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PEOPLE'S PALACE
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

- FRIDAY, 6th February.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- SATURDAY, 7th.—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 5 p.m., Children's Magic Lantern Entertainment, Admission 1d.—At 8 p.m., Popular Musical Union—Concert and Operetta from "H.M.S. 'Pinafore.'" Admission 3d.
- SUNDAY, 8th.—Library open from 3 to 10.—Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8.
- MONDAY, 9th.—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 8.15 p.m., "The How and Why of Breathing." Admission 1d., 3d., and 6d.
- TUESDAY, 10th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—No practice for Choral Society or Orchestra.
- WEDNESDAY, 11th.—Ash Wednesday.—In Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Sacred Concert by the People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra. Admission 3d.—University Extension Lecture, "English History" in Lecture Hall.—Library open from 10 to 5, and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- THURSDAY, 12th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- FRIDAY, 13th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

A COMPLIMENTARY Dinner was given to Sir Edmund Hay Currie on Saturday last, at the First Avenue Hotel, Holborn. Mr. Walter Besant took the chair, and a goodly number of representatives of the Palace staff, students, and members were present. After the customary toasts, an interesting speech was made by the Chairman, followed by presentations from the Staff, Students, Junior Section and Old Boys' Club to Sir Edmund and Lady Currie. During the evening members of the Choral Society gave a selection of music, and a violin solo by Mr. Cave was much appreciated. Sir Edmund Currie, in reply, made a short and graceful speech, which was followed by others from Mr. Robert Mitchell and Mr. Orton Bradley.

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 21st, we visit Charterhouse and St. Bartholomew's Church, Canon Elwyn having kindly promised to act as guide; we meet at Aldersgate Street Station, 2.30 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 A. MCKENZIE, W. POCKETT, Hon. Secs.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—W. R. Cave, Conductor.—We shall play in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evening next, the 11th inst., at eight o'clock. Members are requested to put music in their cases, and hand all extra parts to the Secretary on Tuesday evening, after rehearsal; also to be in their seats not later than 7.45 on Wednesday evening.—PUBLIC NOTICE.—The Secretary invites Clarinet, Oboe, Bassoon, Trombone, 'Cello and Double Bass players to attend any of our rehearsals on Tuesday and Friday evenings, at eight o'clock, or to send him their addresses, in order that he may communicate with them. WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

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 Cunliffe. On February 21st we perform Handel's "Samson," and on Good

Friday we give our annual rendering of the "Messiah." Barnett's "Ancient Mariner" is in rehearsal, and we hope to be able to give it early in March. We meet as usual on Tuesdays and Fridays, at eight o'clock. 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, are invited to join at once if they wish to take part in the forthcoming concerts.—REPORT FOR THE QUARTER ENDING DECEMBER 19TH, 1890.—During the quarter ending December 19th, 1890, the average number present at each practice was 74, viz.:—27 6 sopranos, 20 altos, 13 4 tenors, 13 basses. This shows an increase of 13 3 over the corresponding quarter of 1889. The largest number present at any practice was 105; the smallest 36. The number of members on the register at the end of the quarter was 150; of these 94 may be classed as regular in attendance, each being present, on the average, at 15 practices out of a possible 23. Considering the distances many have to come, and the unfavourable weather we have lately had, this displays great enthusiasm on the part of the members. If the attendance is regular and punctual there is little doubt that, under the skilful direction of Mr. Bradley, this Society will soon attain a leading place among Metropolitan choral societies. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian, J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

DRAPERS' COMPANY'S TECHNICAL SCHOOL RAMBLERS' CLUB.—On Saturday, the 31st January, fifty-one members visited the North London Railway Works, Bow. Entering by the gate in Bow Road, we were received by Mr. Manico, who placed our party under the charge of four members of the staff. We were divided into four sections, each being under the charge of one of the above-mentioned gentlemen. Starting from the drawing office we were soon in the smith's shop, where a number of interesting operations were going on. The smith was forging bolts; the iron, being heated, was placed in a vertical position and an end hammered by hand to form the bolt-head in the rough; to get the hexagonal shape a die of the required size was used, the die being struck by a sledge hammer worked by the foot. There are several steam hammers here, the largest being of thirty cwt. calibre. This, on the occasion of our visit, was being used to weld scrap iron. On a piece of wood about a foot square is packed, to a height of fourteen or fifteen inches, a mixture of scrap, the pieces being arranged in a way that experience has shown will give the best result. Several of these piles are then put in the furnace and raised to such a temperature that the pieces of iron become very malleable, and by their own weight interlock so as to form one piece. When this stage is reached the furnace door is opened, and a long iron bar, suspended horizontally, is, by men, swung and driven through a now solid pile of iron. By means of the pole the mass is withdrawn and placed on the anvil, there to be, first, hammered into a homogeneous mass; second, to be forged into a definite shape. Another interesting thing seen in the smith's shop was iron cutting by a steam-driven circular saw. It was curious to watch the ease with which a hot iron bar was cut across, a stream of red-hot iron sawdust meanwhile flying off tangentially, the particles of dust, owing to their velocity and temperature, being welded together into most curious shapes. In the wood-working machine shop were seen, amongst a number of things, sawing and mortising machines, an ingenious machine for sharpening band saws, and some excellent specimens of wood used for carriage making. We also saw much to interest us in the foundry and fitting, milling, erecting, wheel and boiler shops, our guides giving us full opportunities. On the walls of one of the shops tracings of excellent drawings of the locomotive of the type now used by the Company were displayed, the originals of which were the work of one of our guides. We finished our ramble at 12.30, having spent in the works as pleasant and profitable a three hours as could be desired. The workmen were very good, and seem very pleased to give information. We have to thank, first, Mr. Parkes for his kind permission; next, the gentlemen who so kindly conducted us and whose names we regret to say have been by us mislaid, or we should have gladly given them. A. G.

POLYTECHNICS AND PEOPLE'S PALACES "are it"—there can be no doubt about it. As straws show which way the tide is flowing, so one or two small, but none the less significant, facts demonstrate that these centres of Social Education are taking firm hold of public esteem and interest. So much so is this the case, that an evening diary, from time to time, devotes a column, which it heads "Institute Gossip," to chronicling the events of institute life, while one or two of our weekly contemporaries regularly devote a certain amount of space to the same object. May our shadows never grow less!

My half-jocular, half-serious Gossip note last week concerning the forthcoming census has brought me an enquiry to which, the answer being of general interest, I will reply in these columns. My interlocutor asks in effect, "How is the census taken?" In answer, here goes.

Let me premise, however, that census-taking is no new thing on this very old planet of ours. Thus 1500 B.C. the Israelites were numbered, it will be remembered, by Moses; and later, by King David himself. The Romans also were fallow to a correct counting of heads, and this is the proper term counting of noses!) and the first English census, but one not extending to Ireland (another injustice, be it noted, to the Distressful Country) was made ninety years ago. It is twenty years, however, since the first imperial census of the British Empire was taken, when it was made to appear that the total number of the Queen's subjects was no less than 247,762,593, the territory on which these people lived extending over 7,769,449 square miles.

Great indeed, at first, were the difficulties encountered, and many were the objections raised by ignorant people to the process. Even in the present day there are a few eccentric souls, who will "spit" some sinister design in the official counting of whose ideas of property, while familiar to themselves, are of a very unpromising kind, and regard, even as a vested interest, the information concerning their ages; spinsters who show fight at the least approach to a "tender" enquiry, and by no means the last, middle-aged or elderly gentlemen, who have conscientious scruples, based on Scripture, to being counted or to have other people counted.

