

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

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, 27th February—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- SATURDAY, 28th.—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 4 p.m., Children's Entertainment (Punch and Judy). Admission 1d.—At 8 p.m., Concert by the Church Sunday School Choir. Admission 3d.
- SUNDAY, 1st March.—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.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8, National Temperance League Prize Distribution. Admission FREE.
- 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, "The Gipsy Choir." Admission 2d., Students, 1d.
- 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.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY—*Conductor*, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—The performance of "Samson," on Saturday, 21st, was a great success. The "Ancient Mariner" is in rehearsal, and we shall soon begin to practice an opera. The rehearsals are, as usual, on Tuesdays and Fridays from 8 to 10 o'clock. The attendance these last few weeks has been very good indeed, and members are requested to continue to attend with the same regularity and punctuality. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian. J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

I AM pleased to announce that the opening of the new buildings for the Art Classes will take place early in March. The following arrangements have been made:—On Saturday afternoons, commencing March 7, a class will be held for Oil and Water-colour Painting, Painting from Copies, from Objects of Still Life, Flowers, &c. Hours, 2 to 4.30 p.m. Fee—5s. per Term of 12 weeks, or 6s. to the end of the Session in July. The New Term commences April 6th for the Tuesday and Thursday Day Classes. Hours, 2 to 4.30. Fee—10s. 6d., or, for 2s. 6d. extra, attendance can also be made at the Saturday Afternoon Class. The Evening Classes will be continued, as stated in the Syllabus, up to the date of the Science and Art Department Examinations. Subsequently, until July 3rd, Evening Classes will be held on two evenings a week, viz. :—Tuesdays and Thursdays. Hours, 7.30 to 9.30. Fee—5s., which will be reduced to 2s. 6d. for Students who have attended the classes during the preceding Session. The Wood Carving and Repoussé Classes will be continued up to the end of the Session in July. Fees—5s. and 6s. respectively.

A COURSE of twelve lectures in Land Surveying and Levelling, supplemented by nine practical lessons in the field, will be given by Mr. F. C. Forth, Associate in Engineering, R. C. Sc. I., during the months of March, April, May, and June, 1891. The lectures will commence on Friday, 13th March, at 7.30 p.m., and the field demonstrations on the following day. Tickets for the complete course, £1 each. As the number of tickets is strictly limited, early application should be made to the office.

WE call the attention of our students to the announcement of examinations for men clerkships of the second division, and for boy copyists in the Civil Service. Competitors for the appointment of second division must be 17 years of age, and not more than 20, on the first day of the competitive examination, which will be held on the 7th April, when 104 candidates will be selected. The

preliminary examination takes place on the 19th March. The prospects offered by this branch of the Civil Service are such as should induce all young men of energy and ability to endeavour to secure one of these appointments, the large number now offered for competition afford a most favourable opportunity of success. The post of boy copyists, for which the limits of age are 14 to 18, forms an excellent stepping-stone to higher situations in the service for young lads just leaving school. The subjects are very simple, and a few weeks' special tuition should enable any lad of average intelligence to pass.

WE are pleased to announce that a student of our Civil Service Class was successful at the recent examination for Male Telegraph Learners. We wish Mr. G. Kenney every success in his future career. One of our former students was also successful.

I HAVE been asked to heartily invite the members of the Institute to the meeting in the Queen's Hall, on Monday, 2nd March, when the Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London will preside over the Distribution of Prizes to pupils in the Elementary Schools for Reports of Lectures by Mr. Frank R. Cheshire, F.S.A., of the National Temperance League. The Viscountess Lynton has kindly consented to present the prizes, and the chairman will be supported by the Rev. Joseph Fletcher, Rev. James Mackintosh, Rev. Thomas Richardson, Rev. A. J. Robinson, M.A., The Hon. Conrad Dillon, Mr. John Taylor, and other gentlemen. The Temperance Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. James A. Birch (of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal), will sing before, and during the meeting. Doors open at 7; chair taken at 8 p.m. Admission free.

WE regret very much the postponement of the Costume Recitals by Mr. and Mrs. Hasluck on Wednesday last; this was caused by the illness of Mrs. Hasluck.

ON Saturday last, our Choral Society and Orchestra gave a performance of "Samson," which received a hearty reception from a crowded house, which, by-the-bye, was also a very orderly one. It is acknowledged by many of our frequent visitors that the noisy ones we have been pestered with—young men and women, who regardless of other people's comfort, persist in talking while the performance is going on—are gradually learning better.

THE course of lectures on "First Aid to the Injured," by Dr. Robert Milne, commenced on Monday last, and by the numbers that attended it, we think we shall have one of the strongest classes we have ever had in this subject. Any gentleman wishing to join this course should do so on Monday next.

SPECIAL BOOKS FOR STUDENTS OF THE HISTORY CLASSES,
PEOPLE'S PALACE, E.—

- Norgate (Kate.) England Under the Angevin Kings. 2 vols. 1887. 1, 2.
- Cunningham (W.) The Growth of English Industry and Commerce during the Early and Middle Ages. Cambridge University Press. 1890. 3.
- Langmead (Thomas Pitt Taswell.) English Constitutional History from the Teutonic Conquest to the Present Time. 1890. 4.
- Stubbs (William.) Select Charters and other Illustrations of English Constitutional History from the Earliest Times to the Reign of Edward I. 1888. Clarendon Press Series. 5.
- Colbeck (C.) The Public Schools Historical Atlas. 1885. 6.
- Stubbs (William.) Constitutional History of England in its Origin and Development. 3 vols. Clarendon Press Series. 1883—1890. 7—9.
- To be had on application in the Library.

A BROOCH (set with 4 carbuncles) was lost either in the Old School building or else in the Lecture Hall, on Tuesday, the 17th. A reward will be paid to anyone having found the same by applying in the office.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—Mr. A. H. Smith has been appointed to conduct a party over the British Museum Gallery of Roman and Greek Antiquities, on March 7th, at 2.45.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.—Leaders' meeting will be held on Tuesday, the 3rd March, at 8 p.m. F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.—The annual general meeting of the Eastern Counties Road Club was held at the "Globe Tavern" last Monday. The ballot for officers resulted as follows:—*Captain*: J. Howard, *People's Palace C. C. Gen. Hon. Secretary*: J. Church, G.E.R. and *People's Palace C. C. Financial Hon. Secretary*: J. Barley, *People's Palace C. C. Chairman*: H. Young, *Crusaders C. C. Executive*: M. P. Rowles, *Stoke Newington C. C.*: G. Nelson, *Sun C. C.*: D. Holdom, *Grove C. C.*: E. Shepherd, *Glencage C. C.*: E. Cripps, *Crusaders C. C.*: G. Gunnell, *Crusaders C. C.*: R. Presland, *Sun C. C.*: W. A. Bruce, *Sun C. C.*: G. Bird, *Stoke Newington C. C.*: F. Crewe, *Grove C. C.*: V. Dawson, *People's Palace C. C.*: G. Reynolds, *Gantlett's*: W. Dyer, *Sun C. C.*: C. Clarkson, *Kingsdale C. C.*: C. F. Falldon, *Rovers C. C.*: G. Crowder, *Granville C. C.*: W. Kaye, *Granville C. C.*—Various are the accounts from Lancashire and Yorkshire of the wearing qualities of pneumatic tyres. Some riders say they will not stand; others that they do. The fact is, the tyre may be punctured the first day you ride out on it, or it may last for a month. On the whole, where sets are met with, riders will do well to order a pneumatic.—The Brighton Excelsior C. C. will hold a monster race meeting on Easter Monday at the Preston Park Track. Knowing the big ideas held by Mr. Glover, the Hon. Sec. I shall look forward with interest to the practical working of some of them.—Lamps to be lit this evening at 6.35 p.m., next Friday 6.46.—The road from the Toll House, Woodford, to Buckhurst Hill, is at present unrideable, owing to the new metal that is being put down.—Mr. Bright, of 68, Lichfield Road, Bow, has a few tickets left for the last dance of the season, which takes place on the 14th proximo, at the Bromley Vestry Hall. Don't forget that a good food, good music, and good company, are prognostications of a joyful evening. So kindly hurry up.—The opening run takes place on March 21st, to the "Wilfred Lawson," Woodford. In the evening the Club will join the Gleneagles at the "Crown," Loughton, for a Smoker. C. W. Nairn, Esq., will take the chair.—The new books of Rules will be ready next week and can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary for the modest sum of sixpence. This sum will include all the monthly fixture cards.—G. Nelson, of the E.C.R.C., succeeded on Saturday in lowering the record for half-a-mile on the Home-Trainer to 38 and 3/4 seconds.—The Unity Camera Concert was a decided success.—P. F. Flanders of the Palace Club made a decided hit as a lecturer, and I must congratulate him on the success he achieved. One of the scenes depicted on the sheet was the Palace Club group taken at the Woodford Meet of 1890.—To-night (Friday) the club will be officially represented at the Champion Hotel, Aldersgate Street, when the City of London C.C. will give an address to the well-known smokers.—The Saturday of the club is due at the Gantlett's Smoker at the "Falstaff," Eastcheap. If you want a seat you must be there at 7.30 p.m.—In the next issue of the P. J. I will give an epitome of the programme for 1891, so be sure you obtain one.—Weekly Tip: Don't rush down hill unless you can see the bottom. AJAX.

DRAPERS' COMPANY'S TECHNICAL SCHOOL RANBLERS' CLUB.—On Saturday, February 14th, 47 members again visited Bostall Heath, where, for some hours, they seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves.—On Saturday, the 21st, we met at the Royal Exchange, our destination being the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. It was intended to go by steamboat to Chelsea, and I must confess to the Swan Pier we were informed that the boats had stopped running in consequence of the fog. We mustered 35 members, of whom more than twenty agreed to walk to Kensington. This was done. Our route was along the Embankment, through St. James's Park, where a number saw Buckingham Palace for the first time, and along Constitution Hill, passing Apsley House and Wellington's statue. Walking along Knightsbridge we passed the Guards' Barracks and entered Hyde Park. Crossing Rotten Row, we went to the edge of the Serpentine. It was now so foggy that the other side could not be seen. Walking along the lakes, we entered Kensington Gardens, and had a close look at the Albert Memorial. Albert Hall was pointed out to those who had not seen it before, and then at a brisk walk we passed through Queen's Gate to the Museum, which was reached about quarter to one. Here we stayed till two, and then rode to the City from South Kensington. This ramble will be repeated as soon as possible, as the fog made it not nearly so pleasant as it otherwise would have been. A. G.

