

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

Vol. VIII.—No. 182.]

FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

**PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.**

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, 8th May.**—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Elementary Architecture Examination, from 6 to 10 p.m. Historic Ornament Examination, from 7 to 10 p.m. Sound, Light, and Heat Examination, from 7 to 10 p.m.
- SATURDAY, 9th.**—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, the popular Musical Union will perform "Elijah." Admission Threepence. Design-Ornament Examination, from 6 to 10 p.m. Practical Inorganic Chemistry, Elementary Stage, from 3.30 to 5.45 p.m., and from 7.15 to 9.30 p.m.
- SUNDAY, 10th.**—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m. Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. The People's Palace Choral Society will give Selections from "Samson," at 4 p.m. Admission, free. Swimming Bath open from 6 to 10 a.m.
- MONDAY, 11th.**—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, Public Meeting of the East London Women's Temperance Union.
- TUESDAY, 12th.**—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open (for Females only) from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Plant Drawing in Outline Examination, from 7 to 10 p.m. Mathematics (stages 4 and 5) and Hygiene Examinations, from 7 to 10 p.m.
- WEDNESDAY, 13th.**—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Organ Recital and Concert. Admission, Twopence. Students, on production of their Pass, One Penny. Organic Chemistry and Steam Examinations, from 7 to 10 p.m.
- THURSDAY, 14th.**—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Inorganic Chemistry Examination, from 7 to 10 p.m.
- FRIDAY, 15th.**—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and 6 to 10, p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

The fourth summer course of practical instruction given in our photographic department will commence on Thursday, May 21st. There will be an afternoon class, from 2 till 5 o'clock, in general work, a special feature of this course being several practical demonstrations in the field. In the evening there will also be a practical class from 6.30 till 8.30. Both courses will continue each Thursday until the close of the Session, July 30. Syllabus of the courses may be obtained on application.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—We experienced our first dead failure this season on Saturday last, when we arranged for the ramble to Buckhurst Hill. Owing to the inclemency of the weather no one put in an appearance, and, consequently, the outing was dropped.—Appointments:—Saturday, May 9th, Horiman's Museum, Surrey House, Forest Hill. Meet at 2.45 London Bridge, L. B. and S. C. Railway Station. Monday, May 18th, Windsor Castle. Meet at Waterloo Station, L. and S.W. Railway at 10.35 a.m.
A. MCKENZIE, } Hon. Secs.
W. POCKETT, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB (President, N. L. Cohen, Esq.)—Only four members turned up at Walthamstow on Saturday last, owing, no doubt, to the inclement weather, so the match, Captain v. Vice-Captain, was not played. We play

the Polytechnic at Merton Hall Farm to-morrow. Those members who are not advised to play (and they will number nearly 20) will find appliances and a pitch at the Uplands, Walthamstow.
F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.—SCIENCE AND ART EXAMINATIONS.—Week ending May 16th, 1891:—

Saturday, May 9th	Practical Inorganic Chemistry, Elementary	3.30 to 5.45.
" "	" "	7.15 to 9.30.
" "	Design Ornament	6 to 10.
Tuesday, May 12th	Mathematics, Stages 4 & 5	7 to 10.
" "	Hygiene	7 to 10.
" "	Plant Drawing in Outline	7 to 10.
Wednesday, May 13th	Organic Chemistry, Steam	7 to 10.
Thursday, May 14th	Inorganic Chemistry	7 to 10.

Students will kindly be in their places quarter of an hour before time.

WE are so busy with exams. that we have hardly time to think of notes. However, just one or two more.

THE examinations are being well attended; the Queen's Hall on Saturday last was a sight worth seeing, 327 students getting spaced out five feet apart, being examined in Machine Construction for four solid hours. There was hardly a whisper, nothing but hard work going on. Mr. Low will be looking for large results, I am sure. In the school buildings over 100 students were sitting for the Building Construction Exam., while in the Art Rooms other students were being examined in 3rd Grade subjects. The Queen's Hall is also being used this week for examinations in Mathematics on Wednesday, and in Magnetism on Thursday.

THE Queen's Hall will be ready to-morrow for the performance of "Elijah" by the Popular Musical Union; our friends will do well to come early.

ON Sunday next our Choral Society and Orchestra will give selections from "Samson" in the afternoon. For programme see page 299.

ON Tuesday next the bath will be reserved for women from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

A MEETING will be held on Monday next, at 8.30 p.m., for the purpose of forming a Swimming Club in connection with the palace. All members are heartily invited. It will be a disgrace to the Palace if we cannot form a club out of our 2,700 students. Members unable to attend the meeting will please leave their names in the office.

"GROWTH OF NATIONAL UNITY" EXAMINATION, in connection with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching.—List of successful candidates:—

- Bernard, Annie de Brissac.
- *Dean, Helen.
- Pennington, Lillian.
- *Thomas, Sarah.
- Wheatley, Edward.
- White, William.

Those marked with an asterisk (thus *) are recommended for distinction by the lecturer on account of the weekly work, and by the examiner upon the result of the examination.

"The Devil's Castaways."

"I RESEMBLE thee for my son, Onesimus, whom I have begotten in my bonds; whom I have sent again; yea, thou, therefore, receive him. For perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldst receive him for ever: not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved." If thou count me, therefore, a partner, receive him as myself. If he hath wronged thee, or owe thee aught, put that on mine account."—Philemon, 10, 12, 15-18.

History is often the richest form of parable, and biography the most graphic kind of preaching. The story of a runaway slave, as told in the epistle to Philemon, is far more than a story. It is an evangel, full of the richest and most pathetic gospel. Let us give attention, while the various phases of this biographical sermon are passed in review.

I. *The Far-off Made Nigh.*—"For perhaps he departed from thee for a season that thou shouldst receive him for ever."

Many a soul is brought to Christ through the rebound of sin. "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks," says Jesus to the refractory soul. But he permitted him to run against the pricks to be wounded on the sharp points of judgment in order that he might react more powerfully towards love and loyalty to God. If he had not, through wrong doing, been made to confess himself "the chief of sinners," he might never have learned to acknowledge Christ as the chief among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely. So he departed from God for a season that he might be received into His fellowship for ever.

Observe, therefore, how evil is often overruled for good. Sin is sin, and can never be anything else: it is the enemy of God, and the destroyer of man, and can never be christened into a handmaid of virtue. Sentimentalists may talk about evil being only "good in the making," and sin being the absence of holiness, the blank space in immature character waiting to be filled in with something better. But we count it the foe of man which deserves only the fire of God—a foe with which no soul should presume to be on friendly terms for a moment.

Yet God compels even this enemy to do service to man by the injury he inflicts on him. Satan bites the lost sheep and they run to the good shepherd. His sharp teeth tear their flesh till they began to bleed after Emmanuel, saying, "All we like sheep have gone astray." And then they discover for the first time the divine provision, "But the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." This explains our Lord's saying to the Jewish chief priests and elders, "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." Not that these disreputable ones were more welcome. God is no such respecter of persons that He prefers the outcast and unclean to the worthy and virtuous. But the self-righteous will not come to Him since they feel no need of Him. I heard an honest Christian worker say that he had reason to thank God that he never became a drunkard. "For," said he, "When I was strictly temperate I was a self-satisfied moralist, with never a thought of Christ as one for whom I had need. But when I was overmastered by the power of drink I was compelled to flee to Christ for refuge. Thus my sin became my introduction to the blessing of my soul."

Many of Christ's elect saints were once the devil's castaways. They rose very high in saintship, because they sank very low in sinship. Here is a hint for Christian workers. Good ball players are skillful at catching the ball on its rebound. Be ready, oh, servants of Christ, to catch souls in their recoil from sin, that, by the grace of God, their rebound from evil doing may be a homebound towards God and righteousness. This is the way that Mary Magdalene and Augustine and John Newton and John Bunyan were brought into the kingdom. Their gross departure from God for a season was the means of their being received by Him for ever.