The first steps have been taken towards obtaining the census of 1891, by the Registrars of Birth and Deaths throughout England and Wales, in number more than 3,000, who recently received their instructions from the Registrar-General, directed from the new Census Office in Charles Street, Whitehall, London. The Registrar-General suggests that in towns one efficient enumerator can deal with from 200 to 300 houses, so probably over fifty thousand enumerators will be needed to accomplish the mighty day's work this year of counting every man, woman and child in every room of the kingdom. When we realise what this army has to do, their very moderately paid service seems to resolve itself into the most wonderful of achievements. Every prison, workhouse ward, hotel, mansion, every place of business in town or countryside, the most remote shepherd's hut on mountain or moor, the lighthouse out on its rock at sea, the most hidden abode of disease and squalor in the darkest London slum, must all alike be visited to have their inmates names put down on the papers. Even the homeless have to be sought out, and particulars of some kind obtained from people who, if they were disposed to tell everything, really know very little about themselves. The census has thus its sad or forbidding aspect, as well as its useful and interesting side; and they are brave men who undertake to explore every kitchen, cellar, or cheerless attic of their allotted district.

The census day is Monday, April 6th. During the week prior to that date, each enumerator will call at every house in his district, and leave for each family a schedule, to be filled up, descriptive of all the persons who, at midnight on Sunday, April 5th, are dwelling in the house or tenements, or are out at work or travelling, and are to return on Monday morning. No person dying before twelve o'clock, or child born after twelve, may be counted. The issue of every schedule is to be entered in a book in order to check its due return, and the whole of the issue must be completed by the night of Saturday, April 4th. It will then be the duty of the head of the family, under a penalty of £5, to fill in correctly the several columns of the schedule, giving each individual's full name, relationship, sex, condition as to marriage, age last birthday, rank or occupation, and place of birth, and to state if any are deaf and dumb, blind, imbecile or lunatic. In this, the tenth census, provision will also be made, for the first time, to show how many rooms, if less than five, each family occupies. It will be the duty of the enumerator when calling for the paper on Monday, April 6th, to open and examine it in order to see that it has been correctly and intelligibly filled in, and he may ask any questions which may be necessary to satisfy himself upon this point.

TRULY a gigantic task, and one of which I might write much of interest, census-taking having, as a matter of course, its light and humorous, as well as its serious side. Instructive beyond measure, too, will be these "miles" of figures, and one reassuring fact will be brought out very prominently, viz., the decrease of the prison population. Although the enumerators of the census have to go through every prison as carefully as though each were a private dwelling, the Commissioners really issue particulars of the members under their charge every year. The falling off in the number of convicts, especially, will be found to be very considerable, and such as no other country can show. Thus in the census year 1871, the total number of persons in custody under sentence of penal servitude in Great Britain, Gibraltar, etc., was 11,712. In 1881, the next census year, the total was 10,676; but in July, 1890, the number had fallen to 5,944. Considering how much greater the population is than it was twenty years ago, this is very remarkable. The cost of maintaining convict prisons is over £200,000 a year less than it was at or about the time of the last census. The number of criminal women appears always to have been very much smaller than the number of men; and happily the falling off in the number of female convicts is one of the hopeful signs of the times.

The National Association for the Promotion of Technical and Secondary Education, 14, Dean's Yard, S.W., have just issued two important publications, the first being a report of the proceedings of the Conference of the representatives of County Councils on the utilisation of the new County Council Fund for Education, at which Lord Hartington presided on December 5th last; and the second being an edition of selected reports of committees of County Councils and other schemes and proposals which have been drawn up in various parts of the country, for the utilisation of the same for Technical and Secondary Education. Both of these publications can now be obtained from the offices of the Association, or through any bookseller, price 6d. and 1s. respectively.

I HAVE already referred in these columns to the 'Toynbee Hall work. A similar organisation is Oxford House, Bethnal Green, a meeting in connection with which was held on Wednesday, January 21st, at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor presided, and amongst those present were the Bishop of Bedford, Lord Brassey, Sir Edmund Hay Currie, and the Rev. Canon Scott-Holland. The House, which was opened in 1884, has for its objects: to strengthen and supplement the parochial and other agencies already existing in the neighbourhood, by bringing to bear the fresh energy of a body of laymen, working on definitely Christian lines, and under the guidance of a responsible head; and to form a centre in the heart of the poorer districts of London, where University men and others might study the condition of the poor. A federation of thirty-five non-political and non-alcoholic working men's clubs, with 4,000 members, has been formed, with its centre at Oxford House. On Sunday afternoons lectures are delivered on religious and social subjects, and on Sunday evenings largely attended mission services are held. More commodious premises are urgently required, and a capital site is just now in the market, in Maze Street, within 150 yards of the present building. To secure this site, build a house at a cost of £5,000, lecture-room and bedrooms at over £2,000, and club premises at £2,500, about £12,000 in all is required. Towards this, the hon. treasurer explained, £5,600 had already been raised, and £2,000 had been guaranteed, while there was also the offer of a loan of £2,000 on the site. The Bishop of Bedford bore strong testimony to the good work which has been done by Oxford House during the last five years. It was resolved by the meeting to make every effort to raise the funds necessary for the efficient work of the Institution.

"FORGOTTEN devils" as Celestials call all Westerners, generally imagine they can give ninety-nine points out of every hundred to the Heathen Chinee. Ah Sin, however, does something towards getting to windward; and it is by no means certain there is nothing to learn from him in other directions. For example, titles, as with us, are given "for merit," but in China most of these honours decrease in successive generations, so that if the same custom were in vogue with us, a dukedom would dwindle to a baronetcy in five generations, unless there were a revival of the original patent for reasons personal to the individual. There are only one or two exceptions, mainly in the royal family, "proving the rule," I suppose. At first blush, it seems a good arrangement by which those who deserve honour at the hands of their country receive the same; and it has the advantage of gently "letting down" possible undeserving, if not imbecile successors, examples of which may be found not a hundred miles from the British House of Lords.

Joy kneels, at morning's rosy prime,
In words, to the rising sun,
But sorrow laves the calmer time,
When the day-god his course hath run:
When night is in her shadowy car,
Pale Sorrow wakes while joy doth sleep;
And, guided by the evening star,
She wanders forth to muse and weep.

The Bewitched Clock.

AT one time nearly the whole of the salt used as food and for industrial purposes was obtained from the sea, and in many countries where the climate is dry and warm, and which have a convenient seaboard, a great quantity of salt is still so obtained. In Portugal more than 250,000 tons are annually produced, and the same quantity approximately is obtained on the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts of France. Spain has salt works in the Balearic Island, the Bay of Cadiz, and elsewhere, which turn out annually 300,000 tons, and even the small seaboard of Austria produces 70,000 to 100,000 tons.

WHAT a lot of misguided genius there is in the world to be sure! It appears that for some time past there has been an establishment in America which advertises "shoes for the dead," and which have a convenient seaboard, a great quantity of salt is still so obtained. In Portugal more than 250,000 tons are annually produced, and the same quantity approximately is obtained on the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts of France. Spain has salt works in the Balearic Island, the Bay of Cadiz, and elsewhere, which turn out annually 300,000 tons, and even the small seaboard of Austria produces 70,000 to 100,000 tons.

We often talk of "the good old times," but when we come to look behind the glamour that, "once in a while," lends enchantment, and beaifies the past, we find that sometimes they were, on the contrary, "very bad old times" indeed. The phrase, no doubt, sounds well, but—is it true? There are many who take an opposite view, and consider that alike from a social, a religious, and a political standpoint it is just the reverse. An American divine, a Dr. Minot J. Savage, has just written a very significant article in one of the transatlantic monthlies, and he marshals fact after fact to substantiate this position; to say that the article is well worth reading is very poor praise indeed.

THOSE who follow the banners of Reason are like the well-disciplined battalions, which, wearing a more sober uniform and making a less dazzling show than the light troops commanded by Imagination, enjoy more safety, and even more honour, in the conflicts of human life.—Scott.

Morning hath her songs of gladness,
Sultry noon his fervid glare,
Evening hours, their gentle sadness,
Night his dreams, and rest from care;
But the pensive twilight ever
Gives its own sweet fancies birth,
Waking visions, that may never
Know reality on earth.

HEARD outside the Poly, on a recent Sunday evening; 10° of frost, thick fog, horses falling in all directions.—1st Bus-driver (to 2): "Where's the Rival Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Hamhams, Bill?" 2nd ditto: "Why! Gone to church in one of our busses, of course!"