People's Palace Library News.

Owing to some inaccuracies in the Library news of last issue we repeat as follows:—

THE Report of the Library and Reading Room for the year 1890, is as follows: it will probably prove interesting to our readers.

The Reading Room and Library was open to the public during 1890 for a period of 361 days out of the 365.

It was closed on Good Friday, the August Bank Holiday, and Christmas and Boxing Days; on Good Friday the bi-annual cleaning took place, and again on August 4th.

The advantages afforded by the Library appear to be much appreciated; and on the whole the behaviour of those who use it is good, the books being handled in most cases with care, although the pernicious habit of dogs-eating the pages is still far too prevalent.

A large proportion of the technical and scientific works taken out

are consulted by Masters and Students of the Technical Schools, Day and Evening Classes.

Most of the good reading is done between the hours of 7 p.m. and 9.30 p.m., although works on trades and so forth are frequently issued to workmen between 12 and 2 p.m.

About two-thirds of those entering the room confine their attention to the newspapers, trade journals, or magazines, and as no count is kept of the number of times each paper is consulted it is impossible to judge of their popularity in any other way than by examining the state of the papers themselves. Each table has a classified list of its contents hung on the gas standards.

Numbers of persons come in during the day to consult directories, dictionaries, almanacs, handbooks and encyclopedias. A good many make use of the writing table which is provided in a separate part of the room, and a fair number find what they require on the table provided for emigration and colonial matter only. All the visitors from time to time find the filter a great convenience. This was fitted up during the year and seems to supply a want.

The new slip catalogues were first used in February, 1890, and seem to answer very well; the slip additions are now type written and pasted in.

Lists of recent additions are typed and pasted into a book which lies on the counter for reference.

Among notable gifts for 1890 stands Mr. Passmore Edwards' 1,000 volumes, chosen chiefly from lists prepared in the Library.

Mr. Borrajo, of the Guildhall Library, presented a set of Spanish novels, and the Hibbert Trustees made a grant for their lectures.

Dr. Monerie, of King's College, gave a set of his Foundling Chapel sermons.

Mr. Longman presented several books both to the Students' Library and Central Library.

The trustees of the British and Natural History Museum contributed some of their literature and portfolio of facsimile engravings, while Mr. Walter Besant not only gave numbers of books, but presented the Library with three beautiful maps now hung on the Library walls.

The Library Association held the May meeting of its members at the Palace on the evening of May 12, when a paper on the "Library and its Work" was read.

Appeals for free grants of newspapers and other matter have in most cases been responded to freely.

A Scrap Book of Cuttings relating to Libraries, Literature, and People's Palace News is kept, ready indexed, for reference. This may be seen on application, as also back copies of Palace Concerts and every week, and the Reports of several of the best of Southern and their catalogues may be had, and back numbers of nearly all the leading dailies and periodicals for six months.

Sunday work remains much the same; more help has been obtained, and the same readers make use of the Library Sunday after Sunday. A Suggestion Book is kept in the Library, which is looked through every week, and the suggestions acted upon when possible.

The library statistics are as follows:—The Library contains 12,023 vols., 350 of these being in Moon's type, for the blind, and may be had on loan. The number of admissions for the year 1890, was 399,985; Total on Sundays, 52,694; Total on Week days, 347,291.

The number of books issued (not counted per vol.) was 68,014, and in the Boys' Rooms, on Sundays, 6,403; making a total of 74,417.

CLASSIFIED TABULATION.

Fiction, 49,509; Technical, 2,159; Travel Geog. Topog., 1,785; History, 1,697; Science, 1,652; Poetry and Drama, 1,011; Foreign and Classics, 946; Biography, 755; Sports and Games, 666; Art, 484; Theology, 474; Mental and Moral Science, 416; Mathematics, 339; Medicine, 269; Law, 247; Music, 227; Eng. Literature and Grammar, 202; Elocution, 51; Miscellaneous, 11,588. Total and Jan. 12th to Dec. 28th, 1890, 74,417.

The number of books issued on Sundays was 9,705 on week-days, 58,399. Average attendance per diem (301 days to the year), 1,108 persons; on Sundays, 1,013 (open 3 p.m. to 10 p.m.). Average issue of books per day, 188; per week, 1,316. Total of readers registered:—Jan. to June, 1,546; July to Dec., 961; total, 2,507.

Total of vols., (counted per vol.) added to Library stock: Jan. to June, 1,608 vols.; July to Dec., 829; total, 2,437. Total of books presented Jan. to June, 1,532; July to Dec., 800; Total, 2,332. Total purchased, 105. Donations received amounted to £5 8s. 1d.—12s. 8d. being found in the Library donation box.

STUDENTS' LIBRARY.—This Library contains 594 vols., 278 of which have been sent in recently from the main library. This is a lending library, and is managed by the main library and office conjointly. It is open two nights a week, Mondays and Thursdays, from 7.30 to 9 p.m. It was remodelled in October, and opened on the 23rd of that month. Fourteen days are allowed for each vol., one penny fine being incurred per week on all overdue; 528 vols. have been taken out since October 23, 1890.

BOYS' LIBRARY.—This is a branch for lending books to boys of the Technical Schools. It is under the charge of Mr. Mitchell, subject to the main library, on which it is dependent. There are 439 volumes, chiefly fiction; 40 of these have been presented during the year; 6s. 6d. has been taken in fines. Fourteen days are allowed for each book, and the library is open on Mondays only.

CONSEQUENCES are unifying. Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuations that went before—consequences that are hardly ever confined to ourselves. And it is best to fix our minds on that certainty, instead of considering what may be the elements of excuse for us.—George Eliot.

Current Athletics.

CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP.—Championship weather, Saturday last—no one will deny that—and those who were fortunate enough to obtain the promised "splendid view of the course—no extra charge for grand stand,"—must have been thoroughly satisfied with that followed. The Executive of the National Ground at Kensal Rise claim that from the top of their stand, on a clear day, the Grand Stand at Epsom can be plainly seen on Monday, but not so on Saturday last, when the demon fog enveloped the ground with his graceful presence. I hear that the secretary or the committee of the association made certain provisos in engaging the ground as to a reduction in the charge in the event of wet weather. This of itself is somewhat a novelty, but their forethought in this matter was hidden altogether in Saturday's fog. Nevertheless, there was a large number of spectators. I will not make an estimate of the thousands, as it was a difficult matter to see more than a few hundreds at a glance, but no doubt the result will be satisfactory to the association.

The Finchley Harriers have again demonstrated their superiority over other southern clubs, but this time by a very narrow majority, as their total (77) was only one below that of the Spartans. In my notes last week I anticipated the winners scoring 75 points, which, all things considered, must be counted a "bull's eye." The great upset in the Finchley team was Fowler, who could get no nearer than tenth. Probably "Yarmouth" air disagreed with him. To my mind, this seems to be a great mistake in training men to send them away a few days before the race to the sea-side to brace them up. A change of air of such short duration naturally upsets a well trained man, and it is far better to keep him to his native fog, unless he can go right through his training course by the sad sea waves. Fowler will, I think, turn the tables upon his companion, Bruce, in the National. Bruce's performance on Saturday last was a fine specimen of a Southern athlete, and his struggle with Kibblewhite will be long remembered. The combination of the Finchley team once more carried them to victory, and they are to be heartily congratulated upon their success. Cock-a-doodle-do, "Boys in Pink!"

The Spartans Harriers, who have held the Championship for two years, now lose their position by one point, and whether they will ever regain the honour and title of champions time alone will prove. They have had a rough time of it lately, and once or twice it seemed doubtful whether they would be able to put a team in the field; but the old and able secretary, A. F. Gardiner, once again took up the reins of management, and they may yet pull the club together again. It cannot be denied they have a powerful team of runners, and on paper their men looked invincible; two or three of them certainly did not perform up to what was expected, hence their defeat. Kibblewhite received a tremendous ovation upon his victory. He is a splendid generalist—the Yankee would call him "level-headed"—and ran a grand race, taking the lead just when he wanted it, and finishing up with a rare turn of speed.

The Poly Harriers, who have held the Championship for this season. I think if they are to be shifted at all, he is the man to do it. The Blackheath Harriers, as I expected, ran a most even pack, and here again combination was effectual, as although their first man did not reach home until twenty competitors had passed the judges, yet they arrived so well together that they were awarded third position in the race, and it is needless to say that the success of this popular and old-established pack of paper-chasers was well received by all athletes. The Poly Harriers once again were relegated to the fourth position, beyond which they seem loath to move. The break-down of Deacon was a sad blow to the club, as the result proved it virtually knocked them out of the third situation. Dermott again showed his vast superiority over the other members of the club, and was well backed up by Hookins and Haydon, although the latter did not by any means run so well as was expected. Moon was the only man who ran above his form, and he certainly did a very creditable performance. The brothers Montague will run better with a little more experience in training and cross country work. However, one and all did their level best to bring the medals up to the Institute, but I am afraid, unless Secretary Bracher can find new members to step into the place of the retiring athletes, the chances of the Polytechnic claiming the championship will be remote.

The other clubs, and the individual performances of their best men, have been so fully dealt with ere this, that I will forego any comments thereon, but shall, no doubt, have something to say later on.

I hope to express my views in the next number upon the National teams, and at the same time to touch upon several matters in connection with the Southern Championships.

THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.—The Junior Clubs, to the number of 27, will hold high revel at Kensal Rise next Saturday. After the class exhibition of the Seniors, the Junior Competition will be a bit below par, but there is sure to be a big crowd of visitors, as the youthful aspirants have a large circle of friends, and the excitement will continue right up to the time when the judges announce the verdict. The West of England will be represented by the Cotswold, Bristol, and Burton Harriers, and clubs from all parts of London and the suburbs will send their men—"Picked men, most on 'em," as Bill Adams says.

