo, Caprice, Old Dance, etc., all of which turn out to be feeble gavottes, attempts to articulate when



there is nothing to remark, with a dread of deserting the tonic and dominant, the only props upon which they venture to lean. It is refreshing, then, to turn to a Pizzicato, *Fairyland*, by John Francis Barnett (Patey and Willis), and find that this eminent musician has something to say, and can say it gracefully, as is his wont.

*Lose Blätter*.—Three compositions by Jadassohn (Forsyth Brothers). No. 1, *Elegy*, No. 2, *Mazurka*, No. 3, *Waltzes*. The latter is the one which we think the best, but all three are worth playing.

*L'Automne*, a waltz by Albeniz (Stanley Lucas), is a thoroughly poetical conception, and will repay the labour requisite for its proper performance.

## SONGS.

*Ever Constant*. Music by Leslie Conyers (Tuckwood).—A song with violin obligato, possessed of a graceful melody.

*The Banks of the Bann*. Song by Edward German (Phillips and Page).—A charming ballad, with an easy compass from D to E flat.

*Album of Seven Songs*, by Cuthbert Harris (Laudy and Co.).—The fashion now is to sell six or seven songs in this octavo form for the usual price of one, and an excellent plan it is for those who cannot afford to buy expensive music. Many points of interest make this collection one worth possessing.

*A Rose and a Dream*, by Arthur E. Grimshaw (Patey and Willis), is above the average ballad in merit.

*Strive, Wait, and Pray*, by J. Haydn Parry (Patey and Willis), is an excellent setting of Adelaide Procter's noble words. An unusual modulation occurs at the foot of the third page, viz., from F major to A flat major. It is used in Wagner's "Lohengrin" with great effect.

*My Shepherd Boy*. Song by Charles H. Fogg (Stanley Lucas).—A quaint, fascinating ditty.

*The Silver Chord*. Sacred song by Alfred Hollins, and *My Mary*, a ballad by the same composer (Stanley Lucas), are fairly good

songs, and derive special interest as being composed by the well-known blind organist.

*Asleep*, by Halfdan Kjerulf (Stanley Lucas).—This is a reprint of one of the most simple and spontaneous of the songs of Kjerulf which we have learnt to love and admire. The translation of Björnson is by Theo. Marzials.

*Songs and Ballads of Scotland* (Paterson).—A collection which has the great advantage of Mr. Hamish MacCunn's musicianly accompaniments. He has, in his respect for the songs themselves, avoided all preludes and postludes, and simply accompanies, and by his harmony colours the grand old melodies of his native country. The book, which is artistically and tastefully got up, contains twenty-five airs, and costs half a crown only!

*The Earth and Man*. Song by John E. Barkworth (Paterson).—The setting is not good enough for the words, a veritable poem by Rev. Stopford Brooke.

## PRIMERS, ETC.

*Exercises in Harmony and Composition*, by Frederick Corder (Forsyth).—A capital idea, a work much needed. Chorales and melodies to be harmonised in appropriate manner, followed by half sentences to be completed, and phrases to be developed by the student. A sure help to composition.

*Art of Voice Training and Vocalisation*, by T. A. Wallworth (B. Williams).—This is an admirable and a most complete guide for vocalists from their earliest efforts to the end

of their studies, and is based upon the teachings of nature. Mr. Wallworth uses the text applied by the late John Parry to the whole subject of declamation—B 2! There is the whole secret in a nutshell. *Be natural!* He rightly inveighs against the many artificial quackeries, which undoubtedly produce notes of a right sort, not for the would-be singer, but for the pocket of the would-be teacher.

He deals in a clear and concise manner with breathing, articulation, position when working, and the whole practical side of the question. We should like to have quoted many of the good suggestions and useful hints contained in this work, but would rather that you should get the book and read it all yourselves. Every sentence is to the point. Carefully-written exercises will be found, progressively arranged in the latter pages, followed by an explanation of all such terms as a singer ought to know.

*Preparatory Exercises for the Piano*, by Adolphe Henselt (Augener).—A new collection of exercises and examples by the St. Petersburg professor, which are the outcome of Henselt's personal studies, and which introduce difficulties which he has struggled with and overcome. They aim at perfect tone production and the highest technique; and to carry out these laudable objects amongst our English students, Miss Bettina Walker has just started a "Henselt School" at 33, Upper Gloucester Place, where, with Miss Florence Ashe, a pupil of Hallé's, she will work upon Henselt's method.

## "HEAVINESS MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT."

By C. E. C. WEIGALL.

THE light of God's sweet eventide  
Slid through my window bars,  
And the moon rose out of a bank of cloud  
Set with a myriad stars.

I could not sleep—my heart was sore  
With thoughts of what had been;  
And I lay and watched that ladder of light,  
Where the shadows lay between.

My heart soared upwards in its track—  
I was a child once more;  
A child I lay in my mother's arms,  
And learned her gentle lore.

