

THE PALACE JOURNAL
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILE END. E.

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, 30th January.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- SATURDAY, 31st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall, Mr. Mellis's Choir, at 8.
- SUNDAY, February 1st.—Library open from 3 to 10.—Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8.
- MONDAY, 2nd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—People's Popular Lectures: Lecture, at 8 p.m., "Limelight and Lyrics."
- TUESDAY, 3rd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- WEDNESDAY, 4th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Dioramic Entertainment, "Britain beyond the Seas."
- THURSDAY, 5th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- FRIDAY, 6th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

As announced last week, the Complimentary Dinner to Sir Edmund Hay Currie will take place to-morrow (Saturday), at the First Avenue Hotel, Holborn. A meeting of students was held in Room 9, on Monday night, last week, Mr. S. Kempner being voted to the chair, and a Committee consisting of Miss Heineman, Miss Durell, and Messrs. F. A. Hunter, J. H. Thomas, and A. Albu, appointed to select and purchase the proposed testimonials to Sir Edmund and Lady Currie, which, with the testimonial from the Staff, the Old Boys' Club, and Junior Section, will be on view in the Secretary's office this evening (Friday).

ON Monday last we were favoured with a visit from the members of the Woolwich Polytechnic, who were conducted over the buildings, and who seemed pleased with all they saw; the party were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Didden, Mr. Carter, and several members of the Local Committee. The Woolwich "Infant" has made a splendid commencement, no less than 400 members having joined in seven weeks.

ON Monday, Mr. Harold Spender, B.A., gave a very instructive and entertaining Lecture on the "French Revolution." This was followed by an Entertainment by Mr. Scott-Edwardes, who proved himself an able entertainer, keeping the audience in splendid humour until a late hour.

THE Course of Lectures on English History, in connection with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, commences this week. The subject for next Wednesday will be "Norman England, The Central Administration, The Church, The Feudal System, and The People." Tickets for the course of ten lectures, institute members, 1s.

WE are pleased to announce that Mr. Harry Levison has been successful at the recent examination of boy copyists held by the Civil Service Commissioners. He is one of the most promising of the students of our Civil Service Classes.

ON Thursday, January 22nd, our Civil Service Tutor, Mr. G. J. Mitchell, B.A., London, gave the first of a series of lectures on "Our Railways." He described the route of the Great Western

Railway from Paddington to Bristol, mentioning the engineering difficulties so successfully overcome by Brunel, and giving brief accounts of the historical events which happened at, or near, places on the line. Next Thursday the lecture will be on the Great Western route from Oxford to Birkenhead, and interesting notes will be given on Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Birmingham, and Chester.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Mr. W. R. Cave, Conductor.—Members who have not paid their subscriptions are requested to do so without further delay.—PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have just commenced the rehearsal of "The Ancient Mariner." Ladies and gentlemen playing musical instruments, desirous of becoming members, should, therefore, join at once.

WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—Notice.—Arrangements have been made for conducting parties over St. John's Gate and St. John's Church and Crypt, on Saturday, February 7th; meet at 2.30 p.m. sharp at Farringdon Street (Metropolitan Railway Station). Also on Saturday, February 21st, we visit Charterhouse and St. Bartholomew's Church, Canon Elwyn having kindly promised to act as guide; we meet at Aldersgate Street Station, 2.20 p.m. sharp.—Saturday, February 14th, a Social Evening will be held in No. 4 Room, Technical Schools, at 7 p.m. sharp. The programme will include music, elocution, dancing, etc. Admission to members by ticket only, to be obtained of the Secretaries.—A. MCKENZIE, W. POCKETT, Hon. Secs.

DRAPERS' COMPANY'S TECHNICAL SCHOOL RAMBLERS' CLUB.—On Saturday last forty members visited the Stepney Works of the Commercial Gas Company. Our party was conducted by the works' manager, Mr. Cross, who described, in a very interesting manner, the process of gas making, from the charging of the retorts to the purification and delivery of the gas to the district. The retorts are built in groups of eight, each group being heated by a furnace. The charge of each retort is three cwt. of coal. This lasts for six hours. As soon as a retort is charged the door is closed, and distillation commences. The volatile products pass from the retort to an hydraulic main, and thence to the coolers, which consist of vertical and inclined tubes. The gas enters the coolers at a temperature of 100 degrees F., and leaves at 60 degrees F. During the cooling, the tar, which leaves the retort in the form of gas, condenses to a liquor, which is drained off into a large tank, holding, when full, about 450,000 gallons. The gas passes from the coolers to the exhausters. These act in somewhat the same manner as a pump, forcing the gas which enters them onwards, and creating a partial vacuum on the cooler side. From the exhausters the gas passes to tanks which partially free it from ammonia, and thence it goes through the "scrubbers," which are tall cylinders, filled with coke. In the scrubbers the gas is nearly freed from ammonia. It then passes through purifiers, in the form of huge rectangular tanks. In these are placed hydrate of calcium, and an oxide of iron. These compounds free the gas from carbon dioxide and sulphur compounds. From the purifiers, the gas passes to the gas holders, of which there are five, the largest holding 2½ million cubic feet. From the gas-holders the gas passes to large gas-meters, which are capable of measuring as much as 100,000 cubic feet each hour. The gas now passes through a governor, regulating the pressure, which never exceeds three inches of water. From the governor the gas passes to the district, to be used by the customers of the company. Such things as illuminating properties, freedom from impurities, etc., are tested by the Company's chemist, who makes frequent reports on same. Our thanks are due to Mr. Jones, the chief engineer, for allowing us to visit these works, and to Mr. Cross, for his kindly assistance in guiding us through them.

A. G.

For addenda to Gossip, see page 76.

Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

A GOOD deal of speculation has from time to time taken place concerning the planet Mars. We are possessed of a few facts from which one or two very important, and apparently reasonable, deductions are drawn. Perhaps, therefore, a sketch of "Mars up to date" may not be altogether void of interest. To begin with, we know that Mars is the nearest planet of our system to ourselves. This nearness alone makes it interesting to us, for in size it is one of the smallest, its volume being only six times that of the moon. Long before Herschell, astronomers had observed something like a white mark near the poles of Mars, which increased and decreased at regular intervals. What was it? They thought that there were on Mars, as on our earth, two seas of ice, corresponding to our Arctic and Antarctic oceans, and that the white mark must be a mass of ice of which the extent varied with the seasons. Up to the present, experience and observation seem to confirm this theory.

HOWEVER, to be quite faithful to the truth, I must mention the following fact. On the highest mountain of California (Mount Hamilton), two years ago, an observatory was successfully erected, which was, in the intention of its founder (Mr. James Lick), to afford the possibility, by its position and the superiority of its instruments, of studying the heavenly bodies under conditions which would allow us to get an exact idea of their nature. A telescope has been constructed for this observatory with a refractor of 26 inches—the most powerful in the world. By means of it the observers can see the moon, for instance, at an apparent distance equal to that of Paris from Laon. And, thanks to the clearness of the air about the observatory, we can pierce by means of the great telescope some of the mysteries which other worlds, even the nearest, still hold from us. Now, it is a strange fact that hitherto none of the observations made on Mount Hamilton agree with those made in Europe by Proctor, Green, and above all, by the famous Schiaparelli, who made the study of Mars his special subject, drew up maps of it, made observations of its continents, and discovered the celebrated "canals" in it which have given rise to so much talk.

In spite of this discrepancy, which cannot last long, and could not weaken accurate observations already made, the following points appear to have been sufficiently well established:—Mars possesses seas and continents in unequal distribution. With us these continents only occupy a third of the total surface of the globe; in Mars the ratio is almost that of a half, owing to the fact that the distinction between seas and continents is not so clearly marked as on the earth, Mars being divided into a great number of more or less extensive islands, separated by countless arms of sea, or else by "canals." The appearance which the planet presents is that of a reddish colour, which gives ground for the supposition that the soil of Mars must be very rich in iron. It has also been thought, with some probability, that the vegetation of Mars—its fields and its foliage—were of a salmon-red, and that this gave the planet its characteristic colour, just as ours is clearly green. A fact of which we may be equally sure is that Mars has an atmosphere, and an atmosphere heavily charged with aqueous vapour.

It has also been calculated that bodies weigh only a third as much on Mars as on the surface of the earth; in other words, that three of our kilogrammes would only weigh one kilogramme. If logical deduction and analogy are the same up there as they are here, it follows that the inhabitants of Mars must have a height of twelve feet at least. Probably, therefore, they are much stronger and more agile than we. It is probable that they are more advanced than we in all departments; their buildings and works must bear a proportion of four to one to those which we see here. Their knowledge of science, also, must be more advanced, and, probably, if they have more highly-developed instruments than we, they must have a better acquaintance with our existence than we have with theirs. It has even been supposed that certain geometrical figures which the "canals" of Mars appear to affect were attempts on the part of the inhabitants to correspond with us, for it is evident that if there is a branch of human learning which we can have in common with other beings situated on any of the planets, that branch is certainly geometry; and hence it has been proposed, perhaps with some sense, to trace on the great plains of Siberia a well-known geometrical figure—for instance, that which is used to prove that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides.

It is now some years since the photographic plate showed itself more sensitive than the retina in its appreciation of colours or of sunlight. This sensitiveness may be estimated by the following fact:—A lady went to a great photographer to have her portrait taken. The photographer, after putting her in position, wished to make sure before she left that the photograph was good, and hastened to develop the picture on his plate. What was his surprise to find that the plate, though otherwise excellent, was covered with

little marks! He then began again. The same success and the same marks on the plate. The photographer did not know how to account for this blemish in his work, and had recourse to a process of "touching up," in order to make it disappear. Three days after the lady died of smallpox. The photographic plate marked on her face what had escaped the human eye.

WE are close upon the census taking, which occurs, as all are aware, every ten years, and in view of this fact, our poet, whom we always keep on the premises ready wound up, has sent me a few lines concerning "a puzzled census taker." He says, however, I must be sure to explain his joke by stating as a preliminary that "NEIN" pronounced NINE is the German for "No."

"Got any boys?" the marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"But some are dead?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Husband, of course," the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"The devil you have!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Now, what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering 'Nine'?"
"Ich kann nicht Englisch!" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

THE name Lloyd's arose from the circumstance that the headquarters of the London underwriters was originally Lloyd's Coffee House. It is now a set of rooms on the first floor of the Royal Exchange, London, frequented by merchants, shipowners, and underwriters, for the purpose of obtaining shipping news, and transacting marine insurances. One large room, with small rooms attached, is set apart for the use of underwriters, and there two enormous ledgers lie continually open, the one containing a list of vessels arrived, the other recording disasters at sea. About £40,000,000 is annually insured here. There is scarcely a port where one of Lloyd's agents is not stationed. The intelligence contained in the ledgers is diffused every afternoon through the country by the publication of "Lloyd's List." At—A designates the character of the hull of the ship; the figure is the efficient state of the anchors, sails, cables, stores, etc. Surveyors appointed by the society examine all vessels in course of construction.

