

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

VOL. VII.—No. 176.]

FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE  
Club, Class and General Gossip.

## COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, 27th.—(Good Friday) 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.
- SATURDAY, 28th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall, at 3 o'clock, Children's Entertainment, Punch and Judy, etc. Admission, 1d. At 8 p.m., Mr. Mellis's Glee and Concert Party. Admission, 3d.
- SUNDAY, 29th.—(Easter Sunday). Library open from 3 to 10. Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. Admission, free.
- MONDAY, 30th.—(Bank Holiday). Library closed.—In the Queen's Hall, at 3 and 8, Miss Eleanor Clausen's Orchestra of Young Ladies. The Pompadour Band. Admission, 3d.
- TUESDAY, 31st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Willett's Imperial Minstrel Troupe. Admission, 3d.
- WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1st.—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 o'clock, Ballard Concert, under the direction of Mr. Edward Coombs, L. Mus. Admission, 3d.
- THURSDAY, 2nd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 o'clock, Mr. Scott-Edwarde's Humorous Entertainment. Admission, 1d. and 3d.

WE are pleased to announce that one of our Civil Service students, Mr. A. Newport, was successful at the Boy Copyist's Examination held this month by the Civil Service Commissioners. The post of Boy Copyist is looked on as a good stepping-stone to something better in the Civil Service. The hours and work are easy, and a boy has plenty of time and opportunity to prepare himself for the higher posts of Boy Clerk or Second Division Clerk. Candidates must be between 14 and 18. The pay is 4d. per hour. The training given in our Civil Service Class enables any intelligent boy to enter the Government service in this way. Parents should notice this, and thus solve the problem, "What shall we do with our boys?"

AT the last Female Sorters' Examination, held by the Civil Service Commissioners, Miss L. M. Jefferson, one of our students, was forty-fourth on the list, but it was announced at the time that only thirty candidates would be selected for appointment. Owing, however, to the pressure of work in the department, and the consequent enlargement of the staff, Miss Jefferson has been sent for, and will begin her duties at the Post Office at an early date. We wish Miss Jefferson every success in her new post.

IT is believed that a great number of female clerks and female sorters will be required very shortly. Candidates for the post of female clerk must be between 18 and 20, and the commencing salary is £65. The next examination will be held on April 21. Female sorters must be between the ages of 15 and 18, and the salary commences at 12s. per week. Full information on any point can be obtained from our Civil Service Tutor, Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., Lond., who will be pleased to see parents or students desiring information, or to answer any inquiries directed to him at the Palace.

PEOPLES' PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—*Conductor*—Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—The new quarter begins on April 7th.

We give the "Hymn of Praise" in Chelsea Town Hall on April 29th, and the "Ancient Mariner" in the Queen's Hall on May 2nd. Members are requested to attend regularly and punctually, and to try to make these concerts successful. At the meeting on March 17th Miss Roberts was elected to represent the sol-fa members on the committee. We shall have another Social shortly, probably on April 25th; further particulars will be announced in due course. We have vacancies in all parts. Persons with good voices and who can read music well from either notation are invited to join as soon as possible in the quarter, so as to be qualified to take part in the forthcoming concerts.

J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

MEMBERS of the Choir and Orchestra will be admitted on Good Friday by the west gate, which will open at 6.45.

CLASSES will resume work on Monday, April 6th. Time tables are now ready.

THE concert on Saturday last by the P. P. Choral and Orchestra proved a thorough success. Both Mr. Bradley and Mr. Cave must be congratulated on the result of the performance, not the least important feature of which was the very creditable manner in which the members of the advanced violin class played the "Coronation" March. Mr. Orton Bradley's performance of Capriccio Brillante, Op. 22, piano-forte solo, was highly appreciated.

THE Schools' Office will be closed on Monday and Tuesday. Entries for the next term can be made after those days.

THE *Palace Journal* may now be obtained of the following newsagents:—

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

A MAN, in this world, is a boy spelling in short syllables; but he will combine them in the next.—*Beecher*.

EVERY man, however good he may be, has a yet better man dwelling within him, which is properly himself, but to whom, nevertheless, he is often unfaithful. It is to the interior and less mutable being that we should attract ourselves, not to the changeable every-day man.—*Von Humboldt*.

THERE is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or for worse, as his portion; that, though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till.—*Emerson*.

IT is an easy thing to please or astonish a mob, but essentially to benefit and improve them is a work fraught with difficulty and teeming with danger.—*Colton*.

## Cricket at Lord's A.D. 1900.

It was a brilliant day in June. All London was thronging to St. John's Wood Station by the new Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, to see the Oxford and Cambridge match; for although, owing to circumstances over which the M.C.C. Committee had no control, the nature of the game had undergone considerable modifications, the venue of the once popular fixture was still the same. Certain captious critics had demurred against these modifications; they said they came to see cricket; they always had, and always would. But as it was clearly shown by statistics that this was not true of the majority of the spectators, these objections were overruled. Moreover, there was this serious obstacle to keeping the laws of cricket intact—namely, that, owing to the incursions of builders, there was no ground, in or near London, large enough to permit of the game being played under the old conditions. Consequently the rules must be altered, though it was resolved that the old match should still be played on what remained of the old ground.

The Bill for the new railway had passed in the Commons by a narrow majority, and after a period of intense excitement in the country, had also successfully survived the ordeal of the House of Lords. It was clearly pointed out to the Peers that this was positively their last chance. If they threw out the Bill, the only resource left to the enlightened electors of Great Britain and Ireland would be to abolish the House of Lords, as a preliminary to getting rid of the cricket-ground named after them. So, to save the House, the ground was sacrificed, and for the next three years the district was given over to gangs of workmen who made day and night hideous. As soon as the line was an accomplished fact the directors were reluctantly compelled to annex practically the whole acreage of Lord's ground for the large station which was found to be a necessity. Then the directors acted with unlooked-for generosity, and made over fifty square yards of ground to the M.C.C. The extent of their self-sacrifice will be obvious, if we consider what an excellent cloak-room the pavilion would have made.

And now the ground was to be reopened on the occasion of the Varsity match. After an excellent luncheon, provided by the directors of the company, all the female portion of the spectators filed past a table, at which were seated representatives of the *Queen*, the *Lady*, and *Myra's Journal*, who were the judges appointed to award the prizes offered by the directors for the most tasteful costume. The first prize was unanimously awarded to a sweet girl of seventeen, gracefully attired in a costume of dark blue, relieved by masses of gold braid, which forcibly recalled the regulation dress of the guards on the M.S. and L.R. Meanwhile, the match was in progress; and just as the last representative of Cambridge was walking up to the wicket, some commotion was caused by the appearance of a gentleman in full Chinese costume, pigtail and all complete. Brushing aside the crowd of old Varsity men, who recognized him as the famous C. T. St\*dd, he walked straight up to the chief director, standing in front of the pavilion, and said: "How are you? So good of you to wire to me; I didn't think any one knew I had reached England. It is a treat to see the old ground. But what a change!"

"Ah, I thought it would surprise you," answered the director. "But, after all, things are much the same. We provide luncheon in the station (lunch always was the chief attraction to most of them), and as the rain can't get at them they always come in their best dresses. No mackintoshes nowadays."

"But the cricket?"

"Ah, yes," said the director, "that's changed. But I needn't say to you that business comes before pleasure. When General Booth's scheme failed something had to be done for the unemployed, so I hit upon this scheme. I assure you I've given work to thousands of them."

"Tell me," said the cricketer, "what about the rules? How have they been changed?"

"Not very much. We allow twenty yards round the pitch, and enclose the whole space with netting. It's only the boundary system reduced to its logical conclusion. Of course the game is played with tennis-balls, and five gloves are used instead of bats. It is a far nicer game for a warm day than the old one—much less dangerous, and without too much running about."

"Perhaps so," answered Mr. St\*dd. "But there's one thing I don't understand. What's become of your army of unemployed, now the line is finished?"

A look of annoyance came over the magnate's face as he replied, "Oh! the unemployed! Well, they are unemployed still. But that is the fault of Government. If they would only let me work my Channel Tunnel! But they won't."

The ex-captain of the Light Blues subsided into silence, meditatively plaiting and unplaiting his pigtail.

"I've got it!" he said at last.

"Got what?"

"An idea," and he button-holed the great man. "There's a lovely bit of ground near Shanghai. Why not make a tunnel to Denmark? No one could object to that. Run a railway across Russia and Central Asia to China. Don't you see? Employment for the unemployed; play the Varsity match there. Besides, the Chinese can play a very good game now I've coached them. We'll have the, 'Chinese match.' 'Federation of the world,' 'universal penny post,' and all that sort of thing. You must do it."

"My dear St\*dd," said the director, and he wrung the great athlete's hand till he winced, "you're a genius. We'll start a company at once, and you and I will be the directors."—*St. James's Gazette*, March 17, 1891.

## Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

I WONDER how many know of the following story told of a navy in connection with the making of the Midland Railway. It happened at Bugsworth in Derbyshire, just north of Chinley. The mouth of the tunnel fell in, and a small gang of navvies were entombed. A short shaft was sunk, and in twenty-three hours the men were reached. They were found lying, almost dying, exhausted for want of air, and on the floor the candle was flickering in its socket, and in a few minutes would have gone out. The rescue was just in time, and when the men recovered they told a strange tale of one of the most prosaic of heroic deeds. They had been startled by the fall of rock, and found they were shut in, and for a moment were in fear. And then one of them said, "Well chaps, we shall never get out of this alive, so we may as well go on with our bit while we can." And to work they set, in what they had every reason to suppose was their tomb, steadily and quietly, as if they were in a cutting in the open. And they went on with their "bit," until the air failed them, and they sank exhausted. Mere navvies these! Not over sober, perhaps, on Saturday nights! Rude, blustering pagans! And at Bugsworth! The very name is enough to choke a poet! And yet, who of us would not take off his hat to the "chaps" who, in the very mouth of death, went on with the work they had undertaken to do?