OUR hand can grasp a hand;
Our eye can meet an eye;
And through these tokens understand
Our mutual sympathy.
A smile can touch the heart;
A word can move the soul;
A sentence make the feelings start,
And streams within us roll.
Then, since these mystic powers
While in the flesh are given,
What blest communion must be ours
When spirits meet in heaven!
Unburdened of the clay

That comes between us here,
Our trammels will be torn away
In that celestial sphere.
And since our spirits thus
Can men's emotions move,
Much more can God who fashioned us
His power within us prove.
With Him we do commune,
In joy, in pain, in grief;
And soon as e'er we seek, so soon
He gives our souls relief.
O rapturous height of bliss,
To which we then may soar:
When, in the world that follows this,
We dwell for evermore!
With God we shall enjoy
More close communion there,
And in His service find employ,
And in His glory share.

ABOUT half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sal'll come down?" The critter promised me, I'm afraid to move here, 'cause 't might break my shins over somethin' or 'nother, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar-bear here. Oh, here comes Sally!"

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a roaring fire in the cooking-stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door:

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?" "Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe. "I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe, and running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in a corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman up stairs.

"It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and, corroborating the words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again, and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak. "Good gracious! it's father."

"The deacon, by jingo!" cried Joe; "hide me, Sal!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he; "I'll squeeze into the clock-case."

And without another word he concealed himself in the case, and drew to the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking-stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking very deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes; then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better go and feed the critters first, sir, and smoke afterwards?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No; smokin' clears my head and wakes me up!" answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment. Bur-r-r—whizz—ding—ding! went the clock.

"Tormed and lightin'!" cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe to the stove. "What in creation is that?"

Whizz! ding! ding! ding! went the old clock, furiously.

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally, tremulously.

"Powers of mercy!" cried the deacon, "striking five! It's struck a hundred already!"

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what is the matter of the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before!"

Whizz! bang! bang! bang! went the clock.

"It'll burst itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothing left of it!"

"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," he said, after a pause, advancing resolutely towards the clock, "I'll see what's got into it." "Oh, don't!" cried the daughter, affectionately seizing one of his coat-tails, while his faithful wife hung to the other.

"Don't," chorused both the women together.

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the deacon; "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness!"

But the women would not let go; so the deacon slipped off his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death-grasp. The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, came from the inside, and then the clock-case pitched headforemost on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its proportions.

The current of air extinguished the light; the deacon, the old lady, and Sally, fled upstairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered. The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed its whole affair, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the version, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock-case existed only in a distempered imagination.

Death and Immortality.

[FROM A SCIENTIFIC POINT OF VIEW.]

An Address delivered by the Rev. E. McClure, M.A.

THE subject which I have ventured to bring before you this evening is a very difficult one, and yet it is, perhaps, one of the most important that could exercise the human mind. I have some assistance in speaking of it at all, but at the special invitation of one of your friends, I was induced to come here to say what I have learned about it. The subject is the "Scientific Aspect of Death and Immortality."

The consideration of Death has occupied thoughtful men at all times. Death has been in the world from the very origin of life. It has confronted each passing generation, and seemed to render futile the efforts of all men. Standing before us on every avenue to which we turn; in the midst of our health, in the midst of our wealth, in the midst of our strength and youth, it has cast its dark shadow across our way. It stands before us to testify seemingly to the futility of all our efforts, since all we can come to dust and ashes. But, notwithstanding the sermons which Death preaches to us from day to day, and has preached to men from the beginning, upon the vanity of earthly things, man has never allowed Death to tyrannize over him to that extent that he could not see any advantage in the life which he has in the world, there has in all times and in all places been a strong conviction that death was not the end of life, and amongst the most cultivated races, where some doubt upon this subject may have been raised, we have the enlightened men amongst them discussing the question of immortality—long prior to Plato, and from Plato down to our own time. It is a subject, therefore, which has never lost its interest.

Death has been ruling in the world, as I have said, from the very origin of life, long before man appeared upon the scene. Ages before man took up his stand upon this planet, Death had been at work everywhere. We cannot, except we were ignorant and prejudiced, deny the evidence of the rocks. For millions of years—we cannot tell how many—before man appeared on this earth, there were living things which became dead things, and with the appearance of man comes also the appearance of man's death. We know from this sacred Book that sin and death are associated; but we must beware of thinking that the death that is referred to in relation to sin is merely physical death. For I think I can show you, if you are not prejudiced, that physical death is a necessity under the limitations of our existence on this plane. The disobedience which "brought death into the world" brought something different from physical death, something of which physical death was but the shadow.

It is easy to see that, if death did not hold sway in this world under existing conditions, in a very short time the world would be quite incapable of holding the denizens upon it.

There is one small fly, belonging to a class called by a Greek word signifying "belonging to a day," which comes into existence on a summer afternoon, and before the next sun has set has gone through all the functions of its life. It has had its courtship, its marriage, its progeny, and death; and it has been calculated by a naturalist, cautious about such subjects, that if this small insect did not die, that in a comparatively short time the whole globe would be covered ten feet thick with their living bodies.

At the late meeting of the British Association, the question was discussed as to what the population of the world would be at its normal rate of increase in a hundred and fifty years from the present time; and it was then shown that, reckoning so many acres of arable land or so many square rods to the support of each individual, that in some hundred and fifty years, supposing the normal rate of increase to continue, we should be on the border line which Malthus long ago anticipated, the borderland of the supply not meeting the demand. In the first chapter of Genesis, which is read in the course of the Church's lessons on this Septuagesima Sunday, the words to our first parents were to go into the world "and multiply and replenish the earth." If that process we call death, it does not need much calculation to see that if it would, in a very short time, have been impossible for the earth to sustain the multitudes upon it. That is, supposing that men became aged and unfit to work as they do now. But it might have been possible that the inhabitants of the earth should not become old, or worn out and unfit to work as they do now. That it might have been possible that it should be an eternal youth. That would, however, have raised a greater difficulty, because the population would have increased in greater proportion. So I think we see that death is, as Weissman argues, a kind of natural selection for the advancement of the race. By the weeding out of the old and incapable by the constant introduction of new and strong blood, there are all the conditions of progress. But what about the individual? Is death a selection to meet the requirements of the race, and the condition of his progress from step to step—what about the individual? Does he disappear? Is there no more of him? Does the race continue only at the sacrifice of the individuals that constitute it, from generation to generation?

Now, that is the question upon which I intend to dwell during the few minutes at my disposal here this afternoon. About a hundred and fifty years ago there was a very learned divine, who wrote a very important work, which has come down to

us, and is still used as a text-book. That was Bishop Butler, the Bishop of Durham, and his book was called the "Analogy of Religion." In the first chapter of this book he deals with the permanence of the soul; and, although he uses some arguments which have lost their cogency, he employs others which have, I think, a permanent value. Among the arguments that have maintained their validity to the present time, the first is, that while the body breaks up day by day, while with every exercise of muscle or of brain there is a degradation and breaking up of the tissue, and, as a result, its subsequent removal from the body, the soul's presence is permanent. It has been calculated that within ten or more years all the tissues of the body become entirely changed, including even the most permanent tissues, such as the tissues of the nervous system; and, therefore, all that we call the body of a man at one time—say when he is the first—everything that makes him a man so far as his physical qualities are concerned—all these become changed, have been replaced in ten or more years, and yet there is a continuity of the individual notwithstanding. The body is different, but yet there is something that makes the man one and the same he is, it may be twenty or thirty years ago, as far as his memory carries him back. He knows that he is the same individual as he was ten, twenty, or thirty years ago, though no part of his body is the same. Therefore, the bishop argues, that if the soul survives the gradual removal of the tissues of the body—supplanted as they are by new tissues—the removal of the tissues of the body is no reason to believe that it will survive the sudden removal of the whole by death.

