

THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, 20th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

SATURDAY, 21st.—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., Concert by the People's Palace Choral and Orchestral Societies. Conductors, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A., and Mr. W. R. Cave. Admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, 22nd.—Library open from 3 to 10. Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8.

MONDAY, 23rd.—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., St. Louis' Minstrels. Admission, 1d., 3d., and 6d.

TUESDAY, 24th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, 25th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. M. De Cone, The World's Wizard Entertainment. Admission, 2d., Students, 1d.

THURSDAY, 26th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY 27th.—Library closed. In the Queen's Hall, at 7.30, Handel's "Messiah," by the People's Palace Choral and Orchestral Societies. Conductors, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A., and Mr. W. R. Cave. Admission 3d.

THE Easter holidays will commence on the 26th inst., and continue until Monday, the 6th April, when the Day School and Evening Classes will resume work. The Time Table for the new term will be ready in a few days, and intending students will be able to obtain same by applying to the office. The Students Lending Library will not be open during Easter week.

ON Saturday next the members of the advanced Violin Class will perform an orchestral selection during the evening.

WE have made arrangements for an attractive round of amusements at Easter.—On Easter Saturday Mr Mellis's Choir will again visit us.—On Easter Monday Miss Eleanor Clausen's Orchestra of young ladies, "The Pompadour Band," will favour us with two performances; in the afternoon at 3, and in the evening at 8 p.m.—This will be followed on the Tuesday by Tom Willett's Minstrel Troupe.—Mr. E. Coombs is to give a concert on the Wednesday, and on Thursday we shall have our old friend, Mr. Scott-Edwards in a humorous entertainment.—On Friday and Saturday the People's Palace Military Band will perform, assisted by several vocalists.

I HAVE a piece of good news which will gladden the hearts of our athletes. The Governors of the Institute have completed arrangements for the use of large grounds a short distance out, comprising 10 acres, capable of being utilised by the Cricket, Tennis, Cycling, and numerous other of our clubs. Definite particulars will appear next week. This has been a great want, and we think will be highly appreciated.

MR. OSBORN has received names of several members who are anxious to join a Tennis Club, also the proposed banjo and mandoline classes, but more names must be given in before either will be commenced.

ON Wednesday next, M. De Cone, the "World's Wizard," will give his sensational and high-class entertainment in the Queen's Hall. We anticipate a crowded house to see and hear this renowned professor of the magic art.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—W. R. Cave, conductor.—We shall play in the Queen's Hall on Saturday evening. Members are requested to be in their places by 7.45. The members of the Violin Classes will also play.—Our Social Dance last Saturday evening was a great success, many of the members of the Choral Society having attended in response to our invitation, and the military band being represented, we spent a most enjoyable evening. The fact of the three societies thus uniting afforded us much pleasure. We desire to thank Mr. Osborn for obtaining the use of the Lecture Hall and also for making the necessary arrangements. We also thank Messrs. Fernley and Thomas for assisting as M.C.'s, and Messrs. Willis and Hartman for taking charge of the cloak rooms.—We shall perform the "Messiah" on Good Friday.—Mr. Cave will present next quarter a complete set of his works to the best player in this society of passages to be selected by him.—The new quarter will commence April 6th. Ladies and gentlemen desirous of becoming members should join without delay. We meet on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 8, and all music is lent free for rehearsal. WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASTIC CLUB.—We are invited to visit the "Orion" Ladies Gymnasium to-morrow (Saturday) morning. Members please meet at the "Orion" as soon as possible after 11, as the class terminates at 12.30. This ought to prove a most interesting ramble, and it is hoped all who are able will avail themselves of the opportunity. Our Monthly Social, held on Friday 6th, was well attended, and a very pleasant evening ensued.—ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Captain; REBECCA JOSEPHS, Vice-Captain.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor—Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A. It is hoped that every member will try to attend the rehearsal on Tuesday, and to be present at the concert on Good Friday. We shall perform the "Ancient Mariner" in April. We are to give a concert in the Town Hall, Chelsea, on April 29th. We shall begin to practice an opera shortly.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On Saturday last a party of seventeen met at the Harford Street entrance to the Commercial Gas Works. Mr. Cross, the superintendent, conducted the party through the Works, and we are much indebted to him for his kindness and the able manner in which he explained every detail of gas making. We first examined the retort house, where we learned how the retorts are made from Stourbridge clay in the form of a tube 30 feet long, with iron doors at each end. Seven of these retorts are arranged one above another in the inside of a fire-brick arch, with a furnace underneath, so that the fire, which burns the coke produced from the coal, circulates around the outside of the retorts, and heats them, and about 3 cwt. of coal, with which the retort is charged, to a high red heat, causing the gas to pass off by distillation in the form of smoke; this takes its course along what is called a delivery tube to the hydraulic main. By reason of the end of the delivery tube being submerged in the main one inch into tar liquor, it prevents the escape of the gas when the retorts are open for re-charging. It was very interesting to see the men busily engaged in raking out the red hot mass of coke, and then refilling the retort with coal by means of a long scoop. This operation has to be performed every six hours. The coal generally used is the Northumberland and Durham Cannel, which is brought by boat from Newcastle. One ton of coal gives off 9,883 cubic feet of gas, but if the quality of the gas from this coal proves to be below the standard fixed by Act of Parliament,

then Scotch Boghead Cannel is used with it, and by this means 13,334 cubic feet of gas can be obtained per ton. The latter gas possesses a greater illuminating power in the proportion of 46 to the 25 candle power of the former. Next come the "condensers," into which the gas and tarry matter passes at 130 deg. to 140 deg. Fahr. The process of cooling is by two methods; first, by the use of air on the inside and outside of a number of vertical cylinders containing the gas; and, secondly, by a new method by which the gas passes round about cold water tubes; by this means the tarry matter is drawn off and collected in troughs at the bottom, the gas passing to the gas-pump or exhauster at a temperature of 80 deg. Fahr. The exhauster, which is a fan driven by a fifteen horse-power engine, pumps the gas (thus partially relieving the pressure on the hydraulic mains) through its remaining stages of purifying to the gas-holder. The gas then passes to the washers, where the larger part of ammoniacal liquor is taken from it, and from thence it goes to the scrubber, by which the last traces of ammonia gas are removed. The machine is a large, cast-iron tower, in which are a number of trays upon which coke is distributed in layers. The object of this is to cause a large amount of gas to come in contact with the smallest possible quantity of water, so as to dissolve the ammoniacal gas which is soluble in water. By this time the gas is reduced in temperature; it then passes to the purifiers—large, rectangular, iron tanks, with heavy movable lids, weighing twelve tons. These lids are lifted off when required by means of an overhead travelling crane, worked by an hydraulic pump. In the purifiers are a number of wooden trays, five deep, on which is spread ordinary lime, in layers, six inches thick, with oxide distributed on top of the lime. This oxide is earth or soil, brought from the bogs of Ireland, where it is commonly found. The gas passes in by four large pipes at the bottom of the purifier, thence up through the trays above mentioned, and thence to the gas-holder, the lime and oxide removing the sulphuretted hydrogen and bi-sulphide of carbon. The oxide is taken out and can be used many times; but the lime can only be used once, and is afterwards sold for manure. We next examined a large telescopic gas-holder, commonly known as a gasometer. The principle of the telescope was explained to us thus:—The large holder goes down into the earth for thirty feet; but by an arrangement of three segments rising one out of the other, the holder can be elevated to a height of ninety feet; this is done to economise space. It has a total capacity of 2,500,000 of cubic feet, and takes the gas obtainable from about 240 tons of coals. We visited the meter house and saw the measuring of all the gas made and supplied, and, lastly, we saw "the governor," a machine designed to exercise efficient control of the pressure of the gas along its whole course, from the gas holder to the point of consumption. This machine is of great importance for the equal distribution of the gas to the consumer. The varying consumption, from dusk onwards, so greatly affects the irregular pressure, that an attendant has continually to be watching the water pressure gauge, and applying, by a simple arrangement of weights, more or less gas, as it is required by the consumers. Here, also, are test lights burning, to see that the gas supplied is up to the gas equal to the following test, under penalty, viz., the lighting power to equal 16 best sperm candles, with more than 22 per cent. of sulphur and 4 per cent. of ammonia, but there must be no trace of sulphuretted hydrogen. This visit gave us a most interesting two hours' enjoyment. I need hardly say that a very cordial vote of thanks passed to Mr. Cross for his able and most interesting lecture.—March 21st, Kennington Oval, Association football, final cup tie, King William Street Station, new electric railway, at 2 p.m. No arrangements are yet fixed for Easter, but probably we will visit Merstham, Surrey. Members wishing to take part in the ramble to Merstham on Bank Holiday, Monday, March 30th, will please give in their names as early as possible to the undersigned. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Hawthorden, Merstham, have kindly promised to entertain us.

A. MCKENZIE } Hon. Secs.
W. POCKETT }

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.—Address to Members.—In presenting the Book of Rules and Fixtures for 1891, your Committee has much pleasure in directing attention to the principal features. *Country Headquarters*.—The programme at the "Wilfrid Lawson" will be similar to that of last year. The means of boxing, fencing, draughts, chess, &c., are provided, besides music and good-fellowship generally. Visitors will receive a most hearty welcome. *Inter-club Runs*.—A varied list of Inter-club runs, with the most prominent East London clubs, has been arranged. In the evening Smoking Concerts will take place, and it is anticipated the social intercourse this will afford to the members will prove a source of great enjoyment.

