



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

VOL. VII.—No. 173.]

FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, 6th March.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- SATURDAY, 7th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall at 7.30 p.m., Concert by The Handel Society, "Solomon." Admission 3d.
- SUNDAY, 8th.—Library open from 3 to 10.—Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8.
- MONDAY, 9th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Lecture, by Dr. Dallinger, "Plants that Prey on Animals, and Animals that Fertilize Plants." Admission 1d., 3d., and 6d.
- TUESDAY, 10th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- WEDNESDAY, 11th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Sketching Entertainment. Admission 2d., Students, 1d.
- THURSDAY, 12th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- FRIDAY, 13th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On Saturday, February 14th, over one hundred members and friends assembled in Rooms Nos. 4 and 5 for a Social Evening. The programme, which consisted of music, elocution, and dancing, was successfully completed (with the exception of one item) to the satisfaction of all present. It was quite a re-union of members past and present, among others being the late Secretary, Mr. Rout, and everyone seemed pleased with everyone else. Consequently the aim of the committee, that the assembly should be "social" indeed, met with great success.—On Saturday, February 21st, our party met at Aldersgate Street Station, and at 2.30 wended their way through Carthusian Street to the Charterhouse, where we found a party of Ramblers from the Polytechnic on the same errand. We were received and welcomed by Canon Elwyn, Master of the Charterhouse, and we must say that for kindness, courtesy, and geniality, our guide and host is unsurpassed. We were first conducted to the Great Hall to view it before the brethren entered, for here they dine in common, unless for sickness or other cause they prefer to take their meals in their own apartments. This hall was put in its present condition by the Duke of Norfolk in 1570; and Queen Elizabeth and James I have both been guests here. There is a side gallery extending the whole length of the hall, and a minstrels' gallery at the end, where now, on "Founder's Day," December 12th, glees, &c., are sung, a party of boys from the school (removed to Godalming in 1872) coming up for the purpose. The Arms of Thomas Sutton are displayed over the enormous fireplace in which a fire of proportionate size was burning. Passing from the Great Hall, we entered one almost as large, but with a lower ceiling. This was formerly the refectory when the Charterhouse was a monastery of Carthusian monks, and is in much the same condition as in those days; it is now used as a sort of lumber room. The cloisters immediately adjoin the refectory, and open upon the green, once the playground of the Charterhouse boys (or Carthusians as they call themselves), but now used by the Merchant Taylors' School. The Canon pointed out to us the spot where, when a boy, he used to climb the "coach tree" to watch the stage coaches departing and arriving on the great North road. We next ascended a staircase with fine old carved balustrades, and entered the chapel, where we took sittings at once, and listened while the "Master" discoursed to us on the history of the place. In 1345-6, when the Black Death (like the Plague of later times) struck down all classes, there were thousands buried on this spot (Camden says, sixty thousand of the better sort), and when the panic had passed away it was thought a fitting

commemoration to build here a religious house. Accordingly, in 1371 a monastery was founded of Carthusian monks. Charterhouse is a corruption of Chartreuse, the head-quarters of the order, near Grenoble in France. The establishment consisted of only 24 monks besides lay brothers, and much time was spent in the chapel, the monks having to attend not only in the daytime, but in the night at 11, 2.30, and 5.30 or 6. Their time was passed in silence except that on the first *fine* day of the week they were allowed to go out for walks and converse, a privilege they would greatly appreciate if the weather then were anything like it is now. The last prior was John Houghton, who, refusing to acknowledge Henry VIII.'s supremacy over the Church, was executed at Tyburn, May 4th, 1535. His head was set up on London Bridge, and one of his limbs over the very door by which we had entered. In 1537, the monastery was dissolved, the monks being ejected and pensioned. The Charterhouse was given by the king to Sir Thomas Audley, who, in turn, sold it; several times it reverted to the Crown through charges of treason against the owner *pro tem.*, but in 1611, it came into the possession of Thomas Sutton, who endowed it as a charity for "poor brethren and scholars." Thomas Sutton's monument is in the chapel, and is in perfect preservation. Leaving the chapel, we entered the Duke of Norfolk's drawing-room, which contains some curious tapestry. One piece, the Canon told us, was in his boyhood said to represent the Queen of Sheba at the court of Solomon, but is now supposed to be Queen Philippa at the capitulation of Calais. We next passed through the Wash-house Court, the walls partly stone, and partly brick, being 14th century work, into the court surrounded by the apartments of the present brethren; the accommodation certainly seems ample. The recipients of this bounty must be over 60 years of age, bachelors or widowers, nominated by a governor, and elected by the governing board. They receive apartments, fuel, light, meals, and £36 per annum, may receive as many visits as they like, and go out visiting their friends when they like. The chapel is extra-parochial, and the master is not subject to Episcopal jurisdiction. Having heartily thanked our guide, and received a very cordial invitation to come again, we next turned our steps towards the Church of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, where we found the sexton, who became our guide and mentor. This church (of which only the choir, now used as a parish church, remains) was founded about 1120, together with a priory and hospice, St. Bartholomew's Hospital being the modern representative of the latter. The church has a semi-circular apsidal east end, in one of the arches of which still rest the remains of Rahere, its founder and first prior. It is said that Rahere, then the king's minstrel, when recovering from malarial fever at Rome, saw in a vision St. Bartholomew, by whose instructions he raised these buildings on his return to England. Behind the altar and semi-circular corridor was a lady chapel, but that long ago became the factory of a fringe maker, who, as his business increased, obtained permission of the rector of the time, to extend his factory into the church. Thus the curious sight might have been seen of a room used for business purposes, supported by two iron columns *over the altar*. At the end of one of the side aisles is a wooden partition, on the other side of which is a forge which was in use up to last March, and as service is held twice daily (except on Saturdays), it may be imagined what inconvenience must have been caused to the worshippers, especially as conversation in the smithy is said to have been quite audible in the church. A beautiful monument of various coloured marble stands by the right wall of the church, and bears date 1576. It was discovered walled up in one of the arches, probably to escape injury in Cromwell's time. The cloisters, or what remained of them, were till recently used as stables, but the County Council offices have since been raised on their site. A work of restoration is now going on, but it can never be more than partial. It is unnecessary perhaps to say that all this desecration, or at least vandalism, began under Henry VIII. Recently the tomb of Rahere was opened and his bones were seen to be still there, also portions of his vestments. One of his sandals was extracted, but will shortly be placed in a glass case in the church. We were shown also the Register of Burials for 1665, which contains page after page of burials, some indeed without names, but the cause of death—plague. This is a valuable and interesting record, as in that fearful time most of the churches gave up keeping any account or indeed performing the burials.—It is impossible in a brief summary to tell

all there is of interest in places like those we visited on this occasion, but we can assure all that the expenditure of time and trouble will be amply repaid.—Dates are not yet fixed for the month of March, but arrangements are being made to visit the Commercial Gas Works, Greek and Roman Section of the British Museum, and Lord Brassey's Museum.—Committee meeting, Friday, March 6th, 8.30 p.m.

Since writing the above, I can announce that on Saturday, March 7th, Mr. A. H. Smith has been appointed to conduct our party over the British Museum Gallery of Roman and Greek Antiquities, and Mr. Mengedoh has also promised to conduct us through the Egyptian Gallery. Meet at 2.45 p.m. sharp outside the Museum.—Saturday, March 14th, Mr. Cross, Superintendent of Commercial Gas Works, has again kindly promised to conduct our party over the Steeply Works, and it is hoped the new members will avail themselves of this opportunity. Meet 3 p.m. sharp at the entrance in Startford Street.—Committee meeting, Friday, 13th inst., at 8.30 p.m.

A. MCKENZIE, } Hon. Secs.
W. FOCKETT, }

On Monday next Dr. Dallinger will again visit us. The subject of his lecture will be "Plants that prey on animals, and animals that fertilize plants." Rev. J. Fletcher, of Commercial Road, will take the chair at 8. After the lecture, a selection of vocal music by several members of the People's Palace Choral Society.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor.—Mr. Orlon Bradley, M.A. Practice next week as usual, Tuesdays at 8 o'clock (ladies 7.30), Friday 8 o'clock for all. The "Ancient Mariner" is in rehearsal and we are about to begin practice on an opera. We held our second Social Evening on Saturday, February 28th, on which occasion several members of the Orchestral Society joined us. There were about 120 present, and dancing was kept up briskly till 10.35. Altogether a very enjoyable evening was spent. Many thanks are due to Messrs. Nichols and Trappitt for their assistance as M.C.'s; also to Mrs. Murray, Miss Rogers, Messrs. Stone, Thomas, and Bowsher, who did all in their power to make the affair a success. Our thanks are due in a special manner to Mr. Osborn for his kindness in placing the Lecture Hall at our disposal.

J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' FOOTBALL CLUB.—First Team 7. Lorne. Played at Custom House on Saturday, February 28th, Old Boys scoring 3 goals; Lorne scoring 1 goal. Result, win, Old Boys 3 goals to 1.—Next week's match, Welberly. Meet outside Leytonstone Station between 3 and 3.30.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS CRICKET CLUB.—The Secretary, W. Sawden, of 6, Gainsborough Road, Old Ford, will be glad to receive challenges from clubs averaging 17.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.—Director.—Mr. H. H. Burdett. On Wednesday, the 25th ult., a Smoking Concert was held in the Old School Building. Over 60 members were present, Mr. Burdett in the chair, a most enjoyable evening being spent. Mr. Byford set the ball rolling by playing "Fairy Barque." Messrs. Warwick, Briscoe, Turtle, Foreman, Patney, Sealbright, Barker, Burdett, Hunter, each sang a song; Miss Connor also gave a selection on the piano. Messrs. Redwood and Jordan then delighted the audience with selections on the banjo and mandoline. "The Actor," Mr. Briscoe; "Sally will you cook me a kidney, O," Mr. Jordan; "The Night I played Richard III.," Mr. Briscoe; another selection by Messrs. Redwood and Jordan on the mandoline, and "Auld Lang Syne" brought up the rear. Many thanks are due to Messrs. Redwood, Jordan and Briscoe for their contributions to the evening's enjoyment, also to Messrs. Tucker, Foreman, and Whiting, who so kindly looked after the cloak room and refreshments. We are also very much indebted to Miss Connor and Mr. Byford for their services at the piano. A second concert will shortly be held, due notice of which will be posted in the Gymnasium.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

The meeting held on Monday last by the National Temperance League in the Queen's Hall was very successful. The Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London presided, and Viscountess Lynton very kindly presented the prizes, and also addressed the meeting. Addresses were given by several local clergymen and gentlemen, and the Temperance Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. James Birch, sang during the evening.

The new buildings in the south front will be opened for our Day Art Class on Saturday next (the 7th); intending students should apply at once. Our Day Art Classes did fair to be a success.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.—The value of cycling with regard to health. An American cyclist who, previous to taking to the wheel, was refused by life insurance companies as a bad life, has since been accepted, owing to the improvement cycling has caused in his general health.—The membership of the Eastern Counties Road Club is now 108.

The E. C. R. C. have selected the following as head-quarters for the coming season: Crown Hotel, Loughton; Cock Inn, Epping; George Hotel, Harlow; and Railway Hotel, Bishop's Stortford. Time certificates will be issued by the club to members riding 50 and 100 miles within specified times. These can be competed for on private time trials. The *Islington Gazette* gives a good report of the Unity Camera Concert,

in which the ability of Mr. Flanders (of the Palace C.C.) as a lecturer was justly praised.—Are you going to tour at Easter? If so, get your machine out at once, and do some steady practice upon it. Nothing is more conducive to making a tour of a pleasure than starting forth on a cycling tour when out of form.—The arrangements for the Brighton tour are in the able hands of the Vice-Captain, Mr. Farrant. Would-be tourists should note this and forward their names at once to 108, Grove Road, Bow, otherwise they must find their own accommodation.—The Palace C.C.'s table at the City of London C.C. and Gauntlets had quality if not quantity seated round it. To-morrow, Saturday, the club will be represented at the Unity's Smoker to be held at the Hanbury Arms, Arlington Square, New North Road, N.—Woodford Meet.—The Delegates' Meeting at Woodford Meet was held at the N.C.U. offices on Thursday last. H. Whorlow, Esq., in the chair. A balance of £2 0s. 6d. was declared by the secretary and auditors to be in hand. The following officials were then appointed for the meet of 1891, which will take place on June 6th. *Chief Marshals*—J. Church, P.P.C.C., and H. Whorlow, North London C.C. *Buglers*—C. W. Nairn and C. Woelhoff, Diamond B.C.; *Hon. Secretary and Treasurer*: J. Burley, People's Palace C.C.; *Executive Committee*: Mr. H. Bright, People's Palace C.C.; Mr. H. Laythorn, Carlton Rovers; Mr. W. Graham, Victoria Rovers; Mr. C. Simpson, North London C.C.; Mr. W. Russell, Wetherell C.C.; Mr. J. Cross, Upper Holloway C.C.; Mr. E. Shepherd, Glenage C.C.; Mr. L. Clerc, Ferndale C.C.; Mr. R. Whiteguy, White Star C.C.; Mr. A. Jackson, Pembroke C.C.; Mr. A. Waddington, Essex Rover C.C.; Mr. H. Light, Vegetarian C.C.; Mr. H. Harris, Essex Wheelers; Mr. G. Bolton, Oakley Ramblers; Mr. A. Harvey, Poplar C.C.—Don't forget! the last, last, dance of the season takes place on the 14th inst. at the Bromley Vestry Hall. Epitome of programme held over. Weekly tip—Rush short hills and take long ones steadily. AXJX.

DRAPERS' COMPANY'S TECHNICAL SCHOOL RAMBLERS' CLUB.—On Saturday, Feb. 28th, fifty-two members rambled to Clapham Common, riding from King William Street to Stockwell by the Electric Railway. On arriving at Stockwell a half an hour's walk brought us to the Common, where we spent three hours in various games, the weather being of the most pleasant character. We made use of the Electric Railway on our return journey, and were much pleased with the novelty of the ride. On an early occasion we hope to be allowed to view the installation at Stockwell. A. G.

THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me the publicity of your columns to make an urgent and especial call on the students of the People's Palace to join with me in the formation of a building society in connection with this Institute. Knowing how necessary a building society is to such a body of students as we have at our Palace, I am certain to meet with plenty of co-workers and assistance in this matter. The Institute nearly has now its building society, and the Bow and Bromley Institute, having met with such a great success, found it necessary to start a second society to satisfy the demand for shares. Hoping to get a response from my fellow students, I remain, yours truly, Waterloo House, Commercial Road, E. S. KEMNER.

THE "Palace Journal" may now be obtained of the following newsgents:—

- Mr. Young, 250, Mile End Road.
- Mr. Haines, 212, Mile End Road.
- The Melbourne Cigar Stores, 178, Mile End Road.
- Mr. Kerby, opposite London Hospital.
- Mr. Moir, 57 Cambridge Road.
- Mr. Abrahams, Post Office, Globe Road.
- Mr. Roder, 163, Green Street.
- Mayor and Sons, 212, Green Street.
- Mr. Hanson, 111, Roman Road.
- Mr. Sampson, 185, Roman Road.
- Mr. Smith, 21, Burdett Road.
- Berry and Holland, 180, Well Street, Hackney.
- Mr. Connor, opposite South Hackney Church.
- Mr. Roberts, 172, Victoria Park Road.
- Mr. Hind, Mile End Road, E.
- Mr. Sullivan, Mile End Road, E.

WHEN faith grows weak, all virtues are weakened; when its faith lost, all virtues are lost.—*St. Signori.*

If thou art wise, thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—*Luther.*

A MAN'S country is not a certain area of land, of mountains, rivers and woods, but it is a principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

HOWEVER well proved a friendship may appear, there are confidences which it should not hear and sacrifices which should not be required of it.

HATH any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged. Slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself who is not above an injury.—*Francis Quarles.*

What there is to Read in some of the Magazines.

THE centenary of John Wesley's death (March 2, 1791) has furnished a peg for many of the March magazines, *The Newbery House* among the number, the point of view being essentially Church of England.—From the same standpoint, or perhaps more correctly from an ecclesiastical point of view, Mr. H. M. Ward deals with

THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM.

and the Church's claim to lead the Social movement of to-day. He avers the Socialist must do and believe this, that, and the other, while forgetting that a new communism never yet developed on the old agencies.—"The Church's (i.e., the Establishment's) walls are neither high enough," nor low enough, nor broad enough that she can pretend to leadership in the Social Revolution. Curious, indeed, are the parallels, for those who care to trace them, between the state of the world at the birth of Christ and the present day unrest. Deliverance then came from the day from quarters may not, has not, social deliverance come to-day from quarters little recognised, and when least expected? What if we are making a similar mistake to that of the orthodox of old as regards the coming of The Deliverer? What, indeed!

EDUCATION THROUGH THE EYE

will, without doubt, receive more attention in the future than heretofore. It says: advertisers know that, and act upon the fact. *Propos* of which one is said to be not the increasing popularity of lantern entertainments. The personal experience of Mr. Wickham is interesting and amusing; it interesting because it shows how thoroughly efficient and satisfactory is such tuition; amusing alike because of the unaccountable timidity with which he approached the innovation of lantern services in churches, and the argument with which he now defends them. "The application of photography to lantern slides has given it a very considerable educational value, and it is now largely used in the class-room. This educational use is as far remote from its original use as any religious use could be. Why should it not be used in the service of religion and in the most religious place?" To which a natural reply is, "The temple of God is not made with hands"—why then such *ultra* sanctity? To sum up, however, Mr. Wickham, one is glad to find, altogether approves of the apparent results of his experiment.—There are also papers on "The Pilgrim Fathers," "Some Post-Reformation Epitaphs," etc., amongst which Miss Twining's "Thoughts on Poor Law Legislation" is worth careful reading.

FICTION, a sermonette, and half-a-dozen general articles make up an interesting number of *Good Words*. "Japanese Art" is duly noted elsewhere; and amongst the rest may be mentioned "The Amusements of the People," in which the Rev. Harry Jones pleads for public sympathy with the Playing-fields Committee, whose head-quarters are at the Polytechnic. He holds that

THE MULTIPLICATION OF GYMNASIUMS

is eminently desirable. "Any one who has seen the lads (and lasses, too) at play in, for instance, that attached to the People's Palace, cannot fail to be touched with a perception of the eagerness with which such places are appreciated. It is not the "musical drill" alone which delights and exercises them. They leap and tumble with exuberance of enjoyment, and an agility which may be to some an unexpected revelation of his power on the part of a white-faced young Cockney; but it is there, and only dormant, in thousands."—Dr. Norman Macleod writes chatily on "Italy Revisited," and gives some interesting data to

THE ROME OF TO-DAY.

"Rome, the picturesque, grey, dignified old city, with its marvellous tints from age and from clinging weeds and wild flowers, and with its grimy, narrow, medieval streets—that Rome is gone for ever. . . . But if the changes effected on Rome drive artists and poets mad, there is another side of the question. There is a sickly sentimentalism among a number of aesthetic people, which renders them blind to the immeasurable advantages which have followed the change of government and makes them incapable of doing justice to the municipality, which has done marvels for the housing of the people, sanitary improvement, and archaeology. When we learn that the population has in recent years been doubled, and that £11,000,000 sterling of private capital was invested in building during the six years alone that ended in 1888, and when Signor Lanciani informs us that between 1872 and 1885, 82 miles of new streets were made, 1,158 acres covered with new quarters, £5,400,000 spent in works of public utility and improvement, that some 8,049 objects of art or antiquarian interest, besides 36,679 coins, have been discovered and added to the museum of the Capitol, we are amazed at the signs thus afforded of patriotism and civic vitality. And these tokens of material progress are even of less consequence than the restoration of liberty which, in the Rome of to-day as compared with Rome thirty years ago, is indeed as full-grown life from a silent grave."

"HOSPITAL Nursing" holds the place of honour in the *English Illustrated*. Mrs. Hunter's object is to give an idea of a nurse's work, with its rewards and prospects. She likewise advocates a few much-needed reforms, among the first and foremost being a reduction in the hours of work!—Mr. Morton Fullerton's "Impressions in Cairo" goes over well-worn ground. As regards

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF EGYPT

it may be, that however much we may wish to "clear out," facts will resolve the question into a case of *J'y suis; j'y reste.*" At all events,

the Egyptian is fast adapting himself to English ways. "Want to go shootin' to-day?" is as frequent an inquiry in the streets as "I want a donkey?" or the vaguer "Want any 'in?" which covers a multitude of sins. The whole native population out of the Bazaars, the Muski, and the quarter of old Cairo, seems to be fast making towards the condition of the natives in India, or to suggest a parallel, to the Virginian form of life before the war. At the last you might except English Cairo as a real Cairo which is not now likely to pass away. *Asprey's* of the immense foreign trade now done in this direction, Mr. Wakefield urges the establishment of

A NATIVE FLOWER INDUSTRY.

"We cannot, of course, compete with the Riviera in flower produce at the same time of year, but at a later season much improvement might be made in the sort of flowers our peasantry cultivate. In the north of England the sale of flowers is already a feature of summer market days in the country towns, and it only requires individual energy to start the growth of roses, lilac, and jonquils for special purposes in sufficient quantity, to create a scent factory, and a flourishing industry."—"A Day in Kyoto?" I have dealt with on another page, and, for the rest, the monthly fare is completed by a frank from the pen of Marion Crawford, and a slight sketch of Frank Short and William Strang, two of our chief present-day etchers.

Scrivener's for March has, as usual, its full share of charmingly executed illustrations. We, however, are regaled with inferior paper for the unillustrated portions of the magazine. The inferior appearance is anything but pleasant to the eye, while the contrast by touch is much more marked.—Mr. Mooteney-Jephson leads off by "Our March with a Starving Column"—another of the "Stanley records" of which it might be said "their name is satiety." Still, Mr. Jephson writes pleasantly though he does not deal anything fresh and content controversy.—E. S. Nadal on "London and American Clubs" will be much more to English taste. Clubs, as we know them on this side of the herring-pond, are, in the U.S.A. the growth of the last fifteen or twenty years. Some existed, of course, but as a rule they were financially shaky. Exceptions were the French gambling clubs, but respectable Americans did not generally patronise these. How things have changed in this respect, and what modifications have been made in adapting English models to American needs is the burden of Mr. Nadal's article. Japan is booming ahead. Four of the current magazines, at least, have papers on this subject, that in *Scrivener's* being from the pen of Sir Edwin Arnold. As the article is "sampled" elsewhere I need say nothing more in this place.—Samuel Parsons, Jr. discusses on "The Ornamentation of Ponds and Lakes," and Mark Kerr on "Mount St. Elias and its Glaciers," a sign, I suppose, that public interest is awakening concerning the most remote of the possessions of the U.S.A., Alaska; certainly there is at present much lack of definite knowledge. A "Note on Jane Austen," and the usual fiction, complete a fairly interesting number.

The Laws of Water Polo.

Declaring Fouls.—The Referee shall declare a foul by blowing a whistle, upon which the competitors shall remain in their respective positions until the colours of the side are exhibited to which the free throw is awarded. *Fouls.*—It shall be a foul—(a) To touch the ball with both hands at the same time (goal-keeper exempted from this rule). (b)—To touch the ball, interfere with an opponent, or take any part in the game whilst standing on the bottom of the bath (the goal-keeper exempted). (c)—To hold the rail or side of the bath during any part of the game, unless for the purpose of resting. (d)—To interfere with an opponent unless he is playing or holding the ball. (e)—To carry the ball under the arm. *Penalties.*—The penalty for each foul shall be a free throw to the opposing side from the place where the foul occurred. A goal cannot be scored from a free throw unless the ball has been touched at least one other player. *Wildful Fouls.*—If in the opinion of the Referee a player commits a wilful foul, he shall be cautioned for the first offence, and for the second the Referee shall have power to order him out of the water until a goal has been scored. *Goal-keeper.*—The goal-keeper may stand to defend his goal, but when standing he must not throw the ball beyond half distance, the penalty for doing this shall be a free throw to the opposing side from the half distance. *Goal-keeper is exempt from Clauses A and B in Rule 11, and he may be treated as any other player when in possession of the ball.* *Scoring.*—A goal shall be scored by the ball passing between the goal-posts and under the cross-bar. *Leaving the Water.*—A player leaving the water in which the match is being played, except at half-time, shall not re-enter it until a goal has been scored, or until half-time. *Starting.*—The players shall enter the water, and place themselves in a line with their respective goals. The Referee shall stand in a line with the centre of the course, and, having ascertained that the captains are ready, shall give the word "Go," at the same time throwing the ball into the water at the centre. *Out of Play.*—When the ball shall go out of play it shall be thrown by the Referee into the middle of the course, in a straight line from where it went out. *Goal-line and Corner Throw.*—A player throwing the ball over his own goal-line shall concede a free corner throw to his opponents, but if the attacking side throw the ball over, it shall be a free throw to their opponents. *No Player to be placed in Opponent's Goal.*—No player to be placed in his opponents' goal, or behind the goal-keeper while the ball is in front of the goal-keeper. Infringement of this rule is a wilful foul.

Present Day Problems.

I.—ANGLO-SAXON vs. IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

ENGLAND, of all nations, has the greatest hold upon the past. Herein, I think, lies, as in a nutshell, the key to most of the difficulties surrounding the question of federation, whether regarded from a political or a fiscal standpoint. In the *Nineteenth Century* are two notable articles, one by Mr. J. W. Cross, and the other by Mr. J. W. Cross, but rather suggestive to a degree, not because of what they actually say, but rather because of the two obvious inferences.

There is a good deal of analogous argument possible as between the United States of America, the first of Britain's children to run alone, and the large family of colonies now rapidly approaching adulthood. The first factor in the case is the change of national ideal. The birth of the New World was really the birth of a great humanitarian movement, enshrining an idea broader than the expansion of England, deeper than the predominance of American ideas, and higher than "Advance, Australia!" The beginnings were based on revolt against tyranny, privilege, and oppression. Its ultimate aim was to abolish monarchy, to abolish aristocracy, to abolish the connection between Church and State, and to establish the sovereignty of the people. From that time there has been a continuous protest against many of the ideas, the sentiments, and the methods, particularly the military methods of the Old World. The new system is based on industrialism.

And here (says Mr. J. W. Cross, in the *Nineteenth Century*) we get to the very kernel of the question. Industrialism, as opposed to militarism, is now the central idea of the New World—the pivot upon which the New World may be said to turn. Here we find a vital principle—not merely a vague aspiration as it still is in the Old World—and we must lay hold of it as an elementary and fundamental consideration if we are to understand rightly the relations between the two worlds. For the full accomplishment of this stage of social development signifies a new departure of immense historical importance. It changes the whole attitude and the ideals of a people.

The bayonet has been banished as a standing institution, though ready enough to re-appear if occasion requires. The Civil War, which ended in 1865, was caused indirectly, if not directly, by the abnormal institution of slavery, and instead of increasing the tendency towards militarism, it really advanced the cause of industrialism more than any event in history. The whole armed forces on both sides were at once quietly re-absorbed into the industrial population; the great lesson taught to the world that industrialism does not necessarily lead to national impotence, and the experience gained by the Northerners, of the difficulty of governing an unwilling South after the war, has made them more averse than before to the responsibility of introducing any possibly recalcitrant elements into their commonwealth.