A CORRESPONDENT asks me the meaning of a Member of Parliament applying for the Chiltern Hundreds. The following is a brief reply:—The Chiltern Hundreds are a tract of land in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, the steward of which is nominally appointed by the Crown, with a salary of twenty shillings, and the fees of the office. In olden times it was the duty of this steward to protect the people of this district from the robbers of the Chiltern Hills. Although the need of a steward has happily disappeared, the stewardship is retained as a convenience for any Member of Parliament wishing to resign his seat. This he may not do, but by accepting a post under the Crown, he is at once disqualified to sit in the House. To apply for, and accept, the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, is, therefore, merely a formal way of getting rid of parliamentary fetters. The appointment is usually accepted one day and given up the next. If the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds happens not to be vacant at a time when someone wants it, that of the manor of East Hundred, Northstead, or Helpholme will answer the same purpose. The term "hundred" is a name given to a part of a county in England, supposed to have originally contained a hundred families or freemen, or a hundred manors.

FENIANS were so called from Finn or Fioun, the reputed leader of the ancient Irish militia, levied as early as 400 B.C. The modern appellation, Fenian, is from the Latinised form *Fenius*, and was coined to designate the followers of Fenius or the Irish-American section of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, by the American head centre, John O'Mahony, a man who gave much time to the study of the historical traditions of Ireland. Fenianism, greatly promoted from the United States, had for its object, not merely the repeal of the Union, but the establishment of a republic in Ireland.

The Technical World.

I HAVE been accused of making these technical notes too masculine, and of paying too little attention to the intellectual requirements of the fairer sex. This week, therefore, I propose that the *pièce de résistance* shall deal with a topic essentially feminine as to subject matter, though I hope it will not be without instruction and interest to the sterner half of humanity.

IN one of our monthlies, a short time since—I forget which—appeared an exceedingly interesting sketch, written by a French woman, contrasting French and English girlhood of the past and present. It pointed out that thirty years ago the contrast was at that time more striking and the differences more accentuated. Nor were these so merely on the surface. The two systems of education were radically opposed. All over France, wherever and whenever the English method of bringing up girls came up for discussion, mothers would express themselves about it in no measured terms; even the pleasant freedom of companionship allowed and encouraged between English girls and their brothers would be commented upon, and almost as a matter of course if it happened that some girl less carefully trained than the average were alluded to, the remark, "Oh, she is quite English," would be heard with a very unmistakable accent of reproach, even from the lips of those who had never exchanged a syllable with a member of the English nation. This severe judgment of our neighbours has greatly decreased in the present day; indeed, in Paris, among those generally recognised as constituting the upper classes, it has almost entirely disappeared, and with greater knowledge of English life, the difference between the two nations grows daily less striking.

THAT this breaking down of the barriers between nation and nation may be accelerated in every way, is devoutly to be desired. But *revenons à nos moutons*.

THE transformation in the education and bringing-up of girls in Paris and most large French towns is even more wonderful than that which has taken place in the same lapse of time among their brothers. The change in their education has been both radical and speedy. It has also extended far, and is by no means confined to the higher grades of society, where the superficial distinctions between different nations are in many ways slight. Formerly where young girls would have been kept strictly secluded either in their own families or in schools or convents during the years of their education, they are now to be seen, escorted by their mothers, attending classes of all kinds, history, literature, music, drawing, etc. Uncomplainingly, mothers follow their daughters from class to lecture, and from lecture to class, sometimes even neglecting their households, and often to the prejudice of their own health, but they keep their daughters at home, and that compensates them for all!

THE reason for so great a change is simple and natural. An education by means of lectures and classes is easy and far from costly, while private lessons were expensive and could not always be obtained. Few mothers had themselves received enough instruction to undertake that of their daughters, others had not the time to devote to it, and the system of home education under the care of a resident governess so thoroughly understood and so universally practised in England, has never taken root with us. There still remains the alternative of education both religious and secular, either in schools or convents, but this system entails the separation of parents and children; and so it is not to be wondered at that the former have joyfully adopted a method which enables them to bring up their daughters under their own supervision.

THE result of this, so to speak, out-of-door education, and the constant intercourse between girls of all ages, has naturally brought about, in the last fifteen years, a remarkable social revolution. French girls have become more independent, and have acquired a greater freedom: in a word, their individuality has begun to assert itself.

"This transformation which has taken place in Paris in the society in which I live," says the lady whose article I have quoted, "and among the children that I see growing up around me, has so far scarcely made itself felt in the provinces, or in the innumerable small towns of France. Nevertheless, the point of view is everywhere gradually changing. A great number of young girls are still educated entirely at home, with no external assistance beyond what can be procured from the professors of the local colleges, or from the teachers of the national schools; but the desire for knowledge is developing in these young minds, and the doors of their intellect are opening more and more widely. Facts and questions of national or general interest which formerly a young woman learnt only when already a wife and mother, are now eagerly inquired into by girls. Married life is now no longer looked upon as opening the first possibilities of higher cultivation and intellectual improvement, and thus while our daughters are better prepared for the worthy discharge of its many duties and responsibilities, we find the usual age for marrying somewhat retarded."

HITHERTO it has been rare for French girls to dream of seeking any other "career" than the natural one of wife and mother. Many reasons, into which I cannot here enter, have brought about this difference between the daughters of the two countries divided by the Channel; girls in France almost always marry, whereas great numbers of their English sisters tread alone the path of life; but I may allude to one feature of French society which cannot consistently be ignored in an article on French girls. I refer to the numerous religious orders to which almost every Catholic family contributes one or more members. These communities are devoted to the education of the young, rich or poor; to the care of the sick, independently of the hospitals (whose doors a blind prejudice has nowadays in Paris, closed to all religions); and to various works of charity. A devoted phalanx is thus constituted, the importance of which can scarcely be exaggerated. One or two figures will suffice to give some idea of their numbers. The society of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, extending as it does through all countries, includes among its members more than 15,000 Frenchwomen; and in many departments I could instance religious orders, sufficing for all local needs, amounting within a restricted radius to five or six hundred sisters. In this way we meet a difficulty which elsewhere perplexes political economists, and have no reason to take thought for the future of our unmarried daughters. To sum up, the average of French women are certainly better educated than they were thirty or forty years ago, and one is glad to see that so satisfactory an improvement shows no signs of retrogression. In all directions the level is rising; so much the better, even though it has the effect of diminishing the number of brilliant exceptions.

MOST of my readers are acquainted, by name at least, with the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute, in connection with which many of our examinations take place, but, I fear, not a few have very hazy ideas as to the scope and constitution of this institution, situate in Exhibition Road, S.W., and which was opened in 1884. It is designed to give advanced instruction in those kinds of knowledge which bear upon the different branches of industries, whether manufacture or arts. The management is by a committee and a board of studies. The building cost about £75,000, and the furniture, fittings, and appliances, £25,000. The courses of instruction are arranged to suit the requirements of persons who are (i.) training to become technical teachers; (ii.) preparing to enter engineering or architects' offices; or (iii.) desirous to acquaint themselves with the scientific principles underlying the particular branch of industry in which they are engaged. The complete course extends over a period of three years, but there are lecture courses in the subjects of mathematics and mechanics, engineering, mechanism, and the application of dynamics to practical problems, strength of materials, etc., hydraulics, practical physics, surveying, electrical technology, and chemistry. The elementary teachers' courses are carpentry and joinery (elementary and advanced) and experimental physics. The summer courses for teachers and others include lectures and laboratory work—(1) mechanics of construction; (2) chemistry, with special reference to the requirements of architects, builders, and engineers; (3) testing of dynamos and motors; (4) graphical statics; (5) methods of determining the fundamental standards of electrical measurement; (6) gas manufacture; (7) paper manufacture; (8) lighting, warming, and ventilating; (9) building. Candidates who desire to qualify for the diploma are required to pass an entrance or matriculation examination in (1) mathematics and mechanics; (2) mechanical drawing; (3) physics; (4) chemistry; and (5) French or German. On the results of this examination the scholarships are awarded. Fees, entrance examination, £1; matriculated students (complete course) £25 a year. The lecture courses vary from £1 to £6 per term or session, according to the subject taken. Elementary teachers, 10s. or 15s. for the course of twelve lessons. There are special terms for laboratory work. The scholarships comprise one value £60 a year for two years, and free education the third year; three value of the students' fees for three years; two of £30 a year for two years, one with and one without free education; one of £50 for three years. The building is replete with scientific apparatus and appliances, laboratories, and workshops.

THE Vanderbilts of New York have given the minister of their church *carte blanche* to build a People's Palace on the lines of the Regent Street Polytechnic and the Institution in the East-End. The scheme will probably cost not much less than £200,000. The building is to comprise a large hall to seat a thousand persons, a Sunday school to accommodate a thousand children, a free dining-room for the absolutely destitute, boys' and girls' club-rooms, workshops for technical training, and other features of such institutions. Such a scheme, after the initial expenditure, will require about £10,000 a year to maintain it in full working efficiency.

A VERY useful manual, entitled *Public Education in Cheshire*, has recently been published by Mr. John Heywood, of Manchester, price 1s. It is compiled by Mr. J. T. Brunner, M.P., and Mr. T. E. Ellis, M.P., and is full of information for those interested in technical instruction. It is likely to prove of the greatest service at the present important stage of the question. It is a pity that a work of such general interest should have received so local a title.

A Strange Experience and its Sequel.

(Continued from page 56; commenced January 16th—back numbers can be had on application at the Office.)