In another argument the Bishop considers the body itself to be but an instrument of the soul. Just as the microscope or telescope is an instrument which the eye uses to reveal things which the eye could not see; so the eye itself is an instrument used by the spiritual principle or soul. Just as a hammer is used to break a stone, so the arm which wields it is used by the soul as an instrument for its purposes. In fact, the entire body is but an instrument, and just as the breaking of the hammer would not destroy the arm, or the destruction of the microscope or telescope destroy the seeing eye, so the destruction of the eye, or arm, or whole body, will not destroy that which uses them as instruments.

Now that is one of Bishop Butler's arguments, and one, I think, you will admit of considerable cogency. But we stand on vantage-ground when we compare this view with the thinking of the bright glare of nineteenth century science. We know a great deal more than Bishop Butler, and what we do know strengthens rather than lessens the conviction that Bishop Butler had about our future life. If Bishop Butler or anyone of his time were asked, when they saw a candle burn down into the socket until there was no more of it, what had it become? They would say, it had gone into the void, and there was no more of it. Well, some forty years after the time of Bishop Butler another Englishman, called Priestly—not a bishop, but a Unitarian—discovered oxygen, and within a very short time the theory of combustion became known; and then, for the first time, one could say, what had been asked what became of the candle on being burnt, one could have answered, the candle disappeared, not because it had lost anything, but because something had been added to it. In other words, the candle disappears because oxygen is added to it, and that is the whole theory of combustion. From this theory of combustion to the recognition of the permanence of matter is a very little step. The early Greeks came to the conclusion that matter was indestructible, but they had no proof of it. But from Priestly's discovery until now every scientific man knows, and is sure, and it is the conviction of every man who understands the question, that there is no place in Nature where you can put your finger and say "here is a case of the destruction of matter," and that all that occurs, and there is full compensation for what disappears. So far with regard to matter. But there is something else in the world beside matter. There is energy, and various forms of energy. There are the energies of external nature, the energy of heat, the energy of light that we get from the sun, and electricity, gravitation—all these great forms of energy—and then there is the energy of thought, the energy of influence, the spiritual energy—all these are energies. Now, is there no illustration in Nature of the loss of energy? That was a point the ancients could not discuss because they knew little about the difference between matter and energy. And so the question did not receive a settlement until 1846, and then another great Englishman, who has not long gone to his rest, Joule of Manchester, read a paper before the British Association of that year, announcing, for the first time, what was called the mechanical equivalent of heat, and from this was soon elaborated what is known as the law of the conservation of energy. Just as it is true you cannot say "here is a loss of matter," anywhere in Nature, so it is equally true that there is no loss of energy anywhere. There is change, transition from one form of energy to another, but there is no disappearance without compensation, no loss. So I think we may come to the conclusion, as scientific men have come to the conclusion, that the words "destruction," "annihilation," and so forth, although they appear in our dictionaries, are bereft of all real meaning. There is no such thing as destruction anywhere in the whole realm of Nature. Now I think you will admit that is a great deal in addition to Bishop Butler's argument. Instead of being in a universe in which things seem to come and go out of existence, in which caprice seems to rule everywhere, we know now that the whole universe is under law

and order, and that the march of events tends towards some definite result. We live in a universe in which there is no destruction of matter or energy, where nothing is left to caprice or chance. Now I think one would prefer living with such a conception of the universe rather than in the universe of the ancients, in which everything seemed to be under the sway of chance or accident. When we think of how the ancients looked out at the world, we can realise for ourselves what a puzzling spectacle it was. It must have seemed to be ruled by conflicting and discordant powers. The moon, for instance, was not the same form every night; it did not rise nightly in the same quarter of the heavens, or precisely at the same time. The sun did not rise precisely in the same quarter, and set or rise daily at the same hour. Some stars moved across the face of the heavens, while the rest remained relatively fixed in position. The tides came and went at seemingly capricious hours; they did not ebb or flow at the same time every day. All things seemed to be under caprice, and man himself seemed to be the prey of accidents and chances. Well, we have outlived all that. Science has done a great deal for us, for it has eliminated all these caprices in Nature and has brought into harmony the seemingly conflicting whole. And with regard to the special subject which I am dealing with, it has laid down this great principle, that whatever exists now will exist—perhaps in another form—but certainly will exist hereafter. There are new conditions, new changes, but there is the permanence of everything. But you naturally ask me, how do we know of the body and soul? What is the value of this doctrine of permanence in regard to them? You may point out to me that when the body breaks up and returns into Nature's treasury, that of it goes to build up trees and shrubs and grass, and whatever activity there is in man is dissipated. Now, there are three ways of looking upon the permanence of what we call ourselves. We may consider, for instance, the permanence of our influence. We think, and act, and speak, and the deeds done and the words spoken go into other lives, set other minds thinking, and are carried on from generation to generation, so that personal influence may be said to be in this respect immortal. That is one true sense of immortality; but there is another sense of it, and a very important one too, and that is this, that every act of the mind, every act, physical, or bodily, or mental, does not cease to be. It passes away from the region of experience, but it is, nevertheless, written in an indestructible character, in an indestructible medium. That is that with every activity of body and mind, there is the development of heat, and heat is a form of energy, a mode of motion. It is taken up by the ether, which I should like to explain to you, but it would take some time to do so; and this trustworthy medium preserves that heat transcript of our activity for ever more; so that everything we do, everything that is done, is ultimately transcribed in this ether, which permeates all things and binds all things together. That is a somewhat terrible thought about permanence. That we can do nothing, even the most secret thing, without thinking, and thinking produces the breaking up of brain tissue and the evolution of heat, and our lives become thus transcribed in this adamantine material for evermore. That is a view of permanence which has some terrors for us. But there is another form of permanence, and that is the one we aim after and are seeking for: the permanence of our own individuality, independent of our acts or deeds, whether they are treasured up in Nature's storehouse as physical energies, or passed on as influence from one man to another. We usually think that the brain is the seat of the soul; and men have gone so far as to locate in old times the exact point of the brain where the soul lives. Some have found it in the cerebral lobes, others have found it in the medulla oblongata, others have found it in the pineal gland and elsewhere; but I think we may safely say that the soul is no more in our brain than it is in our boots. The brain is a mere revealer of the soul. Just as the eye takes up the vibrations of the ether, which we call light, and reveals them, so the brain is the revealer of what we call ourselves—our mental activity and character—and the more perfect the brain is the more perfect the revelation. But this is a point which would perhaps take another lecture to enter fully into, so you will excuse me, as the time is short, from entering more fully into it now. I am throwing out suggestions which may raise more difficulties than any with which you came into the room, but which give a new aspect to the question. The brain is a revealer. It does not create the life—though I thought life—that which goes to make up ourselves, our character. If our thoughts, if our individuality depended upon the arrangement of the molecules of the brain, then the change effected by death would mean the transference into some other form of physical activity of that which we call soul. But I think it does not require much thought to see the fallacy of this. Thought is unique in this world. It cannot be compared with the motion of molecules of matter. In fact, there is no physiologist now who believes in the old materialistic doctrine that thought is a secretion of the brain, as bile is a secretion of the liver. The ego, the self, is something above and beyond the brain. The brain is merely a revealer, a kind of subtle combination of matter that takes its changes from something not within it. The most unstable thing in the world, it reveals in its response to supersensual activities, thoughts that make each man what he is. Instead of the soul being in the brain, and the being in the words of this old Book, it is in Him—"in God—we live and move and have our being."