H. Whittick, of the Cotswold Harriers, will no doubt once again place the Championship to his credit, and his form is so far above that of other runners, that I do not think he will experience much trouble from any of the other competitors; although Willers-Leggett (Walthamstow), Cooper (North Surrey), and Croughton (Battersea), will in my opinion be close upon him when the bell rings for the last lap.

It is a somewhat hazardous experiment to attempt the placings of the clubs, as these younger members of the association do so rarely put through a hard trial before the day, so that the majority of them invariably go to pieces long before the judge's box is passed. The Walthamstow Harriers look like running the best trained team, although the Cotswolds will be very near to them when the totting-up takes place—especially if the tail of the latter team is strengthened since last year. The Beaumont and Battersea Harriers must not be overlooked, and they will each run an even lot.

I fully expect to see the Tower move up four or five places, and the St. Paul's Harriers should improve upon their last year's form, but A. Bruce, who finished second last year to Whittick, will be a great loss to them, and upon his running of Saturday last, there is no doubt that, were he eligible to compete against Whittick, a splendid race would result, and last year's champion would have little to spare at the finish.

To appropriate the wooden spoon is a task even more difficult than that of the first position, but whichever club is awarded that trophy they will have little to cavil at, as the judges themselves will I think experience no little difficulty before arriving at a decision, as it is a big task to correctly ascertain the positions of 27 clubs.

An interesting competition will be that of the L. A. C. v. Cambridge U. A. C., which takes place next Saturday at Stamford Bridge.

It is somewhat early in the season to anticipate good path performances, but the Three Miles will prove, I think, the "tit-bit" of the meeting. The University will have two excellent performers spinning in Ekin and Goldbach Clarke. The sprint should prove a good thing for the Cantab Charles, who I believe has been credited at Cambridge with a sound half-second performance. This should enable him to reach the tape first, at least so thinks "Old Joe."

The Present and Future of Cycling.

WHENEVER two or three cyclists, remark Mr. and Mrs. Pennell in the *Evening Review*, are gathered together, a club is at once started. Even now, cycling has probably a greater number of practising votaries than any other sport. Certainly it is far more widely spread over the world. The next generation, thanks to the wheel, will know the roads of Europe much more thoroughly than that which is passing away and lamenting the loss of stage coaches. There is no doubt that cycling will become more and more closely associated with the practical business of life. It may play its part in warfare and strife. In literature and art it will be properly represented. And yet there is no reason to forget that it is with us to-day, and that we may add a new pleasure and a new zest to our lives by taking it up on once.

"Topical Times" would like to know—

TOPICAL TIMES would like to know, (1) whether Mr. Walter Besant will find faith in the People's Palace?—and, (2) whether Mr. Robert Mitchell, sometime Secretary of the Polytechnic, is as ardently interested as of yore in that wonderful institution? (3) whether—*apropos of the Polytechnic*—those much-boomed Madeira holiday-trips weren't financially a failure? We are glad to know that *Topical Times* takes an interest in our welfare, and we can assure our sporting contemporaries that he will metaphorically be "in the cat's paw" if he took odds on query No. 1. In reply to No. 2, Mr. Robert Mitchell has as great an interest as ever in the People's Palace, though he was naturally more closely connected with it during the period of construction. And why "*somehow*" Secretary of the Polytechnic?" As for the last inquiry, the Polytechnic is not in the habit of organizing holiday-trips or anything else which turn out financial failures. Whoopee! now is the time to subscribe! Send on the dils, 7/7, please.

TOMMIE was always of an inquiring mind. He was looking out of the window one morning, and a funeral train passed. He turned to his mother with an eager look, and said:—"Mother, who will bury the last man that dies?"

WHEN you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him to join the temperance society.

A SWELL while being measured for a pair of boots, observed:—"Make them like the calf."—"Impossible," retorted the astonished boot-maker, surveying his customer from head to foot, "I haven't leather enough."

A WAG said that he was journeying in a stage with a dozen persons of whom he did not know a single one. In turning the corner the stage was upset, and then said he:—"I found them all out."

WHEN a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is the one. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

"JOHN, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?" "Yes, but I don't think he can read it." "Why so, John?" "Because he hid it in his hat. While I was in the room, he axed me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

A YOUNG lady being asked where her *native* place was, replied, "I have none, I am the daughter of a Methodist preacher."

Forthcoming Civil Service Examinations.

MEN CLERKS, SECOND DIVISION.—Age 17 to 20. Commencing salary, £70, rising to £200 and £350. The next competitive examination for 194 vacancies will be held on April 7th. The preliminary takes place on March 19th. The last day for applying is March 5th.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—Age over 17 and under 19 on January 1st, 1891. Thirty-one appointments offered. The last day for applying is March 31st.

THE INDIA FOREST SERVICE.—Age 17 and under 21. Examination in June, 1891. Regulations may be obtained from the Secretary, Revenue Department, India Office, S.W.

ENGINEER STUDENTS.—Age 14 to 18. The next open competitive examination will be held on April 21st, 1891.

ASSISTANT OF EXCISE (INLAND REVENUE).—Age 19 to 22. The next examination is expected in May.

FEMALE SORTERS.—Age 15 to 18. Examinations for these appointments are held in London twice annually. The next competition will probably be held in May.

FEMALE CLERKS.—Age 18 to 20. The next examination is expected to be held at an early date, when a large number of places will probably be offered.

FEMALE TELEGRAPH LEARNERS.—Age 15 to 18. The next examination will probably be held in May.

MALE TELEGRAPH LEARNERS.—Age 14 to 18. Examinations are held twice a year. The next competition will be held in July.

BOY COPYISTS.—Age 14 to 18. Examinations are held at frequent intervals.

BOY CLERKS.—Age 15 to 17. The next examination will be held in July.

CUSTOMS OUTDOOR OFFICERS.—Age 19 to 25. It is expected that an examination will be announced at an early date for many vacancies.

Details and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W. I would also strongly recommend *The Civil Service Competitor*, weekly id., as containing much useful information on the subject.

Why Thunder Clears the Air.

We are all familiar with the expression, "thunder clears the air." This is a wider and more scientific meaning than was thought of when first used. The fact was experienced, but until lately no one could account for it. It has been long known to chemists that oxygen is the life-sustaining element in the air. If animals are placed in a jar of oxygen they will dance out their existence with exhilarating joy. After several animals had been breathing in a chamber of pure oxygen, Dr. B. W. Richardson collected the gas in the chamber and freed it from all but the oxygen, so that no chemical test was able to show any difference between its character and composition and those of freshly-made oxygen gas. But when he passed this purified oxygen for the second time into the chamber the animals soon became drowsy; and in repeating the experiment, by successive purifications of the exhaled air, the animals died. He concluded, then, that oxygen which has been repeatedly passed through the lungs of warm-blooded animals, however thoroughly purified from carbonic acid gas, no longer maintains life. It has become what he calls "devitalised."

But the startling discovery remains. He passed through the devitalised oxygen—that is, the oxygen which has gone through the lungs of the warm-blooded animals without being absorbed—currents of electricity from a set of brushes connected with the positive pole of a frictional machine, and the gas had its vital energy restored. Animals again lived in it with the customary sprightliness. He discovered that electricity restores to its vital state oxygen which has been rendered injurious to life by passing through the lungs of animals.

Before a thunderstorm everything has been so still for days that the oxygen in the air has been to some extent deprived of its life-sustaining power, and a feeling of drowsiness comes over all. We are all familiar with the strange, sleepy sensation, and half-choking feeling. But the lightning-flashes restore the lost energy to the oxygen, and a feeling of exhilaration is experienced after the storm is over. Thus, "thunder clears the air" in reality. After the passage of the lightning, a highly peculiar odour is generally produced, attributed to what is called "ozone;" and, in 1840, Schönbein showed that this ozone is a peculiar allotropic modification of oxygen. Then does the vitality of oxygen depend on a trace of ozone, too minute to be detected by ordinary chemical methods, absorbed by the lungs of warm-blooded animals, and reproduced by electric action? If so, the health-giving benefits of the thunderstorm will be highly appreciated by drowsy mortals.

Swift as is the velocity of lightning, it is under the control of photography. If a rapid plate and an ordinary rapid doublet with full aperture be left uncovered at night during a thunderstorm for a short time, flashes of lightning will, by development, be found in some cases to have impressed themselves upon the plate. Some of these, which we have seen, are really most wonderful in their fringed details. Man can control this marvellous visitant by the conductor and the camera; he can also be grateful to it, not only for breaking the rain clouds which will cheer the thirsty soil, but for purifying the air and lengthening animal existence.

Look up and not down, look forward and not back, look out and not in, and lend a hand.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

The Progress of Technical Education.

EIGHT years ago next September Mr. Oliver Heywood opened the Manchester Technical School—an outgrowth of the Mechanics' Institution, which had its first home in Cooper-street. The old building, erected in 1825, was the first of its kind in England. Recently it fell to the lot of Mr. Heywood, as President of the Institution, to deliver a valedictory address. Lingering on the past, he looked forward with hope to the future, and while acknowledging the boon conferred upon the city by Sir Joseph Whitworth, and felicitously expressing his cordial desire to "hail the rising sun," he, at the same time, as was only natural in the circumstances, was mindful to "bow to that whose course is run." The old Mechanics' Institution has done good and durable work in its time. Many a Manchester lad has had cause to feel thankful for the advantages it brought within his reach—a theme on which Mr. Rawson feelingly dilated. One looks forward, therefore, with confident expectation to the work of the new institution into which both the Lawson of Art and the Technical School are now merged. Much has been achieved through their instrumentality in the past.

TECHNICAL education is at last pushing its way into more of the East-end districts. At the Whitechapel Craft School in Little Alie Street, classes are held every Wednesday and Friday evenings, which are specially suited to the needs of artisans and apprentices who are desirous of learning a trade. On Wednesday evenings Mr. W. Degerdon holds a class in practical woodwork adapted to meet the requirements of cabinet-makers, carpenters, and joiners. On the same evening Mr. V. Eddie Reid directs a practical decoration class, which is attended by lithographic draughtsmen, sign painters, house decorators, &c., while on every Friday there is a sign on practical carving and modelling presided over by Mr. A. V. Dymott. A small fee is charged for attending the courses, which includes a short lecture bearing upon the particular trade under investigation. Further particulars may be obtained from Mr. A. Llewellyn Smith, the hon. secretary.

