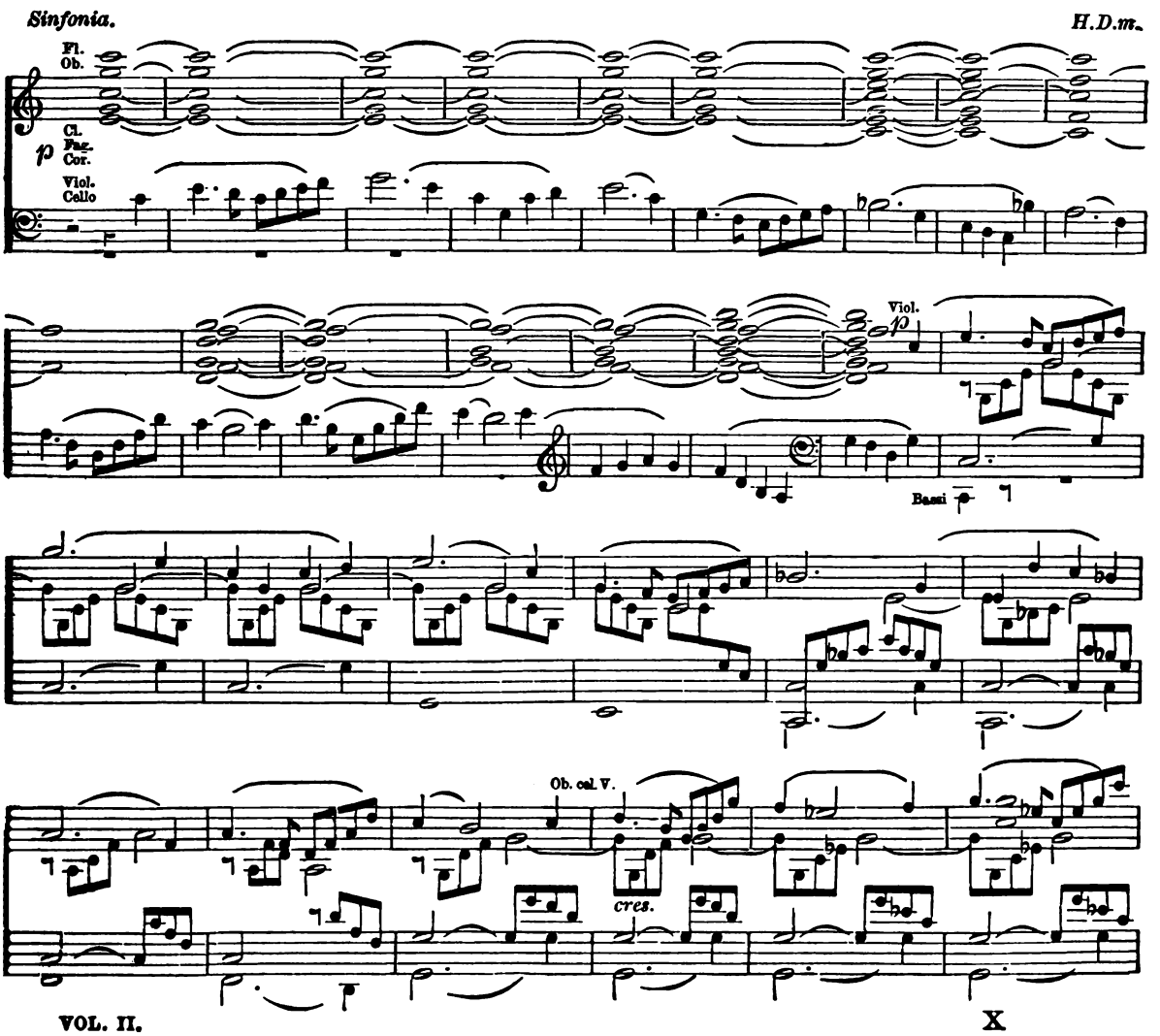
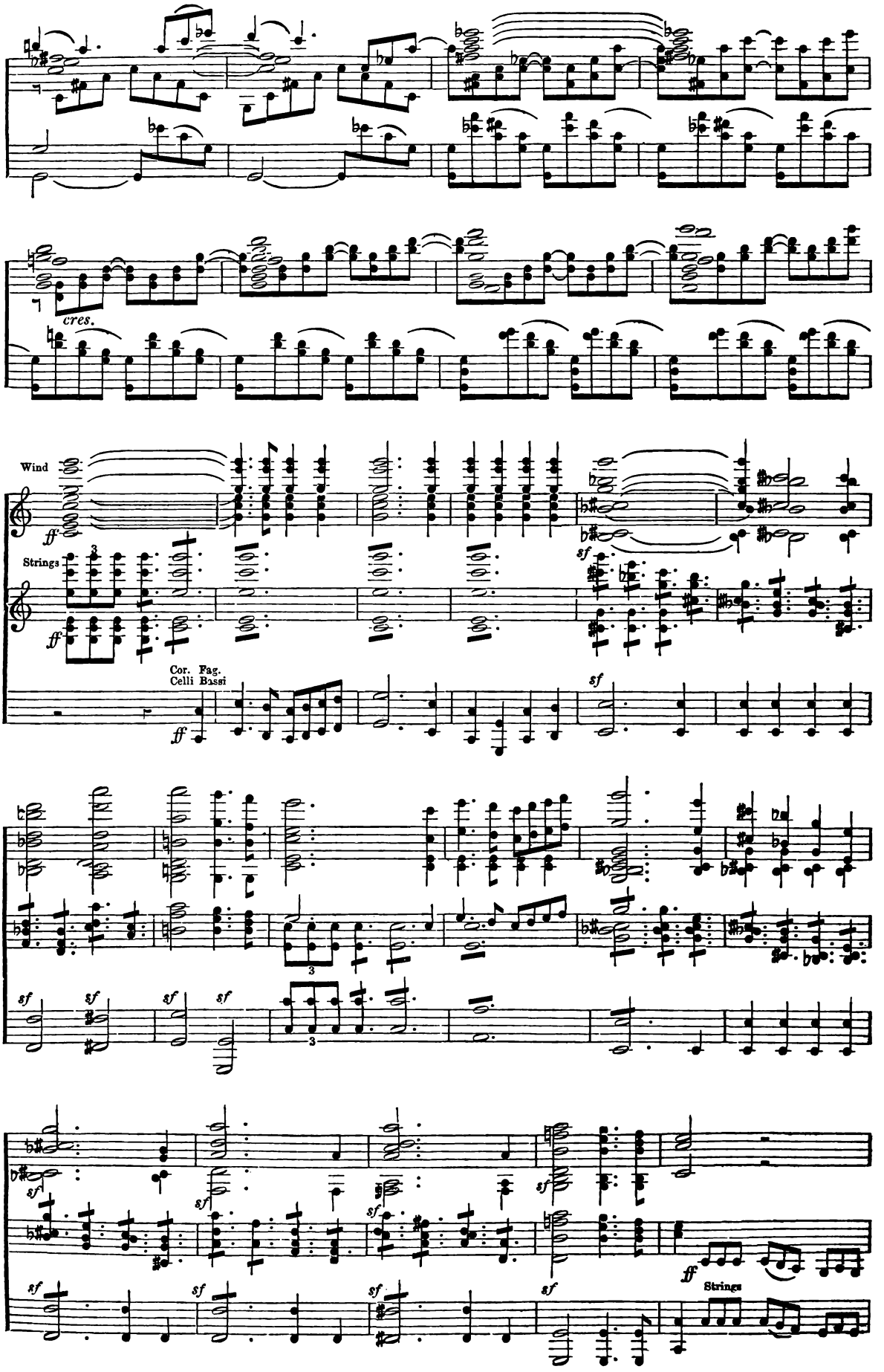
unfailing good spirits, his simple trust in God, his unaffected directness of purpose. It is not that he had not genius. The great works enumerated prove that he had it in large measure. No man could have called up the new emotions of the M.N.D. Overture, the wonderful pictures of the Hebrides, or the pathetic distress of the lovely Melusina, without genius of the highest order. But his genius had not been subjected to those fiery trials which seem necessary to ensure its abiding possession of the depths of the human heart. 