THE present strength of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is as follows:—55 land fire-engine stations, 4 floating stations, 27 hose-cart stations, 127 fire-escape stations, 53 steam fire-engines, 95 manual fire-engines, 32 miles of hose, 75 hose-carts, 7 steam-vessels, 11 rafts or barges, 146 fire-escapes, 9 long wire ladders, with a large number of vans, trucks, trollies, &c.; 600 firemen (including all ranks), 16 pilots, 67 coachmen, 131 horses. It may be added that the quantity of water used for extinguishing fires during a year is about 26,000,000 gallons, or about 117,000 tons.

NOW contrast these figures with the area and population served by the organization. London to-day contains almost as many people as the whole of England in Queen Elizabeth's time, or, to come to later times, the population is probably about the same as that of Ireland to-day. The "City" itself covers hardly a square mile; but it contains an amount of actual material wealth greater than can be found in any similar space throughout the world, besides documents, securities, and bonds of untold value. Add the property scattered over the whole of Metropolitan, and the responsible work of the Fire Brigade may in some measure be understood.

AND yet there are only about 600 firemen to do all the work! Very hard work it is, and only true heroes would, we think, undertake it. There are at least eight fires every day in London, some, of course, very serious. The men have always to be in readiness. Often there are "false alarms," so that the "calls" number about fourteen daily. The number of journeys made by the fire-engines of the 55 land stations last year was 33,554, and the total distance run was 64,294 miles. Among the firemen there were 261 cases of ordinary illness and 91 injuries, making a total of 352 cases, of which many were very serious, and four resulted in death.

WITH all the care taken, an enormous amount of property is burnt yearly. Sometimes one, two, or three hundred thousand pounds will be burnt in a single night. But far worse is the peril to life involved. The firemen rescue many, with a courage that could scarcely be exceeded; but after all their efforts, about fifty lives are lost every year. Saturday is the day, and December the month, when the fires are most numerous. Many may be traced to carelessness, especially in the use of paraffin lamps, which should never be carried about lighted, and never blown out.

THE *Leisure Hour*, dealing with railway matters, says that a ticket-collector can take 4,000 tickets an hour, and then asks how many season-ticket holders he is able to recognize in the same time. "The moon looks on many brooks; the brook sees but one moon," The collector looks upon many ticket-holders: the ticket-holders see but one collector, and expect him to be as well acquainted with them as they are with him. What a task this recognition must be! There are ten companies having each more than 20,000 season-ticket holders. The North-Western has as many as 54,000, the South-Western nearly 40,000. Altogether there are a million and a quarter season-ticket holders in Great Britain, and to recognize these there are about 2,000 ticket-collectors! If we can in some slight degree mollify the anger of the hasty at being asked to show a ticket even every morning, we shall not have wasted space in pointing out that these figures average but one collector for each 625 faces!

BETTER a smile than a sigh, dear,

Better a kiss than a frown;

Better a look toward the sky, dear,

Than always be looking down.

Better, in time of trouble,

A song of hope and cheer,

Than a heart that broods o'er sorrow,

And makes that sorrow dear.

The joys we find to-day, dear,

Perhaps seem poor and small;

But better a little sun, dear,

Than to have no sun at all.

Then make the most of the present,

And its little joys I say,

For what is here we have, dear,

But to-morrow is far away.

So look in my face and smile, dear,

And sing a cheerful song;

It never is worth our while, dear,

To help life's worries along.

We have love, and we have each o'er,

And God who is kind and true,

And we'll hope for the best, and trust the rest

To Him, life's journey through.

THE city under the sea, which has been discovered between Grado and Pola in Istria, is believed to be the ruins of Cissa, mentioned by Pliny as situated on an island of that name. A diver reports having seen the streets, walls, and quays, but the doors and windows of the houses appear to be choked with silt and seaweed. While on this subject, we may mention that the remarkable ruins of Zimbabwe, which have been discovered in Mashonaland, are to be explored by Mr. Theodore Bent, with the aid of the Royal Geographical Society. Great progress has been made in unearthing the Romano-British town of Silchester, near Reading. The site covers a hundred acres, and is situated on the Strathfieldsaye estate of the Duke of Wellington. Walls, gates, streets, baths, and private houses have been laid bare, and a rich collection of pottery, implements, and coins has been made. Among these are an iron carpenter's plane and blacksmith's tools. Some of the edge-tools are still keen enough to work with. A piece of tile retains the imprint of a baby's foot, and another that of a shoe or sandal with springs in the sole. The pottery ranges from coarse cooking-vessels to artistic ware; the ironwork shows ornamentation, and the needles or other household articles bear witness to a fairly high degree of civilisation among the Ibero-Celtic population, who, to the best of our knowledge, made up the ancient Britons. It is a mistake to speak of these, our early forefathers, as Celts. They were probably more Iberian than Celtic, at least in England proper.

THE signalman has been called the "lighthouse-man of the iron road," and that is exactly what he is; but he has a more pleasant life. The solitude of the lighthouse, and the vast expanse of sea around, with occasional storms of such violence as can scarcely be imagined by the landsman, irrespective of all deeds of daring and bravery, will ever make the calling of the lighthouse keeper a romantic one. But there is no romance in railway life, and the novelist who should endeavour to make it so will be well patronised if he succeed. The feelings of the signalman and lighthouse keeper must be alike when one sees a train bounding on to destruction, and the other sees a ship coming straight on to some dangerous rocks. They both will hear the cries of the injured and dying; they both will see mangled bodies lying about, and they both have to put their wits to work to help the sufferers. A thunderstorm at sea as seen from a lighthouse is an awful sight; but from what I

have heard from signalmen in exposed positions, I am inclined to believe that it is more awful in a signal-box. The lightning flashing about the levers, the loud cracking reports of the telegraph instrument, which emits sparks of fire, and no one near to speak to, has unnerved for life more than one signalman. It is bravery and a sense of duty that makes a man in that position stick to his post and continue his signalling work. That as a body they are mindful of the safety of the public is proved by the following fact. At a certain signal-box the signals were seen to be clear for an up and a down train to pass; but before the trains came up all the signals were observed to be at danger. The trains were brought to a standstill; but no signalman was seen in the box. The guard went up to it, and saw the signalman lying dead on the floor. He must have felt that he was dying, and, thinking of the safety of the trains, he pulled the levers to danger with his last strength, and fell dead.

To the civilised Egyptians the people of Israel appeared to be nothing better than a multitude of ignorant and contemptible slaves. To the civilised Canaanites, they seemed a horde of stupid and savage conquerors. By the intellectual Greeks and the masterful Romans they were considered to be narrow-minded fanatics, as despicable for their self-conceit as they were hateful for their inhuman exclusiveness. And yet, says the *Christian Life*, it is through them and through them alone, that the moral and spiritual renewal of mankind has been effected. It was they who gradually completed the picture of the holy and all-merciful Heavenly Father, that it might be readily recognised by faithful souls, when presented in a perfect form. The Bible, and the Bible alone, reveals to us the long and gracious development through which this glorious consummation has been reached. Beginning with the dim dawn of religious history it shows us how the light of spiritual revelation has gradually spread and brightened, until it has filled the whole heaven of our thought and feeling.

THE fact that railways are efficient agencies in the distribution of seeds from one botanical district to another is well established by observations in America and in Europe. Some time ago I came across a catalogue of plants growing in the neighbourhood of the city of Buffalo, in the States, from which it appeared that many of the species therein enumerated must have found their way to Buffalo from distant parts of America by means of the great railway lines which run into that city, and convey the seeds thither by accident. A similar result of railroad communication between different provinces has been noticed in Sweden, where as many as seven species of plants previously unknown there have been introduced into a particular region since the extension of a line in 1878. One of these is a plant related to the sunflowers, and is itself an importation into Sweden from the United States.

A RECENT comparative statement on the railways of Great Britain and Germany shows the development of railways. If the area of the two countries is taken into account, Great Britain shows a distinct superiority, possessing 10.1 miles of railway to every 100 square miles of area, against only 7.4 in Germany. As regards first cost the railways of Germany are in a more favourable position than those of Great Britain, the latter country having spent on the average £37,410 per mile for cost of construction, against only £17,326 per mile expended by Germany. It is owing to this fact that the average net earnings are higher in Germany than in England, being at the rate of 5.4 and 4.06 per cent. respectively on the capital invested. In 1888-9 only 339,864,000 passengers travelled on German railways, against 743,676,073 on British railways, and this notwithstanding the fact that the population of Germany exceeds that of the British Isles by about ten millions. The gross receipts for goods traffic on German lines in 1888-9 were £49,534,595, compared with £38,755,750 on English lines in the corresponding period. However, although the gross receipts were higher in Germany, the tonnage carried by English railways it will be seen was over 30 per cent. larger. Hence we may conclude that "railway rates and charges" must form a far more onerous item in a German manufacturer's accounts than they do in this country.

WHOSOEVER is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with truth.—*Watson*.

WE endeavour to make a merit of faults we are unwilling to correct.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

TRUTH can never contradict itself; but is eternal and immutable—the same in all ages; the states of man's reception of it are as various as the principles and subjects of natural creation.

## A Strange Experience and its Sequel.

(Continued from page 181; commenced January 16th—back numbers can be had on application at the Office.)

### CHAPTER XII.—continued.

FOR many days I underwent a stormy struggle. Once let my great law be known, and the deadly fascination of performing a deed which would bring me a tremendous triumph and yet remain for ever clothed in unexplainable darkness, would of necessity vanish as well. There, beyond doubt, would lie for me a mighty safeguard. What chiefly lured me now was the serene ease of my opportunity. Never before had there been builded by circumstance so complete an *escalier dérobé* into the very red heart of crime. It was as though some man who alone possessed the secret that there was any poison on earth, should contemplate the destruction of a fellow-creature. But if I laid everything bare before the eyes of mankind—as I hope to do in my yet unwritten treatise—the malign charm of mystery would forthwith dissolve and perish.

I even went so far, in one of my remorseful and morally-stung states, as to fix upon the very hall in which I would deliver a course of lectures. If I had carried out such a purpose, how this country and Europe would speedily have rung with my name! But celebrity had now no imaginable pleasures for me. My unrivalled discovery was of no value as a herald or trumpeter of my having been the first to light upon it. All that it could mean to me henceforward was the attainment or non-attainment of that reward which at times loomed before me as through a mist of blood.