I will give you an illustration of how this theory may be realised; for practical illustrations, although they are not arguments, sometimes bring home a truth more impressively than arguments themselves. You are familiar with the great bell of Westminster, Big Ben, I believe, it is called. And no doubt you are familiar also with the principle connected with the air pump; and you know if I could put Big Ben under the receiver of an air pump and exhaust the air, that I might ring Big Ben, set its particles in vibration for evermore, and yet, as far as my hearing is concerned, Big Ben would be non-existent to me. I ask you to imagine still more—consider the Big Ben, in addition to being inaudible, because there is no air under the receiver, that it became also invisible. Now, suppose Big Ben placed under the receiver, rendered inaudible by having the air thoroughly exhausted, and suppose, for the sake of argument, that it is invisible also. Now, if we set in a current of air into the receiver whilst the vibration of the particles is going on, we begin to hear the note, and then its octave, and so forth. And if a physicist were brought to explain it he would naturally say, "Oh, I understand it all. These sounds that are produced are the result of the configuration of the molecules of the air. Whenever the molecules of the air get into a certain relation to each other, they produce a sound. This sound comes from the 'configuration,' as it is said in mathematics, of the particles of the air." Then if someone showed him to bell as the source of the air vibration, he would have to give up his theory. He would be forced to say, "I am entirely wrong. I have those who associate the thought-life with the molecular vibrations of the brain, and think that the brain is the creator of that life, are exactly in the same position as that physicist who traced the sounds to this configuration of the air under the receiver." I have thrown out this simply as a suggestion, and I am aware of the difficulties attaching to it, but the extension of our knowledge of the activities of the universe, the discoveries, for instance, of the infra red and ultra violet vibrations of the solar spectrum, give a growing support to such a theory, lead us to think that we touch, by direct perception, only the fringe of what exists. You see now, to sum up, that we have the two strong arguments laid down by Bishop Butler; we have this conviction brought home by science, that nothing is lost either in the field of matter or energy; we have considered the brain as the revealer, and not the creator of thought; and we have the word of God telling us that it is in God we live, "in Him we live, and move, and have our being." We come, now, to see how the perfection of our nature is the condition of our understanding aright what God is. If He reveals Himself in this way, the perfection of our nature must be a condition of the fullness of this revelation: the more perfect a man is the more perfect a revelation He receives. All men, we should have the most perfect revelation of God. If God must be revealed to us through man, and there is no other way, the most perfect men are His seers and prophets. All this is from the mere standpoint of secular logic. Now think of this: how Christ was in the beginning before man and physical energy were in existence, and at the end He will be still existing, and the sum of all existence, and the purpose of all things and the meaning of all things, that He is the Alpha and Omega, that He is the beginning and the end, that He is the Life as well as the Light of men—the eternal life, the eternal life, the Christ life, the God life. Think of this, and we shall see that communion with Christ means putting aside the sin that mars our nature and His revelation to us, and the purifying of our hearts to make them receptive of His power and beauty and glory. We shall then feel what true life is, that it is indeed in Him we live in the highest and truest sense. The imperfections of our nature, the sin that mars the world and mars our own character and distorts our reasoning, distorts our emotions, distorts all that makes us what we are—this is it, which is the face of God. It is the thing we influence that shuts out the face of God. It is the thing we highest interest. Once we realise that it is sin that mars our nature, and shuts out the highest life, then we shall come to realise what Jesus Christ is to us; realise that He is everything to us, and that His love can supply His place. And the only thing that prevents Him out of these hearts of ours, the only thing that has given us means to combat and get rid of. Therefore, if there are any here who have preferred sin with its faded pleasures to this revelation of Jesus Christ in all His glory and majesty, let him think of it that he is marring his best nature, that he himself is shutting out the light of God, and the life of God; that he is losing that for which he is born and brought into the world. Such thoughts as these make, indeed, the sum more fully what the gospel—the good news—means. For having Him we have all. He is the world—means. For having Him we have all. He is the sum total of all that we can live for. The parable of the man who found the treasure and sold all that he had, and bought the field in which it was; the man who found the goodly pearl, and sold all that he had to buy it, typify the value of the gospel of Jesus Christ to everyone. Everything may be sacrificed for that. We may well sell all that we have for that, for all else—all of the things we put in place of Him—will one day pass away.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1891,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, BY THE

CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

OF THE

POPULAR MUSICAL UNION.

Conductor, Mr. W. HENRY THOMAS. Hon. Sec., Mrs. E. HART.

RECITAL OF THE MUSIC OF

H.M.S. "PINAFORE,"

By W. S. GILBERT AND SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

By kind permission of Mr. R. DOVLY CARTE, Mr. W. S. GILBERT, and SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Musical Director, Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

PART I.

1. PART SONG .. "Song of the Vikings" .. Eaton Fanning.

The wind is blowing from off the shore,
And our sail has felt its force,
For our bark bounds forth o'er the crested waves,
As a wild and restive horse;
Our sharp prow cleaves the billows,
And breaks them into spray,
And they brightly gleam in the glad sunlight,
As we speed upon our way.

Lords of the waves we are,
Kings of the seething foam,
Warriors bold from the Norseland cold,
Far o'er the sea we roam.

We have left our wives and sweethearts fair
On the rock encircled strand,
To entreat the gods to watch o'er their loves,
And to bring them back to land;
Each day they'll pray to heaven,
Nor will they pray in vain,
For the gods will watch o'er our sturdy bark,
And will guide her home again.

Lords of the waves we are, etc.
To our oars we bend with a right good will,
And all sorrow leave behind,
As the white wing'd gulls which around us skim,
We are racing, racing with the wind;
And when our foes are vanquished,
And we return once more,
Oh, the welcome glad they will greet us with,
As we gain the long'd for shore.

2. SONG .. "Maid of Athens" .. Allen.

Maid of Athens, o'er we part,
Give, oh! give me back my heart.
Or since that has left my breast,
Keep it now and take the rest;
Hear my vow before I go—
My life, I love but thee.
By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each agean wind,
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge,
By those wild eyes like the roe;
Hear my vow before I go—
My life, I love but thee.

Maid of Athens, I am gone,
Think of me, sweet, when alone,
Tho' I fly to Isthambol
Athens hold my heart and soul;
Can I cease to love thee—
No, my life, I love but thee.

3. SONG .. "Spinning" .. Cowen.

Steadily spinning, one hot summer day,
Hark to the hum of the wheel,
Thinking when someone may pass by this way,
To urge perhaps his tender appeal.
'Twas just in the porch where the maiden sat,
Dreaming and spinning away,
But once 'gin to dream, 'tis good-bye to the wcr,
At least on a hot summer day.

Lazily spinning, that hot summer day,
Faint is the hum of the wheel;
A soft dreamy languor pervades the young maid,
And over her senses doth steal.
First a white rounded arm drops listlessly down,
Her head sinketh on to her breast;
Then the long silken lashes droop over her cheek,
And the maid and the wheel are at rest.
Quietly sleeping, that hot summer day,
Hushed is the hum of the wheel;
The warren's son haply passes this way,
And near to the maiden doth steal.
See, she smiles in her sleep, she dreams perhaps of one
Who has thought of a moment like this;
So he wakes her to say, what I leave you to guess,
And she wakes with the start of a kiss.

4. SONG .. "Rochester Bells" .. Marzials.

Oh! gaily rang the bells from Rochester steeple,
As home up the Medway we sailed with the tide,
And oh! my heart was gay, till I heard some town people
Declare Polly Jones was the name of the bride;
Down sank my spirits from fever to zero,
Gone with the love-dreams I cherished at sea;
They said at Trafalgar I fought like a hero,
I sobbed like a child upon Rochester quay;
Would I had died by our brave Nelson's side,
For life without Polly was nothing to me.
And gaily rang the bells from Rochester steeple,
As home up the Medway we sailed with the tide,
And oh! my heart was sad, for I'd heard the town people
Say my Polly Jones was another man's bride.
But joy quickly checked the tears I was shedding,
For whom should I see through the mist in my eyes,
But Polly, my own Polly, not in white for a wedding,
But as sweet as a rose, and as red with surprise.