"Simon, Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Oh, shameful spectacle! this bold apostle following Christ afar off, when angels are pressing near to wipe the bloody sweat from his brow; warming himself at the fire of the enemy, when the Master's soul was chill and faint with dying; and swearing, when seraphim and cherim were adoring and wondering to see their glorious Lord "led as a sheep to the slaughter." But all this was permitted, in order to fashion Peter into a chosen instrument for his Master. "And when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." This broken reed becomes a strong staff; this smoking flax had become a trimmed and shining light. His fall was overruled, for his rising again into such strength of manhood, into such victorious saintship, that he was fitted to be one of the very chiefest apostles. He departed from his Lord for a season, that he might receive him for ever.

II. *The Servant Made a Brother.* "Not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved," &c.

You remember how Jesus said to the twelve, "Henceforth I call you not servants, but the servants whom I have chosen; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." How different is the position of a hireling disciple like Judas, carrying the bag, ministering in the temporalities of Christ's kingdom, and the bosom disciple like John, leaning on Christ's breast at supper, sharing his most brotherly confidence and listening to his most cherished secrets. No longer a servant merely, but "a brother beloved" is the true Christian. Look into any well-ordered Christian home among us and see what the gospel has done in this respect. The hired help of the house, after the breakfast is cleared away, is found gathered with the family, reading the Scriptures, joining in the hymn and kneeling in prayer. Isn't that a change in the condition of things from the time when a Roman householder would strike a dagger through the heart of his servant, if he chanced to spill a dish of soup or to break an earthen vessel as he was waiting on the table, and think no more of it than of the killing of a dog? We need not suppose that all events there would be a great change when Onesimus, the Christian slave, and Philemon, the Christian master, should meet again. The one is still the master and the other the servant. But, as related to Christ, they both are on the same level.

So is the believer and his Saviour. His servants we are for evermore; but His brethren also, communing with Him in the most intimate fellowship, telling Him your trials as a brother with Christ—that you have secrets to tell that the world knows not of. "Behold, I show you a mystery," says Paul to the Corinthians. Expressed colloquially it would be, "Behold, I tell you a secret. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." Nobody knows that but the Christian who is intimate with Christ. Ask the men of this world what is the most certain fact concerning the future, and see if they do not reply, "The one thing which is certain is that all men shall die." And a multitude of profound Christians will join in this verdict. That shows plainly that they do not know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. "Behold, I tell you a secret," says Paul. "We shall not all sleep; we shall not all die. Multitudes will be alive at the Lord's coming who will not die. Paul, how did you learn that secret? "I was caught up into paradise; I heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful to utter." And as John leaned on Christ's bosom at the supper, so I was privileged to lean on His bosom in Paradise. But remember I also heard things which I was commanded to utter. And you may know them as well as I, if you will seek to be intimate with your Lord. "Henceforth I call you not servants, but brethren; and all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." Let philosophers search their books; let soothsayers consult their oracles; but because ye are my brethren, "to you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God."

Come, Christian, what's the good news of God? Hasn't Jesus told you anything worth repeating of late? If so, tell it out in our assemblies for prayer, that we may know it also; and as you tell it, all shall exclaim, "Behold he has been with Jesus and learned of Him."

And not only to us but to those without, Christ sends us with the message, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." Have you kept the good news to yourself? One of the most execrated names in history is that of a man who kept back the king's pardon from a condemned nobleman who had been unjustly sentenced to death. "To you is committed the word of reconciliation, and the precious secrets of that word are more and more revealed to you through communion with Christ. What will the angels think of you, what will the Lord think of you, if you keep those "secrets" to yourself and do not tell them out?

III. *The Alien made a Partner.*—"If thou count Me, therefore, a partner receive him as Myself." If he hath wronged thee or owe thee aught, put that to My account." The deepest mystery of redemption is revealed in these words. Christ is the mediator between God and men; but that means something more than a go-between and negotiator. He is the kinsman of both parties. It is as the co-partner with God that He undertook our cause on the Cross, and it is as the co-partner with man that He maintains our cause in heaven. Some opposers have ridiculed the doctrine of atonement as theological bookkeeping; the sinner's guilt charged to Christ and Christ's righteousness charged to the sinner; and so salvation effected by a kind of double entry. But listen to the real statement of the case:

There is Christ standing before the throne. He has made

How the World Wags.

THOUGH our sympathies are entirely in favour of Free Education, yet the method and the ways and means of the Government Scheme, are not quite to one's taste. Mr. Goschen's surplus is largely due to two items of increase in the Exchequer receipts—from increased consumption of alcohol £900,000, and from increased smoking of tobacco £456,000; total, £1,356,000. Now, it is reasonable, says *The Globe*, to assume that most of this surplus, now to be applied to further subsidising national education, has been contributed by just that class which it is proposed to relieve entirely of school fees. Might it not be quite as well for the working-man if, instead of extra drink and smoke for himself, he paid for his children's schooling? But, *per contra*, a paternal government cynically does its utmost to prevent such a happy result by doing all in its power to encourage and extend the drink traffic.

THE Rev. Harry Jones spoke at one of the recent Toneybe Hall Smoking Conferences on "Markets and Middlemen." He concerned himself almost exclusively with the disparity in town and country prices of Market Garden produce; he said it was difficult, for instance, to understand how carrots which sold in London three for a penny were sold in the country at twenty-one for a penny; and after giving a number of similar comparisons as the result of enquiries he had made, he explained to the meeting one of the remedies he was proposing. Small producers in the country were to be brought into direct communication with small consumers in London with no middleman save the Railway Company. The Great Eastern Company had taken up the project heartily, and they had undertaken to carry parcels of one cwt. of vegetables from any station in Suffolk, delivering it to the door of any consumer within four miles of Bishopsgate Station for a charge of 8d. to 9d. only. Further, in order to bring consumers into contact with producers, the Railway Company had established an office in Bishopsgate Station, charging only a nominal rent of 20s. per annum, where a trusty and experienced clerk was now ready to receive names of producers and consumers, and to bring them into contact without a fee of any kind. This is a good step in the right direction.

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Endeavour.

ENDEAVOUR to be,
Not merely to seem;
Endeavour to do,
Not idly to dream;
Endeavour to think
High thoughts, pure and good;
Endeavour to work
As a real Christian should.
Endeavour to plan
What is wisest and best;
Endeavour to leave
All doubt and unrest;
Endeavour to speak
Glad words, sweet and true;
Endeavour to give
As God prospereth you.
Endeavour, through love
To sweet sympathy show;
Endeavour to hate
All things mean and low;
Endeavour to hope
For the triumph of right;
Endeavour to trust
In life's darkest night;
Endeavour in patience
Your task to fulfil;
Endeavour, by prayer,
To do, always, God's will;
Endeavour in peace
Your life to pursue,
Endeavour by faith
To live it all through;
Endeavour to make
Each day a glad whole,
Forgetting yourself
In helping some soul.
Thus endeavour will be
The keynote of your life,
And your crown of rejoicing,
When, freed from the strife
And temptations of earth,
You shall hear from the Son,
"Well done, faithful servant,
Endeavour has won. Golden Rule.

A CORRESPONDENT asks me the origin of the word cricket. I can only answer inferentially. In the *Two Hairs of Moreclake* (1609), p. 32, occurs this passage—"Tuteh. What do you call it, when the ball, sir, hits the stool?" "Filtton. Why, out." "Tuteh. Even so am I; out, out of all hope ever to come in to crown my poor ace at his table." This points to the inference that a *cricket*, or *stool* with four legs (see Nares, *s.v.*), served in early times for wickets, and that thence came the name of the game.