Turning to Canada we see she has the proverbial "three courses" open to her. She may (1) determine to maintain existing relations with the mother country, or (2) to set up for herself, or (3) to be absorbed into the Union, but turn which way we will there is always one thing clear—namely, that by the inexorable logic of fact Canada is essentially a New World industrial power. She is approaching very rapidly to the parting of the ways, and one of the most interesting and far-reaching events of the near future will be the course she decides on as to commercial union with the United States; for it can scarcely be supposed that she will permanently cut herself off from the great market at her doors, and commercial union will almost inevitably bring her to a closer bond. The Attorney-General of Nova Scotia inclines (see *Fortnightly Review*, March) very much to the view that independence is strongly probable, the form of government being republican inasmuch as Canada, though inclining to Constitutional monarchy, could not afford to be indifferent to the views and policy of the United States, who are violently prejudiced against the monarchical system.

The United States of Australia are still in the embryonic stage, and the cry of "Advance, Australia!" is perhaps premature as the watchword of the New World; but they are, nevertheless, distinctly leading the way in attempting solutions of many social problems, with more or less success. Australians already show decided aspirations towards separate nationality, and are founding themselves on the evolution of a social faith in which industrialism is a vital tenet and a part of their effective religion. *The lesson we have to learn is that our kin beyond the sea are giving us the lead in this direction.* They are setting the step for us, not we for them; and it is this consideration which justifies the comparison so often made, in post-prandial perorations, between the Roman and British Empires. There is nothing more misleading than a false historical analogy.

The Germans in America retain still a sentiment for the Vaterland—for the land of Schiller and Goethe—but they glory far more in having got beyond "Militarismus": the English agricultural labourers or artisans in Australia, and more particularly their children, no doubt nourish a sentiment for the old home—the land of Shakespeare and Milton, the land of all the poetry, the romance, the history, the fine traditions of our race; but it is crossed with memories of a land of inequalities, of privileges, and of a sweated redemption.

Here a curious reflection is forced upon one. As the means of communication increase, nationalism becomes a feebler, and internationalism a stronger, motive power; and this is more particularly the case in the New World. This tendency is much the most important and the most interesting feature in the world's politics to-day; and if the federation of the North American continent ever takes place, it will probably exercise a decisive influence in moulding the destinies of Australia.

What then, if some day we wake to find Canada independent, and the Republic of the Southern seas an actuality? Suppose

events such as these should render *Imperial Federation* a chimera, would federation of any kind be impossible? There are those who believe that only then will the idea come within the range of practical politics; only when "the mother of nations" has taken a leaf out of her children's book and when the breach caused by the "mad folly of a mad king" is healed.

The trend of events in England is even now significant. As Dr. Thomson once pointed out, if history is read rightly, there has been a constant coming forward of class after class. When the great Charter was granted, it was an affair between the king and the barons. In the time of Charles I. the strife was between the king and the middle classes. If once does not mistake very much, it is in this generation, and not before, that the true position of the working classes has been or will be recognised. They are beginning to feel their own feet under them, and to see that the future to a large extent depends upon them—in short, Old World conditions of labour are assimilating themselves more and more to New World industrialism. What then, if this comes to pass? Why, one dream, at least, will have come true. With the Anglo-Saxon race united in fact as it is in kind, what nation or combination of nations could stand against its unity, or its fiat that the peace of the world be kept intact? And, best of all, would not the, at present, wildest of wild dreams, the dream of Human Brotherhood, be brought appreciably nearer?

Notes by the Way.

"PUT a penny in the slot" and out comes—hot water. That is the latest Parisian adaptation of the "automatic fiend." Nine quarts are delivered for this sum, and the water is found useful by the poor, and by cabmen for their foot-pans or *boillottes*. A coil of copper pipe inside the machine communicates with the street main, and is heated by gas-burners; the penny allows the tap to be opened on pushing in a "button." A glass of hot wine is also sold by similar machines in Paris.

If the Christ of the Gospels were to reappear in our midst such as he was, how would he be received, and what would happen? It is a question often asked, and now the author of "The Christ That is to Be" attempts an answer. He writes in the person of a certain Trent Farthing, Librarian to the Guild of Workers in Wood in the year 2100. England has lost her commerce and her colonies; and London is the shadow of her old self. Hence, in the midst of a dreary and impoverished London, Trent Farthing traces the history of the Christ that is to be—a strange, wonder-working, Jewish-looking carpenter, called Alpha, who comes, no one knows whence. To the London of the future He comes with the thorn-wounds on His brow, the nail-marks on His hands. He performs miracles, speaks in parables, wins hearts to Him by His invincible goodness, and is persecuted in every possible way. It is, in fact, the story of Christ told over again, with twenty-second century surroundings, only that in the end, when the mob surged into St. Paul's and He is about to be torn to pieces, Christ is caught up into Heaven. It is a strange story, but of one great power; the moral, too, is of grave import.

THE Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava writes hopefully of the women of India in this month's *Nineteenth Century*. She holds that the lower-caste women in India, who are not kept behind the purdah, but may be seen in the streets of the towns and villages, and in the country districts, are as free as most European peasantry, as happy, and as cheerful. Of those Indian women who have attended the high schools or the university classes, and who are in fact educated, and as it is called, emancipated, she says, "I have a very high opinion. In Oriental countries generally, emancipation from the strict rules of the purdah, and the education of women, are apt to mean dissipation and French novels; but in India they really seem to lead to a higher life. The educated Indian ladies I have met retain all the remarkably feminine character of their race; they lose none of the modesty of their demeanour, and I have never seen a sign, nor have I ever heard the faintest whisper, of any levity in their conduct. The example they set, and the respect they command, will probably do more to advance the education of women, and to allay the fears of those who are opposed to it, than either theoretical considerations or the more conscious efforts of organised societies."

It is something to get a new sensation nowadays, but what on earth can be said for the scheme which, says *Chambers' Journal*, has recently been elaborated for dropping a roomful of living persons from the top to the bottom of the Eiffel Tower without hurting them. Like the switchback railway, the enterprise is designed simply and purely as a new means of excitement, with something more than a spice of danger in it, and in one or two of the French papers illustrations are given of the manner in which the singular idea is proposed to be carried out. The room in which the visitors are placed is shaped like a conical bullet, and is allowed to slide into space point downwards. To break its fall, and to prevent any unpleasant concussion to its inmates, the projectile is to fall into a deep, and it is certainly a matter for congratulation that there are, after all, very few lunatics such as the originators of this scheme. Possibly, however, they are pioneers at *la Jules Verne*, and are experimenting with a view to making possible that imaginative writer's idea of inter-planetary communication!

THE first thing that some women will want to do when they get to heaven will be to hunt for a broom, and dust and clean house.

The Empire of the Rising Sun.

THE Empire of the Rising Sun occupies a prominent place in this month's periodical literature. There is, however, no good show of reason for this centring of public interest in the Japanese, who, at the moment, are in the midst of a social revolution, the magnitude of which it is difficult at this distance rightly to gauge, and the effects of which it is impossible to foresee. Old-world Asiatic ideas are giving way to European theories; a new civil code has been introduced; and a constitutional government has been established by the opening of a Parliament on a British model. Here, however, are two or three bird's-eye views of the country and its people.

I. ITS PEOPLE. BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. (*Scribner's Magazine*).

Medical works, portraying them physically, tell us that the Japanese are Mongols, distinguished by a yellowish skin, straight black hair, scanty beard, almost total absence of hair on the arms, legs, and chest, a broad, prominent cheek-bone, and more or less obliquely set eyes. Compared with people of European race the average Japanese has a long body and short legs, a large skull, with a tendency to prognathism, a flat nose, coarse hair, scanty eyelashes, prominent eyelids, a sallow complexion, and a low stature. The average height of Japanese men is about the same as that of European women. The women are proportionally smaller and better looking than the men, with pretty manners and charming voices. Japanese children are allowed to be most talking, with their grave, little, demure ways, their old-fashioned airs, there almost preternatural propriety of conduct. All seem to conclude that the Japanese have less highly strung nerves than Europeans, bearing pain with admirable calm, and meeting death with comparative indifference.

Merchants' invehict against the unbusinesslike qualities of the Japanese, and compare them disadvantageously with the natives of China; finding them petty, shilly-shallying, and untrustworthy. Scientific and serious natures lament the lack of idealism in the Japanese mind. Good-hearted they are, artistic, delightfully polite, nice in persons and ways; yet—declare other judges—deceitful, insincere, vain, frivolous; and as regards their women, tyrannical, one-sided, and semi-barbarous.

But (continues Sir Edwin) this nation is the delight of my soul! Never have I passed days more happy, tranquil, or restorative than among Japanese of all classes, in the cities, towns, and villages of Japan. Possibly that is because I have had no business relations with any kind and pleasant friends, and have never talked very much metaphysics. Moreover, . . . at very little distance from the surface, which we civilizing westerns have done our best to spoil, will be still discovered the old changeless, high-tempered, generous, simple, and sweet-mannered Japan which charmed so much and so naturally.

But if a foreign sojourner must speak so favourably of the men, how shall he avoid an apparent extravagance of praise in qualifying these sweet, these patient, these graceful, these high-bred, these soft-voiced, gentle, kind, quiet, unselfish women of Japan? They seem, taken altogether, so amazingly superior to their men-folk, as almost to belong morally and socially to a higher race. In a sense that is the case, for though, of course, identical in blood and breeding, Japanese women have been reared for centuries in a separate school from the men. It was the hard school of obedience, of submission, of resignation, with no pretensions to justify the view. The Japanese male has considered himself, all through his history, the superior of the graceful and gentle companion of his life, who is taught, from the hour when she disappoints her mother by arriving in this world, to humble herself first to her parents, next to her husband, and lastly to her children. But it is characteristic of women, in all ages and countries, to make the best of bad laws and customs, and even to turn them to the advantage of themselves and of the men. Thus I know not by what soft magic of content, by what subtle elasticity of nature the Japanese woman—in theory a slave—in practice has gained very much for her own way everywhere; and obtains, without expecting, far more consideration and deference than might be expected. Yet it is a mystery to me how the Japanese woman has developed her gracious sweetness and bright serenity in the atmosphere of unchivalrous mal-estimation surrounding her from early times. The story of those early times proves abundantly that she was always what she is now—*otomashi, shimesetu na*—tender, gentle, and devoted.

2. EVERYDAY LIFE. BY RODERICK MACKENZIE. (*English Illustrated*).

There is a charming word-picture of every-day life in Old and New Japan in the *English Illustrated* for March, which should be read *in extenso*, for no extract can do justice to the subject as there treated. As Peach and Pearl (two Japanese girls) enter the theatre the story (plays begin in the early morning in Japan, and last till long after sundown) is drawing to a close; Kuranoske is lying drunk in the street, the Satsuma man passes and spits at him, but the Satsuma man is not perfect in his part, and the prompter with a book in hand follows him over the stage. The story drags on, no traditional detail omitted till the time of waiting is finished and the forty-seven start on their last journey; Kuranoske has to don armour, so his attendant comes from behind the ventral scales blind in his eyes till the armour is hooked on and the hero ready for war. In the auditorium boys wander about with oranges and green and white slices of custardy food. Peach's father and mother are making their evening meal of lobster and saki; in the next division sit a young couple with their first child, who is placidly having his dinner,

while his father is smoking in the opposite corner. There is a little stir and an Englishman with his guide enters one of the boxes overhead. This excites much more interest than the play, and every head is turned from the stage while the Englishman with trouble and pain squats on the floor in stockinged-feet to show how well he can conform to the customs of the country. His friend and cicerone meanwhile sits up rigid on a chair, his muddy boots dangling some inches from the floor, for he is a civilized Japanese. Then the scene changes. . . . No curtain falls, but the whole stage revolves, worked by manual labour beneath, and so the action proceeds. . . . A Japanese audience is as impatient as an English audience can be, and they show it in the same way, clapping and calling themselves hoarse.

3. JAPANESE ART. BY PROFESSOR R. K. DOUGLAS. (*Good Words*).

The first efforts of every Chinese and Japanese schoolboy go to write with grace and accuracy the picture-writing which is put before him in his copy-books. It will be readily understood that with the skill thus acquired the transition from tracing hieroglyphics to drawing the objects which these represent is easily bridged over. The instrument also which is used in both processes is identical. The same brush with which the boy has learned to write the characters, and which, by its form and construction, is especially fitted to draw the supple and flowing strokes necessary for their formation, serves him in after life to delineate the objects of nature which he sees around him. It is this training which enables a Chinese or Japanese artist to draw with ease and certainty the outlines of the objects which he wishes to represent. For him *vestigia nulla retrocedunt*. Every line which he sketches remains. He has no equivalent of india-rubber with which to obliterate a false outline. He must know exactly the effect which each line will produce, and he must possess an eye and a hand which will have the skill to execute it with assured confidence.

Throughout the history of painting in Japan, nothing is more noticeable than the close observation of nature conspicuous in it, and the sympathetic feeling shown by the artists in their treatment of natural objects. But it is in their landscapes and drawings of flowers that the national love of the beautiful is most plainly shown forth. They are proud of the beauties of their land and take an unending delight in them. As each season brings its particular charm, the dwellers in towns troop out into the country to enjoy the exquisite loveliness of the famous landscapes of their favoured land. In spring-time to admire the cherry blossom, in summer to revel in the rich beauty of the flowers, in autumn to wander among the orchards of ripening fruits, and in winter to gaze and wonder at the fantastic shapes in which the snow wreathes itself on trees and dwellings, are among the chief enjoyments of the people; and each phase forms the constant subject of artists' sketches. [There is a unique collection of Japanese art subjects in the British Museum.—Ed. P.]