THE technical classes for working men at Liverpool University College have proved a great success. When the scheme was first mooted, owing to the generosity of Mr. Charles W. Jones, there was a widely expressed fear that it would not work. Pessimistic people assert that Liverpool working men do not yearn after technical education. Facts have shown that this is untrue. So numerous were the applications of working men for these courses of penny lectures that a process of "weeding" had to be adopted, and the lecturers within the capacity of the college classrooms. Professor Hele-Shaw and Mr. Robert Holt, the two lecturers, have found their work cut out for them in the large number of students who have joined, and there is no doubt that this experiment, made on behalf of Mr. Jones, will lead to very important results. There is never a lack of money in Liverpool for any scheme which is shown to be sound and in good hands, and this educational venture has proved its soundness.

In describing some of the results of the Educational Congress held in Paris during the great Exhibition, M. de Courberin tells us that six thousand letters were despatched from Paris early last year, addressed to head masters of English colleges all over the world. A great many answers have in consequence been received to the following questions:—"What are the games played in your school or university? If there are local plays give the chief roles. How many hours do the boys play a day? a week? What about riding, horseback, fencing, military drill, rowing? Are they allowed to form athletic associations? Have they debating societies? Do you believe in athletics improving companionship? morality? work? temper?" After summarising these answers M. de Courberin adds the interesting comment that the inquiry has shown that all over the world Englishmen who perhaps know very little about Arnold himself, are still holding to his views and ideas, and believe them to be the best. "A reform of the same kind (he adds) we are now trying to introduce into France, according to the perhaps un-Christian, but very practical principle: when you find your neighbour has something good, take it."

ANGER from party there can never be if men will be tolerant; if parties are founded on great principles and the individual members will think and reason for themselves. He who does not do this, but blindly and unthinkingly yields to party hebes, even though he lives in a free government, is not a free man.—*B. K. Elliott.*

WEALTH and luxury are sources of weakness rather than strength if not accompanied by intellectual vigour and moral rectitude.

SOONER or later, by the very discipline which their errors, with the consequent sufferings, enforce, men will learn the art of self-government; and the secret of that art, when learned, will be little else than the wiser head and warmer heart and more helpful hand of a developed manhood.—*R. A. Holland.*

THE nation which educates its men according to the best type of manhood should rank as the foremost of the earth.—*High M. Thompson.*

THE height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age we live in.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

No ignorant, no indolent, no irreligious people can ever be permanently a free people.—*Thomas G. Atwood.*

Wisdom—and Otherwise.

"ACCIDENT" insurance is now, among the thrifty, a recognised institution, but why not "Health" insurance? I can hardly conceive a more important aspect of the insurance question; indeed so obvious are the advantages that I will take them, at all events for the present, as proved. I do not know if the Health Insurance Corporation is known to many. It seems to me in a great measure to meet a great want; it provides, for a small annual payment, a great allowance (for twenty-six weeks) in cases of sickness or accident or both; and then a smaller amount per week for a further thirteen weeks, taking risk of accidents and sickness; while for sickness only a smaller premium is required. The chief office is 55, Chancery Cross, London. Feeling that this Corporation may tend to relieve many a one of some little anxiety I have ventured to call attention to it.

MANY French workmen have objected to the arbitrary limitation of the period of labour that would be involved in an Eight Hours Bill. Out of 410 syndicates of working men, only 180 were in favour of the limitation, and of these a number nullified their vote by insisting that there should be "supplementary hours" of labour. At the same time, there is no question that in many trades, men work too long hours, and it seems only right that the State should interfere in regard to the working hours of those who are employed in dangerous or trying occupations, such, for instance, as on railways. Here, at least, legislative limitation is urgently required, and would be to the advantage of both the workers and the public.

BARABBAS by trade a publisher; at least so say cynical authors. Still it must be confessed that sometimes facts go far to support the sneer. For example, who has not read that stirring story, "The Romance of War," by the late Mr. James Grant, of which Mr. Routledge not long since stated he had sold upwards of a hundred thousand copies. One would have supposed the author profited in proportion, yet all he received was £100!

ON the other hand, it is undoubtedly true that the highest prices which have ever been paid for literary work have been paid for fiction. It was Sir Walter Scott who spoke of literature as an excellent stick but a very poor crutch; yet Sir Walter was annually making £10,000 for several years by literature alone. For eleven novels and nine volumes of "Tales of My Landlord," he received in all £110,000, and between November 1825, and June, 1827, he made no less than £26,000 by his pen. Then look at Dickens. For several years he must have been making quite £10,000 a year. For "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Barnaby Rudge" he was paid £20,000 each; for "Edwin Drood," £7,500; for "Martin Chuzzlewit," £4,000; and for "Dombey and Son," £2,820.

DISRAELI'S novels brought him over £30,000, a third of that sum being paid for "Lothair" alone. Anthony Trollope received more than £4,000 for a single novel, and he has told us that he earned £70,000 in twenty years. For "Can you Forgive Her?" he received £3,500; for "Framley Parsonage," £1,000; for "Dr. Thorne," £4,000. George Eliot's "Romola" produced £8,000; Charles Reade commanded as high a figure as that of Trollope first quoted; and Harrison Almsworth, at the height of his "Jack Shepherd" and "Rookwood" period, made no less than £20,000 a year. Mr. George Routledge declared that in 1853 he engaged to pay the late Lord Lytton a sum of £20,000 for ten years' use of his lordship's copyrights, and that from beginning to end he had paid nearly £40,000 to his lordship and his legal representatives. These are only a few of many similar instances, all going to prove that fiction, if the author has made a name, does pay. Moral: make a name.

THE *Christian Herald*, that understands prophecy so well, and is so very amusing, has now dropped *Arabi Pasha* and also *Boulanger* as the coming man, and has selected *Pavel*. We clip the following from its pages:—"The name *Pavel* contains 666 as the sum total of the numerical value of the letters composing it in the Greek language, *Parmelius*: thus, P, 80, a, 1, 100, 1100, 150, 15, 130, 130, 070, 200=666. This may be taken as a fulfilment of Revelation xiii. 18."

THERE is a common impression that the climate of England is not so fair as it used to be in the good old times. What if there be a truth in this—that the climate is worse, that there is more rain, more cloud, more cold, more fog—and that we have made it so? After a careful study of the midland districts of England, and comparison of them with other parts, there is next to no doubt that the continued cloud we experience over them is largely due to the continual presence of a thin film of smoke from our manufacturing centres, covering the country for hundreds, nay thousands, of square miles. This film of smoke may be nucleus for the condensation of vapour. Round the thin, almost invisible, smoke-cloud a true cloud forms, only too visible—a dull, leaden canopy, obscuring the sun, darkening the air, and on many days determining itself in a slow and melancholy drizzle. Underneath this veil the waters hang on the lands, evaporating not, the crops ripen slowly, or fail for want of sunlight, the harvests are poor, and we grow poor too—complaining to the gods of what our own folly has wrought.

DARKNESS and dirt, however, seem to be the two evils inherently attached to the beautifying of London; and, after a hundred years of commercialism, we have learned to breathe dirt as well as eat it. We

habituate ourselves to evils which would shock the aesthetic sense of savages. Still a change could soon be worked by (1) abolishing the vestries and municipalising the metropolis, (2) by dealing with the smoke nuisance, and (3) by utilising some of the waste energies of our troops, say, by turning them out to give London a daily bath. We might do worse.

Abram and Zimri.

ABRAM and Zimri owned a field together.—
A level field hid in a happy vale;
They plowed it with one plow, and in the spring
Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.
In harvest, when the glad earth smiled with grain,
Each carried to his home one-half the sheaves,
And stored them with much labour in his barns.
Now, Abram had a wife and seven sons,
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.

One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,
As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed
And counted in his mind his little gains,
He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,
And said, "I dwell alone within my house,
But Abram hath a wife and seven sons,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
He surely needeth more for life than I;
I will arise, and gird myself, and go
Down to the field, and add to his mine."

So he arose, and girded up his loins,
And went out softly to the level field;
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the cold blue sky,
The branches waved and whispered in the wind.
So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
Went down the mountain path, and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And bore them gladly to his brother's heap,
And then went back to sleep and happy dreams.

Now, that same night, as Abram lay in bed,
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,
And said, "He dwells within his house alone,
He goeth forth to toil with few to help,
He goeth home at night to a cold house,
And hath few other friends but me and mine."
(For these two tilled the happy vale alone.)

While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,
Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,
Who aid me in my toil and make it light,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike,
This surely is not pleasing unto God;
I will arise, and gird myself, and go
Out to the field, and borrow from my store,
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."

So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field;
The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,
The trees stood blank against the starry sky,
The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze,
So Abram, guided by the doubtful light,
Passed down the mountain path and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And added them unto his brother's heap;
Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams.

So the next morning with the early sun
The brothers rose, and went out to their toil;
And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,
Each wondered in his heart to find his heap,
Though he had given a third, was still the same.

Now, the next night Zimri to the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous share,
And placed them on his brother Abram's heap,
And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
The moon looked out from bars of silvery cloud,
The cedars stood up black against the sky,
The olive branches whispered in the wind.

Then Abram came down softly from his home,
And, looking to the right and left, went on;
Took from his ample store a generous third,
And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
Then Zimri rose, and caught him in his arms,
And wept upon his neck, and kissed his cheek;
And Abram saw the whole, and could not speak,
Neither could Zimri. So they walked along
Back to their homes, and thanked their God in prayer
That he had bound them in such loving bands.

THE seeds of our punishment are sown at the same time we commit sin.—*Herold.*

The Bearing of Social Education on the Industrial Supremacy of England.

THE last of the educational monographs published by the New York College for Training of Teachers deals specifically with the physiological argument for Manual Training, and incidentally with the question of England's industrial position. The cry as to Continental and American progress in engineering and manufactures was first raised at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, since when there has been an ever-swelling chorus of warning voices, all telling of, and emphasising, the waning position of England as leader in the race of races, and urging redoubled effort if we were even to hold our own. Dr. Critchton Brown (the author of the monograph in question) though of opinion that it is quite true several foreign countries have developed their manufactures in a remarkable way in recent times, and so deprived us of some of the advantages which we formerly enjoyed in competing with them, yet thinks it is not true that there has been, as we are so often assured, any decadence in the ingenuity, intelligence, skill or perseverance of our working population, or that they have failed, during the last twenty years, to advance as rapidly as any population in the world, in all the constructive and decorative arts.