Unofficial Run.—Attention is particularly drawn to the Tuesday Evening Long Distance Ride. This fixture was organised both for the "Scorching" Brigade, as a means of training in company with fellow club men; and also for those who ride for pleasure, preferring to travel with kindred spirits rather than present the spectacle of a solitary "monkey on a gridiron." *Tours*.—Lengthened tours will be arranged subject to the wishes of the tourists. The Easter one will be to Brighton. By the exercise of a little forethought and care in arrangement, much expense is not incurred in these health-giving trips.—*Beaumont Challenge Shield*.—The chief event in the year will be the Ten Miles Path Championship, to be decided in August. The winner will receive the Club's Gold Medal and Shield (subject to Bye Laws); the second man in, a Silver Medal; a Special Prize will be given to the competitor (not otherwise a prize winner) who scores the most points for each lap. In connection with this race, Time Medals will also be awarded to all candidates finishing within the standard time fixed by the committee. *Point Races*.—Road handicaps at the distances of 15, 10 and 5 miles respectively, will take place during the season for "Point" Prizes. This system will enable the handicapper to give fairly accurate starts. *"Flower" Handicap Cup*.—This cup will be competed for twice a year, and will be run in conjunction with the 15 miles' point races. The winner will hold the cup—which must be won three times before becoming the absolute property of any member—and also take the Club's Medal. *Team Race*.—A novel item in the programme will be the Ten Miles' Club Team Race, for which every member will be expected to enter and start. Teams will be drawn for, competitors being classed according to ability by the handicapper, and the winning team to be judged in accordance with the principles of the A.A.A. Each member of the victorious team will secure a prize of equal value, without reference to the order of arrival at the winning post. The first man home will, in addition, also receive a medal. *100 Miles' Time Medals and Handicap*.—In order to prevent the dissatisfaction caused last year by the limited number of Time Medals, your Committee have arranged a 100 Miles Handicap to take place at the fall of the year. Three prizes will be given, and medals will be struck for each competitor (not a prize winner) who shall complete the distance within the time standard to be hereafter fixed. *Woodford Meet*.—The club will again enter for this year's Woodford Meet, and the Committee rely with confidence upon the conscientious support of all "Beaumonts." It is hoped that day's muster, at least, will witness no absentees. If their belief in the members is realised, the club will again merit the satisfactory report bestowed upon it on the last occasion of the Essex gathering. Attendance at the Meet will be reckoned as four points towards the qualifying 25 per cent. *Garden Party*.—Our Garden Party at Chingford proved such a success, and the Sub-Committee receiving so many congratulatory remarks, that it has been arranged to hold another this season, but with several innovations. It was remarked in September last that several members were absent from Chingford, the reason of their non-attendance being the inability on their part to dance. This year the matter will be obviated, as it is proposed to inaugurate a Cafe Concert in the grounds, illuminated for that occasion. The pleasures will be so many and varied, that it seems needless to beg for the attendance of the members. It is fully expected the attractions offered will be amply sufficient to draw both members and a crowd of visitors as well. All prizes will be presented at the Annual Dinner, held at the close of the season. On behalf of the Committee,

JAS. H. BURLEY, Gen. Hon. Sec.

At the time of going to press Mr. Osborn informs me that at the two Society of Arts Examinations already held this week every student that had booked was in attendance; this is very gratifying to all concerned.

WE hope the coming Science and Art and Guilds' Examinations will be equally good.

THE men's First Aid Ambulance Examination will take place on Wednesday next, at 8 p.m.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.—A general meeting will be held on Wednesday next, the 25th inst., at 8 p.m., N. Cohen, Esq., has promised to take the chair.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

THE Library will be entirely closed on Good Friday and Easter Monday.

Cheap Railway Fares for Evening Students.

BY W. GARNETT, M.A., D.C.L., Principal of the Durham College of Science.

ONE of the chief difficulties in the development of any system of evening education for adults throughout the country, is the expense incurred by many of the students in travelling to and from the lectures. This difficulty is felt not only by the University Extension Committees but by University Colleges, Technical Schools, Science and Art Schools, and other institutions in which evening instruction is provided. A course of university extension lectures may be given at a fee of 2s. 6d., and a student living twelve miles away will pay at least 20s. for his return railway fare. Frequently courses of 30 lectures are provided in science and technical schools at a fee of 2s. 6d. or 5s., while the travelling may amount to £2 10s. In the college with which the writer is connected there is a class on plumbing which meets on about fifty-six evenings during the session. The fee for the whole course is 5s., the cost being principally met by subscriptions from various sources. A number of operatives working in a large town twelve miles distant are desirous of attending, but the cost of the ordinary return tickets exceeds £4 for each student, and unless some special arrangement can be made with the railway company it will be necessary to repeat the classes and lectures where the men reside. Very many examples of the same kind might be cited.

At present the only concession granted to students is the issue of *contract tickets* to students under 18 years of age, who produce a certificate to the effect that they are in receipt of no remuneration from the institution they attend.

In order to meet the difficulty referred to, it is proposed that all the railway companies should be asked to issue very cheap return tickets to persons attending evening classes at certain institutions recognised by the companies from time to time for this purpose under the following conditions:—

1. The tickets to be issued only after 5 p.m., and only on the day or days of the week on which the class attended by the student is held.
2. Every applicant for a special ticket to present to the booking clerk his class ticket bearing his name, and conspicuously marked in red ink, with the day or days of the week on which the class is held.
3. The class tickets to be renewed by the educational institution at intervals of not more than three months.
4. The fare charged to correspond with the rates for annual contract tickets, on the assumption that the holder makes 24 single journeys per week.

At the rate suggested a return ticket for a distance of four miles would cost 1½d., six miles 2d., eight miles 2½d., ten miles 3d., and twelve miles 3½d. The fact that any institution provides instruction for artisans or others at a price very much below its cost does not, of course, create a reason why a railway company, the constitution of which is not based on purely philanthropic principles, should make a sacrifice in the interest of the students. But it is equally true that there is no reason why a railway company should carry the holders of contract tickets unless a reasonable profit is made upon them; and it may, therefore, be inferred that, provided the ordinary traffic at ordinary fares is not interfered with, the actual cost of carriage of additional passengers is more than covered by half the ordinary contract ticket rates (as now charged to students under eighteen), and everyone who knows anything of the cost of train mileage, knows this to be the case. At the same time it must be admitted that these rates do not provide a fair share towards the general "establishment expenses," and while it is necessary to show that the railway companies would not lose by granting the concession suggested, it must be freely admitted that in making this request we are asking for a favour and not approaching the companies on purely commercial grounds.

The additional work thrown upon the booking clerk would be exceedingly small. Only third-class tickets would be required, and in nearly all cases the tickets issued at any station would be all for the chief town, or at most for two large towns, in the district, so that only one or two additional sets of tickets would have to be kept in any booking office. In this respect an exception must be made for London and its district.

As the tickets would be available only by trains after 5 p.m., they could not be used for ordinary business purposes, and the issue of such tickets could not interfere with the ordinary traffic. As an additional precaution against the improper use of the privilege, the class tickets should be renewed every three months, and in the event of a ticket-holder not attending the class with reasonable regularity the renewal of his ticket should be refused by the Educational Institution. Of course, only

those institutions in the management of which the respective railway companies had confidence would be recognised for the purpose of this privilege. If thought desirable, the class tickets might be passed through the office of the Passenger Superintendent and there stamped before being recognised by the booking clerks.

It may be noticed that nearly the whole of the educational traffic would take place during the winter, when the ordinary traffic is not so heavy as in the summer.

It is usual in matters of this kind for all the chief railway companies to act in concert, and it is of little use to make application to one company only, as no company would be willing to depart from the plan of concerted action. It is, therefore, desirable that the Universities, the Local Committees for University Extension, the University Colleges, the principal Technical Schools, and Science and Art Schools, and all other educational institutions which provide evening classes or lectures at low fees, and which are of sufficient importance to attract students from a distance, should simultaneously approach the directors of the railways in their districts, and that, if possible, the influence of the Science and Art Department, the Education Department, and the Board of Agriculture, as well as all County Councils and other local authorities interested in education should be secured in support of the application. It is reasonable to expect that the Government which has lately done so much for technical instruction, will lend its influence in order to make the expenditure now being incurred prove efficient, and, as through the operation of recent Acts of Parliament, technical instruction is receiving a great impetus throughout the country, no time should be lost in taking a step which, if successful, will vastly simplify the organisation of technical instruction in the country and suburban districts.—*University Extension Journal*.

This is a most pressing question to hundreds of our students who live in the suburban districts around the East End. Our Institute will gladly co-operate with Professor Garnett, and it is hoped other institutes will do likewise, so that united action may be taken.

C. E. OSBORN.

Ladies' Column.

A CERTAIN divine, named Frances Tupper, a lady representing Michigan, United States of America, recently stated, at the Triennial Council of Women of the Shakers, held at New York, that no less than 720 women in the States are regularly ordained ministers of the Gospel.

THE terrible mining disaster at Springhill, Pennsylvania, has created much sombre excitement, from the fact that an old woman, called Mother Coe, the Picton prophetess, had foretold an occurrence of the sort. This old dame, it appears, had already made predictions of various kinds, that, strangely enough, came to be fulfilled, and so much faith was pinned to her sayings, that the workings of the mine were examined before the men could be induced to return to work, only those who hesitated in this case being saved.

LADY gardeners still appear to create much interest, and *The Echo* recently spoke enthusiastically of the work of horticulture for ladies. A lecture was lately delivered at the North Collegiate School for Girls under the direction of Miss Buss.

MISS Hickson, a lady traveller, has started as a lady escort; that is to say, a sort of Cook's personally conducted tour is undertaken in every detail by her, and she has already succeeded very well. She is about to set on foot another trip.

MISS Colenso, of Natal, has been recounting the grievances of the Zulus before large audiences. This lady has come all the way from Natal in order to bring the subject before the public notice by means of lectures.

Two Chicago girls, both young, have just started a publishing business.

THE daughter of Björnstjerne Björnson, whose charming Norwegian novels we have in the Library, is an accomplished musician and intends to appear in public before long.

MRS. Jameson, who set out to see Tippoo Tib, anent the Stanley Rear Guard charges, has had several interviews which she says throw much light on the unpleasing state of mystery in which the matter lies enveloped.

THE first woman ever holding the post of secretary to a consulate has been attached to the French and Spanish Consulate; her name is Xavier, and she is an accomplished linguist.

M. S. R. J.

A Strange Experience and its Sequel.

(Continued from page 166; commenced January 16th—back numbers can be had on application at the Office.)

CHAPTER X—continued.