4. THE FUTURE OF JAPAN. — ?

What the future has in store for Japan it is hard to say. Most observers, however, agree in thinking that all depends upon the condition of women question. Sir Edwin Arnold boldly avows that if the Japanese man would enter upon the great future awaiting him he will have to be better aware of the goodness of his gods in bestowing such women upon the country; that is "the chief condition for the happy development of the land." Two grotesquely different influences are at work to undermine the present slavery—one, European theories concerning the relation of the sexes; the other, European clothes! The same individual who struts into a room before his wife when she is dressed *à la japonaise*, lets her go in first when she is dressed *à la Européenne*. It is to be feared, however, that such acts of courtesy do not extend to the home where there is no one by to see; for most Japanese men, even in this very year of grace 1890, make no secret of their disdain for the female sex. Still, it is a first step that even on some occasions consideration for women should at least be simulated.

Meanwhile, whatever the future has in store, the traveller can everywhere see "gloshop" and "soapsell" writ in big letters. Parliament is open, and the *Daily Telegraph* has a home in Tokyo. Will the New Era keep an artist labouring for love, after all refusing to sign his work even when three years have been spent on one cloisonné jar because it has never equalled his ideal? Will faith be lost? Will the sun's descendant still rule, or will Japan *fin de siècle* think of playing at Republicanism? Time alone can tell.

Those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think for themselves.—*Colton*.

IDLENESS is the sepulchre of a living man.

THERE is very little influence where there is not great sympathy. Hence we are seldom influenced much by those who are greatly our seniors in age.—*Bulwer*.

TRIFLES light as air. Are to the jealous confirmation strong. As proof of holy writ.—*Shakespeare*.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none Go just alike, yet each believes his own.—*Pope*.

Knowledge dwells In heads replete with thoughts of other men— Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.—*Congreve*.

"The Good Old Times" and "The Good Time Coming"—A Contrast.

I. "THE GOOD OLD TIMES." By "A VOICE OF THE PAST."

Harrison in his description of Britain prefixed to "Hollinshed's Chronicles," thus narrates his impressions of the manners and customs of the sixteenth century. The floors are commonly of clay, strewn with rushes, under which lies, unmolested, an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, and everything that is nasty. There are old men yet dwelling in the village where I remain, which have noted three things to be marvelously altered in England within their own remembrance. One is the multitude of chimneys lately erected; whereas, in their young days, there were not above two or three, if so many, in most uplandish towns of the realm (the religious houses and manor places of their lords always excepted, and, peradventure, some great personage); but each made his fire against a redcoarse in the hall, where he dined and dressed his meat. The second is the great amendment of lodging; for said they, our fathers, and we ourselves, have lain full off upon straw pallets covered only with a sheet, under coverlets made of dogswain or haphanlats, and a good round log under their head instead of a bolster. If it were so, that the father, or Goodman of the house, had a mattress or flock-bed, and thereto a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself to be as well lodged as the lord of the town, so well were they contented. Pillows, said they, were thought meet only for women in child-bed. As for servants, if they had any sheet above them it was well; for seldom had they any under their bodies. Looking down through the straw, that ran off through the canvas. The third thing they tell us of is the exchange of treene (wooden) platters into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver or tin, for so common were all sorts of treene vessels in old time, that a man should hardly find four pieces of pewter (of which one was peradventure a saul) in the house of any gentleman at this day.

Harrison also tells us that in his days the nobility, gentry, and students ordinarily went to dinner at eleven before noon, and to supper at five, or between that and six at afternoon! The merchants dined and supped seldom before twelve at noon and six at night, especially in London! The husbandmen, however, as they were called, ate and supped at seven or eight; while out of term, at the universities, the scholars dined at ten. So much for the past; now let us take a glimpse at—

II. "THE GOOD TIME COMING." By "A VOICE FROM POSTERITY."

The Golden Age is usually regarded as a dream of the past; will it not rather be a reality of the future? Be this as it may, indications are not wanting of a transition so gradual and so characteristic of the times, men's thoughts turn naturally to a future when the social yearnings of to-day will find a fuller outcome in a happier state of society. No surer sign of the wide prevalence of "the larger social good" could be instanced than the wide popularity of such books as Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," and Lester Thiersen's "Far Look Ahead." The cause of this is not far to seek. As Mr. Stead has well pointed out, we have yet to open our eyes to the extent to which Electricity has re-energised the world. What the revival of learning was to the Renaissance, what the discovery of the new world was to the Elizabethan, what the steam-engine was to the century of the Revolution, the application of Electricity is to the New Generation.

We are (he continues) standing at the day-dawn of the Electric Age. The thunderbolt of Jove has become the most puissant of all the servants of man. It has annihilated time, abolished space, and it will yet unify the world. By making all the nations in all the continents next-door neighbours, it has already revived the ideal of human brotherhood, and it is the destined agency by which Europe will be freed from militarism and war banished from the world.

In other directions, too, the changes now in progress are not less marked; moreover, the extraordinary advances made during the past century in science and mechanical invention have naturally raised hopes of a corresponding advance during the coming centuries and stimulated the impulse to forecast the hoped-for glorious future. Such the idea with which the works I have mentioned start, but it is not with these I am now concerned so much as with another work equally remarkable, and full of interest, a sample of which I now purpose giving. The book is called "A Voice from Posterity," and is supposed to be written in A.D. 2000, i.e., three centuries ahead. Professor Meister, the occupant of the chair of English Antiquities and Literature in the University of London, in the State of Atlantis, in a series of lectures to his class, sketches the history of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, his listeners being supposed to put themselves in the place of those living at the present time. Here is an extract:—"We are no longer restricted to a mere dominion of the earth's superficies, for we have command over the air, the sea, and the infraterrane regions besides. No longer, either, are we constrained to submit to the wild unguided influences of natural forces, for we have learnt that these are among the powers our reason has strength to subdue. Yet it would once have been reckoned rank blasphemy to have asserted that man held within him the capacity for becoming supreme over the workings of natural law within the globe. You dared not confess that science was creeping on from point to point, and still no limit to the power of reason was apparent; you shrank from putting those facts together, and looking forward to the actual goal they were leading on to.

"Possibly one point may serve to punctuate the difference in essential character, of man's condition now, with his state in your time. The subject of zodiacal engineering is what I am referring to. The

science of meteorology, so styled in your day, or the study of phenomena occurring in the air, was extremely vague and imperfect.

"You had always to estimate the variation of climate, and to base agriculture upon that. At this epoch, climate is tempered and arranged to suit the community. By means of internal heat, those parts of the earth that were once so vigorous have been warmed into a new and wondrous life, while our corps of zodiacists manage the main and auxiliary drouth and in another; now, these are equalised and balanced. Volcanic heat and electric light have taken the place of the sun in melting the Polar snows, while a wise management of the various forcurents has mitigated the intense fierceness of the tropic sun.

"You would have deemed such enterprize extravagant and chimerical in bare conception during the nineteenth century; yet the lesson you might have learnt from the march of Science onward through the years, should have taught you to view in these and such-like triumphs, the indubitable goal that lay before the children of men. The penetration and discovery of Nature's laws and secrets were ever followed by the invention of means—not to turn Nature from her course—but to adapt her agencies to the greater needs of man.

"The enormous multiplication of the numbers of men has necessarily involved a corresponding increment in production. The land in your age, taken collectively, stood in the same relation to itself in this, as primitive barbarism does to modern civilisation. It was a ragged wilderness patched with rude cultivation then; it is a rich garden now. Come, and I will show you a model farm of the year 2180. . . .

"Turn to this field of corn: is that a sight that could have been gazed over in the nineteenth century? Nay, for this grain is strange to the eyes of you denizens of the past. Yet it is but wheat, the same cereal from which you drew your chief supply of food. Was not the chief end and aim of your agriculture to produce this staple in greatest quantity and richest quality from the smallest possible space? Behold, then, the realization of results beyond the hopes and dreams of ancient farmers, brought about by natural means and combinations of advanced science. Take one of these wheat-plants and examine it; see in what respects it differs from a like plant in your time. There is the root, the stalk or straw, and the ear of seed that crowns it. So far the similarity is perfect. But look again! This ear of wheat commences close to the surface of the ground, and clusters on the straw throughout its entire length. More than that, each grain is larger, plumper, and healthier-looking than what your memory compares it with; while a chemist could tell you of its increase in nitrogenous and phosphatic matter. So, then, we have not merely caused a given space to produce double quantity of wheat your highest farming could effect, we have multiplied that quantity a hundred-fold, and raised a grain far richer in the constituents required by human life."

Although the book is a remarkable one, and well worth reading by those curious in such matters. It is altogether different in treatment to others of its class.

MR. CARNEGIE in a recent politico-economic article pointed out that the United States Census, 1880, shows only 38,665 public paupers in a population of 50,000,000, mainly aged and superannated—one-third being foreigners. There were more blind and idiotic people in the public charitable institutions than paupers, and half as many deaf mutes, although the percentage of the "defective classes" is less than half that of Europe. The total number of all "dependent" persons cared for was less than five per thousand, as compared with thirty-three per thousand in the United Kingdom. This percentage for Britain is happily only about one-fourth of what it has been, and its steady decrease is most encouraging. Good and charitable workers among the poor can best accelerate this decreasing process, until something like the American figure is reached, by installing within their working classes of Britain those feelings of manly self-respect and those habits of sobriety and thrift which distinguish their race here, and keep it poorest, free, not only from pauperism, but from want or extreme poverty, except as the necessary result (accident and sickness excepted) of their own bad habits.

The mission of the Sclisephone, a clever little instrument founded upon Professor Hughs's microphone, is to detect flaws such as air-holes and imperfect weldings in metals. That such an instrument will be of extreme value, especially for testing metal employed in the rolling stock of railways, is obvious, for many lives must often depend upon the perfect condition of the materials used in such work. The apparatus consists of two parts, one being a tiny hammer, which taps the metal as it traverses its surface, and which works by pressure upon a pneumatic ball held in the operator's hand, while the other, a telephone, is carried into another room, so that the taps of the hammer can only be heard through the instrument—an effect which is brought about by including in the battery circuit a microphone. The listener at the telephone can tell by certain variations in the character of the sound when the hammer is near a flaw. He then touches an electric bell, which rings a bell in the room where the hammering operation is carried out, so that the faulty place may be at once marked for subsequent careful examination.

We are never so ridiculous from the qualities we have, as from those we affect to have.—La Rochefoucauld.

The Cost of Being a Blessing.

By J. R. MILLER, D.D.

OUR preachers often tell us, in commending a useful life, that it costs but little to do good. In a sense this is true. Without great outlay, either of money or of energy, one may do many helpful things. There is a sense in which one cannot be a real blessing in this world save at much cost. It is true, as a general principle, that nothing is worth more than it costs. Even a grain of wheat must fall into the earth and die before it can yield any harvest, and we have our Lord's authority for carrying the analogy into human life. "To be truly useful we must die to self and to all personal ambitions and longings." "He that loveth his life loseth it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."

So we have our choice. We may live for self, take good care of our lives, not exposing them to danger, not making personal sacrifices, having a keen eye always for our own interests and advancement. Then we may reach old age hale and well preserved. People may congratulate us on our well-preserved state, and we may have considerable pride in the result of our prudence and carefulness.

There certainly seems something quite pleasant about such a life, kept from falling into the earth. There is no harvest. The life abides by itself alone, well enough kept, but with no increase. It has been no blessing to the world. That is, indeed, the whole outcome of selfishness. The other way to live is altogether to forget self—not to think of or care for one's own life, but to throw it away in obedience to God or in devotion to His service. People will say you are foolish thus to waste your golden life, thus to sacrifice yourself in ways that return no profit. But Christ made no mistake when He went straight on to His cross rather than turn aside to save His life; and no one makes a mistake who follows Him.

The truth is we cannot be great blessings in this world, and at the same time take good care of our own lives. That which costs us nothing is worth nothing. This principle lies a great deal deeper in the heart of all life than we are apt to think. All along the ages, whatever is good and beautiful and worthy has been the fruit of suffering and pain. Civilization has advanced through wars, revolutions, and failures, through the ruin and overturning of empires and kingdoms. Every thoughtful reader of the world's history understands this. What Christian civilization is to-day, it is as the harvest of centuries of weary struggle and toil and human fall and human failure. Every advance worth recording has been made through carnage and disaster. It seems that without shedding of blood there is not only no remission of sins, but no growth, no progress in life. Heaven's victorious throngs, wearing white robes and waving branches of palm, come up out of great tribulation. Even Jesus appears in glory a Lamb that has been slain; His blessedness is the fruit of suffering. And we know that all the joys and honours of redemption come from the Savior's cross, and that personal holiness is reached only through struggle and suffering. Thus whatever is good in earth and in heaven is the outcome of sacrifice, pain, and death.

This law of the cost of all that is best, even of all that is truly useful in life, finds illustration at all points. We cannot live a day but something must die to be food for the sustaining of our life. We cannot be warmed in winter but some miner must crouch and toil in darkness to provide fuel for our fires. We cannot be clothed but worms must weave their own lives into silken threads, or sheep must shiver in the chill that their fleeces may cover us. The gems and jewels that the women wear, and which they prize so highly, are brought to them through the anguish and peril of the poor wretches that hunt and dive for them; and the furs that we wrap around us in winter cost the lives of the creatures that first wore them, and which have to die to provide the warmth and comfort for us. The child lives through the mother's pangs and anguish. We cannot even pray, but pierced hands must be reached down to lift up to heaven our sighs and cries, and then held up in intercession to press our pleas before God. Divine mercy can come to us only through the blood of the Lamb.

It is doubtful whether, in the realm of spiritual influence, any blessing of much value ever comes to us from another which has not received its baptism of pain and tears. That which has cost nothing in the heart which gives it, is not likely to be of much use to him who receives it. The true poets must always learn in suffering what they teach in song.

"The poet dipped his pen, and drew His vivid pictures, phrase by phrase, Of skies and misty mountains blue, Of starry nights and shimmering dews. Men said, 'He breeds his fancies pure; His touch is facile, swift, and sure.' "The poet's friend was stricken sore; In tender tears the pen he dipped, And breathed his gentle sorrow o'er, And traced the sympathetic script. Men said, 'His heart is kind and true; The land yet shall be his due.' "The poet's child has waxen hands That hold Death's heavy-scented rose. She drifts to the dim shadow-lands, And draws his wild soul as she goes. He dipped his pen in his heart's wound, And, sobbing, wrote—and thus was crowned!"