Now if we enquire how it is that England with unexcelled skill and energy and command of capital is suffering so severely in the competition that is going on, we come upon several explanations. Many of what ought to be our greediest markets are closed to us by foreign tariffs, while foreign operatives are content to work for far longer hours, and for far lower wages, than we. In mountainous districts, as in Bradford and Kettleby are found at work in woollen factories, also, English machinery abounds. In engineering and steel and iron works in Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany, English tools and machinery are extensively employed. In every corner of Europe where industry has raised its head, the mechanical slaves of England are toiling for foreign masters, and not only so, but Englishmen as well as machines are found enlisted in the campaign against the mother country.

What are the conditions, then, which (despite an acknowledged weakness as far as technical education is concerned) have favoured the industrial superiority which this country has so long enjoyed, and which must receive continued attention if that commanding position is to be maintained? They consist, say Dr. Brown, in (1) the characteristics of the race, (2) the good health of the people, (3) their inherited skill, (4) the early training of their hands.

It is in emphasising the needs of social education that we of the Polytechnic and the People's Palace can join hands with Dr. Brown. Technical education is good, very good; but it is not everything. We have no sympathy with those who would persuade us that our only hope for the future lies in a high pressure and enforced system of education, elementary, technical, which, if carried out, would, in our opinion, be world, by sapping the nervous energy of our people and reducing their health standard, do infinitely more mischief in our industrial future than any attainments which it might secure could do good. Side by side with technical and manual training should run education of another kind, an education which, in truth, the marrow of our industrial system—the education of the body and all that it implies—a sound mind in a sound body—in short, social education. There is need, and grave need, at this juncture, of emphasising the truth that corporeal health and vigour lie at the root of all true success in national as in individual life; for here is some risk that in our alarm at the losses we have sustained and with which we are threatened, in the industrial campaign, and at the manoeuvres of those who strive with us, we may be led to adopt measures calculated to sacrifice a cardinal to a subsidiary condition of victory.

The whole question is beset with difficulties, none of which, however, are insuperable. First and foremost, to retain that corporeal health which, in the bulk of the slightly skilled operatives forming the broad base of our pyramid of industry, what is wanted at first even more than technical education is not a renewal or continuation of the work of the day, but an entire change, healthy exercise, restorative rest, exhilarating recreation. Here, however, we are met by the limitation of hours of labour question—a thorny problem.

Unless the signs of the times are strangely misread, what our operatives in this country require are good wages, ample facilities for instruction and amusement, good music, accessible art, and absolute freedom to regulate their own affairs.

Dr. Brown's broad conclusion, in which we heartily agree, are that we have no occasion to feel humiliated or to go about Europe blushing when the skill of our artisans and fabricators is in question, and that with due attention to the social needs of English workmen plus technical education we shall yet be able to laugh at all comers.

Profit-Sharing in Practice.

I NOTICED very lightly upon this subject in our last issue, and was glad to see that the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Saturday had a short article upon this, to workers of all kinds, very important question. A comprehensive enquiry into the whole subject has been made by Mr. J. Loury Whittle, of the Patent Office, but so welded are we to the wage system in this country, and so slow to test the advantages secured by other than the present hard and fast rule has been disclosed.

This conservative attitude has been maintained, perhaps, as much by the wage earners as the capitalist, as there has been a disposition on the part of labour leaders to look with suspicion on schemes which they believe are overtly or covertly intended to strike at the independence of the workers, and bind up their interest with particular firms rather than labour as a whole. On the other side, the capitalist has been disposed to regard the division of profits as so much subtracted from an amount which ought legitimately to come to him, and which he would not willingly concede disposition he has not felt disposed to adopt the plan. Now, there is no reason why either side should entertain such fears. On the part of labour the principle of profit sharing does not necessarily entail any sacrifice of independence, although attempts have undoubtedly been made to make it an anti-labour instrument. With respect to the employer, the profits paid to labour do not come from his pocket, but from a fund created by the economies and exertions of the workers as the direct result of profit-sharing. When both parties are brought to regard the system in this light, and place it on a purely business footing so that each should gain by the closer co-operation, they shall confidently anticipate its extensive adoption. Very much to the point is Mr. Loury Whittle's testimony:—

The different modes of profit-sharing have in various ways, if we may rely on the evidence of capitalists who have tried them for years, developed a higher order of efficiency in the workmen, have produced larger profits and better relations among all concerned in the business, and the choice of one or another of them in any particular case seems to depend upon such considerations as the nature of the business and the economic and intellectual condition of the workmen to be called into partnership. If they are thrifty, saving men, the opening to them the chance of securing shares in the firm by giving up the right of purchase capital, are ample means for the purposes in view. If, on the other hand, the workers are poor men living from hand to mouth, who have not hitherto saved any money, whose thoughts have never been directed to saving, or to the occupation of a capitalist, the prospect of gradually building up a right to a share is too remote and nebulous to have the desired effect of stirring the energies of the workmen, whilst the assurance of an additional sum in hand to meet the winter expenses of living is something of which the advantage can be easily understood.

LONDON, STREET BY STREET is the title of a new volume by Mr. Charles Booth, now in the press, to be issued at Easter by Messrs. Williams and Norgate. Sociology is at last being raised to the dignity of a science, and, much to our surprise, we are all finding that London has hitherto been a *terra incognita* to all but a few. *London Street by Street* embodies the result of Mr. Booth's inquiries for the whole of the metropolis, dividing the population into classes on the same principle as was adopted for East London. Part I. is mainly devoted to a digestion and elucidation of the enormous mass of material which has been gathered in the course of the investigation. Part II., besides giving a general description of Central London, includes, among other particulars as to the chief industries of the district, and has special articles on Covent Garden, the Common Lodging Houses, and the Homeless class. Part III. treats especially of South and Outlying London. "London Children" is the title of Part IV., in which the schools and children are classified in a similar way to the general population, with chapters on elementary, secondary, and free and assisted education. An appendix, which will appear under a separate cover, will contain a map showing by districts the comparative poverty of London, and another, divided for convenience into four sheets—N.E., N.W., S.E. and S.W. London respectively—in which the streets are numbered according to the conditions of those who live in them. Accompanying tables will give the full figures on which the maps are based.

THE perfect woman is as beautiful as she is strong, as tender as she is sensible. She is calm, deliberate, dignified, leisurely. She is gay, graceful, sprightly, sympathetic. She is severe upon occasion, and upon occasion playful. She has fancies, dreams, romances, ideas. She organizes neatness, and order, and comfort, but they are merely the foundation whereon rises the temple of her home, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth.—*Gail Hamilton.*

PASSIONS act as wind to propel our vessel, and our reason is the pilot that steers her; without the wind we could not move, and without the pilot we should be lost.

SHIRT has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—*Holmes.*

A Strange Experience and its Sequel.

Continued from page 121; commenced January 16th—back numbers can be had on application at the Office.

CHAPTER VII.—continued.

And bitter it indeed was! Demotte had actually no real friend save myself. His retiring disposition was the sole cause of this. He might, with his name and place in the metropolitan whirl of things, have gathered about him hosts of intimate associates. But he had chosen otherwise, or rather his nature had chosen for him. And so the wedding, when it finally occurred at Grace Church, one rainy November morning, was private in the extreme. There were not, I think, more than fifteen people in the dim, reposeful interior of the beautiful and memory-haunted little church on Broadway, when Millicent Hadley became Millicent Demotte. Nearly all these people, I was well aware, Demotte would have preferred away; but imperative considerations of kinship had made the presence almost indispensable. Most of them, I fancied, looked on the match as a woefully bad one for so matrimonial a party as their first, second, or third cousin. Adam Hadley had not been a person of the least consequence from their Knickerbocker point of patrician judgment. They were Ten Eycks and Vanderveers and Van Dams, and persons of that exalted Dutch extraction. (Ah! if they could only have seen the figure of the dead! Dutiful Hadley, it was true, they were so proud of!) Adam Hadley had left his big library, it was true, which might or might not go off well at auction, provided his posthumous son-in-law did not philologically retain it. But what else had he left? Merely a few thousands of dollars, perhaps. And Floyd—their Floyd—with his clear, bright eyes, and his year and his irreproachable "position," ought to have taken some gift of his own caste, provided he did not take one with a weighty and all-exonerating dowry. So they either addressed me or seemed to address me—I am not just sure which it was. I felt too indifferent to their sanction or non-sanction of the nuptials for the cultivation of any accurate observance of either. I only remembered and realised, that day, the almost apical sorrow it brought me. Millicent looked angelic in her satin and her pearls. Afterward, at her home, I saw her for a little while, in her travelling dress. Her eyes were sparkling, a wild-roose colour dwelt in her cheeks; she gave me her hand at farewell and said some gay, sweet, timid words that just suited the bride she had become. I hated the words, they were so agonizingly friendly, so distressingly appreciative. I tried to forget them afterward, as I tried to forget Demotte's warm hand-clasp at the carriage-door when he and his wife were about starting on that mysterious voyage into transient obscurity which we call a wedding.

It was over at last, and I felt miserably relieved to think that it was. I endeavoured at once to absorb myself in preparations for my departure. I had already hinted to Demotte that Washington would be henceforth the city of my abode, but he had received from me no distinct assurance to that effect. As it was, I wished that on his return to New York with his wife he might find me departed. And yet another obstacle to this course presented itself unexpectedly. To pack my precious and fragile instruments would involve both time and care. But just at this period other matters, which concerned the management of my estate, were forced upon my attention. The departure must be set forward, since my lawyers would not grant me postponement of their special claims upon both my leisure and my impriety. And so it happened that on the return of Mr. and Mrs. Demotte I was still in New York.

It gave me a good deal of surprise to learn, after their arrival, that the little basement-house in Second Avenue was not to be exchanged for a smarter or more centrally located dwelling. "Yes," Demotte answered me, as we sat in his small smoking-room together one evening during the very week of their return; "we think we shall be rather more comfortable here than in any finer or larger house."