THE Associated Chambers of Commerce wound up their recent annual conference by passing a very sensible resolution on the subject of the profits made by the Post Office. It was affirmed that, in view of the continued increase in the net revenue of the Post Office, the association is of opinion that the trade of the country would be benefited if any profits beyond £3,000,000 were expended in the improvement of the postal service. From the official point of view this resolution must, of course, be considered as highly heretical. Hitherto the Post Office as a profit-making machine has been carried on purely in the interests of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Consequently he would, probably, turn with horror from the bare idea of relinquishing what he, doubtless, considers his rights in this important matter. At the same time, there are one or two considerations which, from the public standpoint, are noteworthy. In the first place, the Post Office is not essentially a source of public revenue, but an instrument of public convenience. Why, then, should the public be taxed more highly than is necessary for the working of the machine? Furthermore, since the tax does not fall upon the whole of the public; it is essentially unfair. Why should that portion of the public which never sends letters be relieved at the expense of those who do? Clearly there is much to be said for the proposal of the Chamber of Commerce. The proposal is, also, very modest. It only proposes to deal with less than one-fourth of the net revenue of the Post Office, which, on the last occasion, was returned at £5,346,087. As it was afterwards shown, it would only cost £2,500,000 to effect the change from the present rates of ocean postage to an Imperial penny postage system. But whatever one may think of that particular project, it is pretty clear that the Chambers of Commerce affirmed a sound general doctrine.

AT no time have the prospects of women in the Colonies been brighter. Work abounds at good wages. Their reception on arrival and their protection on the voyage is in large measure due to the successful organisation of the United British Women's Emigration Association. This association has raised the standard of female emigration by pledging itself to send out only capable women of irreproachable character. The confidence inspired by its fidelity to this pledge has secured in all the English colonies warm reception, kindly care and help, for the women it sends out. Committees of ladies have been formed at the principal centres, who keep an eye on the young girl, and lessen her sense of loneliness at the outset of her career in a new country. The association has secured most satisfactory arrangements in the sailing vessels. Carefully selected parties of domestic servants, and of companion helps, are sent out from time to time under the care of an experienced matron. At the present moment, owing to the recent personal visit of its Vice-President, the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, to the Dominion, the association has been asked to send out to Canada 800 women of respectable character during the present season. The sailings commenced in April, and will continue till October. The dates for the departure of the protected parties are duly announced, and full particulars given about outfit and journey. The association has, during the eleven years it has been at work, sent out some 1,400 single women, many of whom are now happily married in prosperous homes, and who have sent, in numberless instances, for their relations and friends to join them. The majority of these women have not been highly trained domestic servants (of whom there is a deficient supply in England), and little prospect of rising above the somewhat depressed condition of the maid-of-all-work. The association also sends out women of their own position in life to settlers in the Colonies as "Companion Helps." These ladies must understand domestic work and be willing to use their hands in practical matters, but they will on arrival have nothing but cultivated companionship in situations already secured for them through the correspondence of the association. Application should be made to the secretaries of the association. Address, c/o the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, St. John's Croft, Winchester, or Miss Lefroy, 17, Eldon Road, Kensington.

A GERMAN writer has recently made the following calculation:—"Of Orthodox or Eastern Christians there are 87,000,000, of whom 76,000,000 are regular adherents in Russia, Greece, the Balkan countries and Turkey, and 11,000,000 are Russian sects. The total number of adherents of Oriental churches is 4,200,000, namely, Nestorians, 400,000; Armenians, 2,300,000; Jacobites, 1,500,000. There are 205,000,000 Roman Catholics; 4,480,000 Orthodox Greeks connected with Rome, with 520,000 Maronites, Thomas Christians, and others. The total number of Orientals is thus nearly 92,000,000, of Roman Catholics 210,000,000, while Protestants throughout the world number 150,000,000. Of the last-mentioned, 47,000,000 are Lutherans, 25,500,000 Presbyterians and Independents, Congregationalists, 24,000,000 Episcopalians, 33,625,000 Methodists, Baptists, and smaller denominations. The total number of Christians is 452,000,000. The growth of the churches is encouraging to Protestants. In 1786 the number of Protestants in Europe was 37,000,000, of Roman Catholics 80,000,000, of the Greek Church, 40,000,000. In 1886 the number of Protestants was 85,000,000, of Roman Catholics 154,000,000, of the Greeks 83,000,000, showing a Protestant increase in this century of 230 per cent., a Roman Catholic of 192, and Greek of 207. In 1786 the number of Protestants in North America was computed at 2,700,000; of Roman Catholics at 190,000. One hundred years later the former numbered 47,000,000; the latter about 19,930,000, an increase of 337 per cent. in the former case, of 204 in the latter. Missionary statistics show similar facts. In 1790 the total number of Roman Catholic converts from heathendom was computed at 1,325,000; of Protestants, 30,000. Now the former number 2,426,000; the latter 915,000; the former have thus scarcely doubled their successes; the latter report twenty times the number of their converts a century ago."

STRIKES are older than the time of Moses, according to M. Maspero, an Egyptologist of high rank. He says that more than three thousand years ago strikes occurred and are described.

FRIENDSHIP is very much like china, when china is broken, no matter how well you might mend it, it would always show the join; so it is with friends, as soon as there is any deceit, or unkindness, shown between friends, there is a rough place, a something, that mars the beauty of it, and it is never the same again.

"Our Palace Gymnasts."

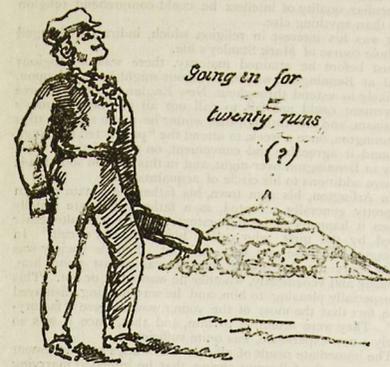
FRIDAY, the 8th of May, 1891, will be a proud and momentous one in the history of the People's Palace Gymnasium. On that day, at 10.30 a.m., a representative team will sail, on board the "Thorsten," for Gothenburgh, Sweden, they having been invited by the Stockholm Gymnastic Society to be present and take part in a Grand International Gymnastic Fête to be held in the enclosure of the Royal Regiment of Guards, Stockholm. The Fête commences on the 14th, and concludes on the 19th of the present month, and will consist of an exhibition and competition of nearly all manly athletic exercises. During two days of the Fête each National Team will have the honour of performing in front of, and in the immediate vicinity of the Royal Family of Sweden, it is then that we expect the Palace Gymnasts to uphold the honour of England and the People's Palace Gymnasium. Woe to any who fail to acquit themselves well on that day—their lives (gymnastic) will not be worth a red common copper cent! There is, however, absolutely no doubt whatever that the Palace men will do full credit and justice to the grand institution to which they belong, and in the words of Colonel G. M. Fox, Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Gymnasias, and a gentleman who ought to know, "They are a keen and energetic good lot of fellows, and excellently trained. They will, I am sure, do credit to London." So delighted is Colonel Fox with them that he has invited them to co-operate with the military team of gymnasts in giving a grand gymnastic display on landing at Gothenburgh before proceeding inland to Stockholm. This is indeed an honour; to be linked with one of the finest bodies of gymnasts and athletes the world ever saw speaks volumes for the efficiency of our men. This display at Gothenburgh takes place on Monday night, the 11th May, and will therefore quickly follow upon our arrival in the country—let us hope our fellows are good sailors! Upon the return of the teams it is rumoured that the military team, which, by the way, consists of the picked and best men in the Gymnastic Staff Corps and British Army at large, will honour us by giving a performance in the Queen's Hall; if such be so, take the advice of one who knows, and *don't fail to see it*. The programme of our team in Sweden will consist of gymnastics on Parallel Bars, Horizontal Bar and Vaulting Horse, Indian Club Exercises, Boxing and Dumb Bell exercises in conjunction with the Military team, in all of which they are very good, and we may, therefore, rest content that unless something unexpected happens they will efficiently uphold the honour of the country and Gymnasium they represent. Mr. Osborn will leave the Palace about 9 o'clock to see the team off, and will be glad of the company of any members of the Palace who would like to see the "Thorsten" sail.