And with me in the dear old home  
All I have loved and lost;  
Those who are waiting in Paradise,  
The waves of Jordan crossed.

From childhood's blessed innocence,  
From truth without a stain,  
I turned, in the moon's bright mirror, and saw  
Myself a youth again.

"Oh! darkest image—saddest page!"  
I cried unto my heart;  
"Can I have wandered so far away  
From childhood's 'better part'?"

I read a record, sad to see,  
Of sin, and doubt, and pride;  
And the better deeds that I should have done  
Stood weeping at my side,

Like spectral ghosts in sad array,  
To bid me to despair;—  
And the moon sank down, and her light was dead,  
And the dark was everywhere.

And as I cried, with bitter tears,  
"Too late—oh! God, how long?"  
Clear, still, and pure in the dusky world  
A thrush took up his song.

"Towards the east  
A tremulous light;  
The day is dawning—  
Farewell! O, night!

"Sorrow for one:  
For all, the day:  
Lift up your hearts:  
Rejoice alway!

"Cast off the dark,  
Strive to the sun;  
So let each day  
Be a race begun.

"Glory to God,  
From dark to light!  
Hail! hopeful morn!  
Farewell! sad night!"

Across my bed one golden beam  
Quivered, and day was born;  
And my heart sang praises to God in Heaven  
For the throstle's song at dawn.

God never bids us to despair,  
In loneliness or pain;  
Though the night be dark, yet morn shall break,  
And joy be in its train.

The girl's voice trembled. She, the daughter, had to think of her mother; but she was full of generous impulses, and she told Susan of her new hope, and advised her to try Castor and Willockson's.

"You are very good to name it, Miss," said Susan, "but you must take the first turn. I am not in any immediate need, only I don't want to be idle."

"And please excuse my saying this. The lady, your mother, does not look

very strong. If there is anything I can do for you, night or day, I'll be glad and thankful to do it. It's awful to be all alone in the world, and have no one to help. Let me do something for you?"

"Thank you very much. You are very kind," replied Janet; "but, you see, we have not work for ourselves at present."

"I don't mean in that way," said Susan. "All I want is, to be of use to somebody, and to turn my health and strength to account for a neighbour who

needs what I can do. Please remember this, Miss. Night or day Susan Meade will come if you need her."

Having said this, the speaker passed out into the rain, and thence to No. 11, and closed the door behind her and her loneliness. Nevertheless, she felt the happier for having placed herself at the disposal of her neighbours, and hoped they would make use of her if occasion required.

(To be continued.)

## NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

### CANTATAS, ETC.

*The Fairies' Spring* is the title of a cantata for female voices, by F. H. Cowen (R. Cocks and Co.), and is founded upon an elfin legend of Whyte-Melville's. It is needless to say that Mr. Cowen has set every number of Mr. Clifton Bingham's clever libretto with his accustomed grace and delicacy of touch. The work is also published in Tonic Sol-fa notation.

*Meadowsweet*, by Arthur Page, and *May-morn*, by J. Maude Crament (Forsyth), are two cantatas for female voices, of a very commonplace type; but *Pearl* (words by Herbert Harraden, and music by Ethel Harraden), a cantata for the same voices, is of much higher calibre, and shows the same evidences of musical taste and artistic judgment which we have already observed in many of this talented lady's smaller compositions.

Another very scholarly and withal melodious cantata is *Prince Sprite*, by Florence A. Marshall (Novello), a work which should win its way into all ladies' singing classes.

There are but few sacred cantatas for ladies' voices, and it is therefore pleasant to recommend *The Day of Rest*, by Josiah Booth.

Amongst the more recent of Messrs. Novello and Co.'s admirable primers we find *Analysis of Form* (dealing in detail with all Beethoven's thirty-two sonatas), a most valuable "autopsy."

*Fugue Subjects* (500 subjects), with their answers; and *Hand Gymnastics*, a safe, because it is a scientific, method of developing those muscles which pianoforte players make most use of.

### PIANOFORTE.

*Home Thoughts*, by Gustave Lange, is rather better than the usual teaching piece, branded with the odious title, "Morceau de Salon," under cover of which much of our most trashy music has been foisted upon a trusting but ignorant public.

In his *Fifth Tarantella*, Walter Macfarren shows no sign of failing energy, although he has lived long enough to witness the successful career of many of his pupils.

His *Pianoforte Method* (R. Cocks) has the merit of being so laid out that it is absolutely progressive, and is in many ways quite "abreast of the time," not the least noticeable feature being photographs showing correct positions at the instrument, and of the two hands in both *legato* and *staccato* playing. It is an admirable work.

*Six Melodious Studies*, by G. Augustus Holmes, have the great advantage of combining interest and exercise, intellect and technique. They are none of them dry.—*Hungarian Dance*, and *Polish Dance*, by G. F. West, and *Six Morceaux*, by P. Lassalle, are all useful pieces for teaching purposes.