"But I thought you would mix a little in the world," I said. "I don't just know where you see the idea. I had it, however. And having it, I suppose that I instinctively invested your domestic air with an influence of dances and dinners."

Demotte gave a sharp start, and then shifted almost petulantly in his chair. "Dances and dinners?" he muttered. "You recall, Douglas, how I detest them?"

"Well," I laughed, "you've not much room for the former, however you might feel about the latter. And your wife's mourning needn't interfere with at least some occasional festivity—that is, after a few more weeks have gone by."

Demotte looked at me with a sudden anxiety. "My dear Douglas," he exclaimed, "I hope you won't say a word of this sort to Millicent!"

"Of course not," I returned. "Why should I?"

He sank backward into his chair, and used his cigar with a suggestion of appeased disturbance. "Why should you, truly? For no reason, none in the world. I look here, my good friend, I don't at all want Millicent to mingle in society. I don't like society. I rather shrink from it, as you're aware. We should be very happy down here in this little hiding-place of ours, I don't doubt. That is, if you will drop in upon us occasionally, and dine, and prove our nice, faithful chum. Whenever you do, it will appear you'll be immensely welcome; I ought not even to tell you that Douglas; you must feel so sure of it already. But gabbling about among the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of gay life—not a bit of it, thank you! And to have these frivolous people at one's own house means to show up ceremonially at theirs. No, I wish to keep Millicent from all that humbug. And I am almost certain she hasn't the least possible liking for it. I should be very sorry if I thought she had."

"She was very quietly brought up," I said, looking at the wall.

"That can't be denied."

"No; you're right. It can't; it certainly can't. She imbibed quiet household notions from her girlish training. So much the better. That was one of her great charms for me. I sometimes think it was why such a homespun, retiring fellow as I am should ever have asked her to marry me at all. Those books, filling nearly every room of that Clinton Place house where she was born and reared, had their gentle, comforting effect upon her." He turned towards me at this point in his rapid succession of sentences, looking at me with an eager-ness of enquiry for which I was somehow unprepared. "Don't you agree with my views?" he inquired. "Don't you think I take a perfectly fair estimate of Millicent's tranquil and simple tendencies?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "And about the library her father left. You haven't room for it here, have you?"

"Not as it was stowed by her father," he quickly responded. "But there are a good many books I don't particularly care for. There will be space for those I want on these shelves" (he waved one hand toward the low bookcases on almost every side of him) "and up-stairs in my library proper. It's wonderful what accommodation for books we can get by building down our shelves a foot or two higher. As for the other books—those I don't care for—I have two unused rooms here in my attic where I shall store them—pile them up, I may say, from floor to ceiling. You understand just what I mean, eh?"

I did not, by any means. The library of Adam Hadley had been a superb one. This little basement-house in Second Avenue was in no manner fitted adequately to unfold its treasures. If Demotte had bought or hired a residence that contained one or two apartments large enough for their worthy disposition, such an act would have been wholly in keeping with the bibliophile that he was. The plan which he now informed me of seemed in every way different from what any one who knew him as well as I knew him would have thought that he stood the least chance of adopting.

But a little later the whole truth burst upon me. That jealousy which I had before observed in him when it was merely relative to his friendship had now asserted an entirely new strength of manifestation. He loved Millicent as just such a man as he could only love. He abhorred the idea of permitting her to associate with either men or women who were her equals, her rightful companions. He desired that she should be immured down there in the Second Avenue home, and that, when he was deemed so harmless and so entirely exempt from his tyrannic aims and ordinations, should henceforth become the sole intimate associate of his wife and himself.

This struck me as a new satiric stroke on the part of my peculiar destiny. I began to look upon my departure for Washington as indefinitely deferred. Millicent always had such a warm and sweet smile waiting for me! Why, after all, should I have found a golf stretched between us here as that which miles of intervening distance could make.

Besides, a new condition of affairs had sprung up between herself and me. I represented all the human intercourse outside of that with her own husband which she was permitted unobtrusively to enjoy. All other she must secure for herself, either in the teeth of protest or in the shadow of its frown. By the time that her first few months of more funeral mourning-gear had expired, she naturally sought to become on better terms with her husband's relatives. They had all paid visits of formality and etiquette to her, but she wished to know at least some of them in a far different way. Floyd Demotte promptly developed, however, a *mauvaise langue* of the cruellest sort in speaking of his kindred. Oh, Millicent certainly could never stand his aunt Vanderverer; she was a most autocratic and restricted being; she thought every branch of necessary knowledge was to be found among the branches of her family tree. And Townsend Ten Eyck? Ah, he was such a dense popinjay; if he meant anything, it was the American snob in full flower; it used to be said of him that he had one eating sorrow in life, namely, that he hadn't been born either the Duke of Devonshire or the Duke of Wellington. Those were his Dan gins, with their bangs, and their simper, and their eye-glasses, thrummingly flying up to their little yellow-lashed eyes? They were frivolity in burlesque; they would never do for more than ten minutes at a time; to tire of them was to remember that a practical day only consisted, here all of twelve hours. And so on, in highly uncharitable epigram, till poor Millicent realized that every need on the rather limited list had a relentless black mark set over against it. But her loyalty to her husband continued as unshaken as her love. She made no attempt to quarrel with his edicts of intolerance. It seemed to sadden her that he should have been so unfortunate as regarded those with whom the bonds of blood connected him. Whatever doubts she had as to whether his epigram had kept hidden behind a meek and sweet tranquillity. Still, her disappointment was evident to me. I felt confident that she had expected, in marrying Demotte, a change from the old eventless monotony of previous years. The girl in her nature was not yet annulled; it might not be for a long time henceforth. She had married wretchedly for one to whom reprieves like these were irksome. She was still devoted to her husband. As I watched them together I marvelled at the unweakened stability of her fondness. Here again was present to me one of the incongruous features of our mundane lot. Floyd Demotte, wholly unendearing of such allegations, never had received it as though it were his rightful due. And I—well, my thoughts would sometimes be intentionally broken off and restrained when I slipped toward the drawing of a parallel between his deserts and my own.

I did not wish to hate the husband of the woman whom I still unalterably loved. I would often seek to assure myself that I yet held him in warm regard. But perhaps the mere putting forth of

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT,

FEBRUARY 28TH, 1891, AT 8 P.M.

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

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT TO BE GIVEN BY THE

CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIR (CITY AND STEPNEY R. D. BRANCHES).

Conductor: MR. GEORGE HARE.

Organist: MR. F. W. BELCHAMBER, Organist All Saints', Ennismore Gardens.

Pianist: MISS CHARLOTTE GILES.

Secretary (General): MR. H. BURRAGE.

Secretary (Rural Deanery, Stepney): MR. A. G. FRASER, "Thornleigh," Woodford, Essex.

Soloists: MISS ADA LOARING, MISS ROSA LEO, MR. CHARLES ELLISON, and MR. DELMAR WILLIAMSON.

Part I.—HEAR MY PRAYER.

Motet for Soprano Solo and Chorus. Words by W. BARTHOLOMEW. Composed by MENDELSSOHN.

Soprano Solo.—MISS ADA LOARING.
Hear my Prayer, O God, incline Thine ear!
Thyself from my petition do not hide;
Take heed to me! Hear how in prayer I mourn to Thee.
Without Thee all is dark, I have no guide,
Hear my Prayer, O God, incline Thine ear!

Chorus.
Hear my Prayer, O God, incline Thine ear.
Solo and Chorus.
The enemy shouteth!
The godless come fast!
Iniquity, hatred, upon me they cast!
The wicked oppress me,
Ah! where shall I fly?
Perplex'd and bewild'rd, O God, hear my cry!

Recitative (Soprano Solo).
My heart is sorely pain'd within my breast,
My soul with deathly terrors is oppress'd,
Trembling and fearfulness upon me fall,
With horror overwhelmed,
Lord hear me call!

Chorus.
With horror overwhelmed, Lord, hear me call!
Solo.
O for the wings of a dove,
Far away would I rove,
In the wilderness build me a nest,
And remain there for ever at rest.

Solo with chorus.
O for the wings, etc.

Part II.—ST. JOHN'S EVE.

An Old English Idyll Poem by Joseph Bennett, Music by Frederic H. Cowen.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Nancy ... (A Village Maiden) ... MISS ADA LOARING. | Margaret ... (an Ancient Dame) ... MISS ROSA LEO.
Robert ... (A Young Villager) ... MR. DELMAR WILLIAMSON. | The Young Squire ... MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I.

St. John's Eve. Villagers decorate their houses with flowers and foliage.

No. 1.—Chorus.

Bring branches from forest and blossoms from mead
With laurels and oak leaves embower the door;
O searchers for motherwort, give ye good heed,
Nor pass the sweet vervain upon the green floor.
The wild rose must come from its home in the hedge,
The last of the violets leave its cool shade;
In nooks gather blue bells, by streamlets the sedge,
With these shall the fairest of garlands be made.
By their might protected, when John's Feast is here,
From the bolt of the thunder our dwellings are free;
No plague can approach us, no terrors we fear,
All praise, great and holy Forerunner, to Thee.

THE GIRLS.

In the cups of the flowers,
'Mid the leaves of the bowers,
Good fairies will hide;
And when we are sleeping,
Through casement soft creeping,
Alight at our side.
Then dream we of lovers;
The dark veil that covers
The future is rent;
Each Sophie and Carrie,
The man she shall marry
Beholds with content.

Recitative (MARGARET).

Ah! foolish girls, to talk of idle dreams,
Provok'd by wanton fairies, fresh from streams
Weave roscate visions, maidens to beguile.
Come gather round, and I will straight unfold
How each her destined husband may behold.

THE GIRLS.

Now listen all to Margaret's story,
Her tales are like her—old and hoary.

No. 2. Scene and Chorus (Female Voices).

MARGARET.

You, Susan when the midnight bell
Kings clear throughout the darkened land,
Take store of hempsed in your hand,
And o'er the garden scatter well;
Whispering low, "Hempseed I sow, hempseed I hoe,
And he that is my true love come after me and mow."
Then look behind thee, girl, and see
The man whose wife thou'rt soon shalt be.