I answered Millicent's letter, but with phrases which it took me hours to compose. The whole reply was a model of politic discretion. More than once, while writing it, I kissed with burning lips the sentences that she had written. I did not affirm that I had spoken senselessly and stupidly to her that evening, or that my words had then far outrun the actual fervour of my feelings. But I left her to suppose this if she were so inclined. I hid under dexterous apology what might have been pages both of repentance and suffering.

This portion of my life, there in Washington, may turn out the dullest kind of narration, and yet to me it teemed with perpetual acuteness of incident. Almost from hour to hour, as surely from day to day, I underwent agonies of revulsion. Should I steep myself in guilt?—should I dash the chance of self-damnation away? Between these two unrelenting appeals of conscience I was incessantly tossed. I had no friends, no acquaintances, in the populous, remarkable city where I had chosen to dwell. I had nothing except my science, my laboratory, my books, and the implacable temptation which assailed me equally from each!

I dared not make the same experiment with two animal bodies that I had already made with the two plants. It would have been easy enough for me to do so. The lower orders of animal life offered clear facilities for a new test. But the conditions of my own wretched uncertainty as to what course I would ultimately pursue rendered such an act impious in my sight as the reckless indulgence of my already mutinous longings. Besides, the whole truth seemed now pitilessly plain to me. One immense vital force, entering every form of matter, from the meanest insect to the most lordly human mind, constituted what we call life in the first, and soul in the last. The material part of the insect, infused by this principle as a sponge is infused by water, makes it crawl, and forage for its food, and be the effete, inferior thing we find it. The material part of the man, similarly penetrated and endowed, gives to his brain, his blood, his nerves and his sinews, the potency that raises him so much higher in the largely inclusive scale of creation. This, I asserted, was all, and was the all-in-all. I had fathomed the law which governs organic life to its final roots. I needed no further proof than that which I had so amply gained. Without the slightest fear of absolute extinction, I told myself again and again, I would submit my own body to the same test that I employed on one of those plants, provided the corpse of Floyd Demotte, made previously receptive through those molecular changes which I alone know how to bring about, represented the other plant. And I had thus ruminated without a vestige of self-deception. No shadow of personal fear could possibly affect me in the carrying out of such a design. One deterring influence was at work, and one alone.

Strangely enough, as it now occurred, Floyd Demotte himself smote this restraint a shattering and destructive blow.

I had passed a wretched night. In the early part of it I had walked rather aimlessly about among the streets of Washington. Chancing to pause before a certain bright-lit building, I had read on huge placards posted at its entrance that there would be a lecture, this particular evening, by the world-famous religious orator, the Rev. Mr. Terebinth. I had heard of Mr. Terebinth, the religious orator, as he chose to call himself. I had learned that he delighted to declare an unbounded enmity for science. Some of the newspapers had said that he was clever. I had once read a report of one of his lectures, and did not understand it. I was not irritated by it, for this simple reason—I did not understand it. I remember fancying that the shorthand writers who took it down had possibly mutilated its true sense. At least, I gave Mr. Terebinth the benefit of the doubt here. But now it occurred to me that I might ascertain whether I had been merciful or merely just. It might prove a curious experience, too, this being brought into direct contact with one of the foes of science. I had heard that such a form of dementia existed, but I had never quite been able to credit the statement. Hating science affected me as a process no less extraordinary than hating the bread one ate or the air one breathed. Science is knowledge—purely that, and nothing else. All the good

that has ever come to mankind has come through knowledge. If it has received the least good from another source, I have yet to learn its name and quality.

The large hall was filled with people; I could not obtain any seat whatever at so late an hour. The ticket-seller, as he told me this, betrayed an inflection of surprise; he evidently thought it odd that I should not be aware of Mr. Terebinth's amazing popularity, and that I should rashly expect a seat by nearly nine o'clock, within this the stronghold of his burning eloquence.

I soon concluded, however, that I had no reason to regret being among those who stood. Ten minutes of this ordeal would easily put a limit to my endurance. Mr. Terebinth was a wiry, spare little man, buttoned up to his pale, sharp chin (or perhaps a trifle beyond it) in black broadcloth. He darted from one end of his platform to another with his long hair flying behind him, and pounded the palm of his left hand with the clinched fist of his right. Every now and then he apparently strove to be calm. But he never succeeded in becoming calm. He was always striving, as it looked, and not succeeding. I could no longer foster any doubt as to his hatred of science. It found sinewy expression in such able periods as these:

"The domain of scientific inquiry, my friends, may be wide. Its possessors assert that is. I don't deny that they're right. But evolution has to cover like a whipped hound before that marvellous secret which was unfolded to John in Patmos. They say John never saw anything at all in Patmos. Perhaps they would like to tell us that John was drunk." (Laughter, suppressed by an amazed frown, though not without a certain dim, pleased curl at the corners of our Demosthenes's lips.) "Oh, they're quite capable of such blasphemy as that, my friends, these priests of the new faith. . . . And now let us quietly and carefully examine just what science is trying to do in the way of ruining the *old* faith, the secure, immutable and glorious creed founded eighteen hundred sacred years ago. It is deliberately putting Matter in the place of God. 'Bow down and worship Matter,' it cries, 'for you'll never get anything else, though you plod and delve for untold decades.' That's what Darwin says, and Huxley says, and Tyndall says, and what the whole fine little race of new, self-sufficient, thumbs-in-their-vest-arm-holes crowd all say!" Here the Rev. Mr. Terebinth magically unbuttoned his funereal broadcloth, and strutted about his platform with either thumb in either arm-hole of his newly-disclosed waistcoat. and as he did so there was a wild laugh. And then he made a joke on protoplasm, quickly followed by one on the 'Darwinian monkey,' and as quickly followed by a passionately pietistic outburst regarding the glory of God.

I felt myself turning sick. I asked myself, as I slipped out of the dense-thronged hall, whether these auditors, who so enjoyed such blatant comminglement of falsehood and platitude, were themselves truly aware of their own folly, in listening to easy, non-committal slanders against science. "No," I soon inferred; "they gather there to be amused by an extravagant fanatic, who dishes up for them his frivolities of epigram with spices of a novel bigotry."

And then, as I walked homeward, the thought of what science really was, and of all that it might, in its firm, tranquil, irreversible way, do for humanity hereafter, enthralled me. "Suppose," I mused, "that some one told the world, as I could tell it to-night, of how a monstrous Nothing lay beyond every aim, effort or desire. Would not a clear gain result from these tidings to the multitudes they addressed? Hope might die in countless hearts, but would not a great moral desire to make this life better and sweeter than it now is be born of such a mighty convulsive change? Would not men and women live for each other far more philanthropically and unselfishly than they now live? If this earth were for them the be-all and the end-all, would they not turn emotions wasted upon aimless worship into pity and love for their fellows—a common companionship of sympathy, as it might be called—which no doctrine or dogma of their vanished faith could equal?"

"I could tell them what this insulted science is capable of revealing," still ran my meditations, as I moved through the lamp-lit streets of the beautiful city I had chosen for my home. There was no flavour of chagrin or annoyance in these reflections. I had almost forgotten the Rev. Mr. Terebinth, with his wild onslaughts against the clear stolid immobility of fact. I was thinking of my own unapproached discovery.

On reaching my own residence I found a letter from Floyd Demotte waiting me. I read it with positive torture. It conveyed to me a patronage that was both astonishing and execrable. It regretted my absence; it deplored my disposition toward solitude; it professed a warm regard for my society; it dwelt upon my unhappy predilection for science; it prophesied that I would find a congenial soul in Washington, of the feminine, wifely kind; it cracked a joke or two at my protracted celibacy; it referred me to the amiability and tender reciprocity of Millicent; it—

But I will pause here. The letter, as I have said, tortured me. If I had never been really jealous of Demotte before, I was madly jealous of him now. He gave me no sign that Millicent had shown him my own letter; if he had done so there might even have been some comfort in that revelation; it might have argued to me a vague indication that his old unrest had broken out afresh, with myself for its indeterminate cause. But, as it was, the whole letter made me grind my teeth together and think, "How happy he is, and how insolent in his happiness!" And yet . . . I could dispossess him of his happiness, if I chose."

If I chose? Would I, after all, choose? Somehow the Rev. Mr. Terebinth's anathemas against science pierced through my memory just then. But above them rose the glowing and lovely face of Millicent.

That night I lost myself. A certain moral bond shrivelled into nullity. I went to bed, and slept a calmer sleep than I had known for

many previous nights. I awoke refreshed, yet obdurate. Henceforth, as I but too clearly understood, there was to be no hesitation, no back-sliding, no remorse, no conscientious decrepitude. There was to be nothing except placid action and unswerving will. Pity was a burnt scroll; let hope rise from its ashes. I had had enough of despair and its devilish janizaries. What I wanted now was full, secure fruition. I was a man who had torn from the Unknowable a wonderful truth. I could use it for my race or—for myself. One path was sublime, one was self-degrading. I took the last.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE next day I began my preparations, with a coolness that surprised myself, for the horrible and unprecedented work which I had now determined to accomplish. The first practical consideration was, how should I approach Floyd Demotte in just the manner at present desirable? My aim was that we should meet, and yet that no one should be aware of our meeting. I was already well known in Washington, despite my persistent retirement. If I disappeared some day, and was never afterward heard of or seen, such evanishment would cause very wide comment indeed. Still, I at length decided, the adoption of this course would be altogether best. I was not a man who could crawl craftily out of society; I must perform make my exit a bold one.

On this plan I finally settled. I would mysteriously disappear—as many another man of prominence had done before me—and never be heard of again. But the one most important point of all was to disappear with sufficient adroitness. If I had been a pursued criminal, personal disguise might have resulted dangerously; the clever lurking detective may scan a false beard or a fictitious complexion and speedily pronounce it spurious; but when a man who is neither suspected nor watched quietly makes himself look like somebody else, the chances of his having the masquerade rudely interrupted are slender past precedent.