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

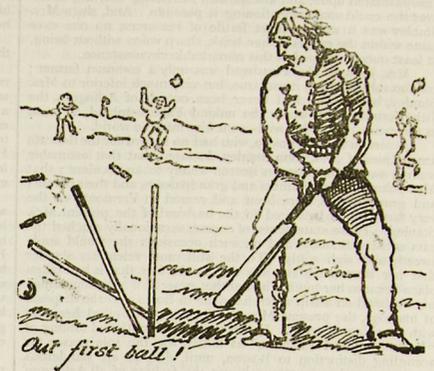
Mr. Young, 250, Mile End Road.
Mr. Haines, 212, Mile End Road.
The Melbourne Cigar Stores, 178, Mile End Road.
Mr. Kirby, opposite London Hospital.
Mr. Moir, 57, Cambridge Road.
Mr. Abrahams, Post Office, Globe Road.
Mr. Roder, 163, Green Street.
Mayor and Sons, 212, Green Street.
Mr. Hanson, 111, Roman 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.

FROM the biography of Richard Monckton Milnes, first Lord Houghton, it appears that Houghton approached Sir Robert Peel on the subject of a pension for Tennyson, which was finally granted, and that Carlyle had urged him to do so in the following conversation:—"Richard Milnes," said Carlyle one day, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, as they were seated together in the little house in Cheyne Row, "when are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?" "My dear Carlyle," responded Milnes, "the thing is not so easy as you seem to suppose. What will my constituents say if I do get a pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own, and that the whole affair is a job." Solemn and emphatic was Carlyle's response:—"Richard Milnes, on the day of judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get a pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is you that will be damned!"

The Amenities of Cricket.

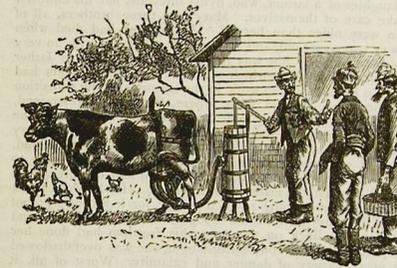


I.—!



II.—!!!

Edison Almost Eclipsed.



I.



II.

PETERSON'S INVENTIVE Hired Man.—Now, gentlemen, this is my great Hydraulic Milker, patent applied for. I've be'n workin' on her for over two months, an' now I'm a-goin' to try her; jes' stan' back a little!



III

(From the Local Paper.)

STRAYED FROM HOME.—A Brindle Cow, attached to a milking machine. If the finder will return the cow, he may keep the machine for his trouble.
J. PETERSON

The Red Mountain Mines.

CHAPTER I.

THE most interesting and startling event in the life of Mrs. John Stanley was that she was born in Boston,—a fact she always dilated upon, and always with increasing warmth, whenever she could make mentioning it possible. And, since Mrs. Stanley was a woman most fertile of resources, no one ever came within the radius of her brisk, sharp voice without being, at least once, informed of this remarkable circumstance.

Mrs. John Stanley's husband was only a common farmer; comfortably situated, it was true, but very much inferior to Mrs. Stanley, because he had never been outside of Arlington, the little Vermont town where the unkind Fates—unkind, at least, in the estimation of his wife—sent him into the world.

A certain spiteful gossip, who had no regard for the delicate sensibilities of Mrs. John Stanley, declared that that estimable woman owed being born in Boston wholly to an accident; that Mrs. John Stanley's parents and grandparents, and their parents and grandparents, were born and reared in Vermont, on the very farm which belonged to the husband of the present Mrs. Stanley. These statements, of course, occasionally reached the ears of Mrs. Stanley, and on such occasions she would smile sweetly and sigh softly. To the still more relentless slander that her Boston nativity was due to the fact that it had taken place because her mother had at that special time accompanied her husband on a trip which he made to Boston for the disposal of his hogs, the present Mrs. Stanley always elevated her nose with unmitigated scorn. Furthermore, she continued talking of "Boston, where I was born," as if that was the sole reason for according distinction to Boston, until, despite all slanderous statements and insinuations, it was the fashion of all Arlington to speak of Mrs. John Stanley as a "Bosting" woman.

The second important event in the life of Mrs. John Stanley—an event which did not take place in Boston—was the birth of her son, about five years after her marriage. Mrs. Stanley, among her numerous other accomplishments and tastes, had dabbled somewhat in the classics, and she was, too, according to her iterations and reiterations, an enthusiastic admirer of ancient heroes. So it was in no sense strange that she named her son Marcus Antonius, in the firm belief that if he wore the name he would also acquire the qualities and virtues of this once eminent Roman.

The nerves of Mrs. Stanley, in consequence of her selecting so distinguished a name for her son, received two considerable shocks. The first was from the clergyman who christened the youthful object of Mrs. Stanley's hopes and aspirations. This ancient but excellent man knew more about religion than he did about Latin, and the youngster's name, as it fell from the clerical lips, was a study in pronunciation which, in spelling, would baffle even the excessively wide latitude of the laws of phonetics. The second jar upon the nerves of Mrs. Stanley was when her husband, a few days after the christening, asserted his authority, for the first time since he had assumed the honoured position of husband to Mrs. Stanley, and flatly declared that "We'll jest call this 'ere young un Mark, an' nothin' else, an' leave off that air darned heathen nonsense."

Mrs. Stanley made vociferous remonstrance, but all in vain. Failing, she consoled herself by the thought that her husband was not born in Boston, and so could not accept matters after the manner of people of true enlightenment.

While her tears were drying, the stature of the boy gradually increased; and in this was new sorrow for the lacerated heart and tortured soul of Mrs. Stanley. She was, at last, convinced of the sound judgment of her husband in insisting, years before, upon the simplification of the name of their son. It was now plainly apparent that Marcus Antonius would scarcely have fitted him: the plainer Mark was very much better. In spite of herself, the barometer of Mrs. Stanley's appreciation of her son had, little by little, been lowering ever since she first cradled him upon her delighted and hopeful bosom. At first she had entertained for him aspirations towards the Presidency. Later developments made her more modest, and she thought he might do better, owing to certain peculiarities she saw in him, as United States Senator. That hope, too, the unfoldings of his mind forced her to relinquish; but she comforted herself, for nearly three years, by persistently maintaining that he would yet honour his native State as its governor. But after the hard-handed Fates wrung this cherished dream from her, she let slip, one after another, the long line of golden possibilities she had once deemed his to select from, and she was finally confronted by the incontrovertible fact that Mark, taking him for all that he was worth, and making generous allowance at that, would, at most, be only a pronouncedly indifferent farmer.

"He dunno 'nough ter make a stun fence," said his father, when Mark was twenty years old. "Better sen' 'im down ter Bosting, ole woman; he mought 'mount ter somethin' there."

There was, however, one thing which gratified Mrs. Stanley exceedingly. If he was nothing else, Mark Stanley was pious. This was in part because of a faint dash of Puritanism which he inherited from one of his mother's Connecticut ancestors; in part because of the excessively religious character of the musty and limited family library; and in part because with his peculiar quality of intellect he could comprehend religion better than anything else.

It was his interest in religion which, indirectly, changed the whole course of Mark Stanley's life.

Just before he attained majority, there was a religious revival at Bennington, which, if rumour might be relied upon, was likely to extend throughout New England. So extensive a movement could not fail to call out all of Mark Stanley's enthusiasm, and all through that winter he made regular trips to Bennington, once a week, to attend the "protracted meeting." He found it agreeable and convenient, on each of these trips, to stay in Bennington over-night, and in this way he soon made extensive additions to his circle of acquaintances.

In Arlington, his own town, his father's estimate of him was pretty generally accepted, as a father's estimate usually is when it happens to be derogatory, and he was altogether ignored by the girls, who called him "Stanley's calf." In Bennington the case was very different. Female society was his not only for the taking, but it was thrust upon him, vigorously and vehemently, whether he wanted it or not. This was especially pleasing to him, and he was nothing dismayed by the fact that the most of the young women were "factory-girls." They were attentive to him, and that, since it was so entirely a new experience, was quite sufficient.