THE GIRLS.

Not for the noblest in the land
'Neath midnight moon will Susan stand.
The horn'd snail would her alarm;
The toad a monster be to harm.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

MARGARET.

You, Polly, in the hour of fear,
On table lay bread, cheese and ale;
Sit down to eat—Now mark my tale,
Thy true love quickly will appear,
And join thee there,
The food to share.

THE GIRLS.

The lover true should not delay
For any charm upon his way,
Lest table here offend his sight.
Our Polly hath good appetite.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

MARGARET.

You, Nancy, at the night's full moon,
In silence to the garden creep,
When all the flowers are asleep
Beneath the pale light of the moon.
There pluck a dewy, blooming rose,
And hide it safe from mortal eye,
Till feast of Christ's nativity,
O well if then its colour glows!
Upon thy bosom let it rest,
And he that shall thy husband be
Will rob thee of it daintily,
And lay thy head upon his breast.

No. 3.—Solo and Chorus.

ROBERT.

That part will I play when the charmed rose beams
In the light of the Yule-log burning,
For courage undaunted a lover besseems,
He should do and should dare, not languish in dreams,
And so true love's querulous he earning.
Though Nancy upon me doth look with cold eye,
And hid me my distance be keeping,
I'll never from maiden's "No" turn with a sigh,
But "Will you?" and "Will you?" repeatedly cry,
Till "Yes" say the glad tears she's weeping.
So, Nancy, my dearest, the rose pluck to-night,
When the bird of love sweetly is singing;
Thou'lt wear it, unfaded, by Christmas fire bright—
I'll take it and win me a life of delight;
Our wedding bells soon shall be ringing.

[NANCY looks coldly upon ROBERT, and turns away.]

THE GIRLS.

Thy wooing's vain,
She doth disdain
Such mastery.
See, home she goes,
To pluck the rose
But not for thee.
Ha, ha! my bold lover,
Thou soon wilt discover
It is not for thee.

No. 4.—Chorus.

MEN (piling wood for St. John's bonfire).

Ho! good Saint John was a shining light,
And prophets saw him from afar;
Our bonfire bright
Shall through the night
Blaze o'er the land like the morning star;
And distant hills will answering burn,
Where'er our gladden'd eyes we turn.
Ho! good Saint John prepared the way
For our Lord Christ, who blessed be;
The bonfire's ray
Proclaims his day
Swift as the arrows of light can flee;
And blessings come to cot and hall,
Whereon the gleam of its flame shall fall.

MEN AND WOMEN.

The torch now prepare, let the fire rise on high,
And pale the bright moon in the midsummer sky.

MARGARET (Interposing.)

What ye would do no tongue can tell!
Know first must sound the midnight bell,
Else plague and famine o'er the land
Will horrid wander hand in hand.

[The Church clock strikes twelve.]

CHORUS (Men and Women.)

Whirl round the torch till it splutters and bursts into flame,
Light to the faggots set quick in our holy Saint's name.
See ye how the tongues of fire
Lap the wood with fierce desire!
Now they moant into the sky,
Flashing, roaring merrily,
Brightly the glow is reflected from gable and tower
Out on the hill-tops the night gloom flies from its power,
Blessed fire of good Saint John,
Happy all it shines upon.

(MEN.)

Round and round the pile now dance,
While through flows the maidens' dance.
[Men and ladies join hands and dance round the fire.]
Blessed fire of good Saint John,
Happy all it shines upon.

[THE VILLAGERS take brands from the burning pile, and disperse, singing as they go.]

Homeward go we by its light,

Neighbours dear, a sweet good-night.

SCENE II.

(The garden of Nancy's cottage, midnight.)

No. 5.—Recit. and Air.

[NANCY comes out of the house, and slowly moves towards the roses.]

Recit. (NANCY.)

O peaceful night! O time of holy calm!
For wounded hearts the surely healing balm;
In thy cool depths, if weary and distress'd,
The soul may foretaste have of heaven's own rest.
Now nightingale to silence gives a voice,
And in the stillness running brooks rejoice;
While over all, with solemn, steadfast eyes,
The stars look down on human destinies.
O night and stars, and every blessed power,
That sheds sweet influence at this witching hour,
On ye I call to guide my trembling hand,
As here, before the Rose of Fate, I stand.

[She plucks a rose.]

Air.

Say, what dost thou hear in the secret deep
Of thy heart, my Rose?
O loveliest flower, awake thee from sleep,
And thine eyes unclose;
For fain would I read in their tender glow
All my destiny.
In sunshine rejoice? or in darkness weep?
Rose, which shall be?
As the years pass on with unceasing flow,
Say, what dost thou whisper with fragrant breath,
O my dainty bloom?
Dost speak of life loveless—a living death—
As my dreary doom?
Or tell'st thou of days when the voice unknown,
That flutters my heart

With songs of true love from the flowery heath,
Shall never depart,
But sing at my side, and be all mine own.
Live on, my sweet Rose, till the Christmas bells
Fill earth and sky;
In fadeless beauty, my heart farewell,
Thou'lt meet his eye,
Who surely is coming with words of fate,
Thy lord and mine,
O flower, dear flower, what might compels,
What charm of thine,
My lover to hasten, and not be late?

No. 6.—Song (Tenor) and Chorus.

[A voice sings in the distance. NANCY stands listening. The light of St. John's fire falls upon her.]

O zephyr, stirring 'midst the leaves,
Unto my darling's chamber hie,
And through the open lattice fly
So quietly:
The visions maiden fancy weaves
Disturb not, lest they sudden pass,
And she awake to find, alas!
They shadows be.

Into the tissue of her dream
My softly whispered name compel,
And straight her captive hearing tell
How I adore.

Say, as to river flows the stream,
And as the river runs to sea,
So I must seek her company
For evermore.

If moved, she out of slumber start,
Then, gentle zephyr, calm her fears,
Soft urging that my sighs and tears
For pity call.

From her pure shrine I'll ne'er depart,
But, kneeling, ceaseless worship there,
Till deep devotion melts the fair,
And love wins all.

[NANCY goes slowly into the house.]

Chorus (villagers in the distance).
Blessed fire of good Saint John!
Happy all it shines upon!
Homeward go we by its light,
Neighbours dear, a sweet good-night.

SCENE III.

The Squire's Hall. Christmas Day.

No. 7.—Carol (Solo and Chorus).

MARGARET.

Three kings once lived in Eastern land,
Full wise were they, as wise could be,
And 'neath the midnight sky would stand,
To read the stars most patiently.
There one unto the others said:
A star unknown has come in sight,
It goeth East from overhead,
And shineth like a meteor bright.

[CHORUS (THE VILLAGERS)—

Star of Bethlehem, lead the way
Through the night, till thy bright ray
Paleth with the dawn of day.

MARGARET.

Another cried: For that sweet sign
Mine eyes have looked these many years,
And prophets on its light divine
Have longed to gaze, with sighs and tears.
Then speak the third: O brothers twain,
To follow let us now agree,
The time is ripe, and Heaven doth deign
To show a holy mystery.

[THE VILLAGERS—

Star of Bethlehem, lead the way,
Thou art all our hope and stay,
Never veil thy light we pray.

MARGARET.

These Kings they passed o'er countries wild,
Then came unto an humble poor,
And saw a little new-born child—
The star did rest above the door.

[THE VILLAGERS—

"Oh, King of earth and heaven," they said,
"We worship at Thy manger-throne,
And crown with gifts Thy sacred Head;
For Thou art Lord, and Thou alone."

THE VILLAGERS.

Star of Bethlehem, rest where we
Our Lord Christ may also see,
And with Him for ever be.

No. 8.—Chorus.

[NANCY enters wearing an unfaded rose.]

See! see! on her breast gleams the rose,
As in summer it blows;
Like a ruby it glows!

Welcome happy maid,
In this happy hour;
Love's bloom cannot fade,
But, all undismay'd,
Braves the winter's power.
Love thy guard shall be
Through the future years;
O, sweet mystery
Of its potency—
Happy 'e'n thy tears!

No. 9.—Scena and Chorus.
ROBERT.

A lover if bold doth the Fates compel
His bidding to do as he willeth;
But timid's the swain who lets blind Fortune tell
What hap shall be his when the loud wedding-bell
Rings joyously out,—tis sometimes a knell,
And sorrow the life-cup filleth.

A good thing I take with my strong right hand,
Where'er in the world I see it;
And never 'twixt doing and dooming stand,
But zealously follow my heart's command,
As now I go forward with love's demand—
[Snatching the rose from NANCY.]

O vain for the maiden to flee it.

THE VILLAGERS.
Strange things befall! 'tis Fate's decree
That Nancy Robert's bride should be.

NANCY.
Then Fate's decree I here defy,
A maiden I will live and die.

ROBERT.
Forbear! the Rose's potent spell
To wed with me will thee compel.

Chorus.
Ah, true! Saint John's Rose cannot fall,
Resistance is of no avail.

NANCY.
In vain you seek to terrify:
A maiden I will live and die,
And pray all gentle powers that be
To aid me in extremity.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE (singing as he enters).
From her pure shrine I'll ne'er depart,
But, kneeling, ceaseless worship there,
Till deep devotion meets the fair,
And love wins all.

NANCY.
The voice! alas, unhappy maid!
'Twas not for me its serenade;
And love has passed me idly by,
I dare not raise my thoughts so high.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE.
Why stand ye here in such amaze?
Is't thus ye keep the best of days?

ROBERT.
Fair Sir, a Rose of good Saint John
This maiden's bosom gleamed upon;
I took it; she, 'gainst Fate's decree,
Now bears herself defiantly.

THE VILLAGERS.
What then? Saint John's Rose cannot fall,
Resistance is of no avail.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE.
Good fellow, rest thee well content
Th' unfaded rose by me was sent
And secretly replaced the flower
Her fair hands plucked at midnight hour.
'Twas thus I gave the gentle dove
Sweet visions of a happy love.

THE VILLAGERS.
What all this means is hard to tell,
But Robert's foiled, we see right well.

THE GIRLS.
Thy wooing's vain,
She doth disdain
Such mastery.