A HUNDRED minor details of scientific investigation took for me new colours, at this period of larger enlightenment. I reviewed the whole wide field of my previous knowledge, and recognized that I had but partially understood phenomena which now assumed an entirely fresh significance when observed as tributary to the mighty and portentous truth I had unearthed. There were moments in my life, too; when I seemed engirt by the pathos of a terrible loneliness. I had indeed stolen a Prometheus fire from the gods themselves. But how agonizing might prove the consequences of this peerless acquirement! The unconquerable strength of my passion was dragging me slowly toward a base misuse of what I had so transcendently secured. It might all have been so different! If I had not loved in this fiercely strenuous way, how great was the benefit which I might have conferred upon my race! He who makes two grass-blades grow in place of one may be a benefactor to his kind; but he who tears a veil from the many which enshroud the last stronghold of infinity itself does more than merely aid the temporal lot of man; he points either toward that priceless cheer of a future immortality for which multitudes long, or toward that absolute future annihilation which may calm untold fanatical dread. He spells out for his groping fellow-creatures the first sentences of an inestimably trustworthy message. He utters to them the first premiss of a supreme syllogism. He either begins for them an immense proof that every evangelist has been bitterly mistaken—that they should live as divinely in Positivism as ever Comte desired them to live—or he confirms through mediums of corroboration unguessed by Saint Augustine the principles and teachings of that clear-souled zealot. And I, with such vital fund of aidful and instructive tidings, how meanly might I fail to utilize its riches! How ignoble to fling it all away on my own selfish yearning!—to make it evil instead of good, disgrace, instead of fame, crime instead of honour! . . . Meanwhile, for what had I dared to hope?—in what had I presumptuously fixed an unbounded though darksome trust! . . . And yet I had not fully yielded. Hours were mine when I almost swore to myself that I would never yield. . . . And so the days of my residence with the Demottes multiplied. They were not happy days, or, if they ever resembled happiness, it was of the hectic, dubious, fitful kind.

"You are paler than you were," Millicent said to me one evening, after dinner, fixedly regarding my face for an instant while we quitted the dining-room side by side. Her husband had disappeared, leaving us alone together, as he frequently did. "And I sometimes think, too," she went on, with a candour as intrepid as if she had been addressing a brother or even a sister, "that you're more given to moods of silence—perhaps also of melancholy—than I've ever before seen you."

"That's not very pleasant to hear," I said. "Still, it shows an interest in me, and for that reason I should find it pleasant."

"How absurd of you!" laughed Millicent. "As if you didn't know just what interest I—that is, Floyd and I—take in you!"

"Oh, pshaw! let Floyd speak for himself."

"And so he would—you know that very well, besides—if you were to ask him."

"But I don't want to ask him," I retorted, with what she possibly took for nothing more harmful than a bit of mock impudence to her spouse and a little flourish of gallantry for herself. "How long ago is it since you first noticed this alleged change in me?"

"Since you first came to live with us," she answered. We had just entered the pretty sitting-room on the ground-floor of the house, with its walls tapestried in plaits of crimson and its furniture of glowing cashmere. The light was turned somewhat low, and the flames that coiled and writhed round a huge black block of coal in the grate, like two fiery snakes playing at hide-and-seek with each other, were on this account more flashingly manifest. Millicent seated herself, and stared into the vivacious and crackling fire, with its lustres in a perpetual evanescent play on her amber hair, and little specks of white or blue splendour leaping from diamond or sapphire on her delicate fingers. I could not help thinking, as I too seated myself not far away from her, how the world of which she had really seen so little had nevertheless robbed her of much simplicity and naturalness.

She is more *éveillée* nowadays, I told myself while I watched her. She may guess your secret in a trice, unless you are guarded. Perhaps already she has begun to guess it. If you really wish that she should not, greater caution is your policy.

Alone I said to her, "May you not, after all, be mistaken about this change in me? May it not be fancy?"

She looked smilingly at me. "No; I'm certain that I don't imagine it. I became certain that I didn't only a day or two ago."

"Ah? So recently?"

"Yes. I meant to ask Floyd—"

"Well, never mind Floyd, for this once."

"You appear oddly indifferent, this evening, to everything that concerns him."

"You concern him, and I'm not indifferent to you. That is, to your reasons for this alteration in myself. Of course you invoked such reasons; you wrought them out of air, if you had nothing more substantial. A woman always does, in these instances."

She laughed. "Perhaps, Douglas, I had something more substantial."

I scanned her sweet, fire-lit profile. "Pray tell me what it was," I urged.

She lifted both her hands for a moment, and then dropped them in her lap. It was a gesture that "society" had not taught her; I had more than once seen her use it in earlier and less sophisticated hours. "Oh, after all you may be right," she said. "It was only a conjecture."

"Well, fact or fable," I persisted, "tell me what it was."

She paused, and the smile on her lips hinted of a fleeting yet introspective mood. Presently she said, with hesitation yet an unmistakable assurance, "I supposed that your going about into the world with Floyd and me might not have left you thoroughly heart-whole."

"Ah," I responded after a little interval, during which the crackle of the fire sounded like so many audible gibes, "you thought I had been possibly falling in love."

"Yes," she said, with that sense of intimacy and receptiveness which nearly every woman can convey by a sudden confidential half-whisper. "Yes—that is what I did think. Is it true? . . . You need not have the least fear, Douglas, of my betraying any such secret. No, not even to Floyd."

"Not even to Floyd?" I murmured. But she did not dream how much solemnity of satire underlay the words; it was a satire meant only for myself, somehow; it was like the captive clanking his own chains, just to get a dull, iron note out of them and so make morbidly and doubly sure of his duress.

"No—neither to Floyd nor to any one living." She leaned a little toward me now, as if waiting, expecting my confirmatory answer.

"I have been in love," I said slowly, "but it was before we went about into the world, as you put it."

"Ah!"

"The woman I cared for never cared for me. It was for a physical cause, I suppose. That sounds blunt, and even coarse. But I don't know any better way of framing it."

She nodded once or twice. "I can understand. . . . She was fond of somebody else."

"No; I don't mean that. I mean simply that I didn't suit her. But she afterward married some one else who did—some one of a more pleasing presence. That is how every one falls in love; don't you think so?"

"Hardly," she objected. She had grown grave, but quickly, brightening a little, she pursued, "Of course looks—the looks that appeal to us—do make a great difference. Still, there is the . . . the soul! . . . Ah, I remember that you are so materialistic on those questions!"

"You fell in love with Floyd," I said with what sounded to my own ears like an almost cruel abruptness. "You're in love with him still."

She tossed her head in pretty impatience. "Of course, you don't present that as a question! And, of course, if you do, you're to much a friend of both of us not to be certain of the answer beforehand."

"Did you fall in love, then, with Floyd's soul?" I asked. "Mind, I use the word just as you use it. Was it the unseen in him that won you, or the seen and tangible and palpable? Come, Millicent, be honest with me. You always are honest, in hundreds of daily and ordinary ways. But this is a . . . a point that interests me from peculiar motives—materialistic and . . . cold-blooded ones, if you please—motives that relate to my scandalously frigid profession. Now, frankly, if Floyd Demotte could become, we will say, bodily some other man, still retaining what you yourself have termed his soul—still spiritually being Floyd and yet corporally being another than Floyd, how do you think such a . . . a transmigration would affect you?"

She broke into a high, nervous, and yet plainly chiding laugh; she pushed her chair away from the fire, and then rose. "Oh, you frighten me, and at the same time you annoy me!" she exclaimed. "Why ask such questions? Why . . . ?"

She paused, here, and her face noticeably altered. She hurried toward me; her lips were trembling; her cheeks had paled. "Douglas!" she cried, with a fervour that astonished me. "Are you ill?"

"I?" was my answer. "No. Do I look so?"

The tranquillity of my brief reply must have reassured her. I at once rose after making it. She receded from me, saying—

"I—I thought you were ill. You—you looked so white. You . . ."

A step sounded in the hall outside. The next instant Demotte had entered the room.

"Ah," he cried cheerfully, "you're making yourself comfortable in this cosy place, eh?" He was rubbing his hands together as he approached the fire. "It's unusually chilly for this season. The upstairs rooms are astonishingly cold. Millicent, we must have the furnace seen to at once." Millicent was looking at me. "She gave another laugh, more composed, as she said, 'I am afraid we must have our good Douglas seen to at once.'"

Demotte was bending over the fire, with outspread hands. "What's Douglas been saying now?" he inquired. "Something in his horribly atheistic vein, or something in his milder one of rank rationalism?"

I made a quick, silencing gesture to Millicent, behind the stooped figure of her husband. It somehow seemed to me as if worse than mortification, worse even than the most poignant embarrassment, would be inflicted upon me by her divulgence of my late words.

She evidently understood and granted my entreaty. But her inclination of the head and her intelligent accompanying smile conveyed to me a pained sadness which I swiftly interpreted.

She knows it all, now, I said to myself. At last she realizes the truth.

But . . . was I wrong? Her next quiet words to her husband made me still doubt if I had not too hastily concluded.

"You're half right," she replied to Demotte, turning away from both of us with an airy, careless grace, as if she had spoken jocularly at random. "Oh, you know Douglas by this time, Floyd—what odd things about life, death, and the human soul he's always saying."

"Yes," returned Demotte, rather inattentively, warming his hands. . . .

That night, sleepless in my bed up-stairs, I formed and clinched an unchangeable determination. I would leave New York at once; I would take up my abode in Washington, as I had previously planned. Let them seek to dissuade as they would; no power of dissuasion could shake me. Here lay my last chance.

My last chance of . . . what? I buried my head in my tumbled pillow and shuddered amid the darkness. But the response came, nevertheless, pealing through that tortured conscience whose divine origin I had long ago denied, yet whose power, from whatever sources I had chosen to derive it, was infallibly the same:

"Your last chance of going to your death guiltless of a fiendish and unexampled crime."

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN, on the following day, I made known to them my intention, they both stared at me in bewilderment. For some little time I failed to win from them anything except an exchange of astonished looks, as though they were thus mutely inquiring of each other just to what degree I was demented. But at length Demotte quite plaintively exclaimed, "You can't truly be serious, Douglas;" and then I felt that perhaps the ice was at last broken.

I strove to explain to them that I needed change, and that I had long silently entertained this project; but I saw the doubt in their faces while I thus spoke—and especially in the face of Millicent. Had I not told her that I had fallen in love, and that the woman of my choice had married another man? Naturally, she believed that my leaving New York must bear upon this hidden sentiment.