The immediate result of all this was Mark's announcement to his parents, the following spring, that he intended marrying a Bennington girl at once. Surprise, the first emotion which this admission engendered, was swiftly merged into consternation when the further disclosure was made that the object of Mark's adoration was a factory-girl.

Subsequent investigation concerning this young woman led to discoveries which wrenched the bosom of Mrs. John Stanley as nothing else ever had.

Mary Harris, whom Mark proposed marrying, was possessed of uncommon beauty, and but little else. She was the daughter of a farmer, who, dying intestate, left his children to take care of themselves. Mary had three brothers, all of whom were older than herself. Her mother had died when she was two years old, and so she had grown up with no very definite principles. She was not quite fifteen when her father died, a few weeks after which event she and her brothers had moved to Bennington, to work in the factories. The transition from the quiet, isolated farm, where, free and unrestrained, she had lived so entirely with her father and brothers, to the lively, bustling town, was a dangerous one for her, in every sense. It was a loose, lax life, without limit or outline, and, though it was new, strange, and almost incomprehensible to her at first, she soon accepted it as a settled and definite whole, and that, too, without criticism or analysis. Her brothers loved her, and did everything in their power for her comfort; but beyond that they gave her no thought. She was still free and unrestrained. Back on the farm, this freedom had done her no especial injury. Now, because of it, she was overshadowed with every variety of danger and calamity. Worst of all, it was all unintelligible to her. The very hopelessness and helplessness of her position were increased—doubled, almost—because she was so painfully unconscious of its true significance.

She escaped much which seemed almost predestined to befall her, but wholly because of the thorough ignorance which, in direct opposition to what is usual under such circumstances, was her strongest safeguard.

These five years in Bennington did most harm to Mary Harris because in them the heedlessness and carelessness which, by force of circumstances, were her earliest traits, were not only increased, but fastened upon her beyond shaking off. Her sins were of omission rather than of commission. She had done nothing for which she need blush, but her utter failure to grasp and understand the things of life, as they really are, deprived her of so much which is, in the best and truest sense, womanly, that she was practically unfitted for wife-hood. Living in the house with a woman who was a religious fanatic had warped and twisted her out of proportion in this way; while the frequent and indiscriminate praising which her beauty had won for her had developed her vanity a long way in advance of nearly everything else.

This was the woman whom Mark Stanley presented to his mother as his intended wife.

Ever since his infancy, her son had been a succession of shocks, or, rather, one continuous shock, to Mrs. John Stanley. He had disappointed all her hopes,—fondest as well as slightest,—and now he was about inflicting upon her the

severest shock and disappointment of all. After talking an hour with Mary Harris, Mrs. Stanley walked out of the girl's presence with set lips and a pale face.

"Mark," she said to her son, "what can you see in this Harris woman to love?"

"She is very pretty and very pious; and—"

But Mrs. Stanley turned away. Marcus Antonius indeed! How could she have been fool enough to select such a name? But the fault lay with her philosophy. She had expected more than was reasonable, and so was bound to meet with disappointment.

A few weeks later Mark Stanley and Mary Harris were married. They went at once to New York, where, in accordance with a plan of Mrs. John Stanley's, they were to stay for a couple of months, so that Mary would have something else than Bennington gossip to talk of.

Mark Stanley and his wife reached New York just as the California gold craze was at its height. He listened to the fabulous stories of the Western wonderland until he was wild with excitement and eager to join the vast army of gold-hunters.

He wrote to his father for money, and received it with a promptness which startled him. To John Stanley it was the best way out of the difficulty. He looked upon Mark as a thorough failure. His wife, all along, had led him to expect great things from her son. And when Mark, after all, turned out like the general run of young men—perhaps a little below the general run—he felt as if he had been imposed upon, and regarded his wife with contempt, and despised their son. Mrs. Stanley objected to her son's wife because all of that which she counted womanly was lacking in the Bennington factory-girl. Her husband, less generous, hated "that Harris gal" because, but for her, "Mark mought hev got hitched ter somebody what had shekels." If the young husband and wife were sent to California, something might come of it "what 'ould set things straight ag'in."

That was why the money for which Mark asked came so quickly.

There was a constant stream of emigrants pouring westward out of New York, and Mark Stanley and his pretty wife soon plunged into the midst of this enthusiastic tide. These two were happy and contented with each other, and it made but little difference to them whether any third person, no matter who, regarded them kindly or harshly.

The swift railway-trains soon hurried them to the limits of civilization, and the rest of their journey was more prolonged and fatiguing, as they went across the prairies, and up the great plains, with a wagon-train. One night, just as they had reached the very foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, a storm of such remarkable violence that none of the would-be miners had ever experienced anything like it before suddenly swept down upon them. Their guides, hilarious because they had reached the mountains without molestation from the Indians, began pouring undue quantities of whiskey into their throats that morning, and before noon, even, they were helplessly drunk. At nightfall they were wholly incapacitated for making camp ready. Had they been sober, the calamity which followed might easily have been averted. As it was, when the storm was at its height, a war-party of Ute Indians suddenly swooped down upon the emigrants, and, with three exceptions, murdered every man, woman, and child in the party. The exceptions were Mrs. Stanley, who was spared for her unusual beauty, Mark Stanley, and John Dubb, a youthful Maine wood-chopper of about seventeen years. The two men were saved because they were looked upon as good subjects for the torture-stake.

As soon as the work of slaughter and thievery was over, the Utes pushed forward into the mountains, moving as rapidly as possible until daylight, when, for a couple of hours, they went into temporary camp.

When they resumed their wanderings, the party divided. Half-a-dozen of the hideously-painted warriors took the unfortunate Mary Stanley, and went directly south, and the others, with Mark Stanley and Dubb, moved northward for a day and a night, and then came out of the mountains upon the plains again.

Mary Stanley was not allowed a single word of parting with her husband, and the two were crazed with grief at their cruel separation. He was glad of one thing: convinced that he was only saved for torture, he felt that he could meet death easier if she was not forced to witness it. He understood, perfectly well, that she would be forced to accept some chief for a husband,—very likely the one who captured them; and he could only hope that death would speedily end her misery and suffering.

At sunset, three nights after the massacre, an Indian scout came in, and the party who held Mark Stanley and John Dubb prisoners was immediately thrown into a turmoil by the news he brought. The fires were out out at once,

and the whole camp was made ready for an apparently expected attack. The two prisoners were made to understand that any noise from them would result in their instant annihilation.

All through the night Stanley lay sleepless, and almost breathless, wondering if those whom his captors awaited were soldiers, or only savages, like themselves. About two hours before daylight, when the Utes were sleeping, there was a sudden rush and a series of fiendish yells, which seemed to turn all of Stanley's blood to ice. The Utes sprang up, with answering yells, but altogether too late. In spite of their vigilance, their enemies, one of the marauding plains tribes, had, by superior cunning, stolen in upon them; and now, by force of superior numbers, the Utes were overcome. The murder of the emigrants, three nights before, was now avenged, but Mark Stanley and John Dubb were prisoners to new captors.

The Indians in whose hands the two survivors of the ill-fated party had now fallen started northward, skirting the edge of the mountains, at a slow pace. A week later they went into camp, where the main tributary of the North Platte leaves the mountains. A few days afterwards, Stanley and Dubb succeeded in making their escape. Dubb volunteered to help Stanley search for his wife, and the two men set out along the back track. It is needless to give the details of that long, weary search. Sometimes a small party of soldiers would help Stanley, but most of the time he and Dubb, assisted always by a competent guide, scoured the mountains alone. At the end of two years, which made a radical change in the character of Mark Stanley, the search for his wife was abandoned.

CHAPTER II.