His tenets were always as bold as they were sincere, and he possessed the courage of them to a degree which won him easy foes while it made him a few fast friends. In religion his liberality and tolerance were held as execrable by hordes of pietists for whom his white life might well have been a secure exemplar. Had he lived a few decades later, he would have been far more outspoken and rationalistic. As it was, he waged a stout enough fight with orthodoxy to stir indignantly the sluggish blood of many bigots. My own more pronounced but equally unconventional attitude in early life was a direct result of the model which he set me. Thanks to his influence, I faced the dogmas and platitudes of daily existence with a prepared antagonism. My natural faculties were good, but I detested the complexities of linguistic study, and could never master them. Latin and Greek were odious to me, and all my efforts to gain the slightest literary solace from such writers as Horace or Sallust, Homer or Thucydides, were pitifully barren. At the same time I felt an alert disposition to declare classical systems of education a foolish traditional vagary. I have never had occasion to alter this estimate. The more I have contemplated what huge ignorance our world contains, the more I am led to deplore time wasted in any sort of culture not purely practical; and poems, histories, essays written many centuries ago in languages now for ever dead, are past doubt the reverse of practical. All thoughts which these enshrine, however noble and precious, may be made clear to us through translation, and indeed have been so made clear; it is therefore idle to set out by a long and circuitous road for the arrival at ideas which a much shorter one may reach. The passionate defence of the classical system undertaken by certain zealots in this and other countries cannot but make the truly impartial observer realise with what hard struggles old useless faiths die. The antagonism which I now began with so much ardour to manifest in this one direction was but a single evidence of my multiform desire to slay prejudice by reason and dissipate superstition in proof. Such eagerness of longing after the actual and demonstrable in all natural, social, or ethical problems at length gave me a certain celebrity among my associates at Heidelberg. But though, like all enthusiasts in thought of whatever quality, I soon gathered about me a certain rather fervent *clientèle*, it was not long before the surroundings of a German university began to fret and depress me. I remember writing home several letters to my father in which I unmercifully lashed with sarcasm the principles of tuition that confronted me and the dreamy character of the philosophy that we students were called upon to investigate and endorse. My wails gradually ceased, however, as the tone of my father's responses indicated how slight a sympathy they woke in him. And then, by degrees, a cynical but very noteworthy and significant change took place in me. I determined to probe the philosophies of Kant, Hegel, Fichte, and other less noted German thinkers to their remotest roots. A kind of scornful impetuosity went with this task as I now attempted it. I had already read the great Schopenhauer with reverence and delight, though his genius, both for the analytic and the synthetic, had irritated me, not seldom by its *a priori* postures. But his hatred of nearly all the philosophy which his own land has produced, and his cordial *rapprochement* with the open-air vigour of the best English thinkers, gleamed forth refreshing in my recent experiences. And yet Schopenhauer did not by any means wholly please me. I longed for purer reason still—that which Bacon so finely began, and Herbert Spencer so capably continued.

My career at the University may be described as a laugh of irony lasting four years. At the end of this time I had made myself detested by a number of my co-disciples and sincerely liked by a special rather loyal minority of them. My professors abominated me for my hostile disdain of what I frankly denounced as foggy idealism. I yearned for freedom to pursue the mathematical and scientific studies which now seemed preferable among all human cults. Occasional trips to England during terms of vacation had brought me into contact with minds patterned most congenially after my own. Demonstration, exact thinking, the placid and patient search after physical law, the agnostic if not the atheistic way of regarding all final causes, and the fixed creed that mortal intelligence could never pierce beyond defiant boundaries of matter itself while very plausibly and sensibly hoping for large realms of material enlightenment in the future—these considerations and assurances held a prodigious rule and influence over my daily life. I drew a deep breath of relief when the University at length delivered me (and with no mean honours of graduation, reluctantly as these were bestowed) from its resented tediums. On the eve of my escape, as it were, I sent my father an almost rhapsodical letter of self-gratulation. "I quit these bourns of insufferable German mysticism," I wrote him, "for evermore. With your permission, I shall spend six months in England before re-seeking you in New York. There are certain clinging vapours yet in my lungs, and even in my very garments as well, which the healthful breezes of Britain are needed to medicinally exorcise. Next to the happiness of seeing you again will be that of abandoning this priggish community in which I have so long dwelt—a spot of residence

where one breakfasts on dogmas and dines on provincialisms. . . . My letter continued for many paragraphs in just this vein of hyperbolic invective, broken here and there with fond allusions to the happy anticipated meeting between my father and myself.

But, as fate bitterly ordained, he never received the lines. An apoplexy of fearful suddenness assailed him shortly after I had written them, and the cablegram which told me of his death reached me while I was actually bidding farewell to my little *coterie* of adherents at the University.

A dreary voyage across the Atlantic brought me to New York with sensations of desolate bereavement. I was now in the full flush of youthful manhood. The fortune left me by my dead father was an exceedingly ample one. But I had no near relations, no one with whom I could hold pleasant friendly converse regarding the dead, whose dumb grave, in a suburban cemetery not far away, stared at me its pitiless apology for consolation. And yet my reception back into the city of my birth was by no means an uncheering one. I was Douglas Duane, a young gentleman of large income and unimpeachable position. There are no people so anxious to recognise its own arbitrary distinctions of caste as the Americans, in any one who strikingly represents these equipments. When monetary points of attraction also become apparent, the social opportunity, so to speak, is an unlimited one. In my deep mourning I soon found that what are called "our first families" proffered me numberless chances of special and flattering diversion. But I must state abruptly and plainly that I soon perceived just what lay behind the whole hospitable movement, and without hesitation condemned it. I rapidly made up my mind that I did not by any means desire a welcome into New York society. Perhaps a fair majority of my hosts and hostesses concluded simultaneously with myself that I would not at all do for their *salons* and dining-rooms.

I was certainly not by any means a conventional figure. I did not wear my hair long, and there was no startling eccentricity about my collars; but, for all that, I chose to walk in no beaten track of fashion. As long as I kept well within the bounds of cleanliness and good taste, it mattered very little to me what sort of an appearance I made. Symmetries and graces in inanimate or impassive things never greatly appealed to me. The beauty of women rarely woke in me more than a transient admiration. Colour gave me only a neutral satisfaction, not very far from positive indifference, and when I saw it most brilliantly treated by Art I was fond of those pictures in which it accompanied the literary or "story-telling" element. Music I passionately loved, but this means music of the modern, elaborated, intricately melodious sort, and not the facile jingling tricks of earlier Italian composers. I played fairly well myself, never having the slightest inclination to become a "performer," and indeed disliking persons who had gained such goal of accomplishment, unless they held at their finger-ends that marvellous system of telegraphy between these and the heart-strings which we agree to call genius.

But I possessed none of the little airy, factitious, insincere courtesies which society finds so agreeable because they ring as falsely as itself. When people bored me by their vanity or irritated me by their shallowness, I kept silent. No earthly force of suasion could have made me speak in a dialect that was detestable to my sense of manhood. I was often held to be boorish and insolent when I really felt shocked alone. And yet my reserve, my reticence, was by no means always unintentional. The women who now showered bland civilities upon me, with their rustling silks, their floating perfumes, their decorous and yet often audacious nudities, their hollow phraseology of idle compliment, their suggestions of fatigue ill hid beneath a self-imposed veneer of the *mondaine* and the *femme légère*, wearied and depressed me unspeakably. I could not be of them and with them. I was man of the world enough to see that they would never have noticed me at all were it not for my name and fortune. While I secretly deplored their artificialities, I had a very clear conception of how they were probably yawning at my stupidity behind my back. And all the while I was sensible of a capacity for accepting with the gladdest welcome what was simply and unaffectedly feminine in their sex. I was already a mathematician, and it has been said of mathematicians that they have no positive sentiment for women. But of myself this was not true. I may have been cold, ratiocinative, an idolater of fact, a hater of revelries, but at the same time, during this dubious and unsettled term of my life, I covertly acknowledged a wish for worthy womanly companionship.

Perhaps I should not chronicle a certain incident which befell me one evening after dining at the house of a lady high in worldly prominence. And yet to narrate it will be to explain the precise need which haunted me, and my profound abhorrence for any mere sensual agency which might present itself for the gratification of that need.

The hour was about ten o'clock. I had left Mrs. Van Peekskill's lofty Fifth Avenue stoop, thankful that I had been able to tear myself away so uncompromisingly from the bevy of diners amid whose befuddled and white-necktied company I had been thrown unawares. Mrs. Van Peekskill, who was a distant relative of mine through my mother's family, had sent me a dinner-invitation imploring that I would meet a few friends at her house very informally. The little scented note bore an allusion to our kinship, and a tender touch of recognition, also, that I was in mourning for my father. "But it will be such a small, inoffensive assemblage," ran my third-cousin's

delicate hand-writing; "you will feel almost as if you were dining with me *en famille*, and that, you know, you will have a perfect right to do, as we are so nearly united by blood." We were not in any way nearly united by blood, but as Mrs. Van Peekskill, a New York grandee, had chosen to think so, my acquiescence in the polite fallacy was thus rendered daintily imperative. I went to her dinner, and found that a kind of gaudy trap had been sprung upon me. It was a gathering of modishly-attired merry-makers who soon seated themselves at a board loaded with flowers and silver and crystal glasses. The wine (and of wine I have never partaken throughout my whole life except in the most sparing way) sparkled from a little group of glasses set at each plate. The air of the room in which we sat was heavy with roses. Viand succeeded viand, served on plates of costly porcelain. The guests were nearly a score, and their chattered merriments fell on my ears with an irksome monotony. I silently execrated the whole entertainment. The lady whom I had taken in to dinner was young and of blooming visage. But as I looked into her conscious eyes, as I scanned the deliberated abandonments of her glowing and artistic costume, as I heard fall from her lips their neat yet empty common-places blent with a coquettish challenge that seemed almost mechanical in its well-ordered adroitness, I silently began to regret that Mrs. Van Peekskill had ever plotted to bring us together. When the long dinner was ended, I asked myself whether or no the lady had by this time made up her feeble little mundane mind that I was a sort of semi-civilised ruffian. Afterwards came the cigars with the men, none of whom, in their stiff uniformity of formal shirt-bosoms, interested me beyond a concealed inclination to cover them with ridicule. And then, a little later, came what I could not but regard as my most blessed escape. I was certain that while I shook hands at parting with Mrs. Van Peekskill there lay the glitter of ice itself in her would-be winsome smile. I was personally unprepossessing. My countenance had a rough-hewn and sombre look, and not a single point in my general appearance was of the kind by which women are won at first sight. Since my entrance into these drawing-rooms I had done and said nothing suave or graceful enough to dispel the impression wrought by my plain and rather melancholy exterior. But I cared nothing for any such impression, favourable or the opposite. I was only too thankful to rid myself of a most uncongenial atmosphere.