Above all things, during the three days preceding my departure, I wished to avoid any prolonged and significant converse with Millicent. My powers of endurance were not equal to such an ordeal. I was making one last effort to save myself; the weight of my secret burdened me cruelly. I pleaded the hurry of preparation and a resultant siege of engagements as excuses for not appearing at dinner and for breakfasting very early in my own room. Within so short a time it would have been impossible for me to have the many valuable and frangible instruments of my laboratory packed so that their subtle mechanisms, their numberless metallic or glass complications, might escape injuries of transport; and I had therefore placed the duty of properly arranging all these possessions, and of forwarding them after my departure, in the hands of two efficient agents. On this account my departure involved far less trouble than it would otherwise have done. My intervening avoidance of Demotte sprang only from a wish to dispense with harrowing and imperative hypocrisies; my dread lest Millicent should engage me in some discussion of my own future plans came wholly from a fear of myself. I shrank from the desperation, the surrender, the *acharnement* of which I knew my ill-starred passion to be, under pressure, distractedly capable.

But Millicent had doubtless made up her mind in an opposite direction. She meant to talk with me alone before I left the house, and she thus constituted herself an event not to be averted. I had purposely remained out until ten o'clock on the last evening before I was to start for Washington. I had gone up to my laboratory, which was also appointed as a reading room in these my days of comparative idleness. I had seated myself at a book-laden table, beside a low lamp, but for surely twenty minutes I had paid no heed whatever to the volume open in my lap. When a knock sounded at my door, as presently happened, I gave a great start; the summons brought me back to actuality from a sequence of such gloomy and thrilling reveries.

I rose and admitted—Millicent. "Are you surprised?" she said, as she crossed my threshold. Her manner was a trifle constrained, and her voice not quite its full, amicable self.

"Surprised?" I repeated, bringing forward a seat, which she at once took. "No, not at all."

She raised one finger and shook it at me, warningly. "Be careful. You know you didn't expect me."

I seated myself rather near her. "Why, there is certainly nothing remarkable in your coming," I said.

"That's just what I think, considering your treatment of us."

I affected not to understand her, at first. "Ah, you mean my not dining here for two or three evenings?" I then said, as if newly aware of the idea she had sought to convey. "Well, I must ask your pardon for that; . . . but my time has been so crowded since—"

I hardly paused here, but she broke in with speed and a certain dryness: "Yes. Since you decided to leave us."

"Since I decided to go to Washington."

"Well, it amounts to the same thing. . . . Tell me," she went on, making her tones grave and looking at me intently, "why do you go like this?"

"I thought I left it all very clear to you the other morning."

"You left it all very obscure."

"Indeed? Then it must remain obscure, I am afraid."

"Douglas!" she exclaimed. "Floyd and I are your best friends. You have none truer or fonder than we are."

"Have I denied this?"

She watched me mournfully. "Not in language."

"How then?"

"By your behaviour. You have some mystery, and you are making us suffer because of it."

"No, no," I returned, with what she may have taken for irritation, but which was in truth nothing except the keenest mental distress, "there is not any mystery whatever. Floyd has instructed you to come here and advance this objection."

She rose promptly, with more dignity than I had ever seen her show. "That is hardly civil of you," she said.

"Well, I did not intend to be uncivil," I answered, rising also.

She gave an annoyed movement. "That is a lame enough excuse. . . . However, suppose, if you will, that Floyd has instructed me, as you're pleased to phrase it. Suppose we have conspired in this altogether dreadful matter. Is there anything so terrible about our doing so? Are we so greatly to blame for wishing to show interest in a friend whom we have known well and prized highly?"

My brain had begun to whirl; . . . the very effect of which I had been darkly confident, provided cause should be supplied for it, had now occurred. "So, then," I said, feeling my heart begin to beat, "Floyd did send you here! You don't come of your own direct choice. You come because he wished it!"

I saw her turn a shade paler and bite her lip. "I come because we both wished it."

I clinched my hands, then, but no doubt the words I spoke were given with a fair amount of composure. "And you both think there is some mystery about my going? You both want to have that mystery cleared?"

"Yes." We faced each other as she thus replied.

"I will clear it then to you," I said, and I heard my own voice grow husky and strange to my own ears. "I can't live near you like this, Millicent. I can't, because I love you." There were now a few seconds of silence, during which she stared at me in a childlike, dazed way. "Remember what I told you the other evening. You are that woman. . . . I love you, and I can't stay here."

She grew deathly pale. She lifted both hands tremulously, and then let them fall. A shiver passed through her, as plain as when we see some abrupt breath of wind strike into the boughs of a slender tree.

"Ah!" she faltered, recoiling from me a little. This was the only syllable that escaped her lips, but the quick, affrighted dilation of her glowing eyes meant more than many sentences.

I sank into a chair, still watching her. For an instant I thought that she would speak, but suddenly, with pride in the poise of her head yet with a great melancholy on her face, she turned and left the room.

How she explained it all to her husband I have no conception. But his cordial yet regretful adieu to me the next morning made me certain that she had not told him how the real "mystery" had transpired. . . . She bade me good-bye with that serenity of whose secret nearly every woman possesses the talisman. (Ah, you women! how often you have been maligned for deceit, yet how often you have known how to deceive in a good cause—with the aim of repelling ruinous disaster!)

That night I reached Washington. But I cannot say that I slept there. It was a night wholly sleepless.

CHAPTER XII.

I SOON found that I had come to the capital in an altogether unfavourable season. The weather, after a few weeks, grew insupportably hot. I decided to spend the threatening summer in travel through the American continent. I visited San Francisco and many other points on the Pacific coast. I fraternized with fellow-travellers; I exulted—or strove to exult—in the topographical novelties and wonders of mountains, canons, gorges, primeval forests. At the end of it all I assured myself that the trip had done me untold good. I came back to Washington in early November. No letters had been forwarded to me during my travels; I had ordered that everything in the way of epistolary communication should await me on my return. A letter from Millicent was the first one that I opened. It plunged me into a state of mind that rendered the reading of the other letters for a time impossible.

Nothing could have shown me more thoroughly the lovely disposition of Floyd Demotte's wife than that brief, expressive message. She forgave me everything. She had kept absolute silence regarding my foolish outburst. I myself had most probably meant nothing that I had said. But whether I had or had not meant it, she was always my devoted friend.

She could not have written more fatally unfortunate lines than these, provided she had wished really to appease and comfort me; and I knew well that she had so wished. All the wholesome sanity of purpose and integrity of control that I had gained in my Western wandering seemed to disappear as I read this letter.

She forgave me; she did not scorn me. I was now for ever haunted by these two recollections. I resorted once more to my studies, and with receptive faculties quickened by rest. But my researches continually pushed in one direction; I could not restrain their most obstinate tendency; all science held for me, at present, but a single point of keen attractiveness; I need hardly tell my meaning more plainly, just here. With the grim thoughts which Millicent's letter had revived came a kind of fierce counteracting determination to publish my discovery. In this way (for blunt words had best be used when all must so soon glare nakedly) I should perhaps find it easier hereafter to resist the temptation of becoming Floyd Demotte's murderer.

(To be continued.)

Sowing in Righteousness.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS BY THE DEAN OF NORWICH.

"Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy, break up your fallow ground, for it is the time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you."—HOSEA X, v. 12.

I AM sure that everyone in this gathering regards it as a commonplace on the part of any preacher to say that nature is a great reflection of grace. In all its departments, holy men have referred to nature as illustrating, in the kingdom which we see, the greater truths of that kingdom which we do not see.

Sacred speakers of the Bible are never wearied of turning to the book of nature to illustrate some point which they desire to impress upon the consciences of those to whom they appeal. I daresay many of you will remember that this thought is really the nerve of that great book which every Englishman ought to know, one written 150 years ago by Bishop Butler, of Durham, a book that cost him years upon years of thought. Its name is "The analogy of religion, natural and revealed, to the constitution and forces in nature;" and he shows in every page of that wonderful and unanswerable book that every difficulty that men find in the kingdom of grace has a corresponding difficulty in the kingdom of nature; and, therefore, there is at once a presumption raised that both come from the same hand. The nerve of that book is, as I have stated, the thought that I have just recited, and then we have it in this wonderful passage in one of the minor prophets, Hosea, "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy, break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord till He come and rain righteousness upon you."

Observe the significance of this injunction; the scene that is suggested by the word of the writer is very interesting. Men are gathered together upon a great and broad field; there is a seed basket by every man's side, and, altho' those men seem to be addressed as a number, yet the law of individuality prevails. They are isolated in their lives and in the full loneliness of individual life. Every man has a basket by his side, and in that basket there are seeds, and they may be the seeds that are destructive, or they may be the vitalizing seeds that are nutritious; but whether destructive or nutritious, every man who has that basket by his side has the seeds to scatter upon the soil of his whole individually, and the seeds are thoughts, words, deeds, and destiny; and thus in that basket by your side you have got the four factors of eternal progress or disaster. Life in its totality is made up of thoughts, words, deeds, habit, character, and destiny.

The next thought that this passage suggests is not less significant and suggestive—"Break up your fallow ground," that is, ground that has been prepared for seed with a view to fertility, but which has been neglected; there has been no seed, no crop, no harvest, so far at least as joy and blessing on themselves. And then in the third thought the metaphor crops out into the reality, for we have in the next sentence, "it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you."

Now shall I try to find, and ask you to think with me as to the meaning of those words? "Sow to yourselves in righteousness;" what do they mean? First we should see what they do not mean. These words cannot mean that every act of a man's life necessarily produces righteousness, for if that contingency waited upon the action there would be no wrong in individual life, no distress in family life, no unrest in social life, no discontent in national life. If every act of every man in the world produced righteousness *per se*, then the result of that must necessarily be that there would be righteousness in the individual, in the family, in society, and in the nation at large, and this great world of ours would be without sin that ruins, crime that benumbs, law that is paralyzed. And then again there is another reason for what I am now contending for. If the significance is that every act of every man necessarily produced righteousness, then there is no need of saying "reap in mercy"; it would be "reap in justice," for where righteousness comes in there is a sense in which justice goes out, at least justice in that case comes to take the place of mercy, and if all the seeds that you and I sow naturally produce righteousness, it would be "reaping in justice," whereas the word of God said "in mercy." Rather, you can see at once that those words do mean, sow to yourselves in an element of righteousness, let the standard of your thoughts be a standard such as God will account righteous, let the standard of your action be such as God would approve, and after this let the standard of your purposes be such as God would Himself be pleased to yield to us. Sow to yourselves in an element of righteousness, let rectitude be in your heart, let veracity be on your tongue, let your word be your bond, let men see by your life, by your actions, by the totality of the forces that make up your character, that when you say "yes" you mean it, when you say "no" you mean it, and that you will say "yes" on the side of right and God, and "no" on the side of wrong and His enemy.