This was what I aimed to do, and did. One morning I left my quarters in Pennsylvania Avenue. If any one had been following me to spy upon me he would have seen me clad in my usual habit. All that he could have defined as different about my general presentment would have been a small portmanteau, which I carried in one hand. But I had repeatedly carried this portmanteau before, filled with books, borrowed from a certain public library which I patronised. After having a lot of books forwarded me and examining them at my leisure, I would return them in this way, strolling home again with the empty portmanteau, since the library was only a little walk from where I lived. I rarely brought any new books back with me in the same receptacle. I cannot explain just why I did not; most probably my reason was laziness, as there is nothing more bulky and onerous to bear than a packed mass of books. Trifling as this incident may seem, it held for me then a notable import. It meant, or it helped to mean, that I was merely quitting my lodgings as I had done many times previously. No one was watching me pass down upon the street from my abode—or so I felt almost certain. And yet some observer may have thus watched me. But if he did, he could have seen nothing in the least unusual. The result I aimed at was simply and securely to cover my tracks. When I touched foot upon the pavements before my dwelling I took the first step in what must be an eternal exodus. Douglas Duane would never come back to the habitation he had just quitted. The commonplace of my action veiled the beginning of an unparalleled mystery. But I knew that future inquiry might snatch a clue from the merest shred of evidence. And I wished to render the least evidence impossible. There must be no attainable clue.

I had not trusted a single soul. In the library which I frequented was a reading-room, where many newspapers were kept on file, and where I knew of a certain alcove containing books of reference. I entered the building and walked straight to this reading-room. The hour was about eleven o'clock in the morning. The clerk at the desk recognized me and nodded to me. The place was full of visitors. I presently found myself in the small alcove which I have mentioned. It was quite vacant. I waited, listening for about a minute. Then I began my transformation.

It was not difficult. My portmanteau contained but four articles—a blonde wig, a blonde beard, a soft hat instead of the conventionally stiff one which I wore, and a bottle of chemical fluid prepared most carefully by myself and of a quality to act instantaneously upon the complexion, dyeing it to a kind of mellow brown in place of my characteristic pallor.

I had arranged everything so accurately beforehand that my strange toilet now lasted hardly longer than two good minutes. My wig was the perfection of art; it dropped on my head and clung there with the fit of a familiar glove. The beard needed but a second for its firm and admirably natural disposition. The soft hat was swiftly substituted for the hat which I had worn. Nothing now remained but the alteration in my facial colouring. A few drops of the fluid, poured into my hollowed hand and then rubbed over my face, produced what I needed no mirror to assure me was just the premeditated effect. I had now undergone a rapid yet entire change of visage, though not of costume. My sole purpose, after this, was to get forth from the reading-room without attracting the least attention. My portmanteau must not be left there in the alcove, especially as I had thrust into it the hat which I had just taken off. Less trifling matters than this had served as airy thread-like bridges between the known and the unknown. So I moved boldly out into the large apartment, holding the portmanteau, nuisance though I considered it. The superintendent took no notice of me whatever; I had given to my whole demeanour a positively triumphant commonplace. On this latter account, perhaps, I was disregarded by him, although he would not have questioned my right to appear in the reading-room even if I had perceived that I was a perfect stranger. The original law here

had been, it is true, that none save members of the library should enjoy the privileges of the reading-room; but this law had become a dead letter, I had heard, for some time past. As it was, I passed toward the door in a loitering way, with a glance at this or that filed newspaper. My portmanteau was a small one, and I tried to hold it as inconspicuously as possible. When I had reached to within about a yard of the door, I cast a furtive gaze all about me. Not a soul was paying me the slightest attention. The superintendent himself was absorbed with a book; the other occupants of the apartment were intent upon their journals or their magazines.

At this particular moment it was a question with me whether or no I could literally vanish from the world of men without leaving a trace behind me. Let me once gain that outer hall, and I would baffle all future inquiry. The superintendent might state hereafter that he had seen me enter the room. But he could give no account of my departure from it. The perfectly ordinary act of going beyond that threshold signified an hiatus in my existence which no efforts of investigation might hereafter bridge. . . . Presently I had got close to the door and had put my hand on its knob. I now swept one more glance in every direction, and with the same result as a brief while ago. Then, hesitating not a second longer, I opened the door and went out.

But the faintest shadow of doubt I had accomplished exactly what I had planned. Until I wished once more to be Douglas Duane in exterior seeming, I might remain the deftly-disguised individual I now was. I need not have the remotest fear that any eye would penetrate the clever trickery by which I had masked myself. As I walked along the street, a little later, I saw that no one gave me more than the most ordinary fleeting look. I was safe, absolutely and unconditionally safe, from all disastrous exposure. I do not by any means even imply that if I had been a criminal anxious to evade arrest I should not soon enough have had the visible subterfuge to which I had resorted humiliatingly proved fraudulent. But as the case now stood, I tempted no intensity of regard. Nobody thought of looking at me twice, I had become so dull and conventional a person. But if anybody had really found me an object for prolonged contemplation, his scrutiny would, I think, have borne no dangerous fruit. It required, as one might say, a professional eye to pierce my dexterous deceit. And no such eye, as I was very well aware, had any motive or inclination to do it.

That afternoon I took the train for New York. At the station I removed my former hat from the portmanteau, crushed it under my overcoat, and anticipated an opportune moment for quietly thrusting it out of a car-window when the train should be in full motion. As for the portmanteau, I placed it in the waiting-room and left it there. It was quite empty then, and bore no indication of him who thus deserted it. Some one would profit by its possession, little dreaming of the object which had caused its abandonment.

Arriving in New York, I secured a room at an obscure hotel, and spent a day in searching for an habitation that would precisely suit my coming intentions. I was fortunate in soon securing just what I desired. It was a floor to lease in a building on Broadway, not far above Prince Street. Below was a big wholesale store. Two stories were devoted to commerce, and mine was the third. There were three large chambers. I at once had them fitted up in the plainest and least ostentatious way. Then I took possession of them. All this time my personal disguise continued unchanged. I had with me several thousands of dollars in bank-notes—all that I had estimated I could possibly spend for a long time to come. In a desk in my lodgings at Washington was my last will and testament, bequeathing all my property to certain excellent charities. Demotte knew of this will; I had mentioned it to him when I made it, months ago, and he had approved it heartily.

A good fortnight had now elapsed. I was at last comfortably settled in my new abode. I had engaged no servants. I dined at restaurants, and chose only resorts of this kind where comment would be unlikely concerning me. Just as I had expected, the New York newspapers began to copy from the Washington newspapers accounts of my mysterious disappearance. But in reading these articles it did not strike me that any great concern was shown as to my having disappeared at all. I was gone, and gossip, wonderment, curiosity, all wagged their heads. But I was not an important member of society. Even the extent of my wealth was ill known. One journal declared me a poor man; another asserted that I was eccentric and miserly, with a possible fortune of about fifty thousand dollars. Some hostile inventions greeted me regarding my private life, and a few astonishing falsehoods accredited to the servants I had left in Washington—though I had left each of these with his or her wages paid more than to the full of what I had owed.

One clear preliminary task was now before me. An apparatus of a certain sort must be constructed within my new abode. For so constructing it I of course required aid, and this I invoked from various different sources, not wishing that any one assistant whom I engaged should have it in his power to give testimony of the actual work toward which he had lent his energies.

And at last this work was thoroughly completed. My apparatus rose before me in perfect readiness. And for what? . . . A wild elation filled my soul as I realized for what.

(To be continued.)

A GOOD natured passenger fell asleep in a train, and was carried a few miles beyond his destination before he awoke. "Pretty good joke on you, wasn't it?" said a friend. "Rather too far-jetched," was the reply.

## Half Hearts and Whole Hearts.

T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

ALL physicians know that in the human frame the heart is the most delicate and vital of all the organs. Disease at that point is always dangerous. What is true of the physical heart is equally true as to that seat of the understanding, the will and the affections, which both the Bible and moral philosophy style the "heart." This is the workshop of our daily conduct; the best and the worst fabrics come out of it. Our neighbours see the dial-plate of conduct, but God sees the main-spring within. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," is one of the weightiest of counsels, "Create in me a clean heart," is one of the wisest and most deep-reaching of prayers. A broken heart is a great blessing, when it broken by contrition for sin; but a DIVIDED HEART is often a fatal disease.

One secret of success in life is concentration; and many of our young men find it out too late. The founder of the Vanderbilt family bent his whole powers on money-making, and left the richest family on the continent. Sir Isaac Newton's famous explanation of his splendid success was, "I intend my whole mind upon it." Professor Joseph Henry, of Washington, our great Christian scientist, used to say to me, "I have no faith in universal geniuses; my rule is to train all my guns on one point until I make a breach." In these days of hot competition there is no room on the street for any man who puts only a fraction of himself into his business. From my very soul I pity a half-hearted minister, who is eternally balancing between orthodox Bible-truth and the latest theological novelty, or who expands so much of himself on literature or other side-matters that when the Sabbath sermon comes he is a squeezed orange. Paul was a man of one idea, "For me to live is Christ."

It takes a great many half-Christians to make a single whole one. Many churches exert no purifying or converting power in the community, simply because the few who are intensely earnest for Christ and for the salvation of souls are neutralized by the daily influence of their fellow-members, whose constant pull is towards formality, fashion, and worldliness. A converted church only can convert the community. As this disease of a divided heart is so fatal to spiritual health and life, let us note a few of its symptoms. In too many cases it began with a half-way conversion, a shallow repentance, a few good emotions and intentions, with no radical regeneration of the soul down to the very bottom. The person hastily joined the church, but had not thoroughly joined himself to Jesus Christ. His reliance was not on "Jesus only;" it was partly on himself, and partly on his surroundings. From that bad start onward his aim has been to keep in with God and to keep in with Mammon. On the communion Sabbath his seat is with Christ's disciples; but out in the world he walks with the worldlings. "I am glad that you have your church-members sit together by themselves on sacrament days," said a shrewd man to a minister, "because I then find out that some people belong to the church that I never suspected." The roots of such professors may be on the church side of the wall, but their boughs hang over, and drop all the fruit on the side of worldly conformity. From this class of church members come abundant criticisms of their minister and his methods, but very scanty contributions of money or effort for Christ's kingdom; and when there is an attempt to set in motion any special soul-saving enterprise they lean heavily on "the brakes" of discouragement.