The words of the preacher, however eloquently and fluently spoken, anguish if his own do not greatly help or please others. We all know that the most effective oratory is not that which flows, without effort, from the lips of the speaker; but that which tells of cost in the knit brow, and glowing eye, and trembling voice. "Wherever a great thought is born, there has been Gethsemane." Frederick W. Robertson said that one who had thanked him for help gotten from his sermons: "That a ministry in which words and truth, if truth come, wring out of mental pain and inward struggle, should now and then touch a corresponding chord in minds with which, from invincible and almost incredible shyness, I rarely come in personal contact, is not so surprising; for I suppose the grand principle is the universal one,—we can only heal one another with blood." He meant that the lessons only which have cost us pain, which we have learned in struggle, which have been born out of anguish of heart, will heal and really bless others. It is when we have passed through the bitterness of temptation, wrestling with evil and sore beset, victorious only through the grace of Christ, that we are ready to be helpers of others in temptation. It is only when we have known sorrow, when the chords of our love have been swept by it, and when we have been comforted and helped to endure that we are fitted to become comforters of others in sorrow.

This law prevails, therefore, everywhere. Our lives yield blessings only by dying. We do real good to others only at cost of self. The alabaster box must be broken before its odours can flow out. Christ blessed the world, not by an easy, pleasant, prosperous life in it, but by suffering and dying in it, and for it; and we can never bless the world merely by having a good time and good luck.

Work for others that costs us nothing is scarcely worth doing. At least, it takes their blood to heal hearts. Too many of us are ready to work for Christ, and do good to our fellow-men, only so long as it is very easy, and requires no sacrifice or self-denial. But if we stop there, we stop just where our service is likely to become of use. This saving of life proves, in the end, the losing of it. It is they who sorrow in tears that shall reap in joy. It is he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, that shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. We may take easy work if we will—we must that costs us nothing, that involves no pain or self-denial—but we must not, then, be surprised if our hands are empty in the great harvest-time.

At Last.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsmiling spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.
Thou hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O love divine, O Helper, ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay;
Be near me when all else from me is drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love each answers mine.
I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then, to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.
Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.
Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansion,
The river of Thy peace.
There, from the music round me best stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

GOD is attracting our regard in and through all things. Every flower is a hint of His beauty, every grain of wheat is a token of His beneficence; every atom of dust is a revelation of His power.

To think we are able is almost to be so; to determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savor of omnipotence.

LABOUR is man's great function. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, he can fulfil nothing without labor.

It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow, that it finds solace in unselfish thought.

FAMILIARITY does not breed contempt, except of contemptible things, or in contemptible people.—Phillips Brooks.

To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty.—Steele.

A Strange Experience and its Sequel.

(Continued from page 136; commenced January 16th—back numbers can be had on application at the Office.)

CHAPTER VIII.

The dawn was streaming into the laboratory when I became thoroughly awake and at the same time aware of what had occurred. I must have lain semi-unconscious for a long time. I now rose feebly from the floor. I felt very weak. I was still thinking of Millicent. It seemed as if I had been thinking of her through all this term of lethargy. And yet certain strange words were on my lips, as if I had been repeating them amid a dream.

"Save me from that," I was murmuring. "Whatever happens, let me not dare to dream of that!"

When I again met Demotte and Millicent, each was far from suspecting the agony through which I had passed. On this occasion I dined with them in the Second Avenue House. That evening Demotte and farewell some old college-friends who were on their way to Europe from the West. As he bade me good-night, and begged that I would excuse him just for this once, I could clearly detect in his face the disinclination which he felt to leave me at all. But he felt no shadow of inclination while he felt to leave me at all. "Millicent is to be disinclination to leave me alone with his wife," he said, glancing toward her with my hand still clasped in his own. "She is to enjoy your unshared society. . . . Pray don't go too soon, Douglas. Millicent likes above all things to talk with you."

These words, meant in the most careless geniality, stabbed me Millicent, on her part, answered them by an amiable little smile, and nod; she was evidently not in the least embarrassed. "O blended mockery and absurdity!" I thought. Here was Floyd Demotte, whose ridiculous jealousy of his wife had almost turned him into her jailer, showing this entire willingness that I—I, the man who measurelessly loved her!—should pass three or four hours in her company while he himself was absent!

"I have some new music," said Millicent, as soon as her husband had gone. She went to the piano and began tossing about some of the loose sheets of music that lay there. She was not an accomplished artist, perhaps, but her father had known what good instruction meant, and had procured it for her. Apart from this, there was a tender poetic spontaneity in her playing, which had won me; it was like her own sweet womanliness put into audible harmonies. "I know that my strumming never bores you," she went on lightly, while she sought one of the compositions to which she had referred. "You once told me so, although you may have forgotten the careless compliment."

"I haven't forgotten telling you so," I answered, speaking with that affectation of gaiety which I had found the most capable concealment, when near her, for grave and dangerous disclosures. "But I didn't use the word 'strumming'; that's a coinage from the mint of your own modesty."

She half turned toward me, smiling. She had found the sheet she wanted, and had drawn it from one of the soft lamp struck her profile, showing the pearly curve of her cheek, and bringing into winsome relief the tiny salience of one dark, upward eyelash. "Shall I play this then?" she asked.

"By all means play it," she said, as if with a childish pleasure in my sanction. "It is so new and yet so touching!" she exclaimed, while she opened the pages and spread them out on the rack before her. "There's a gleam of Chopin in it, now and then, and of Schubert, too. . . . You'll see what I mean, I'm sure." Then she peered at the initial leaf, and shook her head with humorous despair. "I can't pronounce the composer's name. It's made of a very Russian-looking mob of consonants. But there's nothing harsh in this lovely *feminine fugitive*, as he calls it. . . . I know you'll agree with me."

She at once commenced to play, and with a taste and elegance for which all her previous performance had ill prepared me. The melody was fine and forcible in its grasp and finish; if I am not wrong, the composer of it has since won a secure fame. But after some really brilliant execution, Millicent surprised me by a most delicate suave and dreaminess of treatment. The theme had become one of longing and of cogent yet subdued fervour. She gave every sign of being equal to the remarkable meaning which the notes now conveyed. I had not imagined that she could play so well. The work had clearly taken hold of her as none other which I had heard her strive to express. I rose in a real enthusiasm as she approached what I knew to be the end of the whole delicious little idea. As she was striking the last minor chords I approached her, full of the warm praise which she had roused in me.

But suddenly her fingers wrought a clash of discords on the keys. She turned her face toward mine, very rapidly, and then withdrew it from my sight. But in that brief glimpse I had seen that she was unwontedly pale and that tears were streaming from her eyes. Instantly I hurried toward her.

"What is it?" I exclaimed. "Are you unwell? What does this mean?"

"Nothing—nothing!" she faltered. The next minute she had risen and had hurried away from me. I thought she was about to quit the room, but instead of doing so she sank into one of the chairs yards away from where I was now standing. . . . A little later I heard from her a sound of weeping, and saw that she was pressing a handkerchief to her face with the plain suggestion of hard struggle against a rush of almost unconquerable emotion.

My heart began to beat; I felt myself growing dizzy; the control

which I knew it would be madness for me to lose threatened desertion. Loving this woman as I did, it was unmanly pain for me to see her suffer and yet offer her no tribute of sympathy. . . . But sympathy, with me, might foretoken a passionate disarray, an abandonment of prudence, which I would heretofore regret unceasingly.

What should I do? My blood was tingling in my veins. I saw that to remain were I was would be impossible. Should I fly from the room by a door close at hand, thus gaining the outer hall, and thence leaving the house?

But very soon a great change took place in Millicent. She had mastered her agitation. She rose from the chair and slowly approached me. She was still pale, but her tears had ceased to flow.

"You must think me wretchedly foolish," she said, as she came up to my side again.

"You surprised me a little; that was all," I replied. "Was it the music?"

"Yes; and what else could it have been?"

"It was the music—and what it seemed to desire."

"And that made you think of yourself?"

"Yes. It expressed just my own . . . dissatisfaction. I suppose that is the right word. I don't mean unhappiness. I'm not unhappy. Why should I be? Floyd is the very soul of devotion and kindness."

"And yet . . ." She paused, and gave a heavy sigh, sweeping my face wistfully with her luminous blue eyes.

"You are discontented then?" I said. "Only that. And you know why. . . . Am I wrong, here, in asserting that you really do know why?"

She shook her head. "No. I can't help knowing why. It is being kept for ever from seeing people, as he keeps me! It is feeling that I'm almost like one of those Eastern women, except that my seraglio doesn't overlook palms and lemon-groves; it commands a prospect of Second Avenue."

"Now that you have chosen to speak of this matter," I said, "you make it possible for me in turn to talk upon it."

"You have noticed, then?" she exclaimed, with a kind of eager sadness.

"Good heavens, Mrs. Demotte! I am not blind!"

She laid one hand on my arm. "Why do you call me by that tiresomely ceremonious name?" she asked. "I've told you I did not like it from the time of a friend such as you are to both of us, and Floyd has told you *he* would much prefer you to call me Millicent."

"Well, . . . Millicent," I said.

"Thanks. . . . And so you have noticed how he behaves? Of course you must. Do you know, it seems to me like a disease with him, this perpetual dread of my giving a word or a smile to any one besides himself? If he were not so mild-natured I should grow frightened about it all; I should feel like one of Bluebeard's wives—the last one, I mean, that he hadn't yet murdered. . . . Ah, it's horrid, is it not, for me to say anything so hard of poor, fond Floyd, even in jest? You must have seen, too, how I've appeared to bear it all quite uncomplainingly."

"I have seen that—and with astonishment."

"Why 'with astonishment'?" she questioned, drawing back from me a little, and giving her tones an almost hurt inflection. "Is not Floyd my dear, chosen husband? Ought I to complain if he were dealing him distress for me to complain?"

"Yes," I returned, "you ought. That is my frank answer to a direct question. Submission with every worthy wife should have its limits in self-respect. Floyd truly insults you by the life he forces you to live."

She gave a little dismayed cry. "How can it be insult if it only comes from his love?"

I smiled bitterly. "Love can be as harsh a tyrant as ever hate was."

She clasped her hands together and held them thus; the troubled, restless movement of her eyes bespoke some earnest self-inquiry of perhaps a new sort. Then at length she gave a little start, and looked at me very searchingly indeed.

"Tell me, Douglas—do you think I should take some definite step? Do you think I should make it clear to Floyd that he is not using me fairly as his wife?"

"I think so," was my answer. "Either you will lay up for both your husband and yourself an after-life of great unhappiness, or you will now, with promptness and decision, claim your natural and proper rights. I need not define to you what I believe these are. You have shown me that you perfectly understand them. Still, if you wish to use my own disapproval of his course in supporting and defending your protest, I fully grant you the liberty to do so."

"No, no," she said swiftly, and with some excitement in her retiring sentences. "I would not for the world have him even fancy that you had thus advised me. Whatever effort I may make had far better seem to him born entirely of my regret and sorrow at this unfortunate defect I find in him—as indeed it should be and will be." Her look glittered tearfully again for a second or two, as it met mine; but she drove back the impulse to reveal further weakness in my presence, though her lips had a tremor now that I could not misconstrue. "No, no, Douglas. He is so fond of you. I should be sorry enough if he ever broke with you. You are all that binds him to his fellow men. I don't know of anyone else whom he cares for, whom he even does more than tolerate, except yourself."

"I think I know of one," I said, with dryness in which I was sure she would detect nothing but a grim drollery; and she did detect nothing else.

"Ah, you mean me!" she cried softly. "Of course—yes. But I am too much to him. That is what I want to change. I don't imply that I would have him care for me any less than he does now."

"You would be miserable if he did?"

She smiled in a sweet, arch, defiant way that was a declaration of her unshaken loyalty. "You understand that I would!" she said.

"You have seen us so often together."

"Oh, yes, I don't doubt it."

She kept silent, drooping her eyes; then suddenly she lifted them to mine. "If I could only prevail upon you to do a certain thing!" she murmured.

"Prevail upon me?" I repeated. "To do what?"

"To come and live with us!" She gave a little nervous laugh and leaned toward me.

"But very soon a great change took place in Millicent. She had mastered her agitation. She rose from the chair and slowly approached me. She was still pale, but her tears had ceased to flow."

"You must think me wretchedly foolish," she said, as she came up to my side again.

"You surprised me a little; that was all," I replied. "Was it the music?"

"Yes; and what else could it have been?"

"It was the music—and what it seemed to desire."

"And that made you think of yourself?"

"Yes. It expressed just my own . . . dissatisfaction. I suppose that is the right word. I don't mean unhappiness. I'm not unhappy. Why should I be? Floyd is the very soul of devotion and kindness."

"And yet . . ." She paused, and gave a heavy sigh, sweeping my face wistfully with her luminous blue eyes.

"You are discontented then?" I said. "Only that. And you know why. . . . Am I wrong, here, in asserting that you really do know why?"

She shook her head. "No. I can't help knowing why. It is being kept for ever from seeing people, as he keeps me! It is feeling that I'm almost like one of those Eastern women, except that my seraglio doesn't overlook palms and lemon-groves; it commands a prospect of Second Avenue."

"Now that you have chosen to speak of this matter," I said, "you make it possible for me in turn to talk upon it."

"You have noticed, then?" she exclaimed, with a kind of eager sadness.

"Good heavens, Mrs. Demotte! I am not blind!"

She laid one hand on my arm. "Why do you call me by that tiresomely ceremonious name?" she asked. "I've told you I did not like it from the time of a friend such as you are to both of us, and Floyd has told you *he* would much prefer you to call me Millicent."

"Well, . . . Millicent," I said.