To John Dubb the two years following his escape from the Indians were like the threading of an intricate and puzzling labyrinth, they were in such direct contrast to the kind of life he had known in the pine forests of Maine, where it was customary to take whatever happened as a matter of course, and to make the most of it. In the wild, reckless, uncivilized West, and in the unqualified change in the character of Mark Stanley, Dubb saw a vast deal which he could not reconcile to the tenets of Maine woods philosophy. Dubb's mental processes were somewhat peculiar. It can scarcely be said that he reasoned things out, for he lacked a logical mind; but there were a few stolid principles, or fundamental laws, which, like all other Maine lumbermen, he applied to everything. Whatever came without the scope of this schedule of measurement he regarded gravely, sometimes suspiciously, and on extraordinary occasions—when circumstances were in an uncommon degree remarkable—with something as closely akin to horror as was in consonance with a man of Dubb's disposition. According to his system of ethics, ill fortune should, whenever it was possible and practicable, be remedied; this, however, being sometimes out of the question, the unavoidable evil should then be uncomplainingly accepted as the best thing possible under the circumstances, and, consequently, as exactly the right thing. To his calm, serene mind, the only actual, out-and-out evils were resistance of the inevitable, and complaint against the irresistible. Of course he never put this into words, and, in fact, it never even passed through his mind in the form of definite and tangible thought; yet, in substance, he always felt it, and always acted upon it.

Dubb never seemed surprised—never startled; but there were some things in this new and undreamed-of Western life which resisted encompassment within the limits of his principles of moral harmony; and chief among these was the transition which the character of Mark Stanley underwent between the time when Dubb first saw him, and the giving up of the search for Mrs. Stanley, two years afterwards.

When the Stanleys were coming across the prairies, and up the plains, there were two things about Mark which made strong impression upon Dubb. One of these was the young husband's piety, and the other was his openly manifested affection for his wife. Consequently, when the Indians snatched Mrs. Stanley away, Dubb confidently expected that Mark would bear his affliction with Christian fortitude, and, furthermore, that nothing short of death would ever dissuade him from his pursuit for his abducted wife.

In both of these more or less warrantable conclusions Dubb was disappointed. Mark Stanley did not bear the interruption of his domestic bliss with anything which bore the slightest resemblance to Christian fortitude; and he would have given up the search for Mrs. Stanley in less than six months after the Utes took her from him, but for the intervention of Dubb. At first, Mark had taken the abduction of his wife with the extremest bitterness, and had declared that he would never rest until every one connected with the outrage had suffered vengeance at his hands.

In a few weeks, however, he seemed profoundly indifferent as to her fate, and ceased to evince any further interest in the

No. 15.—QUARTET. Angels.—Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. He never will suffer the righteous to fall: He is at thy right hand.

Thy mercy, Lord, is great; and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee!

No. 16.—RECITATIVE. Elijah.—O Thou, who makest Thine angels spirits;—Thou, whose ministers are flaming fires, let them now descend!

CHORUS. The People.—The fire descends from heaven; the flames consume his offering! Before Him upon your faces fall! The Lord is God: O Israel, hear! Our God is one Lord; and we will have no other gods before the Lord!

RECITATIVE. Elijah.—Take all the prophets of Baal; and let not one of them escape you: bring them down to Kishon's brook, and there let them be slain.

CHORUS. The People.—Take all the prophets of Baal; and let not one of them escape us; bring all, and slay them!

No. 17.—ARIA. Elijah.—Is not His word like a fire: and like a hammer that breaketh the rock into pieces?

For God is angry with the wicked every day: and if the wicked turn not, the Lord will whet His sword; and He hath bent His bow, and made it ready.

No. 18.—ARIOSO.—(ALTO.) Woe unto them who forsake Him! destruction shall fall upon them, for they have transgressed against Him. Though they are by Him redeemed, yet they have spoken falsely against Him.

No. 19.—SOLO.—(TENOR.) Obadiah.—O man of God, help thy people! Among the idols of the Gentiles, are there any that can command the rain, or cause the heavens to give their showers? The Lord our God alone can do these things.

RECITATIVE WITH CHORUS. Elijah.—O Lord, thou hast overthrown thine enemies and destroyed them. Look down on us from heaven, O Lord; regard the distress of Thy people: open the heavens and send us relief: help, help Thy servant, O God!

The People.—Open the heavens and send us relief: help, help Thy servant now, O God!

Elijah.—Go up now, child, and look toward the sea. Hath my prayer been heard by the Lord?

The Youth.—There is nothing. The heavens are as brass above me.

Elijah.—When the heavens are closed up because they have sinned against Thee, yet if they pray and confess Thy name, and turn from their sin when Thou dost afflict them; then hear from heaven, and forgive the sin! Help! send Thy servant help, O God!

The People.—Then hear from heaven, and forgive the sin! Help! send Thy servant help, O Lord!

Elijah.—Go up again, and still look toward the sea.

The Youth.—There is nothing. The earth is as iron under me!

Elijah.—Hearst thou no sound of rain?—seest thou nothing arise from the deep?

The Youth.—No; there is nothing.

Elijah.—Have respect to the prayer of Thy servant, O Lord, my God! Unto Thee will I cry, Lord, my rock; be not silent to me; and Thy great mercies remember, Lord!

The Youth.—Behold, a little cloud ariseth now from the waters; it is like a man's hand! The heavens are black with clouds and with wind; the storm rusheth louder and louder!

The People.—Thanks be to God, for all His mercies!

Elijah.—Thanks be to God, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for evermore!

No. 20.—CHORUS. Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land! The waters gather; they rush along; they are lifting their voices! The stormy billows are high; their fury is mighty. But the Lord is above them, and Almighty!

PART II.

No. 21.—ARIA.—(SOPRANO.) Hear ye, Israel; hear what the Lord speaketh:—"Oh, hastid thou heeded my commandments!" Who hath believed our report; and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed!

Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, and His Holy One, to him oppressed by tyrants: thus saith the Lord—

He that comforteth; be not afraid, for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee. Say, who art thou, that thou art afraid of a man that shall die; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, who hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the earth's foundation? Be not afraid, for I thy God will strengthen thee.

No. 22.—CHORUS. Be not afraid, saith God the Lord. Be not afraid! thy help is near. God, the Lord thy God, saith unto thee, "Be not afraid!"

Though thousands languish and fall beside thee, and tens of thousands around thee perish, yet still it shall not come nigh thee.

No. 23.—RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. Elijah.—The Lord hath exalted thee from among the people; and over His people Israel hath made the king. But thou, Ahab, hast done evil to provoke him to anger above all that were before thee: as if it had been a light thing for thee to walk in the sins of Jeroboam. Thou hast made a grove and an altar to Baal, and served him, and worshipped him. Thou hast killed the righteous, and also taken possession.

And the Lord shall smite all Israel, as a reed is shaken in the water; and He shall give Israel up, and thou shalt know He is the Lord.

The Queen.—Have ye not heard he hath prophesied against all Israel.

Chorus.—We heard it with our ears.

The Queen.—Hath he not prophesied also against the King of Israel?

Chorus.—We heard it with our ears.

The Queen.—And why hath he spoken in the name of the Lord? Doth Ahab govern the kingdom of Israel while Elijah's power is greater than the king's?

The gods do so to me, and more; if, by to-morrow about this time, I make not his life as the life of one of them whom he hath sacrificed at the brook of Kishon!

Chorus.—He shall perish!

The Queen.—Hath he not destroyed Baal's prophets?

Chorus.—He shall perish!

The Queen.—Yea, by the sword he destroyed them all!

Chorus.—He destroyed them all!

The Queen.—He also closed the heavens!

Chorus.—He also closed the heavens!

The Queen.—And called down a famine upon the land.

Chorus.—And called down a famine upon the land.

The Queen.—So go ye forth and seize Elijah, for he is worthy to die. Slaughter him! do unto him as he hath done!

No. 24.—CHORUS. Woe to him, he shall perish; for he closed the heavens! And why hath he spoken in the name of the Lord? Let the guilty prophet perish! He hath spoken falsely against our land and us, as we heard with our ears. So go ye forth; seize on him! He shall die!