Of such compromising Christians it may well be said, "Their heart is divided: now shall they be found guilty." They offend God, who demands the homage of the whole heart. Promising Christ their whole selves, they put Him off with the cheese-parings; in short, their current of conduct is so sliced off by greedy outlets on both sides, that only a feeble rivulet of religion trickles along its parched channel. This is no caricature, there are quite too many who have sat for this photograph. Their punishment is to be what they are. They rob themselves of all the sweetest satisfaction and the richest comforts and the joyful experience and the instalments of Heaven in advance which Jesus gives to his whole-souled followers. There is much talk in the air about needed revivals. I verily believe that a revival which should convert the half-Christians into whole Christians would be the most beneficent blessing which God could bestow. Great meetings to hear great preachers do not meet the case. What is needed most is close, searching, individual HEART-WORK, each half-alive professor coming penitently and honestly face to face with Christ, confessing sin and offering Him the complete possession of the whole heart. When Christ gets the souls of His Church, He will soon get the souls of the sinners.

If a divided heart is so enfeebling and demoralizing a disease when found in a professed Christian, it is the secret cause of the impenitence of tens of thousands in our congregations. They have nearly all had their times of serious thinking, when they were half-inclined to become Christians. Conscience has condemned you again and again my dear friend, and to quiet it you have made plausible promises of a better life. The test came when the Holy Spirit demanded of you to give up the sins that had room-rent in your heart. If Christ would have compromised with you, and let you hold on to what suits your lusts, you would have struck a bargain with Him gladly. He demanded the whole heart, and that ended it. Perhaps, under some powerful discourse, or severe affliction, or in the atmosphere of a powerful revival, you did actually set out on some steps towards a new life. You prayed and asked others to pray for you. But, instead of pushing straight-way with your face set like a flint towards the cross of Christ, you faltered and halted and looked back. That backward look divided your heart, and when it required the whole man to go forward, the part of

you which held back was too much for conscience and the drawing spirit. The sin-loving half of you neutralized the Christ-seeking half. Christ's beckoning call to you was, "Ye shall seek Me and find Me when ye search for Me with all the heart." He offered you the whole of Himself; He asked of you the whole of yourself. Little had you to give at the best, but it must be your little all. In return He offered you forgiveness, peace, power to conquer, heirship to all Heaven's glories, and life everlasting. The one condition was your whole heart for Him to live in and to light up, and to warm, and to sweeten, and to sanctify by His presence. But you draw back, and to-day you are just as near to being a true Christian as the man is to being on the ferry boat who drops down between it and the wharf.

Felix committed your blunder. His conscience sided with Paul, but his sinful inclination pulled him back into the rapids, and he went over the cataract. There is really no half-way house of safety between hell and heaven. By and by your whole undivided self is in the one or in the other. Christ will not compromise for half of you. You have got to cut loose from the old life before you can lay hold of the new, to come over to Christ's terms and accept them without condition. The prize that outweighs the universe is yours to-day and yours for ever if you will accept it on Christ's just terms. The Lord of Glory presses this prize of eternal life upon you, and says "Thou shalt have Me when ye seek Me with ALL YOUR HEART."

## Labour is Worship.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;  
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;  
Hark, how Creation's deep musical chorus,  
Unintermitting goes up into heaven!  
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;  
Never the little seed stops in its growing;  
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,  
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship!"—the robin is singing;  
"Labour is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;  
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing  
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.  
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;  
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;  
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;  
Only *man*, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labour is life! 'Tis the still water failleth;  
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;  
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;  
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.  
Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;  
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;  
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;  
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labour is rest from the sorrows that greet us,  
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,  
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,  
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.  
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;  
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow;  
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow;  
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labour is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,  
How through his veins goes the life current leaping!  
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,  
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.  
Labour is wealth! In the sea the pearl groweth;  
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;  
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;  
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;  
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;  
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;  
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.  
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;  
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;  
Labour! all labour is noble and holy;  
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

SOCRATES called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato termed it a privilege of Nature; Theophrastus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Homer, a glorious gift of Nature; while Ovid styled it the gift of the gods.

OUR humiliations work out our most elevated joys. The way that a drop of rain comes to sing in the leaf that rustles in the top of the tree all summer long, is by going down to the roots first, and from thence ascending to the bough.—*Beecher*.

SMALL miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand one cannon ball than a volley of bullets.—*Colton*.

## PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

On GOOD FRIDAY, March 27, at 7.30 p.m.

### HANDEL'S ORATORIO, "MESSIAH" BY THE People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra

SOLOISTS:

SOPRANO - MISS DELVES YATES.  
CONTRALTO - MISS LILIAN DELVES YATES.  
TENOR - MR. BERNARD LANE.  
BASS - MR. ROBERT NEWMAN.

CONDUCTORS:

MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. W. R. CAVE.

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

MUSICAL DIRECTOR—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

PART I.

No. 1.—OVERTURE.

No. 2.—RECIT. *Accompanied*—(TENOR.)  
Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.  
The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness:—Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

No. 3.—AIR.—(TENOR.)

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked straight and the rough places plain.

No. 4.—CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

No. 5.—RECIT. *Accompanied*—(BASS.)

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts:—Yet once a little while and I will shake the heavens and the earth, the sea and the dry land; and I will shake all nations; and the desire of all nations shall come.

The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; Behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts.

No. 6.—AIR.—(BASS.)

But who may abide the day of his coming? And who shall stand when he appeareth?  
For He is like a refiner's fire.

No. 7.—CHORUS.

And He shall purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering of righteousness.

No. 8.—RECIT.—(ALTO.)

Behold! a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call his name EMMANUEL, God with us.

No. 9.—AIR (ALTO) AND CHORUS.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain: O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God.  
Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

No. 10.—RECIT. *Accompanied*—(BASS.)

For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

No. 11.—AIR.—(BASS.)

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

No. 12.—CHORUS.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

No. 13.—PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

No. 14.—RECIT.—(SOPRANO.)

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

RECIT. *Accompanied*—(SOPRANO.)

And lo! the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

No. 15.—RECIT.—(SOPRANO.)

And the Angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

No. 16.—RECIT. *Accompanied*—(SOPRANO.)

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying:

No. 17.—CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good-will towards men.

No. 18.—AIR.—(SOPRANO.)

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem! behold thy King cometh unto thee!  
He is the righteous Saviour, and He shall speak peace unto the heathen.

No. 19.—RECIT.—(ALTO.)

Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

No. 20.—AIR.—(ALTO.)

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; and He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

AIR.—(SOPRANO.)

Come unto Him, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and He shall give you rest. Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him, for He is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

No. 21.—CHORUS.

His yoke is easy and His burden is light.

PART II.

No. 22.—CHORUS.

Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

No. 23.—AIR.—(ALTO.)

He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

No. 24.—CHORUS.

Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

No. 25.—CHORUS.

And with His stripes we are healed.

No. 26.—CHORUS.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.  
And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

No. 31.—RECIT. *Accompanied*—(TENOR.)

He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of Thy people was He stricken.

No. 32.—AIR.—(TENOR.)  
But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell; nor didst Thou suffer Thy Holy one to see corruption.

No. 33.—CHORUS.  
Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.  
Who is the King of Glory?  
The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.  
Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.  
Who is the King of Glory?  
The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

37.—CHORUS.  
The Lord gave the Word. Great was the company of the preachers.

No. 40.—AIR.—(BASS.)  
Why do the nations so furiously rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing?  
The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against His Anointed.

No. 41.—CHORUS.  
Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their yokes from us.

No. 42.—RECIT.—(TENOR.)  
He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision.

No. 43.—AIR.—(TENOR.)  
Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

No. 44.—CHORUS.  
HALLELUJAH! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.  
The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.  
KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS. HALLELUJAH!

PART III.

No. 45.—AIR.—(SOPRANO.)  
I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.  
For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that sleep.

No. 46.—QUARTETT.  
Since by man came death.

No. 47.—CHORUS.  
By man came also the resurrection of the dead.

No. 48.—QUARTETT.  
For as in Adam all die.

No. 49.—CHORUS.  
Even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

No. 50.—RECIT. Accompanied.—(BASS.)  
Behold! I tell you a mystery: We shall not all sleep; but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

No. 51.—AIR.—(BASS.)  
The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

No. 56.—CHORUS.  
Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.  
Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.

No. 57.—CHORUS.  
AMEN.

### PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

GIVEN BY  
**TOM WILLETTS IMPERIAL MINSTRELS,**  
EASTER TUESDAY, MARCH 31ST, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

END MEN.	INTERLOCUTOR.	END MEN.
MR. TOM WILLETT.	MR. HARRY LESLIE.	MR. TEDDY HALL.
MR. GEO. CRONK.		MR. HARRY RICKWOOD.
MR. CHARLES RELPH.		MR. TIM RIDGEWAY.
MR. CHARLES FERGUSON.		MR. ALEX DURBAN.
<i>Musical Director</i>	...	<i>Mr. GEO. LEVI.</i>

#### PROGRAMME.

**PART I.**  
OPENING CHORUS "On the March" THE IMPERIAL MINSTRELS.  
COMIC SONG ... "Razors in the Air" MR. TEDDY HALL.  
BALLAD ... "Sweet Genevieve" MR. GEORGE MARCHANT.  
COMIC SONG "Out comes Pollie for a Kiss" MR. H. RICKWOOD.  
BALLAD ... "Dearest Image of my Heart" MR. A. SCOTT.  
COMIC DITTY "The Whistling Coon" MR. CHARLES RELPH.  
BALLAD "I dreamt my little boy of thee" MASTER GEO. WILLETT.  
COMIC REFRAIN "I'm going away to leave you" MR. TOM WILLETT.  
BALLAD ... "The Fisherman" ... MR. JOHN RAY.  
First Part to conclude with a Military Walk Round—  
"When the Band begins to Play."