"Thanks. . . . And so you have noticed how he behaves? Of course you must. Do you know, it seems to me like a disease with him, this perpetual dread of my giving a word or a smile to any one besides himself? If he were not so mild-natured I should grow frightened about it all; I should feel like one of Bluebeard's wives—the last one, I mean, that he hadn't yet murdered. . . . Ah, it's horrid, is it not, for me to say anything so hard of poor, fond Floyd, even in jest? You must have seen, too, how I've appeared to bear it all quite uncomplainingly."

"I have seen that—and with astonishment."

"Why 'with astonishment'?" she questioned, drawing back from me a little, and giving her tones an almost hurt inflection. "Is not Floyd my dear, chosen husband? Ought I to complain if he were dealing him distress for me to complain?"

"Yes," I returned, "you ought. That is my frank answer to a direct question. Submission with every worthy wife should have its limits in self-respect. Floyd truly insults you by the life he forces you to live."

She gave a little dismayed cry. "How can it be insult if it only comes from his love?"

I smiled bitterly. "Love can be as harsh a tyrant as ever hate was."

She clasped her hands together and held them thus; the troubled, restless movement of her eyes bespoke some earnest self-inquiry of perhaps a new sort. Then at length she gave a little start, and looked at me very searchingly indeed.

"Tell me, Douglas—do you think I should take some definite step? Do you think I should make it clear to Floyd that he is not using me fairly as his wife?"

"I think so," was my answer. "Either you will lay up for both your husband and yourself an after-life of great unhappiness, or you will now, with promptness and decision, claim your natural and proper rights. I need not define to you what I believe these are. You have shown me that you perfectly understand them. Still, if you wish to use my own disapproval of his course in supporting and defending your protest, I fully grant you the liberty to do so."

"No, no," she said swiftly, and with some excitement in her retiring sentences. "I would not for the world have him even fancy that you had thus advised me. Whatever effort I may make had far better seem to him born entirely of my regret and sorrow at this unfortunate defect I find in him—as indeed it should be and will be." Her look glittered tearfully again for a second or two, as it met mine; but she drove back the impulse to reveal further weakness in my presence, though her lips had a tremor now that I could not misconstrue. "No, no, Douglas. He is so fond of you. I should be sorry enough if he ever broke with you. You are all that binds him to his fellow men. I don't know of anyone else whom he cares for, whom he even does more than tolerate, except yourself."

"I think I know of one," I said, with dryness in which I was sure she would detect nothing but a grim drollery; and she did detect nothing else.

"Ah, you mean me!" she cried softly. "Of course—yes. But I am too much to him. That is what I want to change. I don't imply that I would have him care for me any less than he does now."

"You would be miserable if he did?"

She smiled in a sweet, arch, defiant way that was a declaration of her unshaken loyalty. "You understand that I would!" she said.

"You have seen us so often together."

"Oh, yes, I don't doubt it."

She kept silent, drooping her eyes; then suddenly she lifted them to mine. "If I could only prevail upon you to do a certain thing!" she murmured.

"Prevail upon me?" I repeated. "To do what?"

"To come and live with us!" She gave a little nervous laugh and leaned toward me.

"But very soon a great change took place in Millicent. She had mastered her agitation. She rose from the chair and slowly approached me. She was still pale, but her tears had ceased to flow."

"You must think me wretchedly foolish," she said, as she came up to my side again.

"You surprised me a little; that was all," I replied. "Was it the music?"

"Yes; and what else could it have been?"

"It was the music—and what it seemed to desire."

"And that made you think of yourself?"

"Yes. It expressed just my own . . . dissatisfaction. I suppose that is the right word. I don't mean unhappiness. I'm not unhappy. Why should I be? Floyd is the very soul of devotion and kindness."

"And yet . . ." She paused, and gave a heavy sigh, sweeping my face wistfully with her luminous blue eyes.

"You are discontented then?" I said. "Only that. And you know why. . . . Am I wrong, here, in asserting that you really do know why?"

She shook her head. "No. I can't help knowing why. It is being kept for ever from seeing people, as he keeps me! It is feeling that I'm almost like one of those Eastern women, except that my seraglio doesn't overlook palms and lemon-groves; it commands a prospect of Second Avenue."

I saw precisely the drift of his conversation, but I preferred that he should not perceive this was the case. His tone of self-pity astonished me; I was unprepared to hear him approach the subject of his relationship with Millicent; but provided he did so at all, self-defence looked his one calculable and prospective method. Could he possibly mean to denounce his own conduct as blamable?

Such was his intent, as he soon made clear. "How can a mind be anything except unhealthy that turns, as mine does, blessings into torments?" Millicent is the loveliest creature in all the world; I should take the keenest delight in pride wherever she won the admiration of others." He made a gesture of the most pitiful exasperation. "But I can't find anything except a dull, gnawing misery in her sanest, purest diversions. It must be a kind of insanity with me; I suppose it is. You know all about it by this time. . . . Good God! I don't imagine people have seen it and talked of it by scores—I'm not such to complain. It's no feeble remembrance, either. She doesn't merely deplore affairs as they exist; she demands a sweeping change in them. It seems queer that she should, after her long and remarkable patience with me."

He lapsed into silence, and I straightway took the opportunity of saying, "She has certainly shown great patience with you."

"That's your real belief, is it?" he questioned, with emphatic anxiety, where contrition also appeared operative.

"It's not merely my belief," I returned; "it's my firm conviction."

He started up from his chair, went to the window in whose sunny flood he had been sitting, and soon turned to with his face full of both sombreness and resolve.

"I'll conquer my folly!" he cried. "I'll yield to Millicent in everything. She shall go everywhere; she shall know everybody. By Jove, Douglas, if the men make love to her I shan't mind—or I shall force myself not to mind!"

"Draw the line there," I said, smiling—though I felt almost a little like smiling as I had ever felt in my life.

The next few weeks corroborated unmistakably this new resolution. The Second Avenue house was thrown open to guests with a successful abruptness which bespoke wonders for the dormant potency of Demotte's name and position. There is a republican city like New York. If some European nobleman had thrown open his doors to the merry patrician *monde* after a prolonged retirement or absence, their acquiescence in his desire to meet them once more would have suggested no element of strangeness. But here was Floyd Demotte, in the chief city of a country whose very roots of being were supposed to strike far down within the fresh, untainted soil of democracy, and yet who found himself easily able, after neglecting it for years, to assert a handiwork of grandeur, the reverse of all conceivable principles on which our American commonwealth was founded.

But let the shafts of satire, that almost any hand may sharpen, rest, so far as concerns my own sense of this national self-contradiction, quietly unshaken. The truth remains that Floyd Demotte bared his threshold, and that many amiable, modish and well-bred people thronged across it into the rather limited drawing-rooms which lay beyond. The season suited such a dispensation of hospitality. Three or four afternoon teas blended themselves very appositely with the festivities reigning elsewhere in town. Then, too, there was a marked curiosity to see the woman whom Floyd Demotte had married. Of course, the accredited umpires of society sent cards in return for those of Mr. and Mrs. Demotte. There could certainly not be the least danger in their doing so—as they unanimously argued. She may have been a Miss Heaven-knows-whom, but she was now Floyd Demotte's wife, and was not to be bound by complicated ties of blood to the noblest family of Knickerbockerdom? Assuredly he had been a bear of seclusion and reserve heretofore, but now that he chose to emerge, now that he had consented no longer to *faire la police* over his wife in that farcical fashion, it could do no harm mercifully to pardon his past stupidity.

As for Millicent, she departed herself, through all this time, with a child-like ecstasy as *naïf* as it was delightfully becoming. She wore the new robes that the self-milners wrought for her with a grace the warriest cynic could not deny her. The neat-cut costly satins and velvets which now enshathed her supplé form and resolved their elegance and sumptuousness into folds which some intuitive tact taught her how to irreproachably dispose, borrowed a new beauty from her own sense of augmenting it. She became a popular personage at once, because of her sincere gladness to move amid the light and colour of gay assemblages and the entire sincerity of enjoyment which made her personal loveliness universally attract. Demotte went with her every-where, bored to the soul, hating the new life he had forced himself to accept, but cultivating a tolerance of the whole ordeal for which I knew that severe remorseful pang were responsible.

And I—how did I know this? For the simple reason that I followed Millicent and her husband into the thick of their recent exploit. It was no more difficult for me to do so than the mere leaving of paste-board at certain houses; for I was that absurd personage, an American gentleman with an inherited right to hold himself at pleasure an active member of a capricious reclusé. Millicent and I met each other constantly at entertainments, nowadays. She was always infallibly cordial to me, no matter how many devotees surrounded her. She would sometimes laughingly tell me that I was quite as much thought of as she, and that I helped to swell her power through my faithful adherence. But in my heart I knew this either a grievous mistake or else a mere friendly compliment, born of that ever undisciplined liking which so often raised itself before me as the mockery of my changeless passion.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

Two days afterward Demotte called upon me in my laboratory. The moment I looked into his face I discovered that he was perturbed.

"Are you very hard at work?" he asked, sending himself near a window and absently moving the slant shadow of his cane here and there on the sun-flooded carpet.

"No," I said, letting my gaze wander among the various paraphernalia that filled the apartment. "I am getting to be a confirmed idler, I fear."

"An idler? You?"

"Yes. My work has come to a kind of stand-still, somehow." I thought, while I gave this reply, to what depths of meaning it pointed.

"You're on the verge of some *μάστιγμα*, I suppose, and pause accordingly."

I tried to laugh in an unforced way. "That's a most charitable definition, Floyd, of my laziness."

"You don't know what laziness means, my dear fellow, any more than I know what industry means. . . . It might have proved of infinite benefit to me if I'd been born a poor man. I sometimes think that book-collecting hobby of mine has been ridden quite far enough. In any case, the mania is a good deal less violent than formerly. Perhaps if I'd had some true occupation, Douglas, I'd . . . I'd possess a healthier mind than at this moment."

"And you think your mind an unhealthy one now?"

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, MARCH 7TH, 1891,
At Half-past Seven o'clock, by the HANDEL SOCIETY.

Patron H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. | Patroness H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES
President—SIR JOHN STAINER, MUS. DOG. | Vice-President—THE EARL OF LATHOM.

Executive Committee—
MRS. ELLICOTT. | RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P. | A. K. HICHENS, ESQ.
MRS. CHARLES MALLET. | W. F. BLANDFORD, ESQ. | W. AUSTEN LEIGH, ESQ.
MISS L. M. NUNN. | A. DENMAN, ESQ. | H. F. NICHOLL, ESQ.
MRS. MARWOOD TUCKER. | H. J. GLADSTONE, ESQ., M.P. | HON. E. P. THESIGER, C.B.

Hon. Sec.—P. G. L. WEBB, ESQ., 3, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W. | Hon. Treasurer—E. B. PEARSE, ESQ., 34, Egerton Gardens, S.W. | Musical Director and Conductor—F. A. W. DOCKER, ESQ.
Assistant Hon. Sec.—W. H. D. BOYLE, ESQ., 4, Cadogan Mansions, S.W. | Organist—E. G. CROAGER, ESQ.

SOLOISTS—

MISS ZIPPORA MONTEITH. | MISS JESSIE KING. | MISS LILIAN REDFERN. | MISS ALICE CRAWFORD.
MR. JOHN PROBERT. | MR. ARTHUR WILLS. | MR. ARTHUR WILLS.

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

SOLOMON.
(G. F. HANDEL.)

WHEN Handel composed the Oratorio of *Solomon* (in 1748), he was 63 years old, and had already spent a long and eventful life in the service of his art. He had lived 35 years in England, and had composed here about 35 operas and 15 oratorios, besides much other music; he had managed two theatres and had been twice bankrupt; he had been protected and assisted by two successive kings, and alternately caressed and intrigued against by the aristocracy; and he had at last won for himself a secure place in the respect and affection of the nation at large. It was not until he was upwards of 50 years old that he finally gave up writing for the stage, and devoted himself to the composition of those oratorios on which his fame now principally rests. Except *The Messiah*, these oratorios generally take their subjects from the histories of Old Testament heroes; subjects which, though elevated and appealing forcibly to the religious imagination, did not always lend themselves to dramatic treatment, and were often engaged by the bad poetry in which the stories were embodied. Both these drawbacks are felt in *Solomon*; but, on the other hand, the splendour and magnificence of the Hebrew King inspire Handel to write a series of choruses of the highest grandeur and beauty. These choruses are often "double"; viz., written for two choirs, and often answer each other antiphonally. Some of them celebrate the praise of Jehovah, on the completion of His Temple; some the greatness, and the domestic happiness, of Solomon; while one very beautiful series, known as "The Passions," describe, in relation to an imaginary concert supposed to be given by Solomon to the Queen of Sheba, the way in which various emotions can be evoked and heightened by the power of music.

The oratorio is divided into three parts, representing respectively—(I.) The Festival on the completion of the Temple and the domestic happiness of the King; (II.) The well-known Judgment of Solomon between the two mothers who claimed the same child; (III.) The visit of the Queen of Sheba, to see his glory and magnificence.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Solomon	MISS JESSIE KING.	Queen	MISS ZIPPORA MONTEITH.
Zadok	(a High Priest)	Queen of Sheba	MR. JOHN PROBERT.
A Levite	MR. ARTHUR WILLS.	First Woman	MISS LILIAN REDFERN.
		Second Woman	MISS ALICE CRAWFORD.

PART I.

No. 1. Overture.

No. 2. Double Chorus.
Your harps and cymbals sound
To great Jehovah's praise,
Unto the Lord of Hosts
Your willing voices raise.

No. 3. Air. (A LEVITE.)
Praise ye the Lord for all His mercies past;
Whose truth, Whose justice will for ever last.

No. 4. Double Chorus.
With pious heart and holy tongue
Resound your Maker's name;
Till distant nations catch the song,
And glow with holy flame.