No. 25.—RECITATIVE. Obadiah.—Man of God, now let my words be precious in thy sight. Thus saith Jerebel: "Elijah is worthy to die." So the mighty gather against thee, and they have prepared a net for thy steps; that they may seize thee, that they may slay thee. Arise, then, and hasten for thy life; to the wilderness journey. The Lord thy God doth go with thee; He will not fail thee; He will not forsake thee. Now, begone, and bless me also.

Elijah.—Though stricken, they have not grieved! Tarry here, my servant: the Lord be with thee. I journey hence to the wilderness.

No. 26.—ARIA. Elijah.—It is enough, O Lord; now take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers! I desire to live no longer; now let me die, for my days are but vanity!

I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts! for the children of Israel have broken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I, only am left; and they seek my life to take it away.

No. 27.—RECITATIVE. See, now he sleepeth beneath a juniper tree, in the wilderness; and there the angels of the Lord encamp round about all them that fear Him.

No. 28.—TERZETTO. Angels.—Lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh help. Thy help cometh from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be moved: thy Keeper will never slumber.

No. 29.—CHORUS. Angels.—He, watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps. Shouldst thou, walking in grief, languish, He will quicken thee.

No. 30.—RECITATIVE. An Angel.—Arise, Elijah, for thou hast a long journey before thee. Forty days and forty nights shalt thou go; to Horeb, the mount of God.

Elijah.—O Lord, I have laboured in vain; yea, I have spent my strength for naught!

O that Thou wouldst rend the heavens, that Thou wouldst come down; that the mountains would flow down at Thy presence, to make Thy name known to thine adversaries, through the wonders of Thy works!

O Lord, why hast Thou made them to err from Thy ways, and hardened their hearts that they do not fear thee? O that I now might die!

No. 31.—ARIA. O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires. Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thyself because of evil doers.

No. 32.—CHORUS. He that shall endure to the end shall be saved.

No. 33.—RECITATIVE. Elijah.—Night falleth round me, O Lord! Be Thou not far from me! hide not Thy face, O Lord, from me; my soul is thirsting for Thee, as a thirsty land.

An Angel.—Arise, now! get thee without, stand on the mount before the Lord; for there His glory will appear and shine on thee; Thy face must be veiled, for He draweth near.

No. 34.—CHORUS. Behold! God the Lord passed by! And a mighty wind rent the mountains around, brake in pieces the rocks, brake them before the Lord: but yet the Lord was not in the tempest.

Behold! God the Lord passed by! And the sea was upheaved, and the earth was shaken: but yet the Lord was not in the earthquake.

And after the earthquake there came a fire! but yet the Lord was not in the fire.

And after the fire there came a still small voice: and in that still voice, onward came the Lord.

No. 35.—RECITATIVE. Above Him stood the Seraphim, and one cried to another:

QUARTET AND CHORUS. Angels.—Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord—the Lord Sabaoth! Now His glory hath filled all the earth.

(NOTE.—Numbers 36, 37, and 38 may be omitted.)

No. 36.—RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. Chorus.—Go, return upon thy way! For the Lord yet hath left Him seven thousand in Israel, knees which have not bowed to Baal; go, return upon thy way; Thus the Lord commandeth.

RECITATIVE. Elijah.—I go on my way in the strength of the Lord. For Thou art my Lord; and I will suffer for thy sake. My heart is therefore glad, my glory rejoiceth, and my flesh shall also rest in hope.

No. 37.—ARIOSO. Elijah.—For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but Thy kindness shall not depart from me, neither shall the covenant of Thy peace be removed.

No. 38.—CHORUS. Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like a fire; his words appeared like burning torches. Mighty kings by him were overthrown. He stood on the mount of Sinai, and heard the judgments of the future: and in Horeb, his vengeance.

And when the Lord would take him away to heaven, lo! there came a fiery chariot, with fiery horses; and he went by a whirlwind to heaven.

No. 39.—ARIA.—(TENOR.) Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in their heavenly Father's realm. Joy on their head shall be for everlasting, and all sorrow and mourning shall flee away for ever.

(Nos. 40 and 41 will be omitted.)

QUARTET. O! come every one that thirsteth, O come to the waters; and come unto Him. O hear, and your souls shall live for ever!

No. 42.—CHORUS. And then shall your light break forth as the light of morning breaketh; and your health shall speedily spring forth then; and the glory of the Lord ever shall reward you.

Lord, our Creator, how excellent Thy name is in all the nations! Thou fillest heaven with Thy Glory. Amen.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITAL AND SACRED CONCERT

To be given on SUNDAY, the 10th of MAY, 1891.

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

- AT 12.30. 1. FANTASIA in C minor Berens 4. CANTILENA Jules Grison 2. ANDANTE CANTABILE (4th Symphonie) Widor 5. MINUET AND TRIO Stevedale Bennett 3. {a. AIR "He shall feed His flock"} From the {b. CHORUS "Lift up your heads"} "Messiah" Handel 6. GRAND CHEUR in F. Jules Grison

AT 4 O'CLOCK.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY & ORCHESTRA.

Conductors—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A., and Mr. W. R. CAVE. Organist—Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

Part II. of HANDEL'S Oratorio "SAMSON."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Samson MR. BERNARD LANE | Dalila his wife MRS. HELEN TRUST Mirah his friend | MISS AGNES VALLERIS | Harapha a giant of Gath MR. ROBERT NEWMAN

OVERTURE (3RD MOVEMENT).

- 31 CHORUS. Israelites. Then round about the starry throne Of Him who ever rules alone, Your heavenly guided soul shall climb: Of all this earthly grossness quit, With glory crown'd for ever sit, And triumph over Death; and thee, O Time!
- 34 RECITATIVE. Samson. My evils hopeless are, one pray'r remains, A speedy death to close my miseries. Micah. Relieve Thy champion, image of Thy strength, And turn his labours to a peaceful end.

35 AIR.
Return, O God of Hosts! behold
Thy servant in distress,
His mighty griefs redress,
Nor by the heathen be told.
36 CHORUS.
Israelites.
To dust his glory they would tread
And number him amongst the dead.

37 RECITATIVE.
Micah.
But who is this, that so bedecked and gay,
Comes this way sailing like a stately ship?
'Tis Dalila, thy wife.

Samson.
My wife? my traitress! let her not come near me.
Dalila.

With doubtful feet, and wav'ring resolution,
I come, O Samson, dreading thy displeasure;
But conjugal affection led me on,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt.
Glad if in aught my help or love could serve to
expiate my rash, unthought misdeed.

38 AIR.
Dalila.
With plaintive notes and am'rous moan,
Thus coos the turtle left alone.

43 AIR.
My faith and truth, O Samson, prove;
But hear me, hear the voice of love.
With love no mortal can be cloyed,
All happiness is love enjoyed.

44 CHORUS.
Virgins.
Her faith and truth, O Samson prove:
But hear her, hear the voice of love.

50 RECITATIVE.
Samson.
Ne'er think of that, I know thy warbling charms,
Thy trains, thy wiles, and fair enchanted cup.
Their force is null'd. Where once I have been caught,
I shun the snare. These chains, this prison-house,
I count the house of liberty to thine.

51 DUET.
Dalila.
Traitor to love, I'll sue no more
For pardon scorned, your threats give o'er.

Samson.
Traitor to love, I'll hear no more
The charmer's voice, your arts give o'er.

54 RECITATIVE.
Samson.
Favour'd of heaven is he who finds one true;
How rarely found!—his way to peace is smooth.

55 CHORUS.
Israelites.
To man God's universal law
Gave pow'r to keep his wife in awe;
Thus shall his life be n'er dismay'd,
By female usurpation sway'd.

56 RECITATIVE.
Micah.
No words of peace, no voice enchanting fear,
A rougher tongue expect,—here's Harapha,
I know him by his stride and haughty look.
Enter HARAPHA AND PHILISTINES.

Harapha.
I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance;
I am of Gath, men call me Harapha;
Thou know'st me now; of thy prodigious might
Much have I heard, incredible to me!
In this displeas'd, that never in the field
We met, to try each other's deeds of strength:
I'd see if thy appearance answers loud report.