**PART II.**  
BONE SOLO MR. GEORGE CRONK (Champion of the World)  
VOCAL DUET "Brotherly Love" MESSRS. RAY AND SCOTT.  
BANJO ECCENTRICITIES ... MR. JOHNNY STACHINI.  
Plantation Song and Dance, illustrative of Negro life, entitled:  
**"THE WEDDING."**  
MESSRS. TOM WILLETT, GEO. CRONK, H. LESLIE,  
AND CHAS. RELPH.  
BALLAD "Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep" MR. T. PITTS.  
MUSICAL MELANGE ... MR. TEDDY HALL.  
(Introducing his baby fiddle.)  
"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

INSTRUMENTALISTS—MESSRS. G. LEVI, F. SUTTON, H. MARSH, JOHN PACKARD, F. PAPPS, H. EARL, AND CHRIS DURBAN

*This Programme is subject to slight alteration.*

ADMISSION . . . . . THREEPENCE.

### PROGRAMME OF CONCERT TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, MARCH 28, AT 8 O'CLOCK, BY MR. J. B. MELLIS'S GLEE AND CONCERT PARTY.

SOLOISTS: MISS KATE NICHOLLS. MISS KEITH ASHTON. MISS ALICE MOTTEWAY. MISS M. L. COLE.  
MR. J. B. MELLIS. MR. ROWLAND J. DOBSON.  
SOLO VIOLONCELLO: MR. A. GREIFFENHAGEN. ACCOMPANIST: MISS MABEL M. PLATER.  
CONDUCTOR: MR. J. B. MELLIS.  
*Musical Director to the People's Palace ... .. MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.*

#### PROGRAMME.

- GLEE, "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower" *Sir R. P. Stewart*  
The subject from Knyvett's Glee, rewritten with an Introduction, by Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc.  
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong, bell,  
Boime, boime, boime, bell, oom, ding, ding, dong.  
Merrily, merrily rung the bells,  
The bells of St. Michael's tower,  
When Richard Penlake, and Rebecca his wife  
Arrived at the church door.  
Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,  
Cheerful, and frank, and free,  
But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife,  
For a terrible shrew was she.  
Richard Penlake a scolding would take  
Till patience availed no longer,  
Then Richard Penlake a crab stick would take,  
And show her that he was the stronger.
  - SONG ... "The Blind Girl to her Harp" ... *Stephen Glover*  
MISS KEITH ASHTON.
  - SONG ... "Come into the Garden, Maud" ... *Balfie*  
MR. J. B. MELLIS.  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, Night, has flown;  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone.  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown;  
For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
To faint in the light and to die.  
Come into the garden, Maud, &c.  
Queen of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen, lily, and rose in one;  
Shine out, little head, running over with curls,  
To the flowers and be their sun.  
She is coming, my own, my sweet,  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthy bed.  
Come, my own, my sweet Maud, come,  
I'm here at the gate alone.
  - SONG ... "Grannie's Story" ... *W. H. Jude*  
MISS M. L. COLE.  
What are you dreaming of, Grannie, sitting so silent there?  
What are you smiling for, Grannie, alone in the chair?  
What am I dreaming of, darling? Well, dear, if you like to know,  
I dreamed of a youth and maiden, who lived in the long ago.  
He was a gallant lover, she was a maiden coy.  
He loved her, oh, so dearly, and she loved her sailor boy.  
One day, when the birds were singing, and the sky shone bright o'erhead,  
Away in a little church, dear, the youth and the maid were wed.  
And what of the maid, now, Grannie, and what of the sailor lad?  
Why are you crying, Grannie, and why is your face so sad?  
Ah, the laddie he went to sea, dear, away in those days of old;  
And, oh, they brought him home dear, lying so still and cold.
  - PART SONG "By Babylon's Wave" ... *Gounod*  
Here by Babylon's wave though heathen hands have bound us; though afar from our land the pains of death surround us; Sion! thy memory still in our hearts we are keeping, and still we turn to thee, our eyes all sad with weeping! Through our harps that we hung on the trees goes the low wind wearily moaning; mingles the sad note of the breeze with voice as sad of sigh and groaning. When mad with wine our foe rejoices; when unto their altars they throng, loud in mirth when they call "A song! a song of Sion! sing, lift up your voices!" O Lord, though the victor command our captivity sad and lowly, how shall we sing Thy songs so holy, far from our father's land? Jerusalem! if we forget thee, let our hands remember not their power, let our tongues be silent from that hour. Woe unto thee, Babylon, mighty city, for the day of thy fall is nigh! For thee no hope, for thee no pity, though loud thy wail riseth on high. Then shalt thou, desolate, forsaken, be torn from thy fanes and thy thrones; in that day shall thy babes be taken, and dashed against the stones. Then unto thee, O Babylon the mighty, be woe!
  - VIOLONCELLO SOLO "Reverie" ... *Dunkler*  
MR. A. GREIFFENHAGEN.
  - SONG ... "Honour and Arms" ... *(Handel) Samson*  
MR. ROWLAND J. DOBSON.  
Honour and arms scorn such a foe,  
Though I could end thee at a blow,  
Poor victory, to conquer thee,  
Or glory in thy overthrow.  
Vanquish a slave that is half slain,  
So mean a conquest I disdain,  
Honour and arms, etc.
  - SONG..... "The Nightingale's Trill" ... *W. Ganz*  
MISS KATE NICHOLLS.  
Nightingale, nightingale, trill thou thy lay,  
Shadows are stealing o'er the bright day.  
Nightingale, nightingale, why is thy voice  
Ne'er in the sunshine heard to rejoice?
- Refrain—  
But be it by day, or at eve as you will,  
Song bird of night, I would hear thy sweet trill.  
Nightingale, nightingale, lov'st thou eve's star,  
Shining so brightly in regions so far?  
Nightingale, nightingale, for its pure ray  
Pour forth thy praises, till dawn of day.  
But be it by day, &c.
- HUMOROUS QUARTETTE, "The Three Chafers" *Truhn*  
MESSRS. MELLIS, T. JONES, DOBSON, and M. JONES.
  - SOLO AND CHORUS "Now Tramp." ... *Bishop*  
Solo by MISS ALICE MOTTEWAY.  
Solo—Guardian spirit of the brave,  
Victory! victory! o'er my hero wave.  
Chorus—Now tramp, now tramp o'er moss and fell,  
The battered ground returns the sound,  
While breathing chanters proudly swell,  
Clan Alpine's cry is "Win or die."  
*Thomas Morton*

PART SECOND.

- 11. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Polish dance." ... Scharwenka.  
MISS MABEL M. PLATER.
- 12. HUMOROUS PART-SONG—  
"Where are you going to, my pretty maid" ... A. J. Caldicott.
- 13. SONG ... "I Couldn't, Could I?" ... Rackel.  
MISS KEITH ASHTON.
- 14. SONG ... "The Four Jolly Smiths" ... H. T. Leslie  
MR. ROWLAND J. DOBSON.
- 15. VIOLONCELO SOLO "Musette" ... Offenbach.  
MR. A. GREIFFENHAGEN.
- 16. SONG. ... "So the Story Runs" Lionel Elliott.  
MISS M. L. COLE.
- 17. PART SONG (Male voices) "Tars' Song" ... Hatton.  
Our ship now goes with a pleasant gale,  
Give it to her, boys, now give it her,  
For she's the craft to carry sail,  
Give it to her boys, now give it her.  
See, the wind is on our quarter,  
Make all taut and snug, boys,  
Swiftly she'll go through the water,  
Then we'll serve the grog, boys.  
Hark! the breeze begins to blow.  
So clear your pipes and join our heave ho!  
Now cheerily, my men, heave ho!
- 18. SONG ... "Sunshine and Rain" ... J. Blumenthal.  
MISS ALICE MOTTEWAY.  
The rain is on the river, but the sun is on the hill,  
And I know the clouds will sever, when the storm has had its will.  
Set your heart then on the morrow, if the sky be grey to day,  
For the darkest of your sorrow be ye sure 'twill pass away.  
Lift your eyes to yon day-giver,  
Look up higher, hoping still,  
Though the rain is on the river,  
Yet the sun is on the hill.
- 19. SONG ... "The dashing white Sergeant" ... Bishop.  
MISS KATE NICHOLLS.
- 20. DUET ... "The Hawthorn Hedge" ... Glover.  
MISS KEITH ASHTON and MISS M. L. COLE.
- 21. GLEE ... "Sleep, gentle lady" ... Bishop  
Sleep, gentle lady, flowers are closing,  
The very winds and waves reposing:  
O, let our soft and soothing numbers  
Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers!  
Peace be around thee, lady bright,  
Sleep, while we sing—good night, good night.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS,

EASTER SUNDAY, MARCH 29th, 1891.

Organist ... Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

AT 12.30.

- 1. EASTER MARCH ... Merkel
- 2. AIR ... "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (Messiah) Handel
- 3. CHORUSES "For since by man came death" (Messiah) Handel
- 4. ANDANTE Grazioso in G ... Smart
- 5. SONATA in B flat, No. 4 (Allegretto and Finale) Mendelssohn
- 6. IMPROVISATION on Easter Hymns.
- 7. POSTLUDE ... Stark

AT 4 P.M. VOCALIST—MR. HUGH WHALL (Royal English Opera).

- 1. GRAND CEUR in E flat ... Guilmant
- 2. VOCAL SOLO { "My hope is in the everlasting" (Daughter of Jairus) ... Stainer  
MR. HUGH WHALL.
- 3. BERCEUSE ... Delbruck
- 4. EASTER ANTHEM "Break forth into joy" ... Barnby
- 5. PRELUDE and FUGUE in D major ... Bach
- 6. VOCAL SOLO ... "O come let us worship" ... Mendelssohn  
MR. HUGH WHALL.
- 7. ANDANTE PASTORALE (Light of the World) ... Sullivan
- 8. HYMN ... "Christ the Lord is risen to-day" ... Handel
- 9. HALLELUJAH CHORUS (Messiah) ... Handel

AT 8 P.M.