Certainly one may feel that there is one great field in which every one in this world ought to take a part if he does not; and if he does he is only doing the duty which God has been pleased to place for every one of us, and that is the field of labour. I know nothing in revelation, apart from the utterances of Jesus Christ, that is such an inspiration to me, that is in its influence so ennobling, that supplies such an incentive to the work we may be called upon to do as the fact that the great and eternal God, the God who made this world in the ages gone by, thought (if I may use the word) it worth His while to say—"Six days shalt thou labour." Some regard this as a curse, others as dignifying toil, as the enchantment by which labour is lifted from earth to heaven, from man to God, from the tyranny of the slave-master to the enervating atmosphere in which God Himself lives. My

brother men, labour is a noble thing, work is a holy thing, toil is a God-like thing, and the noblest illustration of that was Jesus Christ, the Carpenter of Nazareth.

Well then, we are all engaged in work, and the work at times is strange. Oh! take care that in your work you sow in righteousness; be punctual at your business every morning; give every hour of your time to the man who pays you what is considered in the market a fair return for your labour, and to which you, with your senses in full play, have individually and consciously consented; take no moment from any man when that moment belongs to him and not to you; be scrupulously exact with regard to your time; be scrupulously exact with regard to your work. I have mentioned the model working-man—Jesus Christ. I believe He worked at the carpenter's bench with chisel, saw, and plane, and that there was no carpenter in the whole of that community who produced such work as His. And this dignifies labour.

And then, not only with regard to the quality of labour, but I come now to the reason for all this. "Sow to yourselves in righteousness" in scrupulous exactness with regard to money matters. Have you ever noticed how particular St. Paul is whenever he has anything to do with the funds of the Church? And you and I have to be just as particular with regard to our dealings with ourselves and those we are connected with. Be scrupulously exact in every transaction, and especially those in which money is entrusted to your care. I have a reason for saying this, and you know that reason better than I do. The reason I speak of is that there is an epidemic in England that has been raging for many years, that the Church of God has raised her face constantly and faithfully against, and we hope not without effect. The epidemic is not overcrowding, though that is a sin, a social sin in the sight of God. I believe fever dens to be an aggression upon the religion of the Lord Jesus. I believe rookeries are an offence to the religion that is represented in this hall this afternoon, but I am not speaking of the epidemics that come as fever pestilences, but an epidemic of perfidy, of embezzlement, of dishonesty, that is eating the heart out of honest Englishmen, and that will bring the nobility of England down into the dust and into the mire of sin and shame. There are some sins that damn men's souls, and over these not one farthing need be spent. A man may be very proud, and pride is an offence to God; no proud man shall ever see the face of God, yet pride costs no money. A man may be very selfish—seeing his brother go wrong, it may be, and instead of pleading with him, letting him go headlong to ruin; that is sheer selfishness that costs no money, but no selfish man will ever see the face of God; envy, pride, and selfishness are incompatible with the all-abiding law of Jesus Christ. I might go through many other sins, all cheap sins, though God knows, dear in price. But then I come to another sin, which I have no doubt you have heard of in this hall—I mean strong drink. Is it not enough to make men wonder at the incapacity of England to learn the lesson that facts are teaching, and which on their very face need no Daniel to interpret? God in His mercy has given us a few years of prosperity; imports have been vast, exports have been vaster, our furnaces have been blazing, our yards have been manned, our factories have been filled, our properties have been increased in value, the sun of prosperity has shone on England, and the return we make to God is that when our prosperity is at its height we spend £139,000,000 in strong drink. "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy."

Once more there is another sin, and I speak now of one of the results of the conditions of modern English life. Never in the history of England had men to work so hard as they have at present, and those who are to be successful must have as great strength of body as of brain. Time was when these conditions might be hard, when the man of great intellectual capacity, for instance, would make his way to the front rank of his profession, and still have a frail physique. This is impossible now; no man can make, or hope to make, a great mark upon the history of the country whose physical powers are not as great as his intellectual powers; and as this law governs all life just now, the result is that men are very tired; there is a great reaction, men are awake at night, men walk as if they wore leaden soles to their boots—they are tired, they are weary, they are jaded, and then they take to amusement. Never also in the history of the country was there such amusement in the way of physical exercises as there is at the present moment. I look to your gymnasiums all over the country—these did not exist fifty years ago except in very select circles. But now every society has somehow a good set-to in some form or another, some grand exercise as a set-off against the strain of the common life—bicycles, football, cricketing, harriers, and races of all kinds.

Think you I have one word to say against this? God forbid! I never see a man taking exercise of this kind without wishing and hoping that he will get all the good out of it that he desires, and I believe it is a good thing—aye, even on this very day, I would say distinctly to every young man in this class, "Be sure you take exercise." It is a moral fact as well as a physical fact, it is a good thing.

But one of the evils which has waited upon this development of exercise is the introduction of a spirit which is one of the evils of our day—I mean the spirit of gambling. Now, though the drink evil is great, I am not quite sure that I cannot use the comparative mood with regard to gambling, because it is entering into every part of our lives. I have known it to reach a tremendous height respecting the arrival of one or two ships that set sail from Liverpool for New York. I have known it make its hideous presence felt when a clever surgeon was taking a man's leg off, as to the layers of bone he would cut through, and also with regard to municipal elections, political elections, the return of a Ministry to Parliament; in plain terms, there is almost

nothing now worth naming that is not the subject of this miserable passion. And the evil of this is that numbers of men who are engaged in this very sin, who go in for betting and gambling, often get into difficulties. What is the result? They are then led to purloining—are led to take that which is not their own; they enter into partnership without any deeds being drawn up; they make themselves masters of their employers' money and bring discredit upon their character, and bring the grey hairs of many a father and mother down with sorrow to the grave.

Once again, and here one has to refer to the sin which one cannot refrain from alluding to on an occasion of this kind. Drink is a curse, gambling is terrible, but impurity is even worse than all these. It has been stated, I have the statement in print, that there are eighty thousand fallen women in this city of London. Tell me, that if we had a divine standard for human action, that that would have been possible? It would not. But we have not a divine standard for human action. If a woman it is who has sinned, she is cast into the gutter to be despised and rejected of man and woman, but fornication is considered one of the ordinary experiences of a young man's life; in numbers of instances it is palliated, it is condoned, it is regarded as an ordinary experience that has to be got through somehow, and if without perpetual taint so much the better, but if not, nevertheless it must be gone through; and I say this, that our ways are not equal in this; there is no more reason for a man to commit this sin than for a woman, and I pray that the day may come to England when that society, the White Cross Society, may have its branches in every society such as this, in every Young Men's Association, in every College, in every University, when men will be as men were in the days of the early church. When they lived in a state of innocence to the day when they became married. The question arises how did they do it? They did it by the power of that Christ Who is looking down upon this gathering to-day, looking at you, and you, and you, in all the powers of your manhood, with all the grace by which you are surrounded, with all the opportunities within your reach. Jesus Christ the Holy Spirit is here to-day in your very heart asking you, Why not strike now against the sins of gambling, and drink, and immorality, as did the old Christians?

Oh! that in times to come it might be said, "These young men were virgins till they were married." If this was the statement of the Christians of the first century, why not now? Christ is the same! The very same to-day as He was eighteen hundred years ago, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, the same to-day and for ever. "Oh"; I hear some brother say, "that clergyman doesn't know as I know myself, I have sinned in this matter and in that, I have sinned alone and in society, I have played the very devil with my constitution, and I am a lost man." Lost, oh, brother, if you are lost you are the very man Jesus came to seek, if you are depraved you are the very man He has come to exalt, if you are defiled you are the very man He has come to purify, if you are enslaved you are the very man He has come to free, if you are ruined you are the very man He has come to redeem. "But," you ask, "how is this to be done? it is true Christ is the same, but what am I to do, how am I to see this?" We must first seek Christ's blessed work. The doctrines of the Gospel teach us that the Lord laid upon our Saviour the iniquity of us all. You remember that the 53rd of Isaiah, 3rd verse, says, "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned everyone to his own way and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," not that He hath laid upon each of us the iniquity of his own sin. This would have been true, but instead of that you have this marvellous announcement, that instead of the message running in that way: "The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all, He died the just for the unjust, to bring us to God." There is Christ's work and the statement of the Gospel of Christ. Oh, it is the old, old story—God, by the Holy Ghost, help me to bring it home to one brother to-day. The statement is that by simple faith and repentance, trust in God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, all the sins you ever had are gone. Forgiveness through the blood brings peace, but this is not enough for the prisoner, he wants more than peace, he wants deliverance. Many a man has said to me when I have spoken to him about Eternal things "I know it is a glorious thing to be forgiven, it is a wonderful thing to have to approach God, but what am I to do? the Devil's inside me and I crave these sins, I still want to go wrong, there is something inside me tells me 'do not,' and something tells me 'do.'" Now why do men sin? Why, because sin is stronger than man, but then Christ makes a man stronger than his sin. Christ comes into a man, Christ ennobles a man, gives him new hope, and enables him to overcome every sin that would otherwise overcome him. This is the remedy, the seeking of our Lord, the sowing in righteousness, and the use of the Eternal life given to you by the power of the Holy Ghost will enable you to realise the divine standard your mind will be attuned to. See sin as He sees it, see righteousness as He observes it, and rejoice in the righteousness that He is pleased to give by the finished work of His dear Son, and then there only remains to break up your fallow ground. It may be that I am addressing to-day some brother who has come from a quiet home in the country, followed to London by a mother's prayers, and by a father's example, and he has neglected all that the mother at home has prayed for him, and all that the father lived out for him; the ground is fallow. Brother, won't you break up that fallow ground, and won't you go home from this hall to-day, and ask the Holy Ghost for nobility of purpose and strength of character, and make a resolution at the cross of Christ to forsake evil and cling to God? And why? It is "the time to seek the Lord." You are at the closing of this century; a nobler time no man ever lived in. Oh, it is a grand thing to live in stirring times, and there is not a man in this hall that may not, by

the power of God, make his mark for good upon the *morale* of the nation to which he belongs. Everyone can do this by the spirit of God, and we are encouraged to do this by one fact, a fact that is forgotten, but I like to revive it. When our Lord ascended into Heaven, the number of the disciples was one hundred and twenty. We have this on the authority of the holy evangelist, St. Luke. It is said, you will remember, in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, "And the number of names together were about one hundred and twenty." To these was committed the evangelisation of the world. The population of the Roman Empire at that time was one hundred and twenty millions, and before that century was over the Roman Empire was evangelised, and why? Because they were all at it, and always at it. They went forth in the strength of the law of God, and gave their lives, their powers, their principles; they gave themselves to God, and owning Him as Master, they arose to the work of conquering the world.