Samson.
The way to know, were not to see, but taste.
Harapha.
Ha! dost thou then already single me?
I thought that labour and thy chains had tamed thee.
Had fortune brought me to that field of death,
Where thou wrought'st wonders with an ass's jaw,
I'd left thy carcase where the ass lay dead.

Samson.
Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do.
Harapha.
The honour certain to have won from thee
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out;
To combat with a blind man I disdain.

57 AIR.
Honour and arms scorn such a foe,
Tho' 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 triumph I disdain.

60 *Samson.*
Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster? yet take heed;
My heels are fettered, but my hands are free.
Thou bulk of spirit void, I once again,
Blind, and in chains, provoke thee to the fight.

Harapha.
O Dagon! can I hear this insolence,
To me unused, not rendering instant death!

61 DUET.
Samson.
Go, baffled coward, go,
Lest vengeance lay thee low;
In safety fly my wrath with speed.

Harapha.
Presume not on thy God,
Who under foot has trod
Thy strength and thee, at greatest need.

62 RECITATIVE.
Micah.
Here lies the proof;—if Dagon be thy god,
With high devotion invoke his aid.
His glory is concerned; let him dissolve
Those magic spells that gave our hero strength:
Then know whose god is God; Dagon of mortal
make,
Or that Great One whom Abram's sons adore.

63 CHORUS.
Israelites.
Hear, Jacob's God, Jehovah, hear!
Oh save us, prostrate at Thy throne!
Israel depends on Thee alone;
Save us, and show that 'Thou art near.

64 RECITATIVE.
Harapha.
Dagon, arise, attend thy sacred feast;
Thy honour calls, this day admits no rest.

66 CHORUS.
Philistines.
To song and dance we give the day,
Which shows Thy universal sway.
Protect us by Thy mighty hand,
And sweep this race from out the land.

67 CHORUS.
Israelites and Philistines.
Fixed in His everlasting seat,
Jehovah } rules the world in state.
Great Dagon }
His thunder roars, heaven shakes, and earth's aghast.
The stars with deep amaze,
Remain in steadfast gaze;
Jehovah } is of Gods the first and last.
Great Dagon }

- AT 8 O'CLOCK.
- 1. MARCHE FUNÈBRE *Chopin*
 - 2. SELECTION from the "Lieder ohne worte" *Mendelssohn*
 - 3. ALLEGRETTO in B minor *Guilmant*
 - 4. GRAND CHŒUR in D. *Guilmant*
 - 5. AIR "Wise men flatt'ring" (Judas Maccabæus) *Handel*
 - 6. CHORUS OF ANGELS *Scotson Clarke*
 - 7. WAR MARCH OF THE PRIESTS (Athalie)... .. *Mendelssohn*

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITAL & CONCERT

To be given on WEDNESDAY, MAY 13th, at 8 o'clock.

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

VOCALISTS—MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN. MISS RHODA SUTHERLAND.
SOLO VIOLIN—MR. LOUIS H. ROBBINS. ACCOMPANIST—MISS FLORENCE PHILLIPS.

1. ORGAN SOLO ... "Concert Fantasia" *Sir Robert Stewart*
MR. B. JACKSON.

2. SONG ... "Tears" *Cowan*
MISS RHODA SUTHERLAND.

There are tears of little children, who weep and know not why;
There are tears let fall by the old folk, dreaming of days gone by.
There are tears in the eyes of lovers, who, dumb and despairing,
part;
But those are the best and truest that come from the very heart!
There are tears of joy and gladness, when two, parted, meet
again;
There are tears that are shed in secret, wrung from a soul in pain.
There are tears of pity, priceless as gems in the crown of a king:
For the eyes are the flowing fountains, the heart is the hidden
spring!
Father, when thy bright angels look down from on high, and see
The frailty of these thy children, who look not up to Thee;
When the angel that recordeth shall write in the book of years,
Remember, O Lord, our sorrows, and count unto us our tears!

3. ORGAN SOLO... "Serenade" *Braga*
MR. B. JACKSON.

4. VIOLIN SOLO Andante Religioso *Thomé*
MR. LOUIS H. ROBBINS.

5. ORGAN SOLOS { a Cantilena *Grisson*
{ b Finales *Widor*
MR. B. JACKSON.

6. SONG ... "The Years at the Spring" *Hartog*
MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN.

The year's at the spring and day's at the morn,
Mornings at seven, the hill-side's dew-pearl'd,
The lark's on the wing, the snail's on the thorn,
God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world.
—E. B. Browning.

7. ORGAN SOLO... Selection from "Faust" *Gounod*
MR. B. JACKSON.

8. DUET ... "Over the Hawthorn Hedge" *Glover*
MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN AND MISS RHODA
SUTHERLAND.

Twilight now is softly stealing,
And the lengthening shadows grow;
Flowerets bright their charms concealing,
Hide them in the dim hedgerow.
Heigho! what magic power,
What spell is in the twilight hour.

Fi! oh, fie! 'tis now the gloaming,
Soon will be the daylight flown,
Maidens now should not be roaming:
What hath brought you here alone?
I've only come, ere daylight fades,
To gather wild flowers in the glades.

But why are you thus wandering still?
To see the moon rise o'er the hill.
The moon? to see the moon?
Look in the hawthorn hedge and see
Lubin is waiting there for thee.
And you look down you bracken hollow
There you will see young Colin follow.

Ah me! 'tis very plain
You come to meet with shepherd swain;
To list to { Colin's } loving tale.
{ Lubin's }

9. ORGAN SOLO "Commemoration March" *Clark*
MR. B. JACKSON.

10. VIOLIN SOLO Concerto, No. 5, Last Movement *De Bériot*
MR. LOUIS H. ROBBINS.

11. SONG ... "We'll keep the Old Grey Mare" *Molloy*
MISS RHODA SUTHERLAND.

We'll keep the old grey mare awhile, white'er the neighbours
say, John;
True, lad, she is no longer young, but we are old to-day, John.
I mind me of that market day, when coming back from fair, John,
I gave my heart away to you, when driving home the mare, John.
She took us to the village church the day that we were wed, John,
I think she knew the wedding-bells the way she held her head,
John.
And after, on his Chrissom day, whose little grave is there, John;
Our bonnie laddie loved her too. We'll keep the old grey mare,
John.

Ah, lad, this life has ups and downs; we've shared them all
since then, John.
I sometimes think that poor dumb things are truer friends than
men, John.
For homeless wand'rer at the gate we've aye a crust to spare,
John;
So for the sake of those dear days, we'll keep the old grey mare,
John.

12. ORGAN SOLO "Allegro Moderato" in A *Hopkins*
MR. B. JACKSON.

13. SONG ... "Better to say Good-bye" *Mrs. Goodree*
MADAME ADELAIDE MULLEN.

When I sit alone in the shadow time,
And the bells of memory softly chime,
Like a music echoed in accents low,
From the far-off towers of long ago;
Then I think of all that you were to me,
And of all that once you were yet to be,
And my wistful heart overbrims again
With its old, old measure of untold pain;
Then do I think of you, darling, then do I wonder
why,
Why it is better to part, love, better to say good-bye.

But across my dreaming, your face I see,
Thro' the bells of men'sry you speak to me,
And a sense of quiet my spirit feels
As a shadow cloud o'er a garden steals;
For a flower that blooms in our rain of tears
Is the perfect peace of the after years;
I can hear you say in that moment's bliss,
It was well to part, just to meet like this;
Then do I trust in you, darling, then do I ask not
why,
Why it is wiser to part, love, better to say good-bye.
—Clifton Bingham.

14. ORGAN SOLO ... "Marche Nuptiale" *Clement Loret*
MR. B. JACKSON.

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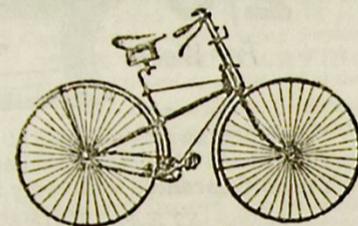


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