- 1. MOTET ... "O clap your hands" ... Stainer
- 2. MEDITATION ... Lemaigh
- 3. CONCERTO NO. 1 ... Handel
- 4. SELECTION from "Rebekah" ... Barnby
- 5. FUGUE in G Minor ... Bach
- 6. IMPROVISATION on Easter Hymns.
- 7. POSTLUDE founded on "Ein Feste Burg" ... Roberts

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT,

EASTER MONDAY, 30th MARCH, 1891.

MISS ELEANOR CLAUSEN'S ORCHESTRA OF YOUNG LADIES.

THE POMPADOUR BAND.

PROGRAMME. AFTERNOON, 3 TO 5 P.M.

- 1. OVERTURE ... "Maritana" ... Wallace.
- 2. WALTZ ... "Torreador" ... Royle.
- 3. SONG ... MISS KATE BÜCKLEY.
- 4. SELECTION "Midnight Revels" ... Balfour.
- 5. SONG ... "Alone on the Raft" ... Rodney.  
MISS KATE CLAUSEN.  
Alone on the raft in the twilight,  
Afloat on the mighty deep,  
A poor sailor lad was lying  
On the drifting planks asleep;  
For his vessel was wreck'd in a tempest  
That swept all the crew to rest  
All but the little sailor boy  
Alone on the ocean's breast.  
The cold night wind soon awoke him  
From his brief and restless sleep,  
And he gazed with a look, oh! so eager,  
O'er the waves of the silent deep.  
There was no dim light in the distance,  
No gleam of a passing sail;  
And the sailor boy's heart grew heavy and sad  
As his last hope seemed to fail.  
He knelt down at last in the darkness,  
And cried, as he looked above,  
"O, Father on high have mercy,  
And save me in Thy love."  
Then, weary and faint with hunger,  
He fell like a log on the raft;  
While silent and low the winds did blow,  
Softly rocking the little craft.  
When life came back to him slowly,  
There were kind faces cluster'd round  
On the deck of a gallant vessel  
So swiftly homeward bound;  
They had spied him at early morning  
Afloat on the drifting raft,  
And they picked up the poor little ocean waif,  
And brought him on board their craft.  
And a cheer rang out from the seamen  
As he stood right up by the mast,  
He could scarce speak for joy, the poor sailor  
They had saved from the sea at last.
- 6. GALOP ... "Musical Ride" ... A. Upton.
- 7. VIOLIN SOLO ... "Bohemienne" ... Vicuxtemps.  
MISS GERTRUDE GOULDING.
- 8. MARCH ... "Pere le Victoire" ... Ganne.
- INTERVAL.
- 9. SELECTION "Life on the Ocean" ... Binding.
- 10. VOCAL WALTZ "Mill Stream" ...
- 11. POLKA ... "See me Dance" ... Soloman.
- 12. SONG ... "Fame the Fiddler" ... MISS ELEANOR CLAUSEN.  
In the peaceful village the maidens spin,  
The lads they carry the harvest in;  
They never long for the city's din,  
Till once there comes, as the tale is told,  
Fame the Fiddler, so grim and old.  
He gives one touch with his magic bow,  
And one and all away they go—  
Dance, dance, see, how they follow him!  
Here, there, just as he beckons them.
- Life lasts only a day,  
One brief hour of a play;  
Dance on, poor old human ty  
While you may.
- In the dim cathedral and cloisters gray,  
Thro' the crowded city by night and day,  
'Mid tears and laughter he takes his way;  
To himself he laughs in the shadows dim,  
As he hears them talk in scorn of him.  
Then he gives one touch, &c., &c., &c.
- Husband, father, child and wife—  
All that's good in life—lost for ever in the strife,  
In that mad, mad strife, in that mad, mad strife.  
Nobody cares, or thinks, or stays,  
When once that mocking fiddler plays;  
'Tis only a touch of his magic bow,  
And one and all away they go, &c., &c., &c.
- 13. GALOP ... "Champagne" ... Audibert.
- 14. WALTZ ... "Eldorado" ... Royle.
- 15. SONG ... "Softly Sighs" (Der Freishütz) Webers.  
Recit.  
Before my eyes beheld him, sleep never was my foe,  
But hand in hand with sorrow, love e'er is wont to go,  
The moon displays her silvery light; oh! lovely night.  
Air.  
Softly sighs the voice of evening, stealing thro' yon willow grove  
While the stars, like guardian spirits, set their nightly watch  
above.  
Recit.  
Thro' the dark blue vault of ether silence reigns with soothing  
power, but a storm o'er yonder mountain darkly brooding  
seems to lower,  
And along yon forest's side, clouds of darkness slowly glide.  
Air.  
Oh what terrors fill my bosom! where, my Rudolph, dost thou  
rove?  
Oh! may Heaven's protection shelter him my heart must ever  
love!  
Earth has lulled her cares to rest; what delays my loit'ring love?  
Fondly beats my anxious breast; where, my Rudolph, dost thou  
rove?  
Scarce the night wind's whisper'd vows wake murmur 'mong  
the boughs!  
Recit.  
Now the widow'd nightingale softly tells her piteous tale! But  
hark! a sound I hear—in yonder grove! hark 'tis Rudolph's  
step; it is my love! it is, again my heart shall prove the  
bliss that springs from anxious love.  
The moonbeam is shining bright! oh! Heaven! does it mock  
my sight? with flow'ry wreaths his hat is bound! Success,  
my Rudolph's hopes has crowned. Oh, bliss! thine Agnes  
now shall see, the victor's chaplet, giv'n my love to thee.  
Air.  
Hope again is waking, lulling in my anxious breast  
Every doubting fear to rest,  
Joy once more is o'er me breaking, chasing with her heavenly  
light  
Sorrow's dark and dreary night,  
Hope now whispers that to-morrow, sees my wishes fondly blest.  
Is't illusion? Do I now dream?  
Hence, then, every thought of sorrow. Joy is now my bosom's  
guest.
- 16. MARCH ... "Hoch Habsburg" ...  
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

## PROGRAMME OF CONCERT,

EASTER MONDAY, 30th MARCH, 1891.

MISS ELEANOR CLAUSEN'S ORCHESTRA OF YOUNG LADIES.

THE POMPADOUR BAND.

PROGRAMME. EVENING, 8 TO 10 P.M.

- |             |                                      |        |           |      |  |  |
|-------------|--------------------------------------|--------|-----------|------|--|--|
| 1. OVERTURE | "Poet and Peasant" ....              | Suppl. | 11. WALTZ | .... | "Gitana" ....                          | Bucolosi.  |
| 2. MARCH    | ....                                 | ....   | 12. SONG  | .... | "Tell me, my heart" ....               | —  |
| 3. SONG     | ....                                 | ....   |           |      | MISS KATE BUCKLEY.                     |  |
|             | MISS KATE CLAUSEN.                   |        |           |      | Tell me, my heart, why morning's prime |  |
|             | To and fro, to and fro,              |        |           |      | Looks like the fading eve;             |  |
|             | She passes with weary feet,          |        |           |      | Why the gay lark's celestial chime     |  |
|             | And the cold and friendless pavement |        |           |      | Shall tell the soul to grieve?         |  |
|             | And no one will stop or care,        |        |           |      | The heaving bosom seems to say,        |  |
|             | But she knows not Heaven is watching |        |           |      | Ah! hapless maid, your love's away.    |  |
|             | And sees her wand'ring there.        |        |           |      | Tell me, my heart, why summer's glow,  |  |
|             | Then on again she wandered,          |        |           |      | A wintry day beguiles?                 |  |
|             | Into a church she stole,             |        |           |      | Why Flora's beauties seem to blow      |  |
|             | But she found in the mighty music    |        |           |      | And fading Nature smiles?              |  |
|             | No rest for her troubled soul;       |        |           |      | Some zephyr whispers in my ear         |  |
|             | She heard no comfort, no meaning,    |        |           |      | Ah! happy maid your love is near.      |  |
|             | In the cold and hurried pray'r,      |        |           |      | 13. GALOP                              | ....   |
|             | And the priestly condemnation        |        |           |      | ....                                   | "Snowflakes" ....  |
|             | Turn'd her to hard despair!          |        |           |      | ....                                   | Linholm.   |
|             | That night in a crowded alley        |        |           |      | 14. GAVOTTE                            | ....   |
|             | A woman poor and sad                 |        |           |      | ....                                   | "Dreadina" ....  |
|             | Open'd her door to the wanderer      |        |           |      | ....                                   | Ma'enberg.   |
|             | And shar'd with her all she had,     |        |           |      | 15. SONG                               | ....   |
|             | And the weary one kneels beside her  |        |           |      | ....                                   | "I Couldn't, Could I?" ...                                   |
|             | And her tears in torrents roll,      |        |           |      | ....                                   | MISS ELEANOR CLAUSEN.  |
|             | For all that she needed to guide her |        |           |      |  | It was in the month of May, and I really lost my way,        |
|             | Was the love of a human soul.        |        |           |      |  | As I picked the sweet wild flowers in the wood;              |
|             | 4. SELECTION                         | ....   |           |      |  | So to find the path I tried, and then sat me down and cried  |
|             | "Gondoliers" ....                    | ....   |           |      |  | As a desolate young maiden always should,                    |
|             | Sullivar.                            |        |           |      |  | And I'm sure I never knew that young Allan was in view,      |
|             | 5. VOCAL WALTZ                       | ....   |           |      |  | Till he came and asked what trouble ailed me so?             |
|             | "Little Gleaners" ...                | ....   |           |      |  | With such sympathy he sighed, as he said he'd be my guide    |
|             | Rever.                               |        |           |      |  | That I couldn't, could I, very well say "No?"                |
|             | 6. POLKA                             | ....   |           |      |  | And so shady were the trees, and so pleasant was the breeze, |
|             | "Eljen Polka" ....                   | ....   |           |      |  | And so tender were the tones of Allan's voice,               |
|             | Fohrbach.                            |        |           |      |  | That in quite a little while, I began again to smile,        |
|             | 7. VIOLIN SOLO                       | ....   |           |      |  | And the sunshine made my happy heart rejoice,                |
|             | MISS EVA HAYNES.                     |        |           |      |  | But when we reached the brook, once more with fear I shook,  |
|             | 8. MARCH                             | ....   |           |      |  | For the stepping-stones were slippery, you know,             |
|             | "Marche des Mousquetaires" ...       | ....   |           |      |  | So, to quiet my alarms, he just took me in his arms,         |
|             | St. Georg.                           |        |           |      |  | And I couldn't, could I, very well say "No?"                 |
|             | INTERVAL                             |        |           |      |  | As we crossed the silver stream, it was almost like a dream, |
|             | 9. SELECTION                         | ....   |           |      |  | And I think that Allan wasn't quite awake,                   |
|             | "Life on the Ocean" ...              | ....   |           |      |  | For I really had to frown before he'd set me down,—          |
|             | Bindity.                             |        |           |      |  | And I almost think a kiss he tried to take!                  |
|             | 10. CELLO SOLO                       | ....   |           |      |  | But this I know full well, that the tale he had to tell      |
|             | MISS LILIAN G. WATSON.               |        |           |      |  | With its magic set my burning cheeks aglow,                  |
|             |                                      |        |           |      |  | And when he said he'd die if his suit I should deny,         |
|             |                                      |        |           |      |  | Why—I couldn't—could I, very well say "No?"                  |
|             |                                      |        |           |      |  | 16. GRAND MARCH  |
|             |                                      |        |           |      |  | "Carmen" ....  |
|             |                                      |        |           |      |  | Bizet.   |
|             |                                      |        |           |      |  | GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.  |

## PROGRAMME OF EVENING CONCERT,

On EASTER WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1st, at 8 o'clock,

Under the Direction of

Mr. EDWARD COOMBS, L.Mus.