Fifth Avenue gleamed quiet and stately as I struck downward through its narrow and yet imposing domain, not far above Thirty-Fourth Street, where the majestic marble mansion of the dead dry-goods king, Stewart, loomed pale against a keen-starred sky. The weather was almost perfect in its breezeless but stimulating calm. November was dying, and yet no fierce news of winter had given even a single chill premonition. The extraordinary, lingering, unparalleled autumn of America was regnant on this especial evening, and with a cool, rich charm that no one can fitly value till he has seen and disliked the vapoury, chilling autumns of most European lands. I no longer dwelt in the family home in Bleecker Street; it still remained my property, but it had been rented to a German Jewess, who kept there a theatrical boarding-house for transitory and perhaps effete members of the dramatic profession. My present apartments were at the Albemarle Hotel, that most dignified of New York inns, which has preserved through many years a prosperous gravity unharmed by the palatial smartness of the Fifth Avenue Hotel on the one hand and of the flaring and flamboyant Hoffman House on the other. I had possibly reached Twenty-Eighth Street, in my downward walk, when I suddenly saw the form of a solitary woman emerge from the heavy encompassing shadow of the corner I was about to pass. In another instant the light of a near lamp struck upon her face. I paused involuntarily as I saw it. Something made my heart beat quicker. I discerned the face perfectly, and it seemed to me full of the most exquisite girlish loveliness. In London, whose horrors of street-harlotry I well knew, I would not have thought of pausing. But here in New York, where vice is kept so much more decently within doors, I at once obeyed such a desire. The girl showed not the least aversion to pausing also. And yet I thought she looked the very incarnation of innocence, with her luminous dark eyes beaming from a face of virginal fragility and sweetness. Her attire was so mean and shabby that it did not surprise me when she asked for help. I stood before her simple, lily-like face and ill-clad figure with a glow at my heart which all the grandeurs and braveries of Mrs. Van Peekskill's *dames d'honneur* could not have created there. I presently questioned her of her family, and received such hesitating and stammered answers that for the first time I began to suspect she was not telling me the truth. And then, in the twinkling of an eye she dropped her mask. Letting her head fall backward a little, she looked at me with the look no woman's face has to my thinking ever worn and yet preserved its beauty. . . . I scarcely needed to hear the reckless words and the little wanton ripple of laughter which now left her lips; I already knew the dispiriting truth as clearly as when these had told it me. . . . Putting a few coins into the girl's hand, I hurried away from her. In an instant her believed purity had become for me the most repulsive shame. But her poetic face, with its eloquent eyes, in which the chastity of a young soul seemed sleeping, haunted me afterward, amid more than a single dream. At the same time, this brief yet pregnant episode revealed to me my own changed nature. I had passed through a few wild follies, first at the University, and again in Paris. These

had been somewhat savage mutinies, too, of my baser against my better parts. But now the last had brought their foes under inflexible discipline. I comprehended that hereafter all my mental lights were dimmed, so to speak, except the cold and bright one of reason. Human sin, the degradation either of man or of woman, was loathsome to me, for causes which concerned a severe moral code of utilitarianism rather than through what we term instinctive or intuitive repugnance. I loved the good of life and shrank from its evil exactly as I would have chosen to walk through a daisied field rather than a snake-haunted marsh. I had become a philosopher who saw in all self-soilure what he believed the worst conceivable folly,—disdain of those marvellous reasoning-faculties which mark so broad a line between men and brutes.

In the company of my own sex I was far more contented than at such entertainments as those of Mrs. Van Peekskill. Here immediate flight from distasteful associates in every way was easier, and the intensely practical character which my own mind was now each year assuming with sharper definiteness made me find something of interest in observing or questioning almost every male mind I encountered. Sometimes—as, for example, in the fashionable Metropolitan Club, of which I had been promptly made a member—I would meet a type of manhood that taxed endurance and tried respect. I mean the perfectly idle "swell," who tranquilly exulted in having both his capacities and his energies represented by the roundest of zeros, and who took for granted that I, on account of my known wealth and some absurd claim which he insisted on connecting with me, and which he chose to call my "position," was of just his own lazy and effortless turn. This sort of drone in the huge hive woke my spleen and vexation. When he talked to me of his four-in-hand and his betting-book, his polo-playing and his yacht-races, his coarse gallantries and his equally coarse condescensions as a person of matrimonial market-value, I am afraid that he more than once noticed with surprise my discouraging apathy. But, after all, such occasions were infrequent. Still, the club soon wearied me as a place of habitual resort, and besides, I had set myself a course of decidedly hard reading, varied with many experiments which involved the strictest care and the most rigorous mathematical calculations. One day, while searching among some old scientific volumes at a second-hand book-shop in University Place, near Washington Square, anxious to discover here a certain treatise, long out of print, but which I had been told there was a chance of my thus lighting upon, I made, or rather re-made, the acquaintance of Floyd Demotte. How woful is the commonplace of reflecting from what trifles of incident our most vital future misfortunes may be born! And yet the pertinence of such a meditation pierces me just now. Had I never known Floyd Demotte, the horror, the strangeness and the agony of this little history might never have been written. And I was so completely without the least presage of what lay stored black and threatening for me in the future, when a tall, pale gentleman, of apparently about my own age, came up to me in the dim, dingy, book-lined place where I stood, and said, putting out his hand—

"I am sure that I am right. You are Douglas Duane. It is a good while since you and I met, and we have both changed a great deal, of course. I hope, however, you remember me. I am Floyd Demotte."

"Ah, yes; true enough," I answered, taking his hand. "Floyd Demotte, I am very glad to see you again."

(To be continued.)

ON Monday week last, the Playing Fields' Committee met at the Polytechnic. As most of our readers are well aware, the object of this Association is to secure for the cricketers and footballers of London, an acreage for recreation, somewhat in proportion to the necessities of the case. At present, it is oftentimes a matter of considerable difficulty for many London clubs to obtain a regular "pitch." Already much has been done, especially in obtaining suitable plots of ground for the use of clubs in the East-End of London, and the Committee are now directing special attention to the needs of clubs in the South West, South East, Western, and North Western districts of the Metropolitan area.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,

In the amber glory of the day's retreat,

In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,

I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,

On the Temple's marble pavement, on the street,

Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary,

The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minster-aisles of splendour, from betwixt the cherubim,

Through the wondering throng, with motion strong and fleet,

Sounds His victor tread, approaching with a music far and dim—

The music of the coming of His feet.

Sandalled not with sheen of silver, girdled not with woven gold,

Weighted not with shimmering gems and odours sweet,

But white-winged and shod with glory in the Tabor-light of old—

The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with His everlasting peace,

With His blessedness immortal and complete.

He is coming, O my spirit! and His coming brings release.

I listen for the coming of His feet.

Thought and Character.

"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."—PROVERBS xxiii. 7.

THIS is an age of wonderful inventions; but that you have never brought here this evening is a more wonderful thing than human skill ever produced. It may be likened unto a mill that is running without pause, except to ring the hours of sleep. The marvellous mill of the mind is fearfully and wonderfully made. Fill it with the golden wheat of pure thoughts and noble thoughts and holy thoughts, and the outcome of it will be a life worth carrying up to the judgment-seat of Christ; but if selfishness, sin, and Satan supply the grist, the outcome of it will be misery and endless perdition. "Keep these hearts then with all diligence," for out of it are the issues of this life and of another. Let me entreat you this evening to use this marvellous apparatus for purposes worthy of an immortal being. If all the thoughts that the omniscient eye of God may have seen running through your hearts during the past week could be exposed before this assembly, some of you would be staggered; some of you perhaps would blush for shame, or cry out with horror. Others—oh, I suppose many of you! might draw on many a sweet and holy meditation, many a living impulse, many a useful suggestion, many a happy, holy thought that has enriched your lives and pleased your Saviour. It all depends on whether Satan or the Spirit of Christ controls the heart, for as the man thinketh with the heart, so and such is he.

Let me now deal with the subject of thought determining spiritual character, moulding our conduct, making us happy or wretched, fitting every one of us for heaven or for hell. The capacity of thinking is a most wonderful thing. Here lies a man's supremacy over all the world about him. One of our greatest artists once told how a beautiful maiden haunted him by day and night, entering in, and going out of the corridor of his mind, until at last he caught the beautiful image and transferred it to marble. The spirit of John Bunyan yet walks the earth in his beautiful heaven-bound "Pilgrim's Progress." Christ's atoning work was a Divine thought far back in the purposes of the Godhead. That plan was from everlasting unto a plan until Jesus Christ set foot on our globe. The pulpit in Britain or elsewhere, were not for this greatest of thoughts, Christ crucified, had better never have been reared at all. And all great undertakings and glorious enterprises and attempts for men's salvation were once only thoughts. The combined thought of James Watt and Robert Fulton brought me a few days ago across the ocean. To-morrow many of you will go out of this beautiful land propelled by the thought of Stephenson. Britain's poor eat untaxed bread from the large thought of Cobden and glorious John Bright. The thought of John Raikes entered this edifice this afternoon in thousands of Christ's children gathered in the Sabbath-schools. The dead heart of John Wesley rang ten thousand church bells to-day. Shaftesbury's thought lives in hundreds of children in ragged schools. Oh, the world is governed by thought! This very Book is God's blessed thought for our salvation; and there is no such benefactor of our human race as he who sends a great golden thought on and on down through the centuries.

If such is the progress and potency of thought we see how the character of a man's thoughts determines the character of his life. His actions are inspired from within. Every germ of the soul, whether of action, purpose, or principle, has first a germ. Every full-grown eagle was once in its mother's egg, every oak was an acorn, and all the rich tilt of your beautiful island was carried out in the hand of the sowers of the seed. So do our services of Christ proceed from germs of thought, from noble purposes that soar upwards from the noble heart of the strong-winged eagle which once had its egg in the heart. All spiritual thoughts—John the Baptist's, Whitefield's, Wesley's—are the outcome of innumerable seeds of truth which have sprouted, germinated, growing, yielding thirty, forty, or a hundred-fold. Do not you see how important it is, then, that every thought should be nursed and fostered? How much the world has lost by the lack of happy thoughts God only knows.

And how much your life and mine has lost of beauty and spiritual power from this same cause! A noble life depends on fostering the thoughts, quickened by the Holy Spirit. There is not a Christian in this church this evening but owed his or her spiritual freedom to the direct act of the Holy Ghost bringing home conviction to your soul. There was a first thought, "I am a sinner"; and a next thought, "I need a Saviour"; and a next thought, "Christ is the Saviour for me"; and out of this comes your hope for this world and for heaven. And of all the crimes, beloved friends, that you can commit against your soul there is nothing like quenching the Spirit of Almighty God. Oh, that still, small Voice! I entreat you, heed it, heed it, and obey it.