Young men of London, living as you do in this age, with all its opportunities so golden, with all its grace so abundant, with all its needs so urgent, with all its wants so unsatisfied—here is a glorious opportunity before you. Rise to the height of it, let God's word be on your lips; let God's love be in your heart; seek to evangelise the young men in this great city, and then you will leave the world better than you found it, and for every deed you do for the honour of God and for His name and sake, you will sow to yourselves in righteousness, in the righteousness that comes from the communion with Christ, and in God's time you will not only reap "in mercy," but the crown of glory, incorruptible and undefiled.

There's Business for All.

There's business for all in this world, my boy,

Though some folks find nothing to do;

And misery *will* misery forever enhance

With him who is satisfied fortune is chance,

And only may come to a few.

Who waiteth for fortune is waiting for grapes

In a desert where grapes never grew,—

A beggar that sitteth where nobody flows,—

An idler for gold where no gold ever flows,—

There's no business *there*, boy, for you.

Who boreth for water must not expect oil,

Nor gold if for silver he sue,

If sleepeth the husbandman, sleepeth the soil,

And harvest refuses the product of toil;—

Wake up, boy! there's business for you.

The season goes by, the season comes back,

The strength of the earth to renew;

The winter is past, and spring has come round

With music and laughter, and shuffle and bound,

She has business, boy, all the year through.

She has business for us in her stern demands,

Demands that forever renew

In industry's calls from the asking lands,

Whose acres are waiting for toil's clever hands,—

For more than they're willing to do.

Life's valleys are gleaming with rivers of sin,—

Temptation's flowers charming to view;—

The siren walks there, where charming she's been

Since Eden went out and temptation came in.

Stand guard, boy! she's watching for you.

Who, lured by her wiles, once passes sin's door,

Goes down to the river of pain,

Deception walks with him, the charmer before,

They pass to the river: from death's inky shore

We call, but he comes not again.

Turn not for her lure from business, my boy,

You'll find what I tell you is true—

Life's moments will brighten in steady employ,

And blossom with comforts too sweet for the joy

Of those who find nothing to do.

Be true to your manhood, work up to the line,

To wisdom's line,—close as you can,—

With axe, plough, and harrow, for hillside and plain;

And pen, ink, and paper, to plow for the brain,

Fulfil the grand purpose of man!

This brief of existence is business, my boy,

For other more lasting in view!

Life can't be a shadow that struts, frets, and dies,

Where heaven, great heaven looks down through such eyes:

Look up; God is smiling on you!

Then work while 'tis day, ere cometh the night;

Be quick, boy, the moments are few;

Eschew ye the evil; defend ye the right;

Work out of the darkness up into the light,

Where heaven has business for you.

The Strange Signal!

"UGH-HUGH! it's a biting night, it is," shivered the signalman, as he entered the Bull and Duckling, and shook the snow from his jacket and cap. He entered the beer-room, an apartment set aside for the accommodation of leisurely drinkers, where there was a cheery fire and plenty of company, and said to the landlord's pretty daughter, "A pint, if you please, miss, Triple X."

"You're off arly to-night, ain't you?" questioned an old labourer, who was sipping from a mug almost as big as his head.

"Aye, that I am," said the signalman cheerfully, as he poured his beer into the pipkin on the hob, and stuck the sharp end of that vessel into the glowing coals. "The 'spress, which I usually waits for, won't come along this two hour yet. It's not I, mates," he continued, glancing round the benches, and noticing that the landlord's pretty daughter lingered at the doorway, "would fail to give his due to the best and kindest-earted station-master on the whole line. 'Buskum,' says he, coming into the box, 'it's Christmas Eve.' 'So it is,' says I. 'You'll be glad to get home to your wife and youngsters,' says he, stirring up the fire and unbuttoning his great coat; 'and not being a family man like you,' he says, 'I might just as well be here as anywhere, so off you go, Buskum,' says he, 'and a Merry Christmas to you and the missus, and the little'uns, too.' With that, he reglar shoves me out of the box, not so much as giving me time to say a thankee-sir."

A murmur of approval ran round the room, and a rich, red tint suffused the cheek of the landlord's pretty daughter.

"The singlerest thing," continued the signalman, "is that there ain't no sort of reason why anybody should stop. When your points are set, the 'spress can go through all right without you standing by to see her do it. There isn't a wayside station along the whole line where they'd go to the trouble our master takes. 'But no,' says he, 'dooty's dooty. I couldn't by no means,' he says, 'rest till that train was safely passed, and I'd seen her go.' He's the right sort is our master up at the station."

The glow of gentle pride in the eyes of the landlord's pretty daughter was wonderful to see. In her heart she was saying, "He is my own hero—ever my own noble hero."

"Who else would have done it, I should like to know?" pursued the signalman, pouring out his hot beer from the pipkin, and taking a comfortable corner seat on the bench nearest the fire. "What was there to prevent his being here 'stead of me? It aint as if there was nothing to come for—begging your pardon, Miss, and meaning no offence," said the signalman, with a sly glance at the landlord's daughter, and a wise look round the company, as who should say, "We all know which way the wind lies. Oh, yes, trust us to know that."

There was one person among those assembled in the Bull and Duckling beer-room who, from his sulky silence and the scowl that his features wore, evidently did not share in the otherwise general approval which the signalman's remarks called forth. He was a young man who might at one time have been not ill-looking, but persistent dissipation had effectually done its work, and a mass of eruptive sores on his face gave it a most repulsive aspect. He sat watching the landlord's daughter furtively, and as he noticed the mantling pride with which she listened to the talk, rage made him bite his black lips until they bled. There had been a time when this man, Dastard by name, hoped that the innkeeper would call him son.

Becoming conscious that evil eyes were fixed on her, the landlord's daughter left the room. It was an hour later when the signalman had twice called for more drink, that, believing he had settled himself there for the evening, she beckoned him out, and said quietly—

"The station-master relieved you from duty to-night? He is in your box doing your work at this moment?"

"Yes, so he is, miss," said the signalman, a little surprised.

"He did this that you might go home?"

The signalman looked foolish, but did not reply.

"Then, why," she said, turning her lustrous eyes upon him, "do you not go home? It was not that you might come and spend the hours here that he took your place. Your duties allow you little enough time with your family. Would you not show your appreciation of his kindness better by doing as he wished and going home to your own fireside, than by stopping here, even though it is to praise him to your friends?"

The signalman looked at her with an expression of great surprise, and then, seeing that she meant kindly, brought his fist down upon the counter with a force that made all the glasses jump where they stood, and said, "You're right, miss; you're right; that you are." Forgetting to say good-night to his companions, forgetting even to finish his beer, he went off at once, muttering to himself, "They're well matched; they're

a pair, if ever there was one. . . . Agin the interest of the house, too, to send a customer away!"

There were high words in the beer room shortly after the signalman's departure. Dastard, until now silent and moody, made remarks reflecting on the station-master, who, he hinted, would not be fool enough to turn out of his warm room and take the post in the signal-box unless for an object which might be good and might be bad, but had no connection with the comfort of the signalman or his family. The suggestion being resented by some of the company, who well knew the bad feeling he entertained against the absent man, Dastard made further observations which revealed so much bitter rancour that even those who thought they understood him were astonished, and the landlord's daughter, who could not help overhearing what was said, was filled with apprehension. Her fears were increased, when a little later he left the inn, with a look of mingled malice and ferocity on his face that made it perfectly hideous.

It was, indeed, as the signalman had said, a bitterly cold night. The snow had been coming down without cessation for several hours, and the sharp wind which whistled shrilly through the bare trees, caught up the white flakes, and turned them as they fell into fine powder, which it drove into every cranny and corner of house and hedgerow and tree, and piled in great drifts along the roads and about the fieldsides. In the village church the ringers were ringing the bells in honour of the morrow's festival, but the wind turned their puny efforts to derision, and with boisterous laughter drowned the music they would have made. It was a night when no man would be out if he could help it. The storm rushed restlessly down the village street, and in and out among the cottages and farm-houses, but found no being on whom to wreak its fury but a solitary cur that owned no home and fled yelping piteously into a shed, the door of which had been forced open by the blast. On the gale swept, driving the helpless snow in a cloud before it, past the school-house, past the Bull and Duckling, past the lighted vicarage, the last house in the village, and on towards the station, a mile or more up the long hill. Half-way up the road it overtook a man, who was hurrying along at the top of his speed, and seemed to care naught for the cold, or for the rushing wind which sped on its course scarcely more recklessly than he. With one hand in his pocket grasping an object that lay in its recess, he beat the air savagely with the other as he ran, uttering incoherent curses which the wind gave back again with bursts of hoarse laughter. It was Dastard.

Arriving within a few yards of the little wooden station, which stood almost at the top of the long hill, he proceeded with more caution. The gate leading to the platform was shut and fastened, so, to, was the door to the booking-office, but it was easy to find a way on to the line by climbing the railing which divided it off for some distance from the road; and this way Dastard took. Passing some trucks on a siding, at whose outline barely visible in the night he looked curiously, he crept on towards the signal-box at the other end of the station, screening himself, as if by instinct, from observation, which in the darkness would have been almost impossible, and walking noiselessly when any sound that he could have made would have been overwhelmed by the howling storm. A bright glow at the windows of the signal-box enabled him to find its position with ease. At the foot of the steps he stood still a moment and put a hand to his ear, but heard no sound but the sound of the rushing wind. Then bending low, and moving as stealthily as the tiger gains upon its unconscious prey, he crept slowly up the slippery steps, and peeped into the box. The station-master was seated upon a chair before the little fire, which had just been replenished with a handful of coal and was blazing merrily up the narrow iron shaft that carried off the smoke. Every now and again the wind blew out a puff of smoke into his face, but the station-master did not appear to notice it. He was leaning back on the seat deeply engaged in thought; and the light from the leaping flames which played upon his features showed by the placid smile they disclosed that his reflections were pleasant ones. All this the watcher noted, and the bare thought that the station-master could be in happy mood when passion so deeply stirred his own breast, added fresh fuel to the fire that raged within him.