'My music,' says Schubert, 'is the product of my genius and my misery; and that which I have written in my greatest distress is that which the world seems to like best.' Now Mendelssohn was never more than temporarily unhappy. He did not know distress as he knew happiness. Perhaps there was even something in the constitution of his mind which forbad his harbouring it, or being permanently affected by it. He was so practical, that as a matter of duty he would have thrown it off. In this as in most other things he was always under control. At any rate he was never tried by poverty, or disappointment, or ill-health, or a morbid temper, or neglect, or the perfidy of friends, or any of the other great ills which crowded so thickly around Beethoven, Schubert, or Schumann. Who can wish that he had been? that that bright, pure, aspiring spirit should have been dulled by distress or torn with agony? It might have lent a deeper undertone to his Songs, or have enabled his Adagios to draw tears where now they only give a saddened pleasure. But let us take the man as we have him. Surely there is enough of conflict and violence in life and in art. When we want to be made unhappy we can turn to others. It is well in these agitated modern days to be able to point to one perfectly balanced nature, in whose life, whose letters, and whose music alike, all is at once manly and refined, clever and pure, brilliant and solid. For the enjoyment of such shining heights of goodness we may well forego for once the depths of misery and sorrow.

The following opening of the first movement of a symphony was found among the loose papers of Mendelssohn belonging to his daughter, Mrs. Victor Benecke, and is here printed by her kind permission. The MS. is in full score, and has been compressed for this occasion by Mr. Franklin Taylor, so as accurately to represent the scoring of the original. No clue to its date has yet been discovered.

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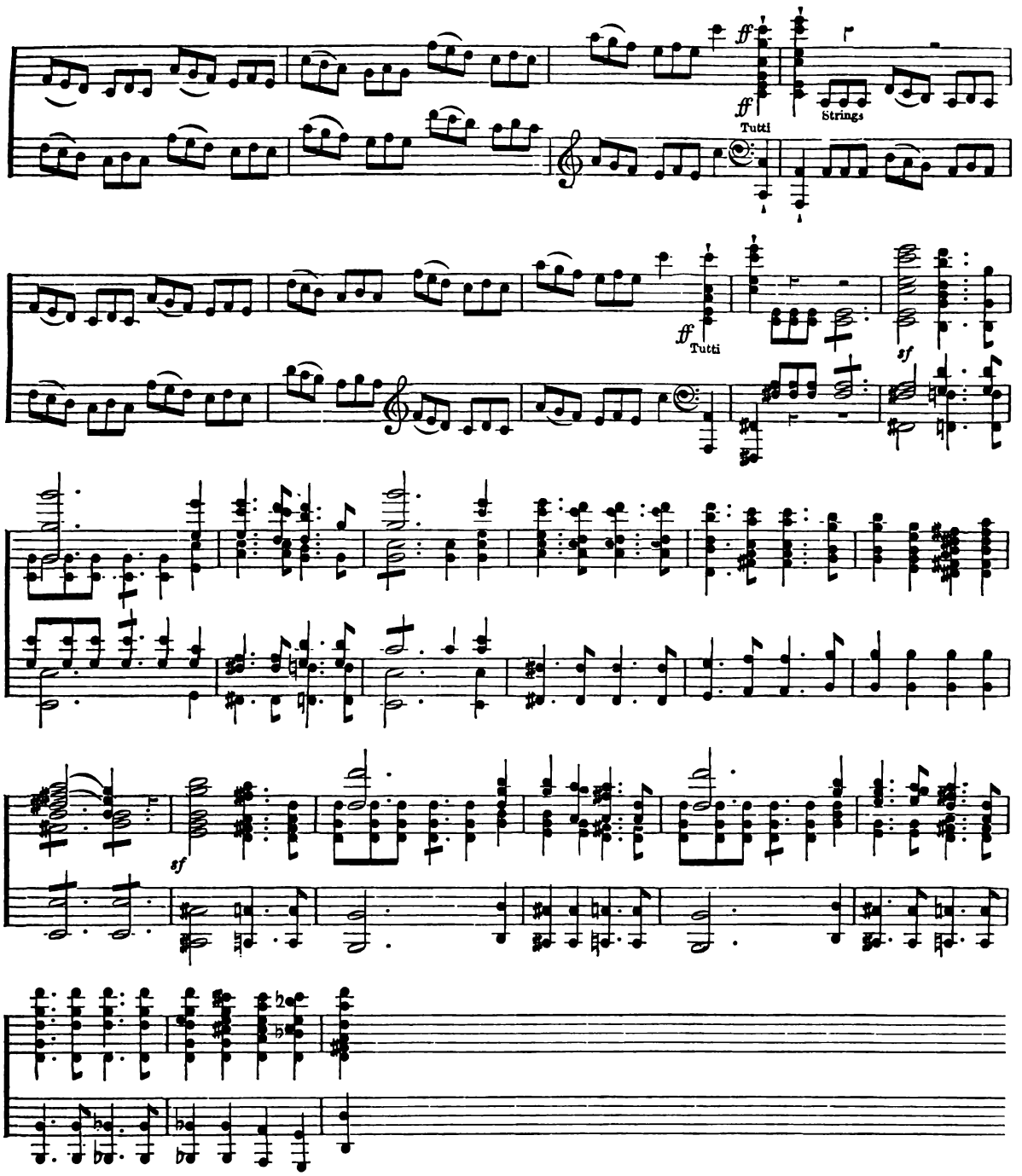
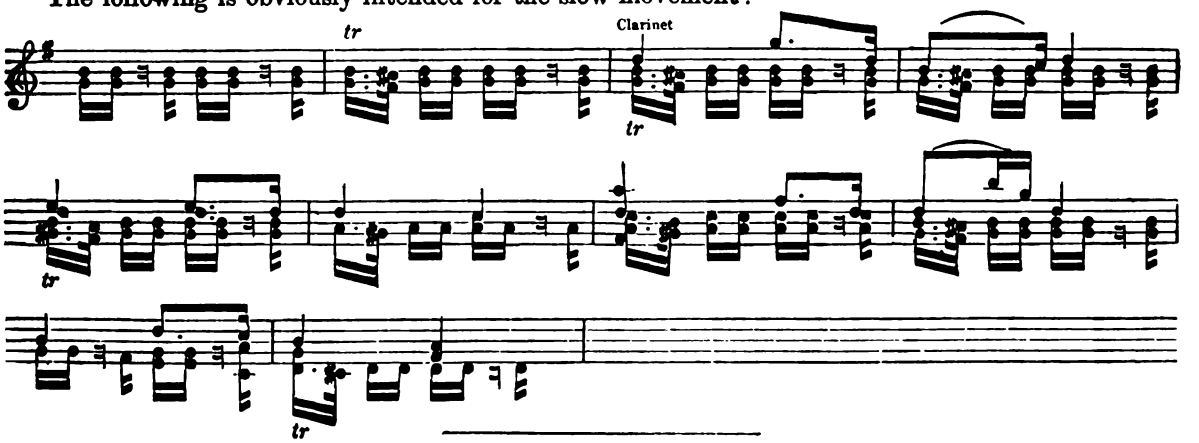
The following is obviously intended for the slow movement:—