"They told me the bells rang for your wedding, Polly,
Oh! say 'tis not true and ease my distress;"
"Nay, Jack," she replied, "I ne'er thought of such folly,
Do I look like a bride in this dowry old dress?"
Polly and Jones are names common as stones,
'Tis some other Polly Jones being married I guess."
And gaily rang the bells from Rochester steeple
As home up the Medway we sailed with the tide,
And oh! my heart was glad tho' I heard the town people
Declare Polly Jones was the name of the bride.
"So you cried when you thought I was married, you gaby,
The tears in your eyes bring the tears to my own;
There can't be any harm in my kissing such a baby!
So perhaps I might kiss you if we were alone."
I cried "Be my wife," and says she "Why what a racket!
You sailors are such an excitable crew;
If I marry at all it shall be a blue jacket,
And I'm waiting for one who is tender and true!
What! is that not clear—why, you foolish old dear,
I'm waiting, my Jack—I'm waiting for you."
And gaily rang the bells from Rochester steeple,
And gaily the vessels sailed home with the tide;
And oh! my heart was glad as I heard the town people
Say "God bless you, Polly Jones," and Polly was my bride.

5. PART SONG .. "Trumpet blow, Music flow" .. Gounod.

POPULAR MUSICAL UNION CHOIR.
Trumpet blow, music flow
Thro' the land in glad streams;
Our king feasts high,
While throned high,
Irene, star like beams:
May ev'ry gale that roves
To fair Irene's cheek so fair,
Bear from the perfumed groves
The od'rous sigh of flowers rare,
Maid from the Golden Horn!
Maid by Olympus born!
Sunny maid from the Grecian strand
Join the dance with linked hand
And on the marble cold,
Oh, let your anklets ring in chimes of gold,
Trump t' blow, music flow.

6. SONG .. "Angus Macdonald" .. Roedel.

Mrs. HELEN TRUST.

7. CORNET SOLO .. "La Neige" .. Arban.

Mr. WALTER MORROW.

8. SONG .. "Let not age" .. Giordani.

Mrs. HELEN TRUST.
Let not age thy bloom ensnare,
You can find no pleasure there;
Fleeting joys you'll seek in vain,
Joys that ne'er return again,
Ev'ry moment then improve,
Fleeting are those of joy and love,
Wisely think the young and gay
But the tenants of a day.

PART II.
SELECTIONS FROM H.M.S. 'PINAFORE'

CHARACTERS:

Josephine Mrs. HELEN TRUST.
Buttercup Miss HANNAH JONES.
Cousin Hebe Mr. CLAUDE RAVENHILL.
Ralph Mr. BERTRAM LATTER.
Captain Corcoran Mr. LENNINGTON.
Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. Mr. A. WAY.
Dick Daady Mr. A. LEWIS.
Boatswain Mrs. THORBURN.

Sailors & Relations—POPULAR MUSICAL UNION CHOIR.
The accompaniments will be played by the Orchestra of the Popular Musical Union.

At the Piano Mrs. THORBURN.

1.—CHORUS.

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.
When the balls whistle free o'er the bright blue sea,
We stand to our guns all day;
When at anchor we ride on the Portsmouth tide,
We have plenty of time to play.

2.—Little BUTTERCUP—RECIT.
Hail, men-o'-wars' men, safeguards of your nation,
Here is an end, at last, of all privation;
You've got your pay—spare all you can afford
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

ARIA.

For I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
Though I never could tell why,
But still I'm called Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup, I,
I've snuff, and tobacco, and excellent jacky,
I've scissors, and watches, and knives;
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives
I've treacle, and toffee, and excellent coffee,
Soft tomy and succulent chops;
I've chickens, and conies, and pretty polonies,
And excellent peppermint drops.
Then buy of your Buttercup—dear little Buttercup,
Sailors should never be shy;
So, buy of your Buttercup—poor little Buttercup,
Come of your Buttercup, buy!

RALPH, a simple sailor, is in love with JOSEPHINE, the Captain's daughter.

3.—ARIA.—RALPH.

A maiden fair to see,
The pearl of minstrelsy,
A bud of blushing beauty;
For whom proud nobles sigh,
And with each other vie
To do her menial's duty.
A suitor, lowly born,
With hopeless passion torn,
And poor beyond concealing,
Has dared for her to pine,
At whose exalted shine
A world of wealth is kneeling!
A world of wealth is kneeling!
Unlearned is he in aught
Save that which Love has taught
(For Love has been his tutor);
Oh, pity, pity me—
Our Captain's daughter she,
And I that lowly suitor!
And he that lowly suitor!

4.—Captain CORCORAN, of H.M.S. "Pinafore."

RECIT.
My gallant crew, good morning,
Sir, good morning!
I hope you're all quite well.
Quite well, and you, sir?
I am in reasonable health, and happy
To meet you all once more.
You do us proud, sir!

SONG—CAPTAIN.
I am the Captain of the Pinafore!
And a right good captain, too!
You're very, very good,
And be it understood,
I command a right good crew.

All. We're very, very good,
And be it understood,
He commands a right good crew.
Capt. Though related to a peer,
I can hand, reef, and steer,
And ship a seelavge;
I am never known to quail
At the fury of the gale,
And I'm never, never sick at sea.
All. What, never?
Capt. No, never!
All. What, never?
All. He's hardly ever sick at sea!
Then give three cheers and one cheer more
For the hardy captain of the Pinafore!
I do my best to satisfy you all—
And with you we're quite content.
Capt. You're exceedingly polite,
And I think it only right
To return the compliment.
All. We're exceedingly polite,
And he thinks it only right
To return the compliment.
Capt. Bad language or abuse
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
"Though 'bother it' I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D—
What, never?
All. No, never!
Capt. What, never?
All. Hardly ever!
Hardly ever swears a big, big D—
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more
For the well-bred captain of the Pinafore!
But. (Recit.) Sir, you are sad—the silent eloquence
Of yonder tear that trembles on your eyelash,
Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than common;
Confide in me—fear not—I am a mother.
Capt. Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sorry—
My daughter, Josephine, the fairest flower
That ever blossomed on ancestral timber,
Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter,
Our Admiralty's First Lord, but for some reason,
She does not seem to tackle kindly to it.
But. (with emotion) Ah, poor Sir Joseph! Ah, I know too well
The anguish of a heart that loves but vainly!
But see, here comes your most attractive daughter
I go—Farewell!
Capt. (looking after her) A plump and pleasing person!

5.—BALLAD.—JOSEPHINE.

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
Sad are the sighs that own the spell,
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!
Sad is the hour when sets the sun—
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,
When to the ark the wearied one
Flies from the empty waste of waters;
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

The Captain tells Josephine that he has promised her hand to the Admiral, Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., and she confesses to him her love for the sailor, Ralph.

6 AND 7.—BARGAROLLE.—CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Over the bright blue sea,
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.;
Wherever he may go,
Bang-bang the loud nine-pounders go!
Shout o'er the bright blue sea
For Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.
We're smart and sober men,
And quite devoid of le-er,
In all the Royal N.

None are so smart as we are.
Maidens. Lightly skipping,
Flock the maidens to the shipping,
Flags and guns and pennants dipping!
Sailors. All the ladies love the shipping.
Maidens. Sailors sprightly,
Always rightly,
Welcome ladies so politely;

Ladies who can smile so brightly,
Sailors welcome most politely,
Sailors welcome most politely,
Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Capt. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

All. 8.—**SONG.**—**SIR JOSEPH.**
I am the monarch of the sea,
The ruler of the Queen's Navee,
Whose praise Great Britain loudly chaunts.
And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts.
Maidens. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts.
Sir Joseph. When at anchor here I ride,
My bosom swells with pride,
And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunt;
And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
Cousin Hebe. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
All. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
Sir Joseph. But when the breezes blow,
I generally go below,
And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants!
And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
Cousin Hebe. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
All. Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts!

9.—**SONG.**—**SIR JOSEPH.**
When I was a lad I served a term
As office-boy to an attorney's firm,
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up the handle so carefully,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.
CHORUS.—He polished, etc.

As office-boy I made such a mark,
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk;
I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand—
I copied all the letters in the Queen's Navee.
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.
CHORUS.—He copied, etc.

In serving writs I made such a name,
That an article clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a brand new suit
For the pass examination at the Institute.
And that pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.
CHORUS.—And that pass, etc.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip,
That they took me into their partnership;
And that junior partnership I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.
CHORUS.—But that kind, etc.

I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament;
I always voted at my party's call;
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
I thought so little, they rewarded me,
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.
CHORUS.—He thought so little, etc.