No. 5. Recit. (SOLOMON.)
Almighty Power, Who rul'st the earth and skies,
And ladest gay order from confusion rise;
Whose gracious hand relieved Thy slave distressed,
With splendour clothed me, and with knowledge blessed;
Thy finished temple with Thy presence grace
And shed Thy heavenly glories o'er the place.

No. 6. Recit. (ZADOK.)
Imperial Solomon, thy prayers are heard:
See from the opening skies
Descending flames involve the sacrifice;
And lo! within the sacred dome,
That gleams light,
Profusely bright,
Declares the Lord of Hosts is come.

No. 7. Air. (ZADOK.)
Sacred raptures cheer my breast;
Rushing tides of hallowed zeal,
Joys too fierce to be expressed,
In this swelling heart I feel.

No. 8. Double Chorus.
Throughout the land Jehovah's praise record,
For full of power and mercy is the Lord.

No. 9. Recit. (SOLOMON.)
Blest be the Lord, Who looked with gracious eyes
Upon His vassal's humble sacrifice;
And has, with an approving smile,
My work o'erpaid, and graced the pile.

No. 10. Air. (SOLOMON.)
What though I trace each herb and flower
That drinks the morning dew;
Did I not own Jehovah's power
How vain were all I knew!
Say what's the rest but empty boast,
The pedant's idle claim,
Who, having all the substance lost,
Attempts to grasp a name.

No. 19. Recit. (QUEEN.)
When thou art absent from my sight,
The court I shun, and loathe the light.

No. 20. Air. (QUEEN.)
With thee the unsheltered moor I'd tread,
Nor once of fate complain,
Tho' burning suns flashed round my head,
And cleaved the barren plain.
Thy lovely form alone I prize,
'Tis thou that canst impart
Continual pleasure to my eyes,
And gladness to my heart.

No. 22. Chorus.
May no rash intruder disturb their soft hours;
To form fragrant pillows, arise, O ye flowers;
Ye zephyrs soft breathing their slumber prolong,
Whilst nightingales lull them to sleep with their song.

PART II.

No. 23. Double Chorus.
From the censer curling rise
Grateful incense to the skies;
Heaven blesses David's throne;
Happy, happy Solomon!
Live for ever, pious David's son,
Live for ever, mighty Solomon!

[No. 28. Recit. (FIRST WOMAN.)
Th' little babe—my hope and joy—
T' a smiling infant is my own dear boy.
'Tis woman also bore a son
Whose vital thread was quickly spun.
She stole at midnight where I lay,
Bore my soft darling from my arms away,
And left her child behind, a lump of lifeless clay;
And now, oh impious! dares to claim
My right alone, a mother's name!]

9. Trio. (FIRST WOMAN, SECOND WOMAN, AND SOLOMON.)
FIRST WOMAN ... Words are weak to paint my fears;
Heartfelt anguish, starting tears,
Best shall plead a mother's cause;
To thy throne, O King, I bend,
My cause is just, be thou my friend!

SECOND WOMAN ... False is all her melting tale!
SOLOMON ... Justice holds the uplifted scale.
SECOND WOMAN ... Then be just, and fear the laws.

No. 30. Recit. (SOLOMON.)
Hear me, ye women; and the King regard;
Who from the throne thus reads the just award;
Each claims alike; let both their portion share;
Divide the babe; thus each her part shall bear.
Quick, bring the falchion, and the infant smite,
Nor further clamour for disputed right.

No. 31. Air. (SECOND WOMAN.)
Thy sentence, Great King,
Is prudent and wise;
And my hopes on the wing
Quick bound for the prize.
Contented I bear
And approve the decree,
For at least I shall tear
The loved infant from thee!

No. 32. Recit. (FIRST WOMAN.)
Withhold the executing hand!
Reverse, O King, thy stern command.

No. 33. Air. (FIRST WOMAN.)
Can I see my infant gone?
With the fierce relentless sword?
Can I see him yield his breath
Smiling at the hand of death?
And behold the purple tides
Gushing down his tender sides?
Rather be my hopes beguiled,
Take him all, but spare my child!

No. 34. Recit. (SOLOMON.)
She who could bear the fierce decree to hear,
Nor send one sigh, nor shed one pious tear,
Must be a stranger to a mother's name;
Hence from my sight, nor urge a further claim!
But you, whose fears a parent's love attest,
Receive and bind him to your beating breast;
To you, in justice, I the babe restore,
And may you lose him from your arms no more.

No. 36. Chorus.
From the east unto the west,
Who so wise as Solomon?
Who like Israel's King is blest?
Who so worthy of a throne?

No. 38. Air. (ZADOK.)
See the tall palm, that lifts his head
On Jordan's sedgey side,
Its towering branches curling spread,
And bloom in graceful pride.
Each meager tree regardless springs,
Nor claims our scornful eyes,
Thus thou art first of mortal kings,
And wisest of the wise.

No. 39. Recit. (FIRST WOMAN.)
The shepherd shall hail him all over the plain,
And the soft-eyed young virgin unite in the strain.

No. 40. Air. (FIRST WOMAN.)
Beneath the vine or fig-tree's shade,
Every shepherd sings the maid
Who his simple heart betrayed,
In a rustic measure.
White of torment he complains,
All around the village swains
Catch the song, and feel his pains,
Mingling sighs with pleasure.

No. 41. Chorus.
Swell the full chorus to Solomon's praise.
Record him, ye bards, as the pride of our days.
Flow sweetly the numbers that dwell on his name,
And rouse the whole nation in songs to his fame.

INTERVAL.

PART III.

No. 42. Symphony.
No. 43. Recit. (QUEEN OF SHEBA AND SOLOMON.)
(QUEEN OF SHEBA.)—From Arabia's spicy shores,
Bounded by the hoary main,
Sheba's Queen these seats explores,
To be taught thy heavenly strain.
(SOLOMON) ... Thrice welcome, Queen! with open arms
Our court receives thee, and thy charms.

No. 44. Air. (QUEEN OF SHEBA.)
Every sight these eyes behold,
Does a different charm unfold;
Flashing gems and sculptured gold,
Still attract my ravished sight.

No. 45. (SOLOMON.)
Sweep, sweep the string, to soothe the royal fair,
And rouse each passion with the alternate air.
No. 46. Solo (SOLOMON) and Chorus.
Music spread thy voice around;
Sweetly flow the lulling sound.

No. 47. Air (SOLOMON) and Chorus.
Now a different measure try,
Shake the dome and pierce the sky,
Rouse us next to martial deeds;
Clanging arms and neighing steeds,
Seen in fury to oppose;
Now the hard-fought battle glows.

No. 48. Recit. (SOLOMON.)
Then at once from rage remove,
Draw the tear from hopeless love,
Lengthen out the solemn air,
Full of death and wild despair.

No. 49. Recit. (SOLOMON.)
Next the tortured soul release,
And the mind restore to peace.

No. 51. Chorus.
Thus rolling surges rise,
And plough the troubled main;
But soon the tempest dies,
And all is calm again.

No. 54. Recit. (ZADOK.)
Thrice happy King to have achieved,
What scarce henceforth will be believed!
When seven times around the sphere
The sun had led the new-born year;
The temple rose, to mark thy days,
With endless theme for future praise.
Our pious David wished in vain
By this great act to bless his reign;
But Heaven the monarch's hopes withstood,
For, ah! his hands were stained with blood.

No. 55. Air. (ZADOK.)
Golden columns fair and bright,
Catch the mortal's ravished sight,
Round their sides ambitious twine
Tendrils of the clasping vine.
Cherubim stand there displayed,
O'er the ark their wings are laid;
Every object swells with state,
All is pious, all is great.

No. 59. Recit. (QUEEN OF SHEBA.)
May peace in Salem ever dwell;
Illustrious Solomon, farewell!
Thy wise instructions be my future care,
Soft as the showers that cheer the vernal air,
Whose warm birds every plant her sweets disclose,
The lily waxes, and paints the opening rose.

No. 60. Air. (QUEEN OF SHEBA.)
Will the sun forget to streak
Eastern skies with amber ray,
When the dusky shades do break
He unbars the gates of day?
Then demand if Sheba's Queen
'E'er can banish from her thought
All the splendour she has seen,
All the knowledge thou hast taught.

No. 56. Chorus.
Praise the Lord with harp and tongue,
Praise Him all ye old and young;
He's in mercy ever strong,
Praise the Lord through every state,
Praise Him early, praise Him late;
God alone is good and great.
Let the loud Hosannas rise,
Widely spreading through the skies,
God alone is just and wise.

THE END.

PEOPLE'S PALACE, EAST LONDON

DRAPERS' COMPANY'S INSTITUTE

In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, and the Society of Arts.

HEAD MASTER, MR. D. A. LOW (WH. SC.) M. INST. M.E. SECRETARY, MR. C. E. OSBORN.
TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1890-91.
 The Session Commenced on Monday, September 29th, 1890. The Second Term Commenced Tuesday, January 6th, 1891.

The Classes are open to both sexes without limit of age. As the number which can be admitted to each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. During the Session, Concerts and Entertainments will be arranged for Students in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings, to which they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Swimming Bath will be reserved for the exclusive use of Students on certain days and evenings in each week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Governors will be pleased to consider the formation of Classes other than those mentioned in the Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class for which an insufficient number of Students enrol. Each Student on taking out his or her Class Ticket will be provided with a Pass, upon which a deposit of One Shilling must be paid; this Pass must be returned within seven days of the Class Ticket, failing which the deposit will be forfeited and the Pass cancelled. Further particulars may be obtained on application at the Office of the Institute.

The Gymnastic Classes are held temporarily in the Queen's Hall during the building of the New Gymnasium at the North End of the buildings.

Art Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
* Fresh and Model Draw ...	Mr. Arthur Leage	Monday	8.0-10.0	7 6
* Perspective Drawing ...	Mr. Arthur Leage	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	7 6
* Drawing from th' Antique ...	Mr. Bateman ...	Thursday	8.0-10.0	7 6
* Decorative Designing ...	Mr. Bateman ...	Friday	8.0-10.0	7 6
* Modelling in Clay, etc.	Mr. H. Costello	Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
* Drawing from Life ...	Mr. H. Costello	Tues & Thurs.	8.0-10.0	5 0
* Etching ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon & Friday	8.0-10.0	15 0
* Wood Carving ...	Mr. Daniels	Tues & Thurs.	8.0-10.0	6 0
* Art Metal Wk. & Engraving	Mr. Daniels	Mon & Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0

* Per Session 4 Per Term of 2 weeks. * Students of the Wood Carving Class may attend a Drawing Class in the Art School one evening per week free of charge.

Trade Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
* Cabinet-mkng. & Dng. Lec. Workshop	Mr. B. Dent	Thursday	8.0-10.0	10 0
* Carpentry & Joinery Lec. Workshop	Mr. W. Graves	Monday	8.0-10.0	10 0
* Brickwork and Masonry Lecture and Workshop	Mr. A. Grenville & Mr. R. Chaston, foreman bricklayer	Tues. & Thurs.	8.0-10.0	10 0
* Electrical Engin., Lec. Laboratory & Workshop	Mr. W. Sings, A.L.E.E., Mr. A. Brooker	Thursday	8.0-10.0	6 0
* Mech. Engineering, Lec. (Adv.)	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc.) M.I.M.E., Mr. D. Miller, & Mr. G. Draycott (Wh. Ex.)	Monday & Friday	7.30-8.30	14 0
* Photography Workshop	Mr. C. W. Gamble	Monday	8.0-10.0	10 0
* Plumbing Lecture	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0
* Printing (Lectures)	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-10.0	8 6
* Tailor's Cutting ...	Mr. Umlich	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
* Hand Surving, & Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth	Commencement, Mar. 13, 1891	8.0-10.0	5 0
* Sign Writing, Graining, &c.	Mr. Sinclair	Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0

* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1891).

* Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject.

* 12s. 6d. for both, but only Members of the Lecture Class will be allowed to join the Workshop Class in Plumbing.

To persons joining the Trade Classes who are not actually engaged in the trade to which the subjects refer, double fees are charged. No one can be admitted to the Plumbing Classes unless he is engaged in the Plumbing Trade.

The above fees for Workshop instruction include the use of all necessary tools and materials.

Science Classes.

Specially in preparation for the Examinations of the Science and Art Department.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Animal Physiology ...	Mr. A. J. Evans	Mon. & Fri.	7.0-8.0	4 0
Applied Mechanics ...	M.A., B.Sc. Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Building Construction and Drawing, Elem.	Mr. A. Grenville	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	4 0
Chem. Inorg., Theo., Ele.	Mr. D. S. Macfarlane	Friday	7.15-8.15	4 0
Org. Theoretical	Mr. F. C. Forth	Monday	7.15-8.15	4 0
Practical	Mr. G. Pope	Monday	8.15-10.0	7 6
Inorg. & Org. Hons. and Special Lab. Wk.	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh.Sc.) M.I.M.E., assisted by Mr. F. C. Forth	Mon. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I, Adv.	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Magnet. and Elect., Ele.	Mr. W. Sings, A.L.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Sound, Light and Heat, (Prac.)	Mr. F. C. Forth	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Steam and the Steam Engin.	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0

* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the Science and Art Department in May, 1891).

* Free to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class.

* Only Members of these Classes can attend the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class.

Every facility will be given to Students of Chemistry desiring special instruction, or wishing to engage in special work. Students are supplied free with apparatus and chemicals. A deposit of 5s. 6d. will be required for reference bookcases.

Students desiring of joining this Class will please see Dr. Macfarlane before enrolling. Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees.

Musical Classes.

(Under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.)