"Fool! fool!" he muttered, grinding his teeth savagely. "Sit there and smile, and smile, whilst you may. You little know how fine a thread your life now hangs on."

He took from his pocket the thing he had been holding all along, fondled it with both hands almost lovingly, and held it up in his right against the glass. It was a revolver, and he took aim with it at the unsuspecting station-master's head.

"How easy it would be! Once, twice, three times; a little tug with the finger—that is all. I have been saving

this up for you for days and weeks, though you never knew it, and if I had only had the courage you'd have been a dead man long ere this. Fool! Oh, how I hate you! I could shoot you like a cur, and tread on you, and crush out what life might remain in you with the heel of my boot. Shall I—shall I, after all? No, the other plan is the best. It is less dangerous for me, and will ruin you for good. Your life is safe, but I like to stand here like this, and to feel that it is at my disposal."

At this moment the station-master, for some reason which he could not perhaps himself have explained, turned his head, and he saw the malignant exulting face close against the glass of the door. It disappeared in an instant. The station-master got up, and peered out into the night. He saw the driving snow and the darkness beyond, and heard the howl of the storm as it lashed with angry impotence against the sides of the signal-box, but he failed to see the form crouched low on the other side of the door, and to hear the heavy breathing that came from it.

"Pooh! it was fancy," he said aloud, as he returned to his place, and stirred the fire before sitting down once more; "yet I could have sworn I saw that villainous face as plainly as if it had been real."

Not daring to run again the risk of discovery, Dastard cautiously descended the steps, and returned by the way he had come to the siding where the trucks stood. The storm now was in his teeth, but its strength was abated, or he could hardly have made headway against it. He noticed with satisfaction that the wind and fresh snow had obliterated all signs of the footmarks he made in coming.

"It was awkward that he saw me," he thought. "I wish he hadn't. But they would never believe him. If he said anything about it, it would be a point against him."

Stopping but a moment to look round, an unnecessary precaution, as it was impossible to see or be seen within a few feet, he felt his way to the trucks. They were not loaded. It was the work of less than a minute to uncouple the first from its fellow.

"I will run them on one by one," he said, "it will be easier."

The accumulated snow and his own benumbed condition made the task of moving the waggon more difficult than he had expected. By dint of great exertion he succeeded in pushing it as far as where the siding joined the main line, but here an obstacle presented itself, upon which he had not calculated. The points were set the other way.

He cursed himself for a fool. "Of course they would be. Why did I not think of it? All my trouble is wasted."

He cast about for something else to lay on the line and thus effect his villainous object; but the darkness was so intense that he could put his hands upon nothing sufficiently large or heavy for the purpose. Then he bethought him that if the second truck were urged against it with all the force he could bring to bear, the first might perhaps be run on to, or thrown across, the track of the express. Without delay, he uncoupled it, and placing his shoulder against the end forced it along with all the additional energy that rage and growing despair could bring to his aid. The collision when it came gave him a severe shock, and threw him off his feet, but he was indifferent just then to physical pain. He saw with a strange, horrible joy that the first truck was now firmly wedged on the main line. The points were broken, and the express must inevitably be wrecked.

He had hardly recovered himself before a bright light was suddenly flashed upon his face and he heard a voice which rang out clear and strong, but yet trembled with honest anger.

"You villain! What fiend's work is this you are about? I know you—I know you!"

Surprise and consternation rooted Dastard to the spot. It was the station-master who stood before him.

"You little thought," said the station-master, whose angry emotion almost overcame him, "by what means you would be found out and your dreadful scheme frustrated. You supposed that you could do your work unmolested in the storm, whilst I sat dozing and unsuspecting up there in the signal-box. But that Providence which always frustrates such devilish designs has interposed here and saved the express from destruction and you from the commission of a frightful crime. You never dreamt that whilst you were trying to force the truck on to the line, the tell-tale vibration would travel along that rod beneath your feet and reaching the lever next to my side show me that the points were being tampered with. The express is not yet due for half-an-hour."

He stopped suddenly, for by the light from his lamp he saw that Dastard slowly drew from his pocket a thing which glittered ominously, and gradually raised it until it was on a level with his breast.

"Great God, man!" cried the station-master with horror and amaze. "You would not murder me?"

He dropped his lamp and made a spring forward for life, but almost as the last word left his mouth there was a flash, a sharp crack, and the station-master fell on his face on the snow without a cry or a groan.

The murderer, filled with dread at the thing he had done, drew near to the body and stood looking at it for some minutes with terror-glazed eyes. At length the thought that he must be stirring if he would save himself roused him from the lethargy of horror into which he had fallen. He bent forward shudderingly and touched his victim, withdrawing his hand immediately with a sharp pained cry, as if the prostrate form were a live coal that burnt the flesh.

"It's done, after all," he muttered. "I wouldn't have done it, but he came here and forced me to. What am I to do? They will suspect me, arrest me, try me. My God, I am lost!"

Overcoming his sensation of dread by a desperate effort, he turned the body over and examined it as closely as the darkness would allow. The bullet had entered the breast. He could not see the wound or even the place where the coat was cut, but there was blood bubbling out. He could see that. It had dyed a crimson patch on the snow where the body lay.

Suddenly a thought came into his mind that filled him with a strange, wild joy. It was as if the very arch-fiend had suggested it in the moment of dread and despair.

"I am saved! I am saved! Saved, and doubly avenged at the same time. It is the very thing. Nothing could be more natural. Some unknown grievance against the Company—who knows, he may have had one—makes him send away the signalman, upset the train, and kill himself from remorse or spite. What does it matter why? I am safe, I am safe!"

With feverish haste he thrust the weapon into the station-master's hand, and closed the clammy fingers over it.

"They can't possibly find me out," he said, exultingly. "Nobody ever knew I carried a revolver."

Longing to be as far out of the way as possible before the catastrophe took place, he lost no further time, but got clear of the station by the way he had entered. His mind had been so completely absorbed by the tragedy and by his efforts to avert suspicion from himself, that he had scarcely noticed until now that the storm had ceased and the wind dropped as if by magic. Snow still fell, but not thickly, and he had gone a very short distance before it ceased altogether, and the moon gave indications of breaking a way through the clouds.

As he hurried back to the village, a circumstance occurred which chilled his blood with a sudden terror. This was the apparition of a human form—whether man or woman he could not say—going with as rapid steps as his own in the direction of the station, which went by so quickly that before he could recover from his sudden fright and turn round and look, it had passed out of sight.

When Dastard quitted the Bull and Duckling, the landlord's daughter, as has been said, was much disturbed in mind by the evil expression on his face, which, coupled with what had been said in the beer-room, and the fact that he had never been known to leave the inn until the hour of closing came round, filled her with apprehensions for the safety of the station-master. As the time went by her fears increased rather than diminished; and finally, unable to resist her forebodings any longer, she determined, in spite of the late hour and the terrible storm that was raging, but was now abating in violence, to find her way to the station, and if not to warn her lover, at any rate, to assure herself that he was safe from harm. She dared not speak to her father, knowing well that he would laugh at her fears and certainly forbid the contemplated journey. She got her cloak and hat without attracting notice, and quitted the house quietly, leaving the innkeeper to discover her absence when a customer next called for drink. It was fortunate that the storm had spent its fury, and that what remained of the gale was at the back and helped her on the way. Half way up the road she was much startled by the sudden appearance of Dastard, whom she did not recognise, rushing down the hill as if he were flying before an avenging fury. The circumstance by no means reassured her. She redoubled her own pace, and less than ten minutes later arrived at the station, breathless and exhausted by the effort she had made.

The moon was now shining brightly. She tried the door of the booking-office, but found it fastened. Passing further on, she looked over the wall on to the platform, but could see nothing unusual, and hear no sound. There was a curious fitful light in the signal-box, as if the fire was low and was putting forth small expiring spurts of flickering flame. She shouted, but there was no reply. The echoing sound of her own voice, and not less the weird silence that preceded and followed it, filled her with a nameless sense of dread. Unable to get into the station where she stood, she returned to the other end, and

What loud uproar bursts from that door
The wedding guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are ;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

9. MARCHE NUPTIALE *Papini.*
THE PUPILS OF THE ADVANCED VIOLIN CLASS.

10. SONG "When Other Lips" *Balfe.*
MR. CHARLES ROSE.

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well ;
There may perhaps in such a scene
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes ;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
'Twill break your own to see,—
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me.

11. DUET "Of Fairy Wand" *Wallace.*
MADAME ALICE BARTH AND MR. CAMPBELL
BISHOP.

Of fairy wand had I command,
At moonlit hour, in silken bower,
To music note on air I'd float,
In golden sheen and jewels gay,
Of pleasure Queen, I'd laugh and sing,
And dance and play.

Those sparkling eyes are brighter prize
Than gems that glow on kingly brow ;
Of those avail, ere yet they fade,
For joy will quail when time o'ershade.
Then laugh while love and beauty aid.

12. MARCH "Coronation" (Prophète) *Meyerbeer.*
THE P. P. ORCHESTRA.

13. SONG "A Recipe for Perfect Happiness" *Sullivan.*
(Gondoliers)
MR. CHARLES ROSE.

Take a pair of sparkling eyes
Hidden ever and anon
In a merciful eclipse ;
Do not heed their mild surprise,
Having passed the rubicon,
Take a pair of rosy lips ;
Take a figure trimly planned,

Such as admiration whets
(Be particular in this) ;
Take a tender little hand,
Fringed with dainty fingerettes,
Press it, in parenthesis ;
Ah ! take all these, you lucky man,
Take and keep them, if you can.