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree;
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—
Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee.
CHORUS.—Stick close, etc.

Ralph tells his love to Josephine, but she spurns him.
[Sings and cuts out.]

11.—**DUET.**—**JOSEPHINE** AND **RALPH.**
Jos. Refrain, audacious tar,
Your suit from pressing;
Remember what you are,
And whom addressing!
Proud lords to seek my hand,
In throngs assemble;
The loftiest in the land,
Bow down and tremble!
(Aside.) I'd laugh my rank to scorn,
In union holy;
Were he more highly born,
Or I more lowly!
Ralph. Proud lady, have your way,
Unfeeling beauty!
You speak and I obey,
It is my duty!
I am the lowliest tar,
That sails the water;
And you, proud maiden, are
My captain's daughter!
(Aside.) My heart, with anguish torn,
Bows down before her;
She laughs my love to scorn,
Yet I adore her!

Ralph (Recit.) Can I survive this overbearing,
Or live a life of mad despairing,
My proffered love despised, rejected?
No, no, it's not to be expected!
(Calling Off.)
12.—**Messmates, ahoy!**
All. Come here! I come here!
Aye, aye, my boy,
What cheer, what cheer?
What cheer, what cheer?
Ralph. Be warned, my messmates all,
Who love in rank above you—
For Josephine I fall!
Jos. Ah! stay your hand! I love you!
All. Ah! stay your hand—she loves you!
Ralph (Incredulously.) Loves me!
Jos. Loves you;
All. Yes, yes—ab, yes—she loves you!

JOSEPHINE, COUSIN HEBE AND RALPH.
Oh joy! oh rapture unforeseen
For now the sky is all serene,
The god of day—the orb of love,
Has hung his ensign high above,
The sky is all a-blaze.
With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along,
And if I find the maiden coy,
I'll murmur forth decorous joy
In dreamy roundelays.
All. Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride
Who casts all thoughts of rank aside—
Who gives up home and fortune too
For the honest love of a sailor true!
For a British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird,
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word.
His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl,
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude.

ENTR'ACTE.
13.—**SONG.**—**CAPTAIN** AND **COORAN.**
Fair moon, to thee I sing!
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is ev'rything
Either at sixes or at sevens?
I have liv'd hitherto,
Free from the breath of slander;
Belov'd by all my crew,
A really popular Commander,
But now my kindly crew rebel,
My daughter to a tar is partial;
Sir Joseph storms, and sad to tell,
He threatens a court-martial!
Fair moon, to thee I sing!
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is ev'rything,
Either at sixes or at sevens?

DUET.—**LITTLE BUTTERCUP** AND **CAPTAIN.**
But. Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream;
Highlows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.
Capt. (Fuzzled.) Very true,
So they do.
But. Black sheep dwell in every fold;
All that glitters is not gold;
Storks turn out to be but logs;
Bulls are but inflated frogs.
Capt. (Fuzzled.) So they be,
Frequentees.
But. Drops the wind and stops the mill;
Turbot is ambitious brill;
Gild the farthing if you will,
But it is a farthing still.
Capt. (Fuzzled.) Yes, I know,
That is so.
Thought to catch your drift I'm striving,
It is shady—it is shady;
I don't see at what you're driving,
Mystic lady—mystic lady.
(Aside.) Stern convictions o'er me stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing,
In oracular revealing,
Stern convictions o'er him stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.
Both. Yes, I know,
That is so.

Capt. Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like that for ever;
Once a cat was killed by care;
Only brave deserve the fair.
But. Very true,
So they do.
Capt. Wink is often good as nod;
Spoils the child who spares the rod;
Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers;
Dogs are found in many mangers.
But. Frequentees,
I agree.
Capt. Paw of cat the chestnut snatches;
Worn-out garments show new patches;
Only count the chick that hatches;
Men are grown-up catchey-catches.
But. Yes, I know,
That is so.
(Aside.) Thought to catch my drift he's striving,
I'll dissemble—I'll dissemble;
When he sees at what I'm driving,
Let him tremble—let him tremble!
ENSEMBLE.
Thought a mystic tone I borrow,
(I shall learn the truth with sorrow,
(You will) learn the truth with sorrow,
Here to-day, and gone to-morrow;
Yes I know,
That is so.

16.—**SIR JOSEPH** expresses his disappointment that **JOSEPHINE** will not listen to his suit.
TRIO.—**SIR JOSEPH, CAPTAIN,** AND **JOSEPHINE.**
Captain. Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore,
Though his lordship's station's mighty,
Though stupendous be his brain,
Though your tastes are mean and flighty,
And your fortune poor and plain,
Capt. & Sir J. Ring the merry bells on board ship,
Kend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of my lordship
With a humble captain's child!
Capt. (Aside.) For a gallant captain's daughter—
Sir J. And a lord who rules the water—
Jos. (Aside.) And a tar who ploughs the water!
All. Let the air with joy be laden,
Kend with song the air above,
For the union of a maiden
With the man who owns her love.
Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore,
Though your mutual relation (alluding to Capt.)
In my set could scarcely pass,
Though you occupy a station
In the lower middle class.
C. and S. Ring the merry bells on board ship,
Kend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of my lordship
With a humble captain's child.
Sir J. For a gallant captain's daughter—
Jos. (Aside.) And a lord who rules the water—
Capt. And a tar who ploughs the water!
Jos. (Aside.) Let the air with joy be laden,
All. Fill with songs the air above,
For the union of a maiden
With the man who owns her love.
Jos. Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore
I admit its jurisdiction;
Aby have you played your part;
You have carried firm conviction
To my hesitating heart.
C. and S. Ring the merry bells on board ship,
Kend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of my lordship
With a humble captain's child.
Jos. (Aside.) For a gallant captain's daughter—
C. and S. And a lord who rules the water—
Jos. (Aside.) And a tar who ploughs the water.
(Aloud.) Let the air with joy be laden,
C. and S. Ring the merry bells on board ship,
Jos. For the union of a maiden—
C. and S. For her union with his lordship,
All. Rend with songs the air above,
For the man who owns her love.

DICK DEADEYE warns the **CAPTAIN.**

18.—**DUET.**—**CAPTAIN** AND **DICK DEADEYE.**
Dick. Kind captain, I've important information,
Sing hey, the kind commander that you are,
About a certain intimate relation,
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
Both. The merry maiden and the tar.
Capt. Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking,
Sing hey, the mystic sailor that you are;
The answer to them vainly I am seeking,
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
Both. The merry maiden and the tar.
Dick. Kind captain, your young lady is a-sighing,
Sing hey, the simple captain that you are;
This very night with Rackstraw to be flying,
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
Both. The merry maiden and the tar.
Capt. Good fellow, you have given timely warning,
Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are;
I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning,
Sing hey, the cat-o'-nine tails and the tar,
The merry cat-o'-nine tails and the tar.
[Part of 18 is cut out.]

19.—**JOSEPHINE** prepares to elope with **RALPH**, but is intercepted by the **CAPTAIN.**
Capt. Hold!
Pretty daughter of mine,
I insist upon knowing
Where you may be going,
With these sons of the brine?
For my excellent crew,
Though foes they could thump away,
Are scarcely fit company
My daughter for you.
Crew. Now, hark at that, do!
Though foes we could thump any,
We are scarcely fit company
For a lady like you.
Ralph. Proud officer that laughing lip uncurl!
Vain man suppress that supercilious sneer,
For I have dared to love your matchless girl,
A fact well-known to all my messmates here.
Capt. Oh, horror!
Ralph & Jos. I, a humble, poor and lowly born,
The meanest in the port division;
The butt of epauletted scorn;
The mark of quarter-deck derision—
Have dared to raise my wormy eyes,
Above the dust to which you'd mould me,
In manhood's glorious pride to rise,
I am an Englishman—behold him!
All. He is an Englishman!
Boat. He is an Englishman!
For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman.
All. That he is an Englishman.
Boat. For he might have been a Roossian,
A French, or Turk, or Proossian,
Or, perhaps, Itali-an!
All. Or, perhaps, Itali-an!
B. at. But in spite of all temptations,
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman.
Capt. (trying to repress his anger.) In uttering a reprobation
To any British tar,
I try to speak with moderation;
But you have gone too far,
I'm very sorry to desparage
A humble foremost lad,
But to seek your capt.'s child in marriage,
Why, damme, it's too bad!
All (shocked.) Oh!
Capt. Yes! damme, it's too bad!
All. Oh!
C. & D. Yes, damme, it's too bad!
Hebe. Did you hear him—did you hear him?
Oh! the monster's overbearing,
Don't go near him—don't go near him;
He is swearing—he is swearing,
My pain and my distress,
I find it is not easy to express;
My amazement—my surprise,
You may learn from the expression of my eyes,
Capt. My lord—one word—the facts are not before you,
The word was injudicious, I allow;
But hear my explanation, I implore you,
And you will be indignant I vow.