Now arises the thought whether preaching is profitable or not. A vast amount of preaching in this city and elsewhere comes to nothing, but it is not so much the fault of the preaching as of those that fail to receive it. It is the settling of milk that develops cream, and it is the settling of a soul after Divine service that makes it spiritually valuable.

I imagine that the air of the sanctuary is filled with swarms of birds from the houses, from the shop, from the counter, all ready to swoop down and catch away the seed of God's truth, that it may

yield no fruit for time or eternity. You ought to fasten on every truth as with a nail driven into the conscience, for I would remind you that the first hour after you withdraw from God's house determines whether it should be a saviour of life unto life, or the two classes of hearers—those who hear and forget, and those that hear and practise. All the outer actions of a Christian life have their origin in thought. Sin lies in the soul in germs as well as in actions. That is my second point; and as good thoughts are to be nursed, encouraged, and carried out, so the moral success of life depends on killing evil thoughts. When they have grown? No; kill them in the act. There were ten minutes in that a bucket of water could have saved Chicago; often ten minutes, what? One hundred millions of dollars gone into smoke and ashes. Everything was once a little thought. Guilt lies not in having the Bunyan tells us he had such terrible thoughts excited by the devil that he was fain to plunge into the fourteenth chapter of John for delivery. The guilt lies in what? Opening the door to the thoughts. The real difference between a good and a bad man is this—that one fosters the thought of evil, and the other quenches it. During our Revolutionary War the same temptation was offered to two men, Reed and Benedict Arnold. Reed said, "I am a poor man, but no king is rich enough to buy me." Benedict Arnold touched the gold, and his name drifts down through American history an object of obloquy and contempt. The difference was, one was hospitable to a bad thought and the other shut it out. Everything wants the indulgence of thought makes sinners: the acting out of a thought makes transgressors. I would say to the young men here that the indulgence of a thought in the heart is the first step, the carrying it out into action is the next step. Do not you see now wherein sin can be most readily and successfully encountered? Not in the last stage or the second stage, but in the first. Determine young man, that you will never touch the first glass of intoxicating drink, and you will never be a tippler or a sot. It is the first glass that swarmed hell with multitudes of lost men, often men of brilliant genius. Extinguish fires by patting out the sparks. How many a man would be horrified with the sight of a full-grown sin, who nursed, petted, and dandled the infant sin in his heart, and thought it beautiful! Young people in my church sometimes come to me and say, "I am troubled with bad thoughts; what shall I do?" "Do not think of them." "But I am troubled with impure thoughts." "Do not think of them." Sometimes they say, "I am troubled with awfully sceptical thoughts about God, the Bible, and my Saviour." Do not think of them. My only protection in forty-five years of Christian experience has been closing the door against Satan when he is suggesting sceptical thoughts about my Saviour and the Gospel and my salvation. Keep thy heart bolted against evil thoughts, for as even a little bat entering a room is hard to expel, it is harder to expel a terrible thought that once enters the heart. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." The sensualist is only a filthy thinker, and when converting grace comes, if it ever comes, it is not easy to turn his back to the wall. A miser's thought is all dwinded to a sovereign or a penny held so close to his eye that he cannot see God or eternity. Does a man think of the pleasures of the table? He is an epicure or a glutton. Of the excitement of the drive or the chase? He is a sportsman. Of the joy of the wine-cup? He is a tippler. Let me know what your soul turns to, and thinks most about when left to itself, and I will determine your spiritual character before God, and at last it may be before the judgment.

This leads me to say, in the next place, that there are few purer and richer pleasures in this world than the enjoyment of sweet thoughts. I have stood upon the heights of Manhattan, where God permits me to live, and watched the splendid scene, when the Narrows leading down to the great wide sea appeared like a splendid vestibule walled upon either side with walls of living green, and a broad river of thought that splendid vestibule came fleets from all lands bearing the sun, going out with freights and bringing freights home. So is a godly man's heart. From that heart proceed large purposes for Christ, and if through that heart flows a continual river of rich experience and Bible studies, and above all, there is a constant stream of love of the Lord Jesus Christ pouring itself into the soul and filling it with all the fulness of God, such people are never poor: their heart rejoices. Blessed thoughts coming and going make the soul oftentimes merry as a cage of canaries. Such a soul would be happy in a prison. In fact, there was such a soul once, you know, in Bedford Row, and the nimble fancies flew like white feathers, and godly, saintly Rutherford said, "Christ came to me in Aberdeen, and every stone in my room flashed like a ruby." These happy thoughts do not require you and me to go to market, or to sit at table, or to make an expenditure. All they ask is heart room, and to have a welcome.

But oh, I am afraid, as I look over this audience this evening that there are some who have come here bringing other thoughts—sad thoughts and hard thoughts, I fear—about God. Some of you, I see, wear the habiliments of mourning, and are sorely tried by God's dealing with you! and I fear that some of you are indulging in unkind and bitter and rebellious thoughts against God. As long as your heart is filled with such thoughts there can be no happiness or peace.

Go home to-night, dear friends, and open the door and let the Master in. Happy, happy is the who hath that Guest continually with him, and then out of the good thought of his heart the good man or good woman will bring forth good things to the glory of their Master and the enrichment of others.

But while the possession of holy thoughts gives life its most exquisite pleasures, I would say there are no greater curses and tormentors than the perpetual tortures of wicked, ungodly thoughts. These are the demerits of the possessions of modern times. Such people are actually vexed with the devil when their minds are filled with impure thoughts, blasphemous, covetous, ambitious, unchristian thoughts. To go through some men's hearts would be like a walk through Newgate Prison. Every man has a rascal in it, and the punishment accorded to the wicked man is to be shut up with himself. The only conception I have of hell is an immortal soul thrust down from God and locked up with self perpetually. For as heaven is restless activity, resting not day nor night, hell is the only place I know of in God's universe where a person has nothing to do but to think and think and think for ever and ever. What perdition is that to have a soul entirely without Jesus Christ! Out of such hearts the apostle tells us proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, murders, and thefts, and all manner of iniquity. These evil things come from within a man, and defile and destroy him, for if our heart condemns us, God, who is greater than our heart, will condemn us in the judgment.

Finally, the heart determines our everlasting destiny. A heart without holiness never shall see the Lord. An unconverted heart cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. To such a person heaven, it seems to me, would not only be a strange place but a place of self-upbraiding and torture, and a man might roam through the whole shining company and ask for an outlet where he might not be continually tormented with the thought of his own depravity.

The last word I have this evening is, Christ is the one only purifier of the heart. He can change the fountain-head, He can make it send forth bitter waters or sweet, pure, refreshing waters. Even as I have watched in my own native land a little pool bubbling up, and it is enlarged and swells until it becomes the majestic Hudson, and bears fleets on its bosom; so the little well of grace in the converted heart goes on deepening, enlarging, swelling out, until passing, as it were, through banks of living emerald, it empties into the great Atlantic Ocean of the infinite love. Admit Christ to-night. Methinks He is in this sanctuary knocking, knocking, knocking. "Open the door, and I will come in and eat with you, open the door, and I will bring the life everlasting." There is not a soul in Christ Church sanctuary this evening that may not go home and have Christ with him, with her, from this hour onward and for ever. Admit Christ. That is all.

Admit Him, for the human breast

Never entertains so kind a guest;

Admit Him, and you will not expect,

For where Christ comes He comes to dwell.

It is interesting to notice, as showing the identity of children's tastes all the world over, the similar character of the games played by English and Indian children. Not to mention the making of mud pies, there are two games at least highly popular in English villages which are played with equal enjoyment by Indian boys. One of these is "hockey," and the other "peggy." The former game is well known in the Punjab as "kudo kudo." The latter, called in the Punjab "giff dands," is not so widely celebrated, being chiefly indulged in by street Arabs and village children. A small piece of wood, about four inches long, is sharpened at both ends, and an attempt is made by one player to throw it into a ring distant about eight feet from the place where he stands; if he does not succeed his opponent strikes the "peggy," or pointed piece of wood, with a stick, and when it is in the ring drives it with another blow as far as he can. The other player has then to throw it from that place into the ring, and if he succeeds, it is his turn to take a hand with the stick; if not, the same process is gone through over again. It is difficult to understand why these two games should be played, in nearly the same way, in countries so remote from one another as India and England. It is unreasonable to suppose that they flourished when the common ancestor of both peoples lived in his home on the Oxus, before his children migrated eastward and westward. The probability is that these games were brought into England by the gipsies, whose Indian origin is now beyond question.

Bristol at last has followed suit with all other great cities in the matter of technical instruction, and the intelligent view recently taken by the Town Council in the matter of the application of Bristol's share of the new fund allocated to County and Borough Councils, under the Local Taxation Act of last year, must have been extremely re-assuring to the friends of education in this locality. A committee has now been appointed to consider and report upon the requirements of Bristol which can be furnished within the provisions of the Technical Instruction Act, and on the sums, if any, which should be appropriated in aid of those objects out of the new fund under reference. I hope later on to report progress.

Book-work.

FROM AUTHOR'S MS. TO THE MACHINE REVERSE.

AT the second open night of the Letterpress Class, held in No. 9 Room, the following paper was read before the class by Mr. Naylor, one of the students:—

I am expected in the space of a single hour to describe and explain what would, if dealt with in a thorough manner, occupy a much longer period. It has been my endeavour to put before you, in this paper, as clearly and concisely as possible, and in simple language, a practical treatise on this most important branch of the compositor's work. It is inevitable that I should omit much that ought to be given; it is for you to remedy the deficiency; and, if you differ with me in any way, I ask you plainly—"Spare me not"—for by criticism and discussion we can best arrive at the truth of things, technical as well as moral. I will now ask you to bear with me while I re-introduce you to the old familiar spot, "the room at the top."