Take a pretty little cot,
Quite a miniature affair,
Hung around with trellised vine,
Furnish it upon the spot
With the treasures rich and rare
I've endeavour'd to define ;
Live to love, and love to live
You will ripen at your ease,
Growing on the sunny side ;
Fate has nothing more to give.
You're a dainty man to please,
If you're not satisfied.
Ah ! take my counsel, happy man
Act upon it, if you can.

14. SONG "Sing, Sweet Bird" *Ganz.*
MADAME ALICE BARTH.

Sing, sweet bird, and chase my sorrow,
Let me listen to thy strain ;
From thy warblings I can borrow
That which bids me hope again ;
Hover still around my dwelling,
There is pleasure where thou art ;
While thy tale of love thou'rt telling,
Say, who can be sad at heart ?

Sing, sweet bird ! sing, sweet bird !
Let me listen to thy strain.
Ah ! sing, sweet bird ! ah ! sing, sweet bird !

Morn and noon, and dewy even,
Anxiously for thee I'll wait ;
Come, thou chorister of heaven,
Cheer a soul disconsolate.
So shall time fond thoughts awaken,
Joy once more shall live and reign,
And the harp so long forsaken
Yield its dulcet notes again.

Sing, sweet bird, &c.

15. SONG "The Yeoman's Wedding Song" *Poniatowski.*
MR. CAMPBELL BISHOP.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, I love the song,
For it is my wedding morning,
And the bride so gay in fine array,
For the day will be now adorning.
Tho' I've little wealth but sov'reign health,
And am only a yeoman free,
When hearts join hands, there's none in the land
Can be richer in joys than we.

Ding dong, ding dong, we'll gallop along,
All fear and doubting scorning ;
Thro' the valley we'll haste,
For we've no time to waste,
And this is my wedding morning.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, my steed hie on,
For the church will soon be filling ;
They must not wait, for were we late,
They'd deem the groom unwilling.
The sun is high in the morning sky,
And the lark o'er our heads doth sing
A bridal song as we gallop along,
Keeping time to the bells as they ring.

Ding dong, &c., &c.

16. CHORUS "Let their celestial concerts" (Samson) *Handel.*
THE P. P. CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA

Let their celestial concerts all unite
Ever to sound His praise in endless morn of light.

PROGRAMME OF POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT

BY THE

ST. LOUIS AMERICAN MINSTRELS,

ON MONDAY, 23RD MARCH, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

COMEDIANS.

BONES—
MONTAGUE LEIGH. ARTHUR JUPP. JOHNNY WHITTAKER. STEVE WILLIAMS.
F. RUDGE. HARRY MARSTON.
INTERLOCUTOR—MR. DONALD KERRIDGE.

ORCHESTRA.

1st Violin ... J. RANDELL. Clarinet ... C. LANCASHIRE.
2nd Violin ... A. VASSIE. Double Bass ... J. HOPKINS.
Cornet ... B. TOVEY. Pianist... R. FULCHER.
INTERLOCUTOR—MR. DONALD KERRIDGE.

PART I.

OVERTURE	...	"Archery"	...	THE TROUPE.
BALLAD	...	"Silver Moonlight Winds are Blowing"	...	MADAME MAROCHI.
SONG, COMIC	...	"The Merry Little Butcher"	...	HARRY MARSTON.
BALLAD	...	"O Gentle Stream"	...	MR. MOORE.
SONG, COMIC	...	"Out comes Polly for a Kiss"	...	ARTHUR JUPP.
BALLAD	...	"Time may steal the Roses, Darling"	...	MISS MARSTON.
SONG, COMIC	...	"Go and put your Bonnet on, Betsy"	...	STEVE WILLIAMS.
BALLAD	...	"The Song that reached my Heart"	...	MR. A. COLLINGWOOD.
SONG, COMIC	...	"Pop the Ring upon her Finger"	...	MONTAGUE LEIGH.
BALLAD	...	"Love's Own Sweet Song"	...	MISS CHURCHILL.
SONG, COMIC	...	"Dooley's Geese"	...	JOHNNY WHITTAKER.
		(By kind permission of Messrs. Moore & Burgess.)		
BALLAD	...	"Turning Grey"	...	MR. G. WAKEFIELD.

FINALE.

Introducing the famous Band of Oxorunipiouses, by the ST. LOUIS COMEDIANS.

(INTERVAL OF FIVE MINUTES.)

PART II.

SELECTION	...	By the ST. LOUIS ORCHESTRA.
SOLOS	...	By the Celebrated Mandolin and Banjo Soloist, MR. C. SILVANI.
SKETCH	...	Grotesque ... MR. JOE VERNON.
PLANTATION MELODY	...	"Poor Old Joe" ... STEVE WILLIAMS.
		(By special desire.)
HUNGARIAN BOOT DANCE	...	MR. JOE VERNON.

Concluding with a side-splitting Musical Sketch, entitled—

"LOVE'S CONFUSION."

(Arranged by Mr. JOHNNY WHITTAKER.)

Old Gooselam	MR. STEVE WILLIAMS.
Sophia	...	(His Daughter)	MR. F. RUDGE.
Corporal Ramrod	MR. HARRY MARSTON.
Policeman X70	MR. ARTHUR JUPP.
Mr. Isaacs	...	(The Black Jew)	MR. JOHNNY WHITTAKER.
The Masher	...	(Up to Date)	MR. BOB FULCHER.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

THIS PROGRAMME IS SUBJECT TO SLIGHT ALTERATIONS.

Admission, 1d. and 3d. Gallery, 6d.

STUDENTS' POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS.

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

WEDNESDAY, 25th MARCH.

SOLO PIANIST ... Miss LIZZIE SPEARING, R.A.M.

M. DE CONE, the World's Wizard, has the honour of submitting the following selected Programme, from which a selection will be made:—

PART I.

OVERTURE ... Miss LIZZIE SPEARING.

LE MOUCHOIR IMPÉRISSABLE.

This deception can only be accomplished by M. DE CONE.
Manipulation, Mutilation, and Restoration of Cards.

THE FLYING CARDS OF MERCURY.

THE LEGEND OF FLORENCE; or, the FAIRY FLOWERS.

THE WITCHES' ORANGE TREE.

And Love Letters from the Hesperides; or, the Postage of a Past Age.

LE CHAPEAU MYSTERIEUX.

Dedicated to the Ladies.

LA TÊTE DU DIABLE.

DE CONE'S Illusion with a Glass of Water.

THE HAND OF CLEOPATRA.

TIME IN A FIX, a Chronological Inexplicability.

THE MONEY HUNT; True Realizations of a Miser's Dream.

THE AUTOMATON SAILOR; History of Jack Ashore, with Hornpipe.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE BIRD.

CAFÉ AU LAIT POUR LES DAMES.

PIANOFORTE SOLO ... Miss LIZZIE SPEARING.

PART II.

PARLOUR MAGIC.

In this part M. DE CONE will explain how the tricks are performed.

PIANOFORTE SOLO ... Miss LIZZIE SPEARING.

PART III.

M. DE CONE will have much pleasure in introducing
DE CONE'S MARIONETTES,
A High-Class Selection of Italian Fantoccini.

Selections from the following programme:

BLONDIN ON THE ROPE.

THE SCARAMOUCHE, OR HEADLESS MAN.

INDIAN JUGGLER. THE PERFECT CURES.

CLOWN ON STILTS: A Comic Entrée.

THE SPANISH POLE PERFORMER. CHAIR PERFORMER.

MOTHER SHIPTON AND HER WONDERFUL FAMILY.

JAPANESE PILLER PERFORMER. THE GRAND TURK.

CHINESE BELLRINGERS IN MUSICAL ACT.

THE WONDERFUL AUTOMATON SKELETON.

Folly serves to make folks laugh
When wit and mirth are scarce.—Dean Swift.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

ADMISSION—TWO PENCE. STUDENTS—ONE PENNY.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS,

SUNDAY, 22nd MARCH, 1891.

At 12.30. ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. ORGAN SONATA IN A MINOR, No. 4 ... <i>Rheinberger</i>
(a. Tempo moderato. b. Intermezzo. c. Fuga Cusmatica.) | 4. ELEVATION ... <i>Guilmant</i> |
| 2. ANDANTE IN A FLAT ... <i>Haydn</i> | 5. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN A MINOR ... <i>Bach</i> |
| 3. CHORUS ... "The word in flesh become"
(From "The Redemption.") ... <i>Gounod</i> | 6. AIR ... "My soul shall be joyful"
(From "The Shunammite.") ... <i>Garrett</i> |
| | 7. FINALE IN D MAJOR ... <i>Lemmens</i> |

At 4 P.M. VOCALIST—MISS AGNES VALLERIS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. SONATA IN C MINOR (1st movement) ... <i>Salomé</i> | 6. VOCAL SOLO ... "Return O God of Hosts" ... <i>Handel</i> |
| 2. VOCAL SOLO ... "Ruth's Song" ... <i>Gounod</i> | 7. ANDANTE WITH VARIATIONS ... <i>Lemmens</i> |
| 3. THEME IN A ... <i>Hird</i> | 8. HYMN ... "Oft in danger, oft in woe" H. K. White (1785-1806) |
| 4. HYMN "Jesu, lover of my soul" Rev. Charles Wesley (1708-1788) | 9. MARCH TRIOMPHALE ... <i>Archer</i> |
| 5. INTRODUCTION AND FUGUE IN F MAJOR ... <i>Rheinberger</i> | |

At 8 P.M.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. ORGAN SONATA IN E MINOR, No. 6 ... <i>Merkel</i>
(a. Guave-Moderato. b. Adagio. c. Allegro risoluto.) | 4. ANDANTE IN E MINOR ... <i>Smart</i> |
| 2. BERCEUSE ... <i>Spinney</i> | 5. SELECTION ... from "The Redemption" ... <i>Gounod</i> |
| 3. ... "Sing O Heavens" ... <i>Sullivan</i> | 6. FIXED IN HIS EVERLASTING SEAT (Samson) ... <i>Handel</i> |

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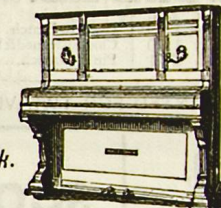
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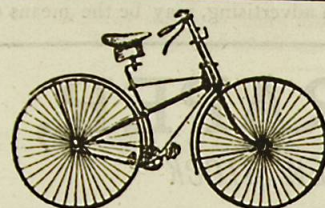
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