Ha! ha! my bold lover,
Thou now must discover
She is not for thee.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
[ROBERT rushes from the hall, pursued by the girls']

No. 10.—Duet.
THE YOUNG SQUIRE.
Fairest of roses, where roses bloom sweetest,
Tinted by sunshine, and gemmed by the dew,
Seek I through all Nature's Garden the sweetest
For love and for worship; my dear one, 'tis you.
Long have I watched thee with tender devotion,
Waiting and hoping to claim thee as mine;
Urging in song full of love's sweet emotion,
Thou hast my heart, dear, O bless me with thine.

NANCY.
Upon my ear what music falleth?
What vision sweet my heart appalleth
With a joy that's pain?
Not for maiden poor and lowly,
Bliss so perfect, bliss so holy,
Yet I'd dream again.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE.
No vision thou seest; in love's garden my flower
Shall firmly be rooted, and bloom ever there:
Beauty and fragrance and sweetness her dowry,
Devotion her guardian; her solace my care.

BOTH.
Love, that heart to heart now bringeth,
Love, whose praise the whole world singeth,
Take us; we are thine.

To thy mighty power we yield us,
By thy potent charm O shield us,
Till we life resign.

No. 11.—Final Chorus.
Now joy shall be in cottage poor,
And joy shall be in hall,
For that, when Love the mighty reigns,
Such wondrous things befall.
Before his power the barriers
That sever man from maid
Asunder break; in ruin crush;
And none may give them aid.
O sacred Yule, when heavenly love
Was born to all below,
When from the fount of God's own grace,
Did plenteous blessing flow
Thy benison on two fond hearts
We humbly now implore;
To Christ's sweet day and good Saint John
Be praise for evermore.

STUDENTS' POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS

(Under the direction of MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A., and MR. C. E. OSBORN.)

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT TO BE GIVEN ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4TH, 1891,
By Miss NELLIE WILLIAMS' GIPSY CHOIR.

MADAME GELDARD, Miss EMILLIE, Miss NELLIE WILLIAMS, MR. BEN JONSON, MR. FRANK WIDDICOMBE.
DULCIMER AND GIGILERA ... Miss MINNIE BEADLE. HARP ... MR. E. PACKHAM.
PICCOLO ... MR. E. A. SALFORD. PIANOFORTE ... MISS RUBY HOWE.

- PART I.
1. OVERTURE (Instrumental) "Valliance" ... Williams.
2. CHORUS ... "Sailors' Chorus" ... Curwen.
3. SELECTION ON THE DULCIMER. Miss MINNIE BEADLE.
4. SOLO ... "Close to the Threshold" ... Parker.
5. SOLO ... "Hark, the Drum" ... West.
6. QUARTETTE (Sacred) "Lead Me Gently Home, Father" Thompson.
MADAME GELDARD, Miss NELLIE WILLIAMS, MESSRS. FRANK WIDDICOMBE, and BEN. JONSON.
7. PICCOLO SOLO ... "The Wren" ... C. Le-Thière.
MR. E. A. SALFORD.
8. RECITAL. Miss MINNIE BEADLE.
9. SOLO ... "Sweetheart's Sill" ... Greenish.
MADAME GELDARD.
10. HUMOROUS QUARTETTE "Pro Phundo Basso" ... Bliss.
MADAME GELDARD, Miss EMILLIE, NELLIE WILLIAMS, and BEN JONSON.

- PART II.
1. OVERTURE ... "The Old Time Coach" ... Crowe.
(Instrumental) ... Vocal Galop ... Glover.
2. DUET ... MADAME GELDARD AND MISS NELLIE WILLIAMS.
3. SOLO ON GIGILERA ... Miss MINNIE BEADLE.
4. SOLO ... "Jack and Jill" ... Watson.
Miss EMILLIE.

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water;
Jack then on his knees went down to fill, and thus besought her:
"The measure of my love," said he, "is full to overflowing,
And if your love should correspond, there really is no knowing
What all the end of this will be, of this will be, O!
Jill, earth's fairest daughter! O Jill, earth's fairest daughter!
If I love you, and you love me, we'll fetch the pail of water;
If I love you, and you love me, we'll fetch the pail of water!
For ev'ry Jack there is a Jill, for ev'ry Jill a Jack;
If up the hill, or down the hill, they ne'er a sweetheart lack!"
The hill was steep, the hill was long, so Jack and Jill, however,
As step by step, she weak, he strong, both trudg'd on together,
And side by side the dripping well they rested for a minute;
Whate'er they said, I am quite sure her heart he tried to win it;
Whate'er they said, I am quite sure her heart he tried to win it!
Together then the pail they fill'd, they both the burden carried;
The tale ends in the usual way—they lived, and loved, and married!
For ev'ry Jack there is a Jill, for ev'ry Jill a Jack;
If up the hill, or down the hill, they ne'er a sweetheart lack!
5. PICCOLO SOLO ... "L'Oiseau de Bois" ... C. Le Thiere.
MR. E. A. SALFORD.
6. SOLO ... "Thady O'Fynn" ... Molloy.
MADAME GELDARD.
Thady O'Fynn, agin and agin,
You said you loved me dearly,
And sorta a bit, I doubted it,
I thought you loved sincerely;
You said when we should married be,
You'd make me quite a lady,
But now I find you've changed your mind,
It's ugly Norah Grady,
At Phelim's wake, I saw ye take, her hand with
glances tender,
Tho' sorta a bit, ye fancied it, I saw ye through
the window;
Your arm was placed around her waist,
Its little did she mind ye,
You called her dear, right in her ear,
I wish I'd been behind ye.
Thady O'Fynn, you vowed it thin,
You'd make me quite a lady,
But now I find you've changed your mind,
It's ugly Norah Grady,
At Goolah fair, I saw ye there,
Along with Norah Grady,
It's sorta a bit, ye fancied it,
But I perswaded ye, Thady,
I pity your taste, your love to waste,
On Norah so consaited,

Why, I declare, you've mutther-in' there,
As if you'd been ill-treated,
There, go your ways, yourself to plaze,
You only need be throublin',
Ye think there's few as fine as you,
From here away to Dublin.
There's Pat Malone, at least you'll own,
And Mike, and Clamy Brady,
And Barney Bourke, and Tidy O'Rorke—
I'm not in earnest, Thady.
Now Thady, dear, come sit ye here,
And listen awhile to raisein',
It's sorta a bit, I mind the chit,
Surely I was only tazin';
It's you're the one, to throw your fun,
At ugly Norah Grady,
But don't begin, and do it agin,
Now there's a darlin', Thady!
7. SOLO ... "The Admiral's Broom" ... F. Beva.
MR. BEN JONSON.
Van Tromp was an Admiral brave and bold,
The Dutchman's pride was he;
And he cried "I'll reign on the rolling main
As I do on the Zuyder Zee,"
As I do on the Zuyder Zee!
And as he paced his quarter-deck,
And look'd o'er the misty tide,
He saw old England like a speck,
And he shook his fist and cried;
He shook his fist and cried:
"I've a Broom at the mast!" said he;
"For a Broom is the sign for me;
That the world may know, wherever I go,
I sweep the mighty sea!
I've a Broom at the mast!" said he;
"For a Broom is the sign for me,
That wherever I go, the world may know,
I sweep the mighty sea!"
Now Blake was an Admiral true as gold,
And he walk'd by the English sea;
And when he was told of that Dutchman bold,
A merry laugh laugh'd he;
A merry laugh laugh'd he.
And he cried "Ho! Ho! and away we'll go,
Come aboard, merry men, with me;
And we'll drive the Dutchman down below,
To the bottom of the Zuyder Zee,
To the bottom of the Zuyder Zee!"
"His Broom may be trim and gay,
But we'll haul it down to-day;
When he says he'll sweep the mighty deep
'Tis a game that two can play!"
Then he cried "Come here, you Dutchman queer,
To-day you must fight with me;
For while I ride the rolling tide,
'I'll be second to none," said he—
"I'll be second to none," said he.
So he blazed away at the Dutchman gay,
Till he made Myn-heer to fall,
Then he hoisted a whip to the mast of his ship,
And cried to his merry men all—
He cried to his merry men all:
"I've a Whip at the fore," said he;
"For a Whip is the sign for me;
That the world may know, wherever we go,
We ride and rule the sea.
I've a Whip at the fore," said he,
"For a Whip is the sign for me,
That wherever I go, the world may know
We ride and rule the sea!"
8. DUET ... "Pictures as seen by Moonlight" ... Salford.
(DRAMATIC) MR. E. A. SALFORD AND MR. FRANK WIDDICOMBE.
9. SELECTION ON THE DULCIMER
Miss MINNIE BEADLE.
10. PART SONG ... "Wandering Savoyards" ... Tailor.

PROGRAMME of ORGAN RECITALS and SACRED CONCERT, on Sunday, March 1st, 1891.

- At 12.30 Organist—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. (Organist to the People's Palace).
1. Overture in E minor ... Morandi.
2. Intermezzo in F ... Rheinberger.
3. Motet "Distraught with care and anguish" ... Haydn.
4. "He shall feed His flock," and "Come unto Him" (Messiah) Handel.
At 4 p.m. Vocalist—Miss KATHLEEN GRANT.
1. Andante and Finale (Sonata No. 4) ... Gullmant.
2. Solo ... Miss KATHLEEN GRANT.
3. Andante Religiosa ... Thom.
4. Hymn ... "Hail to the Lord's Anointed" James Montgomery (1771-1854).
At 8 p.m.
1. Sonata in B flat, No. 4 ... Mendelssohn.
a. Allegro con brio.
b. Andante Religiosa.
c. Allegretto.
d. Allegro Maestoso e Vivace.
2. { a. Air, "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out" } From the "Woman of Samaria." Bennet.
{ b. Chorus, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel" } Rheinberger.
3. Theme, with variations ... Markel.
4. March in E flat ... Gullmant.
5. Improvisation on an Hymn Tune.
6. Tempo di Minuetto ... Gullmant.

The Audience is cordially invited to stand and join in singing the Hymns.

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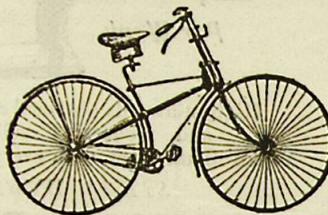
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