The first process in the making of the book, so far as the compositor is concerned, is that of casting-off the manuscript copy. To plunge at once into the subject, we will suppose the manuscript of our book to be 500 folios; the publishers wish to know how many pages these will make in demy 8vo, set in pica type, and also cost of composition of the same. Now every printer should know at once the measure and depth of a demy 8vo page, and I would recommend students to commit to memory the width and depth of all 8vo and 16mo pages. The measure of demy 8vo then, we find to be 24 x 42—an easy figure to remember, for you have but to know the width to transpose the figures for the depth. This depth, of course, is from the top of the head-line to the foot of the last line, so that in casting off our manuscript we must discount two lines from the depth, representing the head-line and white beneath it, these not being in the manuscript. We then proceeded to cast off in the following manner:—

Count the number of words in the whole manuscript, and reckon each word, including space, to average six letters; as each letter averages a nut quad, each word (of six letters) will represent three ems of the type in which it is set. We will suppose the number of words in our 500 folios amount to 50,000; if we multiply this by three it will give us the whole number of ems—that is, 150,000. We thus have 150,000 ems in the whole manuscript. The size of each page is, without the head-line, 24 x 40, or an area of 960 ems. Divide the whole number of ems by the number of ems in a page, and you have the number of pages the whole manuscript will make. Thus:—

40	960 area in ems of page		
	50,000 words in MS.		
	3 ems to a word (including space)		
	150,000 ems in whole MS.		
960	150,000 1564 = (practically) = 157.		
	96		
	By reduction:—		
540	24 x 40	50,000	
480	40	3	
600	960	cancel	150,000
576	8		1,350
	4		625
24	Answer—157 pages,	4) 625	
	or		
	10 sheets of 16 pages.	1564 = 157 pages.	

[Mr. Hamilton, in his paper on "Type Standards," has shown you how to ascertain the number of pages this would make if set in smaller type, and also the system of ascertaining the weight of type required, etc.] The cost of composition is arrived at in this way:—Pica is charged for at the rate of 7d. per thousand ems. We have in our manuscript 300,000 ems. To these we must add the composition of the headline and two whites per page, or 144 ems altogether; in 157 pages, 22,000 ems to be added. This makes a total of 322,000 ems @ 7d. per thousand = £9 7s. 10d. The cost of composition of three blank pages made up at the end to complete the sheet, should be added to this, making the answer practically £9 11s. 4d.

I have, as you will see, dealt with the cost of the whole number of sheets; but in practical work it is necessary only to supply the number of sheets and the cost per sheet, casting-up as I have shown thus:—

1,920 ems in a page.
144 .. head and two whites.
2,064 .. in a complete page.
16 pages in a sheet.

33,024 ems in a sheet of sixteen pages.
7 pence per thousand ems.

12) 231

19s. 3d. = practically, Answer—19s. 6d. per sheet of sixteen pages.

The cost per thousand in book-work is 7d. from pica to brevier inclusive; minion, 7½d.; nonpareil, 8d.; pica, 9d. This description of work is performed by the clicker, who is generally appointed by the firm; the men in newspaper shops, as a rule, appoint their own clicker. It is his duty to serve out all copy; superintend the making up, etc., of the work; to book each man's work, wages, etc., in the ledger; and show exactly the total cost at which the work is produced.

In giving out copy the clicker places the man's name on a slip of paper, and the number of folios he has taken up, as a reference in the event of any of the copy being lost, or to trace the make-up should any one happen to be what is technically, though may be vulgarly, termed "in the basket."

We will now suppose that the compositor is about to put in "letter." The first thing that presents itself for our consideration is the lay of the case. The question of the lay of the case has occupied the mind and time of many printers in their endeavours to improve, but the result remains practically the same as it was many years ago. The lay of the case differs but slightly in different book-houses, and then, perhaps, only in the arrangement of the upper case. The caps are best placed in the lower part of the right half, with the small caps above; the figures being on a level with the caps on the left half of the case, above these being placed accents, note-signs, etc., and beneath fractions, etc. Regarding the lower case, I would recommend the following departure from the recognised lay to those who have the permanent use of their cases: the transposition of the thin spaces and the lower-case p, thus bringing the spaces close together. This is but a slight alteration, one easily acquired, and saves a deal of time in spacing out, more especially in the wider measures. In experimenting on this change, it is advisable to first fill the case in the ordinary way, afterwards transferring them as I have stated; for if you experiment first in distributing, it requires considerable concentration to prevent the four different sorts of setting in each of the boxes. After, however, getting accustomed to the change by composition, you will experience no inconvenience. Unless you have the exclusive use of the case, I would ask you, for the sake of those who use the case when you have done, to keep the recognised lay. And I ask you fellow-students, who are able, to give this, as well as other suggestions, a practical test; for, as Mr. Alexander has more than once pointed out, we might theorise in this room for ever and a day, as the saying goes, without receiving benefit, unless our theories are practically carried out in our frames; what we work out here with our brains, we must work out there with our hands. Having decided on the lay of the case, the next point is the height of the frame on which the case rests, and in this, as in all other things pertaining to this world, there exists a great divergence of opinion. The proper height of a frame is that which best suits the compositor concerned; it depends on two things,—on the stature and the sight, good or bad, of the compositor. If one has good sight, it will be to his advantage to have the cases as low as will enable him to set the type at the quickest rate—now perhaps, as the waist; but should his sight be weak, then it would be best to have them, say, on a level with the chest. The size of type, too, causes a difference. So that, without stipulating a standard height, I would say, the case should be in such a position that he can lift with ease, and without bending the body; he should, in fact, be in such a position as is expressed in the word "comfortable."

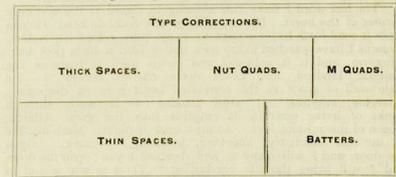
We have now fixed our cases in the most convenient position for ourselves, and proceed to the stone for the purpose of lifting our "diss," which may be tied up or stacked on boards, or we may possibly have to lift it from the frame, in any case, be careful, and always use a brass rule for the purpose of lifting. Having placed our "diss" upon a galley, the proper proceeding next is to untie the cords, secure with sidestick and quins, and wash the type with lye, giving it afterwards a thorough rinsing out with water—a proceeding, I am sorry to say, many compositors fail to perform. I would urge upon all fellow-students this operation as being the type, for reasons manifest and important. In the first place, it preserves the face of the type; a very different result is obtained at the end of six months from type regularly cleaned than from that on which ink, dirt, etc., are allowed to accumulate. Secondly, it accelerates the speed of the compositor—dirty, greasy type being responsible for many of the false motions so prevalent. Thirdly, it is healthier to handle clean type than that which leaves the germs of disease upon your fingers, or from which you breathe the odour of printing ink and turps. The time is not lost that is spent in cleaning type, for the time is repaid with interest in many ways. It is honest to yourself and to your employer, and although well aware that compositors are looked upon as never likely to approach the perfection of angels, yet I would remind you that "cleanliness is next to godliness." In lifting a handful of type to distribute do not take up too much at a time, as there is a risk of dropping a line or two without the proper amount of sorting.

And now for remarks on the science of distribution. Do not endeavour to be too quick, and be sure a stamp is struck at every motion of the hand. I say drop, because it is a habit with many to throw their stamps in, wasting time and energy in doing so; the stamp should drop, or fall, from between the fingers, and remember, "gently does the trick." Never take up more than about two average words at once, and always take the space preceding the word, so that at each succeeding word, the space is the

first to fall. I think it is a good plan to occasionally drop a thin space in with the thick, as a great help in spacing out in composition, and at the same time tends to equal spacing; this should be done when the letter next the thin space is close to the thick space box, such as t, h, a, etc. Should, by any chance, a letter fall into the wrong box, search for it, for if you do not find it out, it will find you out in the proof! This may seem trifling, but then the whole trade of a compositor is made up of trifles, welded into one great whole.

Having now filled our case with letter, we make up our stick to the required measure. This all-important tool of the compositor is very often sadly neglected. It should be cleaned and slightly oiled at least once a fortnight, and be regularly tested. There are several kinds of sticks in the market, but two seem to hold the field for general work; the thumb-screw and the old-fashioned set-screw. The former is very convenient when the measure is continually changed, but the drawback to these is that they are seldom, if ever, perfectly true. The old-fashioned set-screw, however, is generally faultless in this respect, but takes a little extra trouble to adjust, one of these, made in nickel or German silver, will last a life-time, and does not require such an elaborate process of cleaning. I need not, I am sure, impress upon you the desirability of possessing a box of rules. Other necessities for compositors employed on book-work are: a hanging galley used in over-running matter in authors' proofs, etc., two strong bodkins, a pair of tweezers, a file, a pair of shears, a type scale or gauge, a space-box for correcting at stone, and a persuader. This last you may not be acquainted with. It is very useful for fitting the quins previous to locking up a forme, and is made by bending an old rule, or a straight edge, into a right angle.

The following is a good arrangement for a space-box:—



Well, we have set our stick to the measure, and taken up "a take"; now what is the best and most convenient position to place our copy? In book-work, for those who have good sight, over the figures on the left of the upper case is the most approved style; but if figures are frequently used in the job, or the sight is bad, the following is a good arrangement, providing the copy is of convenient size—first, with a bodkin pierce the bottom right-hand corner of the folio, then gently prick the bodkin, with the copy attached, to the off-side of the hair space box, and, by a manipulative wrinkle of the corner of the folio, the copy is made to stand upright, quite close to the eyes, whilst not obstructing any of the boxes. An objection may be raised that this would damage the wood-work of the case, but as the one perforation serves the purpose of all, little weight is to be attached to the objection. Do not use guides in composition; they take up much time, in addition to making the compositor depend on other than his own energy and ability; leave it to the eye alone to find the word last composed, trusting to your own attention rather than to guides, to keep the reader from finding you "outs." We have now fixed our copy. If it should be difficult reading, first master the contents; in fact, it were best for all copy to be read before commencing to compose; punctuation will come easier, and "outs" avoided. I also beg of you never, if it can possibly be avoided, to insert a quad for a work you are unable to decipher. Raise the whole room, from the boy to the overseer, before proclaiming, in that white space, your impatience or inability. Many are the mistakes a compositor is likely to make through inattention to the subject of the matter he is composing, and I may be excused if I brighten a somewhat dull paper by quoting one or two of many. Instead of "the democracy have an abundance of pleas," one man set up "the democracy have an abundance of seas," another in an article on gardening, instead of "full blown roses," put in "full-blown noses!" A third, and this occurred at my own office a few weeks ago, made an amusing blunder in a critique on a new book. "The authoress is seen at her best in her short stories," so the critique ran; but this the ingenious compositor rendered: "The authoress is seen at her best in her *short dresses*." Such mistakes are amusing to read, but they serve to illustrate the dangers of inattention to the work in hand.