Sir J. I will hear of no defence. Attempt none if you are sensible. That word of evil sense Is wholly indefensible. Go ribald, get you hence To your cabin with celerity, This is the consequence Of ill-advised asperity. [Part of 19 and 20 cut out.]

RALPH is about to be hurried off to a dungeon, when BUTTERCUP makes a confession.

21.—SONG.—BUTTERCUP.
A many years ago,
When I was young and charming,
As some of you may know,
I practised baby farming.
Now this was quite alarming;
When she was young and charming,
She practised baby-farming.
A many years ago.

All. Now this is quite alarming;
When she was young and charming,
She practised baby-farming.
A many years ago.

But. Two tender babes I nuss'd,
One was of low condition,
The other upper crust,
A regular patrician.

All. (Explaining to each other).
Now this is the position;
One was of low condition,
The other a patrician,
A many years ago.
Oh, bitter is my cup!
However could I do it?
I mixed those children up,
And not a creature knew it.
However could you do it?
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it,
Although no creature knew it,
So many years ago.

But. In time each little waif
Forsook his foster-mother.
The well-born babe was Ralph,
Your captain was the other.
All. They left their foster-mother,
The one was Ralph, our brother,
Our captain was the other,
A many years ago.

DUET.—RALPH AND JOSEPHINE.
O joy, O rapture unforeseen,
The clouded sky is now serene;

The god of day—the orb of love,
Has hung his ensign high above;
The sky is all ablaze,
With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along;
And if [he finds] the maiden coy,
And if [I find] the maiden coy,
We'll murmur forth decorous joy,
In dreamy roundelay.
For he is the captain of the *Pinafore*,
And a right good captain too.
And though before my fall
I was captain of you all,
I'm a member of the crew.
Although before his fall, etc.
I shall marry with a wife,
In my humble rank of life;
And you, my own, are she.

(Turning to BUTTERCUP.)
I must wander to and fro,
But wherever I may go,
I shall never be untrue to thee.
What, never?
No, never!
What, never?
Hardly ever.
Hardly ever be untrue to thee.
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the faithful seaman of the *Pinafore*.
For he loves little Buttercup, dear little Buttercup,
I'm sure I shall never know why;
But still he loves Buttercup, poor little Buttercup,
Sweet little Buttercup, ay?
For he loves, etc.
I'm the monarch of the sea,
And when I've married thee.
(To HERB.)
I'll be true to the devotion
That my love implants.
Then good-bye to his sisters,
And his cousins, and his aunts;
Especially his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts;
For he is an Englishman,
And he himself hath said it,
And its greatly to his credit
That he is an Englishman.

Capt.
All.
Capt.
All.
But.
All.
Sir J.
Hebe.
All.

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AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace, Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY & ORCHESTRA.

Conductors, MR. ORTON BRADLEY & MR. W. R. CAVE.

—
VOCALISTS:—
MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN.
MR. HENRY BEAUMONT. MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.
Solo Violin, MR. W. R. CAVE.

Organist, MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O., Organist to the People's Palace.

1. CHORALE "Now thank we all our God" .. Mendelssohn.
(Hymn of Praise).
2. OVERTURE .. "Messiah" Handel.
PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.
3. [RECIT. "I feel the Deity within" Handel.
[AIR "Arm, arm, ye brave" Handel.
(Judas Maccabæus)]

MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

RECIT.
I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright Cherubim between,
His radiant glory erst display'd,
To Israel's distress'd pray'r
He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious ear,
And points out Maccabæus to their aid.
Judas shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory!

AIR.
Arm, arm, ye brave; a noble cause,
The cause of Heaven, your zeal demands;
In defence of your nation, religion, and laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands.

4. VIOLIN SOLO .. "Benedictus" Machenzie.
MR. W. R. CAVE.
5. CHORUS "Then round about the starry throne" .. Handel.
(Samson).

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY & ORCHESTRA.

Then round about the starry throne
Of Him who ever rules alone,
Your heavenly-guided soul shall climb;
Of all this earthly grossness quit,
With glory crown'd, for ever sit,
And triumph over death and thee, O Time!

6. SONG "Ave Maria" Gounod-Bach.
MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN.

Violin Obligato—MR. W. R. CAVE. Organ—MR. B. JACKSON

Ave Maria, gratia plena
Dominus tecum, benedictus tu
In mulieribus, et benedictus
Fructus ventris tui Jesus.
Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis,
Nobis peccatoribus,
Nunc et in hora
Mortis nostræ. Amen.

7. AIR "Be Thou Faithful" Mendelssohn.
MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give to thee a crown of life. Be not afraid. My help is nigh."

8. CHORUS .. "God of Light" (Spring) .. Haydn.
PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY & ORCHESTRA
MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN, MR. HENRY BEAUMONT,
AND MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

CHORUS, with TRIO.
God of light! God of life! Hail, gracious Lord!
Trio.
From whose abundant stores
The earth with plenty flows,
And whose Almighty love
Makes glad the heart of man.

Chorus.
God of light! God of life! Hail gracious Lord
Endless praise to Thee we'll sing,
Almighty Lord of all.

9. DUET .. "Love Divine! All Love Excelling" .. Stainer.
(Daughter of Jairus).

MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN AND MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.
Love divine! all love excellent, joy of heaven to earth come down.

Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, all Thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesu! Thou art all compassion, pure, unbounded love Thou art,
Visit us with Thy salvation, enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty, to deliver! let us all Thy grace receive,
Hasten to return, and never, never more Thy temple leave;
Thee we would be always blessing, serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing, glory in Thy perfect love.

10. SONG .. "The Morning Prayer" (Eli) .. M. Costa.
MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

Lord, from my bed again I rise,
To offer up the sacrifice
Of praise and prayer to Thee.
I laid me down to sleep at night,
I trusted in Thine arm of might,
Thine arm protected me,
Uphold Thy servant through the day,
Direct my steps in wisdom's way,
Let me not turn aside,
Let me not walk where scorners walk,
And sinful men profanely talk;
Still be my God, and guide!

11. MARCH "Cornelius" Mendelssohn.
PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

12. SONG "Glory to Thee, my God" .. Gounod.
MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessing of the light;
Keep me, oh! keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
Forgive me Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be,
Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
Oh! may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
Then shall the dawn of morning's glow
Shed radiance on my life below,
And all my being gladly sing
The praise of my Eternal King.

13. AIR .. "Call forth thy powers" (Judas Maccabæus) .. Handel.
MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.

Call forth thy power's my soul, and dare
The conflict of unequal war;
Great is the glory of the conquering sword
That triumphs in sweet liberty restored.

14. CHORUS .. "Hallelujah" (Messiah) .. Handel.
PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY & ORCHESTRA.
(It is customary to stand during the singing of this Chorus.)

HALLELUJAH: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.
The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord,
and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.
KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. HALLELUJAH!

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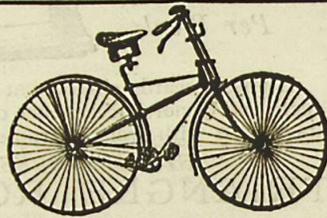
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