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Violin ...	Under the direc. of Mr. W. R. Cave, assist. by Mr. G. Mellish	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello	Mr. W. H. Bonner	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Singing (Elementary)	Mr. W. H. Bonner	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6
" (Solo & Not.)	"	Thursday	6.0-10.0	1 6
" (Staff Not.)	"	Friday	6.0-10.0	1 6
* Solo Singing ...	Miss Deves-Yates	Tu. & Thurs.	9.0-10.0	15 0
Choral Society ...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	1 6
"	Mr. Hamilton & M. T. Th. & F.	Friday	8.0-10.0	1 6
* Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton & M. T. Th. & F.	Tu. & Thurs.	4.0-10.0	9 0
" (Advanced)	Mr. O. Bradley, M.A.	Thursday	7.0-10.0	15 0
Orchestral Society	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	5.0-10.0	2 0

* Pianoforte Teaching arrangements not completed.

* A Class for String Quartette playing will also be held by Mr. W. R. Cave.

* For Term ending 26th March, 1891.

* In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes duration.

* Half this fee to Members of the Choral Society.

General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Advanced ...	Mr. A. Sarril, A.K.C.	Monday	7.0-8.0	2 6
" Commercial ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Elementary ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elementary	"	Thursday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Civil Service	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
A.—For Telegraph Learners, Female Seters, and Boy Copyists ...	Mr. G. J. Mitchell, B.A., Lond.	Thursday	6.30-8.45	10 0
B.—For Book Clerks, Excise & Customs Officers (Beginners), & Female & Lower Division Clerks (Beginners)	"	Tuesday	6.30-9.30	12 0
C.—For Excise and Customs Officers, and Female and Lower Division Clerks ...	"	Tuesday	7.45-9.45	14 0
Shorthand (Pitman's) Elem.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
French—Beginners ...	Mons. E. Pontin	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elem., 1st Stage	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Elem., 2nd Stage	"	Tuesday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced A ...	"	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced B ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
German—Advanced	Herr Dittell	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
" (Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	7 6
* Type Writing ...	Mr. Kilburne	"	6.0-10.0	10 6

* For Term ending March 26th, 1891. * In this subject the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes duration.

Special Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking ...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.15-7.0	5 6
" ...	"	Thursday	7.15-8.45	7 6
" ...	"	Friday	4.0-5.30	5 0
" ...	"	Friday	5.0-6.30	7 6
" ...	"	Friday	7.0-8.30	5 0
" ...	Miss N'wall	Tuesday	5.30-7.0	5 0
" ...	"	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery—Penny Cookery	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.0-9.30	1 0
" High-class Prac.	"	Thursday	6.30-8.0	10 6
" Practical Plain	"	"	8.0-9.0	5 0
Reading for Diploma	"	Saturday	8.0-9.0	7 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	3 0

* For Term ending March 26th, 1891.

Special Lectures.

SUBJECTS.	LECTURERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	Com- menc- ing.	Fee per Course.
Ambulance Men ...	Dr. Milne	Tu.	8.0-9.30	5 Feb.	1 0
Machine Design ...	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc.) M.I.M.E.	Th.	9.30-10.0	9 Jan.	1 0
Univ. Exten. Lectures	English History	Wed.	8.0-10.0	10	1 0*

* 3d. per Lecture.

GEORGE HUNT'S
 Old Established High Class
PROVISION WAREHOUSE,
 WHOLESALE & RETAIL,
108 & 109, WHITECHAPEL RD., E.
 (Opposite the London Hospital.)

Go To **Gapp's**
 STORES FOR HERBS
 AND
HERBAL MEDICINES,
 104, GREEN STREET, VICTORIA PARK.
Ten minutes' walk from the Palace, near Globe Road Station.

Eyeglass Tested and Glasses to suit the sight from 5s.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

The Best Medicines for Family Use.

THE PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD, CORRECT all DISORDERS of the INTERNAL ORGANS, and are INVALUABLE IN ALL COMPLAINTS INCIDENTAL TO FEMALES.
THE OINTMENT Is the most reliable remedy for Chest and Throat Affections, Gout, Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Old Wounds, Sores, Ulcers, and all Skin Diseases.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford Street, London, and sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
 N.B.—Advice Gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

THE **SCOTTISH**
 Sanitary Laundry,
131,
MILE END RO
Specialiti
 Shirt and Collar Dressing.



G. SEADEN,
 Canning Town Cycle Works,
 156, BANK BUILDINGS,
 BARKING ROAD,
CANNING TOWN.

Machines Sold on the Hire Purchase System, from 2/6 per week.

Repairs on the Shortest Notice.

EAST END AGENT FOR RUDGE & NEW RAPID.

E. RICHARDSON,
 FAMILY BAKER,
 Cook & Confectioner,
622,
MILE END RD.

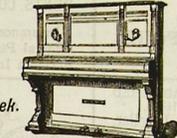
Wedding Cakes, Luncheon and other Cakes, Biscuits of superior quality. Milk Scones. Contractor for Wedding and Evening Parties. Public or Private Tea Meetings.

MILE END AUCTION MART,
 330 & 332, MILE END ROAD.

MESSRS. W. UPTON & CO.
 Sell by Auction every Tuesday & Friday, at 7 p.m., a quantity of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and EFFECTS. Freehold and Leasehold Houses and Land sold by auction and privately. RENTS COLLECTED.

JARRETT & GOUDGE'S
 High-class Iron Frame, Check Action
PIANOFORTES
 For Cash or by easy terms of payment. And AMERICAN ORGANS.

From **2/6** Per Week. From **2/6** Per Week.



Highest awards obtained at Palace Exhibition for Design, Tone, Touch, and General Excellence of Workmanship. A Seven Years' Guarantee with every instrument.

STEAM WORKS AND FACTORY—
TRIANGLE ROAD, HACKNEY.

Show Rooms. LONDON WALL, One door from Moorgate Street, E.C. 308, MILE END ROAD, E.

401, MARE ST., HACKNEY, N.E.
 Pianos Repaired or taken in Exchange. Removals by our own Vans.

ALAN RAPER,

ENTIRELY NEW STOCK
WATCHES, CLOCKS,

JEWELLERY,

DIAMOND AND GEM RINGS,

WEDDING RINGS, KEEPERS, &c., &c.

The largest selection in the East of London at Manufacturers' Prices.

MONEY LIBERALLY ADVANCED UPON EVERY DESCRIPTION OF VALUABLE PROPERTY.

610A, MILE END ROAD.
 Facing Tredgar Square.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

The best and cheapest house for Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, and Spectacles, where you get full value and a written warranty, also every description of Repairs, Gilding, Engraving, Enamelling, etc., where best materials are used, and the lowest prices charged, go to

J. TOBINS, 382, Mile End Road, E.
 (Almost opposite the People's Palace.)

ROGERS' "NURSEY" HAIR LOTION.

Destroys all Nits and Parasites in children's heads, and immediately allays the irritation. Perfectly harmless.

Prepared only by W. ROGERS, Chemist, Ben Jonson Road, Stepney, E. Bottles 7d. and 1s. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Special Bottles, post free from observation, 15 stamps.

J. & J. H. ARDEN,
 Auctioneers and Surveyors,
 65, SALMON'S LANE, STEPNEY
 (Near Stepney Railway Station),
 AND WOODFORD, ESSEX.

OFFICE HOURS FROM 10 TO 3.

SALES BY AUCTION OF Freehold and Leasehold Property, Land, Farm-Stock, Furniture, Building Materials, etc., in all parts of England. Money advanced pending sales. Kents collected and guaranteed. Estates managed. Valuations made for all purposes. Mortgages negotiated. Agents for Fire, Life, Accident and Plate Glass Insurance. Certificated Valuers under the new Law Distress Amendment Act.

N.B.—Mr. J. Arden personally conducts all Lettings, Bills of Sale in all parts of England & Wales. No delay. Printed Lists of Properties for Sale and to Let are new ready, and can be had on application.

AUCTION SALE ROOMS—
 40, Cambridge Road, Mile End, E.

The above Rooms are open daily from 9 a.m. till 7 p.m. for the reception of Furniture and other Goods for sale by Auction. Money advanced upon the same.

J. & J. H. ARDEN, AUCTIONEERS.

W. WRIGHT,
 Photographer.

NEW STUDIOS:

422, MILE END ROAD.
 Opposite People's Palace.

MESSRS.
C. C. & T. MOORE
Respectfully announce the dates
of their old established
Periodical Sales
OF
ESTATES
and House Property.

(Held for 56 years), which are appointed
to take place at the Auction Mart,
Tokenhouse Yard, on the 2nd and
4th Thursdays of the Month,
during the year 1891 as follows:

Jan. ... 22	July ... 9, 23
Feb. ... 12, 26	Sept. ... 10, 24
Mar. ... 12, 26	Oct. ... 8, 22
April ... 9, 23	Nov. ... 12, 26
May ... 14, 28	Dec. ... 10
June ... 11, 25	

Special attention given to rent col-
lecting and the entire management of
house property. Insurances effected.

Auction and Survey Offices:
144, MILE END RD., E.



**THE ALDGATE
TURKISH BATHS.**

J. & H. NEVILL.

Gentlemen—44, High St., Whitechapel.
Ladies—7, Commercial Road.

(Next door to Gardiner's.)

2s. 6d. before 6; 1s. 6d. after 6 p.m.
And at London Bridge and Charing Cross.

CHEAPEST HOUSE FOR

MAGIC LANTERNS

For our Children.
For our Youths.

For Ourselves,
and for Presents.

From One Shilling to £50.

INSTRUCTIVE AMUSEMENT FOR THE WINTER EVENINGS.
Inspection of our Goods Welcomed.

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS, Outfits, Appliances, Chemicals, and Materials
of every Description.

Special Line:—"THE VICTORIA SET." Consisting of
Polished Mahogany Camera with bellows folding up exceedingly small, with
double dark slide, Achromatic Lens and Folding Tripod Stand, and Materials
for One Dozen Pictures, 4 1/2 by 3 1/2, 10s. 6d. Electrical Goods in Variety.

T. RILEY & SON, 249, Commercial Road, E.



**LAMONT
CYCLE WORKS,
Beachcroft Road,
LEYTONSTONE, E.**

FIRST-CLASS REPAIRER
by appointment to the C.T.C.

Agent for all Leading Manufacturers.

High-Class Machines
ON HIRE AND SALE.

Those about to purchase a
machine should inspect the
newly designed "Lamont"
Cycles before deciding.

**CHARLES SELBY
UNDERTAKER,**

Complete Funeral Furnisher, Car, and Carriage Proprietor,
31, CAMPBELL ROAD, BOW,
15, HIGH STREET, BROMLEY,
And **191, High Street, STRATFORD,**
A FEW DOORS FROM BOARD SCHOOLS.

**C. C. TAYLOR & SON,
10 & 12, MILE END RD., E.**

SALES BY AUCTION of every description of Property.
VALUATIONS & SURVEYS FOR ALL PURPOSES.
RENTS COLLECTED & HOUSE PROPERTY MANAGED.

Insurances Effected in the Phoenix Fire, London and
General Plate Glass, British Empire Mutual Life, and the
Accident Insurance Companies.

**S. BERNSTEIN, ESTABLISHED
1876.**

Watch and Clock Maker, Working Jeweller,
ELECTRO PLATER AND GILDER,
170, SALMON'S LANE, LIMEHOUSE, E.
(Opposite Limehouse Town Hall, corner of Commercial Rd.),

AND AT
356, MILE END RD. (opposite Bancroft Rd.)

Watches Cleaned & Regulated	s. d.	Glass to Watch	0 1
from 1	0	Clocks Cleaned & Regulated	from 1	0
New Main Spring, best quality	1 0	Pin to Brooch	0 1
New Hand to watch	.. 0 1			

ALL WORK WARRANTED FOR TWELVE MONTHS.



**W. S. CROKER,
Cycle Manufacturer,
2, St. Stephen's Road,
BOW, E.**

Any make of Machine supplied
at a large discount for Cash, or on easy payment system. Repairs
of every description executed Promptly and Cheaply. All the
latest pattern Machines let on hire.

Second-hand Machines Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.
Fittings supplied and Repairs done for the Trade.
2, ST. STEPHEN'S ROAD, BOW, E.



**SUN
LIFE OFFICE**

FOR ASSURANCES

"UNDER COST PRICE."

Apply for NEW OPTION PROSPECTUSES to—
HARRIS C. L. SAUNDERS, General Manager,
63, THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.

**GIVEN AWAY!
Your Rubber Stamp.**

NAME in FULL or MONOGRAM,
mounted, post free for 3 1/2 stamps,
to CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN
BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARK-
ING INK WORKS,
75, Southgate Road,
London, N., EBO-
NITE INK; NO
HEATING; each
containing a Voucher;
6 or 12 stamps.
Nickel Pencil Case,
with Pen, Pencil, and your Rubber
Name in Full, 7 1/2 stamps.



THE ROYAL MAKER.

This Space
To Let.

E. SLATER & Co.

HIGH-CLASS READY-
MADE AND BESPOKE
**TAILORS
and OUTFITTERS**

West-End Style and Fit
MODERATE PRICES.

Makers of the Beaumont
Club Bicycle Suit.

Large Selection of Latest
Goods to select from.
Indian, Colonial, & Athletic
Outfits on the shortest notice.
PATTERNS FREE.

143, MILE END RD., E.

**F. A. CAPEROE,
MUSIC SELLER,**

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DEALER,
And Professor of the Piano, Organ and Violin,
85, MARE ST., HACKNEY,
(Near the Morley Hall),
Late of 473, HACKNEY ROAD.

QUADRILLE BAND, Pianists, Instrumentalists, and
Vocalists provided for Concerts, &c.

GEORGE A. KENDALL,

Auctioneer, Valuer, and Estate Agent,
170, EAST INDIA ROAD, POPLAR.

Sales by Auction of House Property, Furniture, Trade and Farm Stocks,
at moderate and fixed charges.

Rents Collected and the Entire Management of Estates undertaken.
Mortgages negotiated. Valuations made for all purposes.

Life, Fire, Plate Glass, and Accident Insurances effected in any of the
leading offices.

Certificated Bailiff. Monthly Property Register post free on application.