Now take your stand at the case, with feet slightly apart, and resting firmly on both legs; hold your stick firmly in the left hand, allowing it to follow the right to every box. This last is a most important point to remember, and the time thus saved is incalculable. "More haste, less speed" is a golden rule; do not snatch at the stamps as though you had some wrong to avenge. It is amusing to see some workmen do the "light fantastic" with every stamp they lift, or do not lift; and wonderful to think what a simple operation it is, after all, to pick

up a metal stamp and place it in the stick—I say place it, because this is a more practical expression than "lift." There, right before you, are your stamps—t, h, e; there are your fingers; and there your stick. First "fix" the lower-case y with your fingers; and banish all else from your mind except the nicks on your eyes; t; now let your stick make love to the box, put your fingers in; t; now let your stick make love to the box, put your fingers in, or jerk it in, or flourish it aloft, or drop it below, but simply put it in, and while doing so, fix the h in the same manner, and so on with the rest, always letting the stick follow the pick-up. The wrist is the chief factor in picking up stamps; do not work with the fore-arm. Be satisfied at first with a slow, certain motion, and speed will follow as a matter of course. Be particular with your spacing, and divide words as seldom as possible. Be particular with your high-water marks of a workman's ability. These two points might be said on this subject, but time does not permit, except a few remarks on the setting of a table. The principal points to be studied in setting tables are work are neatness, clearness, and uniformity; the width of the columns should vary as little as possible; space should be inserted on either side of the lines; headings look best in even small caps of a smaller body; each column should be made up to even ends of its own body, but should the table be entirely of figures, it might be speedier to set them right across, writing the rules afterwards; in choosing the size of the body of the table, better to choose the small type with plenty of space is better than large type and no space.

Punctuation does not require mechanical skill; it is difficult to advise how best to acquire this desirable knowledge. It is chiefly obtained by extensive reading of all kinds, and careful attention to the right accents in the proof; many apprentices—and journey-men, too, for the matter of that—rush through their corrections without paying due regard to the reason for the insertion of this comma, or that semi, and consequently repeat the mistake in the next take of copy. Do not, however, imitate the man who punctuated by system, as he called it; he put a comma somewhere in the first line, sent in the second, a colon in the third, and a full-point in the fourth. When asked what he put in the next, he replied, "Why, I commence again."

But we must get on, and I will finish this part of my paper with a few general remarks:—Do not talk while composing; if you find it necessary to enter into conversation with all who approach the frame, stop work. Do not let your thoughts wander from the copy in hand; concentration is a quality most desirable in all compositors. Do not stand with one foot on the frame. Do not drop stamps on the floor; if you cannot help doing so, please pick them up. To sum up: Be careful in all things, and keep thyself to thyself.

So much has been said of late regarding composing machines, that my paper would be incomplete were not some mention made. There are many workable machines in the market, and two more prominent than others. These are the Linotype and the Thorne. I cannot say to describe even these, except to mention that the Thorne is on the lines of the old machines, and uses ordinary type, but has a self-distributing apparatus; whilst the Linotype is constructed on a comparatively new principle, setting matrices instead of type, and casting these line by line, turns each line out in one solid, type-high block—this being its chief advantage, and upon investigation, its disadvantage. All the machines claim unrivalled performances; but the fact that master printers have remained passive during the many years they have been before the public, does not give the compositor much cause for fear of being out-rivalled. When electricity is mistress of the world, no doubt the composing-machines will click-click by night and by day, and the compositor will look upon them as friend rather than as foe. To return to the primary subject, let us suppose we have completed the composition of our book, and have received the proofs from the author ready for make-up. The galleys should be in the rack all together, in proper order, and close to hand. Before proceeding to make up, ascertain all particulars as to style, headlines, chapter-heads, imposition, etc. The following is a classification of the different parts of a book, a knowledge of which is necessary in making-up:—

ORDERS, or PRELIMINARY MATTER, comprise the following:—bastard-title, title, advertisement, dedication, preface, contents, introduction, errata, and, at the end of the book, index. The bastard-title is often confused with the half-title, this latter being merely the title heading over the first chapter. In setting the title, the types are generally confined to titlings, black letters, italics, and sometimes the thin sans-serif. The series known as the Ronaldson and French titling are very familiar in the titles of the present time. The chief aim in setting the title is legibility, neatness, and a proper regard to effect; too much attention cannot be paid to suit the style of the letter to that of the book. For instance, supposing the title of the book to be "Old English Customs with Latter-Day Comparisons." Nothing would suit the line "Old English Customs" better than a black or Old English letter, whilst "Latter-Day Comparisons" might be set in titling caps, to make a line of suitable length. The bastard-title, preceding the title, is generally set in a smaller size of the same series, as is also the half-title. The preface and introduction may be set in the same type as text, with an extra lead, or in type a size larger, with an extra lead, depending chiefly on the length of the same, and the size of the type in the text. A style of

setting the advertisement cannot be laid down, as the nature of these vary so very much. The advertisement is confined to caps and smalls of a smaller type; the name of the dedicatory in caps, and that of the dedicatory in caps a size larger, the whole being set in monumental fashion. Errata, same as text. The style of the contents depends chiefly on the quantity; caps and smalls two sizes removed, with lead, full measure, and run out with full-point, or hyphens, present a neat appearance; but when heavy, half-measure, solid, upper and lower case, is quite suitable. At the end of the book, is set two sizes less, half-measure, and with figures close up to the end of the last word. The expression, "two sizes removed," has a very broad meaning; for when the text is set in type very large or very small it may mean what it does not mean, as the advertisement and the advertisement of the work collectively, comprise the oddments more than above, for if placed with the same amount top and bottom they have the appearance when printed of being low to centre. These pages, index, generally form the first sheet or half-sheet of the work.

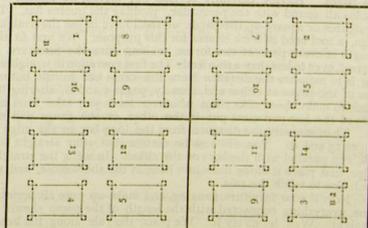
HEAD-LINES.—These are set in various styles; nothing, to my mind, looks neater than an even small-cap line, or italic caps and smalls.

SIGNATURES are letters placed in the foot-line of the first and third pages of each sheet, and for several purposes. In the first place, it is used by the compositor as the name or number by which the forme is known; to the folders and collaters it serves as a guide in arranging the same. They are set in small caps or italics, and generally placed at the beginning of the white line, but more correctly placed at the end of the line, so that when the sheets are folded and sewn, the proper order of the sheets may more easily be tested. If the number of sheets exceed 26, we should continue with AA, etc.; for very large numbers, however, figures are to be preferred.

NOTES are references to matter in the text. A cut-in note is let into the measure, the matter at the side being three or four em less. Side-notes run down the side of the page, outside the measure, on the folio side of the page. Foot-notes are used in connection with note-signs—namely, star, dagger, double-dagger, section, parallel, paragraph—and go at the foot of the page. Each page commences afresh with a star; should the notes be numerous, these signs are doubled. Superior and inferior figures are now taking the place of note-signs; these are small figures on the text body, placed above (superior), and below (inferior) the rank of the foot-note. The foot-notes are set two sizes removed, and should in all cases be separated from the text by a thin dividing rule.

Well, I think we were about to commence the making-up. We have our galley to hand, page-cords ready, stone clear, etc. Our first proceeding is to set the headlines; these should be set up a sheet at a time, so as not to delay the imposition. In making up, test each page with a relet cut to the proper length, and throw out all wrong leads that may be found. Use a brass rule for lifting the matter; a proper making-up rule, with projections at each end, should be obtained. In tying up the pages, always leave the end of the page-cord rising from the page to facilitate the untying. Let us now suppose our first sheet is made up, and that we are to impose it as a half-sheet of sixteens to a sheet of the paper supplied. It is, of course, impossible for me to give you, were I able, all the impositions used in printing; but these are easily to be obtained, and are well worth studying. But it is well to remember that in all impositions the first and last pages always come together side by side, and that in ordinary impositions, when the folios of any two outer pages are added together the total is one over the number of pages in a sheet; thus, in a half-sheet of sixteens, 1 and 16 are seventeen, 2 and 15 are sixteen, and so on with the rest. The difference between sheet and half-sheet is—in sheet-work the paper when printed from one forme is backed by another, while in half-sheet work the sheet is backed by the same forme and afterwards cut in two. The number of pages in a half-sheet of sixteens is 16; in a sheet there are 32 pages, and so on with all other numbers. Folio is 1 leaf, or 2 pages; quarto, 4 leaves or 8 pages; octavo, 8 leaves or 16 pages; sixteenmo, 16 leaves or 32 pages; duodecimo, 12 leaves or 24 pages, and so on.

To return to the sixteen pages of our particular book. First clear the stone with a rag preparatory to laying down the pages, which in our case is a half-sheet of sixteens. This will serve the purpose of this paper in many ways, and is laid down as follows:—



14. SONG .. "The Macgregor's Gathering" .. *Let.*
 Mr. J. B. MELLIS.
 The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
 And the clan has a name that is nameless by day;
 Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
 Must be heard but by night in our vengeful "haloo."
 Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach.
 If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles—
 Give their roofs to the flames, and fill their flesh to the eagles;
 Then gather, gather, gather, gather, gather,
 While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river.
 Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever,
 Glenarchy's proud mountain, Colchurn and her towers,
 Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;
 We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach.
 O'er the depths of Loch Katrine the steel shall career,
 Or the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer;
 And the rocks of Craig Roston like icicles melt,
 Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt,
 Then haloo, haloo, etc.
15. PART SONG "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" *H. A. Lambeth*
16. VIOLIN SOLO .. "Brindisi Valse" .. *D. Alard*
 MISS DAISY HAWES.
17. SONG .. "Bonnie Dundee"
 Mr. ROWLAND J. DOBSON.
18. SONG .. "Here's to the year that's awa'"
 MISS M. L. COLE.
 Here's to the year that's awa',
 Let us drink it in strong and in sma',
 And here's to each bonnie young lassie we lov'd
 In the days of the year that's awa'.
 Here's to the soldier that bled,
 And the sailor who bravely did fa',
 Their fame will still live, though their spirits have fled,
 On the wings of the year that's awa'.
 Here's to the friends we can trust,
 When the storms of adversity blow;
 May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,
 Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
 Here's to the land of our birth,
 To the Queen wha's the pride o' us a';
 May she ever be blest, and ne'er look with regret,
 On the days of the year that's awa'.
19. PART SONG .. "Kate Dalrymple" .. *Watt*