*Six Schneeflocken*, *Three Clavierstücke*, and

*Twelve Kleine Tonstücke* (Forsyth), are collections of short pieces by Nicolai von Wilm, displaying some versatility on the part of the young composer, and forming quite a library for teachers.

Three melodious pieces, *In the Twilight*, by Gurlitt, are rather more difficult, but are melodious, and show the hand of an experienced teacher. In No. 1 ("Impromptu"), three F's at the foot of page 3 ought to be G's.

*Monothemes*, by Tobias A. Matthey, are intended for advanced pupils—advanced not only in executive skill, but in intellectual receptivity. An artist is required to play these true works of art.

Nos. 26 and 27 of the *Academic Edition of Music* (Hammond) contain the three favourite sketches of Sterndale Bennett—"The Lake," "Fountain," and "Mill-stream"—and the equally well-known fantasias of Mendelssohn.

*Chant sans Paroles*, and *Simple Pensée*, both by Neustedt; *O Schöner Wald*, by Lange; and *La Tendresse*, by Gordon Saunders, are all good teaching pieces.

*Devotional Music* (London Music Publishing Company).—These five books supply a want; any of the selections contained in them are suitable for Sunday playing—more really sacred than many hymns that we know of.

*Overture to Richard III.* (Novello).—An effective transcription of Edward German's fine overture to Shakespeare's play of that name.

*The Silvery Moon*, serenade, by Frances M. Taylor (Alfred Phillips), is a graceful and effective piece.

*Slumber Song* (Reid Bros.), by Alex. Thomson, A.R.C.M., is a dainty composition, full of nice artistic feeling, and we warmly recommend it.

### SONGS.

Amongst many songs of the day we notice, as interesting and well written—*The Gate of Dreams* (Ashdown), and *On Silver Waters* (R. Cocks), both by Roedel.—*Love to the Last* (R. Cocks), by J. M. Capel; a fine song with violin or 'cello accompaniment *ad lib.*—*Little Lovers*, by Edward German.—*My Love and Delight*, a setting by Ernest Lake of beautiful words by May Gillington.—*The Light of Thy Love*, by Georges Pfeiffer, with words by the same lady.—*The Silent Chimes*, by F. H. Cowen.—*Go not, Sweet Day*, a quaint song by Frank L. Moir; and *Don't Cry*, by R. B. Addison, a sad life lesson, sympathetically illustrated.—*Whatever They May Say*, a good song, by F. H. Cowen (Enoch).—*Serenade*, words by Hood, music by Stephen Kemp (Forsyth).

*Albums of English Song* (Novello).—No. V. of these interesting collections is devoted to the works of E. J. Loder.

Following the edition of songs from the *Elijah*, Signor Randegger has edited and phrased twelve well-known *Soprano Songs from Handel's Works*.

*O Rushing Wind*, by R. B. Addison, and *As the Moon's Soft Splendour*, by Gilbert Betjmann, are both good songs.

Two songs (Paterson) by Sv. Sveinbjornsson, entitled, *The Hour of Evening*, and *On Rippling Waters*, deserve notice.

Two sacred songs (Reid Bros.), by Alex. Thomson, show decided merit—*Love is Strong as Death*, and *Maybe the Lord will Look Upon My Tears*. They are well worth singing.

*Love's Mirror* (Stanley Lucas) is a charming arrangement by "A. L." of the German folksong, "Kein Feuer Keine Kohle."

### VIOLIN.

Otto Peiniger's *Violin Method* (R. Cocks) is as well and carefully carried out as Macfarren's *Piano School*, and contains all its advantages.

*Romance in Re*, by Johannes Wolff, is an effective solo dedicated to Her Majesty the Queen.

*Quatre Morceaux de Salon* are excellent compositions by the Royal Academy Professor, Emile Sauret.

*Forty Melodious Exercises*, by W. R. Cave, graduate from semibreves to semiquavers in various rhythms and keys, and will prove excellent practice to a beginner.

*Eight Pieces*, by Ethel M. Boyce (Novello), add considerably to that clever lady's reputation. They are all well written for the instrument, and are full of charm and variety.

*Nine Transcriptions* from the "Golden Legend" of Sullivan are interestingly arranged by Berthold Tours.

*Six Morceaux*, for the violoncello, by J. Hollman, will be found acceptable to the many players on that beautiful instrument.

For the more advanced violinist, we recommend for study *Two Pieces* and a *Highland Ballad*, by the esteemed Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, Dr. Mackenzie.

### PART SONGS, ETC.

*The Sky*, and *The Great Book*, by Ethel Harraden (Forsyth), are two capital two-part school songs, melodious and not too difficult. We think they appeared as solos in "Summer Showers."

Very admirable are the three-part songs (J. Williams) in the collection named *St. Cecilia*, more especially those by A. E. Horrocks and Stewart Macpherson.

*Two-part Songs for Schools* (Novello), by Herbert W. Schartau, are excellent. In the three before us, named *Spring*, *The Fairy Queen*, and *O Western Wind*, we find all the qualities which recommend these little works to schools and ladies' classes.