## PART I.

1. PIANOFORTE SOLO, "Caprice Hongroise" ... Ketterer.  
MISS EMILIE FEHR.
2. SONG ... "Thy foe" ... Blumenthal.  
MR. EDWARD COOMBS.
- I am thy foe, for I have steeled  
My heart against thy wiles.  
I will not bend in fetters low,  
And cringe beneath thy smiles.  
O'er my life thou hast no power,  
I would scorn to bend to thee.  
I am no puny, weakly serf,  
In fetters bound to be.  
Thou art most fair, no words can paint  
The beauties that are thine:  
The perfect face, the wondrous eyes,  
That like twin stars do shine.  
And yet I will not brook thy rule.  
What, thou wouldst tend to me?  
Ah! then indeed am I thy slave,  
And ever such will be.
3. MEDITATION ON BACH'S 1ST PRELUDE, "Ave Maria," Gounod.  
MISS MAUDE SNELL.  
Pianoforte, MISS EMILIE FEHR; Violin, MR. DAN  
CLEUGH; Organ, MR. EDWARD COOMBS.
4. CORNET SOLO, "Love's old sweet Song" ... Molloy.  
MR. HERBERT GODFREY.  
(Of the Crystal Palace.)
5. SONG ... "The Star of Bethlehem" ... Stephen Adams.  
MR. CHARLES SAUNDERS.  
(Exhibitor, Guildhall School of Music; and Solo Tenor,  
H.M. Chapel Royal, Hampton Court.)

It was the eve of Christmas, the snow lay deep and white,  
I sat beside my window and looked into the night;  
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw the bright stars shine,  
And childhood came again to me with all its dreams divine.  
Then, as I listened to the bells, and watched the skies afar,  
Out of the East majestic there rose one radiant star,  
And ev'ry other star grew pale before that heav'nly glow;  
It seemed to bid me follow, and I could not choose but go.  
From street to street it led me, by many a mansion fair,  
It shone through dingy casement on many a garret bare;  
From highway on to highway, through alleys dark and cold,  
And where it shone the darkness was flooded all with gold;  
Sad hearts forgot their sorrow, rough hearts grew soft and mild,  
And weary little children turn'd in their sleep and smiled,  
While many a homeless wanderer uplifted patient eyes,  
Seeming to see a home at last beyond those starry skies.  
And then methought earth faded, I rose as borne on wings  
Beyond the waste of ruined lives, the press of human things,  
Above the toil and shadow, above the want and woe—  
My old self and its darkness seemed left on earth below;  
And onward, upward, shone the star, until it seemed to me  
It flashed upon the golden gate, and o'er the crystal sea:  
And then the gates rolled backward, I stood where angels trod,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem, had led me up to God.

6. VIOLIN SOLO ... "Ballade and Polonaise" ... Vieuxtemps.  
MR. DAN CLEUGH.
7. SONG ... "Sunshine and Rain" ... Blumenthal.  
MISS FLORENCE KENT.
- The rain is on the river,  
But the Sun is on the hill;  
And I know the clouds will sever,  
When the storm has had its will.  
Set your heart, then, on the morrow,  
If the sky be gray to-day,  
For the darkest of your sorrow,  
Be ye sure will pass away.  
Lift your eyes to yon Day-giver,  
Look up higher, hoping still;  
Though the rain is on the river,  
Yet the Sun is on the hill.  
'Tis the Winter's white snow shower  
That defends the shivering root;  
'Tis the falling of the flower  
That gives birth unto the fruit.

Then arise from helpless moping,  
Nor repine at each annoy;  
There is room for wider hoping  
If your days are void of joy.  
Time is kind and will deliver  
All your days from every ill;  
Though the rain is on the river,  
Yet the Sun is on the hill.

8. DUET ... "Maying" ... Alice Mary Smith.  
MISS MAUDE SNELL AND MR. CHARLES SAUNDERS.

Oh, that we two were maying  
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze,  
Like children with violets playing  
In the shade of the whispering trees.  
Oh, that we two sat dreaming  
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,  
Watching the white mist stealing  
Over river, mead, and town.

Short Interval.

## PART II.

9. ORGAN SOLO "Fantasia Pastorale" Lefebvre-Wely.  
(By request.)  
MR. EDWARD COOMBS.

M. Lefebvre-Wely, the composer of this descriptive piece, is organist of the church of St. Sulpice, Paris. His compositions for the organ are deservedly popular with English organists. The fantasia played this evening is intended to describe incidents of a pastoral character. The scene opens amidst sunshine and tranquility, presently the shepherds' pipes are heard, and a rustic dance may be imagined, during which the sound of distant thunder can be distinguished, warning the shepherds to seek shelter. Anon the storm breaks and rages in all its fury, and is succeeded by a calm. A choral prayer is then heard in the village church. Shortly the shepherds re-appear, and resume their piping. Twilight approaches, the sounds cease, and, as the shades of evening deepen, the trill of the nightingale is borne upon the air, and then everything is hushed in the stillness of the night.

10. SONG ... "I'll sing the Songs of Araby" ... F. Clay.  
MR. CHARLES SAUNDERS.

I'll sing thee songs of Araby,  
And tales of fair Cashmere;  
Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh,  
Or charm thee to a tear.  
And dreams of delight shall on thee break,  
And rainbow visions rise,  
And all my soul shall strive to wake  
Sweet wonder in thine eyes.  
Through those twin lakes, when wond'ring wakes,  
My raptured song shall sink;  
And as the diver dives for pearls,  
Bring tears, bright tears, to their brink.  
And dreams of delight shall on thee break,  
And rainbow visions rise,  
And all my soul shall strive to wake  
Sweet wonder in thine eyes.  
To cheat thee of a sigh,  
Or charm thee to a tear.

11. SONG ... "Angus Macdonald" ... Roe, Kel.  
MISS FLORENCE KENT.

O sad were the homes on the mountain and glen,  
When Angus Macdonald marched off with his men,  
O sad was my heart when we sobb'd our good-bye,  
And he marched to the battle, maybe to die.  
O, Angus Macdonald, the loch is so drear,  
And gloomy; the mountains, for thou art not near;  
O Angus, my own, in the camps o'er the sea,  
I'm waiting and longing, and praying for thee.  
O, Father of mercies, humbly I pray,  
Thou see'st the fight and the camp far away;  
O watch o'er my Angus, and bring him to me,  
For thou canst defend him where'er he may be.



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

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

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

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

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



**THE ALDGATE  
TURKISH BATHS.**

J. & H. NEVILL.

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

(Next door to Gardiner's.)

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

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

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DEALER,

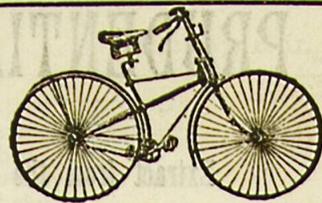
And Professor of the Piano, Organ and Violin,

**85, MARE ST., HACKNEY**

(Near the Morley Hall),

Late of 473, HACKNEY ROAD.

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



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

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

Agent for all Leading Manufacturers.

High-Class Machines  
ON HIRE AND SALE.

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

**CHARLES SELBY**  
UNDERTAKER,

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

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

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

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

**S. BERNSTEIN,** ESTABLISHED 1876.  
Watch and Clock Maker, Working Jeweller,  
ELECTRO PLATER AND GILDER,  
**170, SALMON'S LANE, LIMEHOUSE, E.**



(Opposite Limehouse Town Hall, corner of Commercial Rd.),

AND AT

**356, MILE END RD.** (opposite Bancroft Rd.)

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

ALL WORK WARRANTED FOR TWELVE MONTHS.



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

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

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

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

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

THE  
**SCOTTISH**  
Sanitary Laundry,  
**131,  
MILE END ROAD.**

Specialité  
Shirt and Collar Dressing.

**GIVEN AWAY!**  
Your Rubber Stamp.

NAME in FULL or MONOGRAM,  
mounted, post free for 3½ stamps,  
to CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN  
BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARK-  
ING INK WORKS,  
75, Southgate Road,  
London, N., EBO-  
NITE INK; NO  
HEATING; each  
containing a Voucher;  
6 or 12 stamps.  
Nickel Pencil Case,  
with Pen, Pencil, and your Rubber  
Name in Full, 7½ stamps.



THE ROYAL MAKER.

**W. WRIGHT,**  
Photographer.

NEW STUDIOS:  
**422, MILE END ROAD.**  
Opposite People's Palace.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.**

The Best Medicines for Family Use.

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

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford Street, London, and sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B.—Advice Gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

**SMITH & BOTWRIGHT,** Advertising Agents & Contractors,  
**6, ELDON ST., FINSBURY.**