Addenda to Institute Gossip.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY, Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—We are to give a sacred concert in the Queen's Hall on Ash Wednesday, the soloists on the occasion being Madame Adelaide Mullen, Mr. Henry Beaumont, and Mr. Wilfrid Caniffie. On February 21st, we perform Handel's "Samson." The "Ancient Mariner" is in rehearsal, and we hope to be able to give it early in March. Members are requested to be regular and punctual in their attendance as we have so much to do. Voices wanted in all parts; those with good voices and who can read well from either notation should join at once if they wish to take part in the forthcoming concert. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian. J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB NOTES.—The tickets for the February Cinderella are now on sale, and early application will be necessary to secure the much-sought-for passport.—The Secretary has several designs for the new badge for the Committee to decide upon at their next meeting. The Stanley Show, which was opened on Friday last at the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, was officially visited by the Palace Club on Saturday last. Nearly all the interest in this exhibition lies in the cushion and pneumatic tyres, together with novelties in the accessory department. For the sake of those members who visit the show to-morrow, I note a few things that should not be missed. Stand 4. J. Harrington's tyre. Impossible to cut, as the whole of the cushion part of the tyre is embedded in the felloe, and is below the level of the rim, where the cutting takes place. GOV'S STAND.—Boothroyd's pneumatic cushion tyre, Foster's cushion, the ordinary cushion, and Dunlop's pneumatic. REFEREE STAND.—The Referee pneumatic tyre as well as Dunlop's patent. The Start Cycle Company have the far-famed clincher tyre. Also look out for the "Wenham" Challenge Shield and Cycling Challenge Cup, to be found on their respective donor's stands.—G. Nelson, of the Eastern Counties Road Club, again won the Home Trainer Championship, for the third year in succession. Given a good track in the East-End, a few more championships might find their way to the sturdy pedallers of

20. SONG .. "Jessie's Dream" .. *Blockley*
 Miss KEITH ASHTON.
 Far awa' to bonnie Scotland
 Had my spirit ta'en its flight,
 An' I saw my mither spinnin'
 In our Highland hame at night.
 I saw the kye a-browsin',
 My father at the plough,
 And the grand auld hills abune them a';
 Wad I could see them now!
 Oh! leddie, while upon your knee
 Ye held my sleepin' head,
 I saw the little kirk at hame,
 Where Tam and I were wed.
 I heard the tune the pipers played,
 I kenn'd its rise an' fa';
 'Twas the wild Macgregor's slogan—
 'Tis the grandest o' them a'.
 Hark! surely I'm no' wildly dreamin',
 For I hear it plainly now,
 Ye cannot, ye never heard it
 On the far-off mountain's brow;
 For in your Southern childhood
 Ye were nourished soft and warm,
 Nor watch'd upon the cauld hillside
 The risin' o' the storm—
 Ay! now the soldiers hear it,
 An' answer with a cheer
 As "The Campbells are a comin'"
 Falls on each anxious ear.
 The cannons roar their thunder,
 An' the sappers work in vain,
 For high an' low the din o' war
 Resounds the welcome strain.
 An' nearer still, an' nearer still,
 An' now again 'tis "Auld Lang Syne";
 Its kindly notes like life-bluid rin,
 Rin through this pair, sad heart o' mine.
 Oh! leddy, dimma swoon awa',
 Look up! the evil's past,
 They're comin' now to dee' wi' us,
 Or save us at the last.
 Then let us humbly, thankfully,
 Down on our knees and pray
 For those who come through buid and fire
 To rescue us this day.
 That He may o'er them spread His shield,
 Stretch forth His arm an' save
 Brave Havelock an' his Highlanders,
 The bravest o' the brave.
21. PART SONG "Auld Lang Syne"

the East.—The City of London C.C. hold another of their enjoyable smokers at the "Champion Hotel," Aldersgate Street, on Friday next. A table has been engaged for the Palace Club.—Mr. X. Bright, of 68, Lichfield Road, Bow, will be extremely obliged if all members will forward to him their present address (together with their subscription, when he will post them a receipt by return.—Extracts from *Cycling*, which should prove beneficial to many members:—"One of the most difficult things we know of is the formation and successful continuation of a Cycling Club. It wants pluck, energy, enterprise; all these must be backed up with unflinching hard work. Such a club must be in the hands of energetic. An energetic secretary is an absolute necessity, but he must have a following of workers. Ideal club, ideal directorate, and ideal members. There must be no drones. A good many model clubs now existing have a good many model members; but there are always some who, while exceeding the grudging of things from the officers, do much towards increasing their arduous labours. It is astonishing to notice how curiously disinterested some men are in regard to club doings. For example, a general meeting may be called for very important purposes, and although every member has had notice, only a small percentage will turn up, others will arrive late. What can be more disastrous? The voting is altogether unsatisfactory, and those who are present are disheartened. All meetings should be held under the guidance of an able chairman, thoroughly conversant with the duties of the post, whose rulings and opinions should be respected and final. Laxity at meetings is a fatal and usual error; it brings about all kinds of complications, and causes much waste of time, business, and nothing but business should be the order, and frivolous members should be sternly checked by the chairman. As soon as a club becomes an assured and phenomenal success, it will have enemies. It holds a prominent and envied position, and each individual member should be made to feel and to know that he has a personal interest in the club's welfare, management, and existence. Moreover, he should always bear in mind the fact; he has his club's good name to uphold wherever he carries its badge and it is a good thing also to know that the good name of a club is not successfully upheld by bragging and boastfulness, but rather by deeds, not words." AJAX.

PROGRAMME OF LIMELIGHT AND LYRICS, MONDAY, 2nd FEBRUARY, 1891.

- PART I.
 PIANOFORTE SOLO "Nautical Fantasia"
 Mr. A. BUCHANAN.
 DUET "Nocturne"*Dezza*.
 Miss FLORENCE CROFT & Mr. ALBERT NUTT.
 SONG "The Beat of the Drum" *Newton*.
 Mr. W. JOSEBURY.
 ENGLISH CATHEDRALS AND ABBEYS.
 SONG "Mine in My Dreams" *L. King*.
 (NOT ILLUSTRATED).
 Miss FLORENCE CROFT.
 SONG "The Star of Bethlehem" *Adams*.
 Mr. ALBERT NUTT.
 RECITATION "The Newsboy's Debt" *Harper's*.
 Mr. J. E. MORTIMER.
 SONG "I couldn't, could I?" *Rockel*.
 Miss FLORENCE CROFT.
 DUET "Excelsior" *Balfie*.
 Mr. ALBERT NUTT AND Mr. W. JOSEBURY.
 MUSICAL ILLUSTRATION "Professor Crotchet's Recital" ..
- PART II.
 PIANOFORTE SOLO "Sleigh Race Galop" *Caldicott*.
 Miss FLORENCE CROFT.
 SONG "The Soldier's Dream"
 Miss ROSA LONSDALE.
 SONG "Comrades" *McGlennon*.
 Mr. W. JOSEBURY.
 OUR SCULPTURE GALLERY.
 DUET "In the Dusk of Twilight" *Parker*.
 Miss ROSA LONSDALE & Miss FLORENCE CROFT.
 RECITATION "Father Phil's Subscription List" *Lover*.
 (NOT ILLUSTRATED).
 Mr. J. E. MORTIMER.
 SONG "The Bells of Seville" *Jude*.
 Miss ROSA LONSDALE.
 SKY AND TREE SCENERY, ANIMALS, &c.
 QUARTETTE .. "Good Evening" *Seymour Smith*.
 All Items Illustrated with the exception of those marked *

SHORT INTERVAL.

Admission: PENNY, THREEPENCE, and SIXPENCE.

STUDENTS' POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS,
 Under the Direction of Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A., and Mr. C. E. OSBORN.
 WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4th.

PROFESSOR BENNETT,

(LECTURER IN CONNECTION WITH SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM),
 WILL GIVE A
 DIORAMIC LECTURE ENTERTAINMENT.

ENTITLED:
BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH 100 MAGNIFICENT DISSOLVING VIEWS.
 PROJECTED ON SCREEN WITH THE AID OF THE MOST PERFECT TRIPLE LANTERN EXTANT.

SYLLABUS—Part I.

The Growth and Acme of Nations: the full glory of the Acme. Charming View of Carisbrooke Castle. Enter Theatre's Port, Guernsey. A Lovely Cove. St. Elizabeth and Mt. Orgueil Castles, Jersey. Striking Rock Scenery, Sark: Action of Sea. The English Riviera. Gibraltar and the possibility of its Uselessness. Valetta. A Peep at Alexandria: Beresford's Heroism—The Soldier's Dream. Magnificent View of the "Thunderer" Turret Ship: Growth of Navy. Tenerife: Sun as a Workman. West Africa: Joluf Philosophy—Ideal of a Bride. Interchanges of Nature. Napoleon I. (Mrs. Browning) powerful and powerless. The Cape. Diamond Mine and Thirst. Natal. Aden. Parsee of Bombay. Baroda and Ballantyne. Khyber Pass. Fine Glacial View. Golden Temple, Umritzur. An Illiterate Monarch's Might. Shaliner in Marble. Rope Bridge. Ballet Music in a Bungalow. Delhi: Captain Hodson and Sancho Panza. Taj Agra: "A Dream in Marble" and Splendid Illumination. Memorial Well, Cawnpore. Hinduism. Native Fair. Tiger in Jungle. Calcutta: Rise of British Power in India. How Captain Leu won the Battle of an Indian Jermopylar. Nautch Girl. Madras. Lake and Temple. Kandy. Little Causes yield Great Results. Savagedom.

EXHIBITION OF BEAUTIFUL EFFECT VIEWS:

Interval. Warwick Castle in Flames. Faust's Study: Mephistopheles, with Vision of Marguerite at Spinning Wheel—Marguerite's Death. Gay Floral Scenes. "The Women of Mumbles Head": a true story in verse of what women do for men. River Scenery. Shakespere's Home in various aspects. Beautiful Statuary, etc., etc.

PART II.

Sydney Harbour, "Like a Beanteons Bird." Pioneer Fathers. Melbourne: an Unearned Increment. Star Glory. Yarra. Sandridge Pier. An El-Dorado. Wonders of the Gum Tree. A Bird that imitates every sound of Man. Botanic Gardens, Adelaide. An Aboriginal. A Peep at New Zealand. Nature's Reprisals. A Disenchantment. Maori Habits. Waterfalls of Silica. Honolulu and Queen. Rockies: Kicking Horse Pass—the New Highway to India. Indians. Snow Shoe. Niagara: "Flow on for ever." Ottawa. Montreal. Prof. Dawson's Dawn Life on Earth. Quebec. Liverpool: "I love thee, oh my native Isle."

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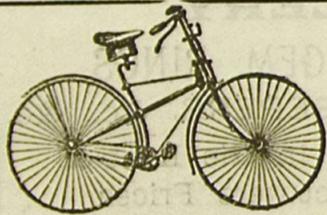
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