

August 7, 1891.

*The Palace Journal.*

83

**Science and Art Examinations.****SUBJECT VIII.—SOUND, LIGHT, AND HEAT.***Advanced 2nd.*

Chapman, Ernest A. Dunn, John H.  
Judd, Alfred E.

*Elementary 1st.*

Abbott, John. Hardy, John S.  
Boustead, Robert N. Leys, John.  
Bryan, Peter. McCormick, Charles F.  
Bramley, Charles P. Merritt, Charles G.  
Bright, Alfred. McMillan, Alfred E.  
Baxter, Charles W. May, Thomas J.  
Barlow, Archibald H. Peachey, Harry.  
Cleverly, George A. Poole, Victor J.  
Capel, Arthur. Pledge, John R. W.  
Clark, Arthur. Rawlings, Herbert.  
Collingwood, James. Robinson, Arthur J.  
Cunningham, Charles J. Relton, Thomas H.  
Dowsett, Frank D. Sherwin, Ernest B.  
Darling, Henry A. Smail, Stephen G.  
Edmunds, Samuel. Shearmur, Ernest R. D.  
Everett, Walter. Saxby, Wm. F.  
Fardell, Charles J. Stables, Robert L.  
Fryer, John E. G. Vyse, Thomas M.  
Gravener, Fredk. W. White, Arthur J.  
Gatrill, Arthur F. M. Worow, Isaac.  
Gairns, John F. White, John H.  
Hayes, Alfred J. Williams, William.  
Heath, Henry W. White, Richard W.  
Hitchcock, Charles. Weaver, Albert J.  
Head, Ernest F. Worow, Harry H.  
Harvey, Frank W. Wheatley, Edward.

*Elementary 2nd.*

Bowen, Lewis M. Keable, Alfred H.  
Chapman, Arthur S. Kilmaster, William.  
Carnegie, William. Lyall, John W.  
Drake, Joseph W. D. Martin, Frank.  
Davis, Charles A. Parsons, Alfred.  
Gates, Thomas G. Piper, George F.  
Gibson, Hamilton R. Robinson, Horace D.  
Hewett, John W. Relf, John.  
Hamling, Charles, A. Taylor, Edwin S.  
Hine, Philip T. Vincent, Wallace.  
Hannan, Francis J. Walker, Percy J.  
Ilett, George C. Wheeler, William E.  
Jeffries, Joseph G. Watson, Henry E.

**SUBJECT X.—INORGANIC CHEMISTRY.***Advanced 1st.*

Bohl, Percival, H. Chapman, Ernest A.  
Barlow, Archibald H. Worow, Harry H.  
Yetton, Thomas.

*Advanced 2nd.*

Blyth, Thomas R. Hatley, Stephen H.  
Belcher, Leon J. Hepburn, Andrew.  
Burton, William J. Rossiter, Sidney.  
Batchelor, Charles E. Sayers, Walter.  
Dodd, Frederick J. Scadeng, David S.  
Ferguson, Richard H. Terret, Robert.  
Walker, Edward H.

*Elementary 1st.*

Apps, William S. Evans, Athol G.  
Bennett, Robert L. Fryer, Fredk. W.  
Browning, William E. Philpot, Harold P.  
Catherine Arthur F. Palmer, Charles T.  
Carvooso, William J. Thicke, William C.  
Derbyshire, Walter H. White, Ernest.  
Wright, Ernest W.

*Elementary 2nd.*

Aaron, Albert. Butler, Ernest W.  
Atkins, Charles R. Cooper, Walter L.  
Bacon, John. Clarke, Wm. F.  
Baulch, Sidney W. O. Colsell, Joseph H.  
Browning, George R. Catherall, Geo. H. F.  
Bailey, Henry J. Coggeshall, James B.  
Bryant, Fredk. E. Clements, Albert E.  
Baines, Frank. Dixon, Ernest J.  
Barnes, Harry H. Davis, Fredk. H. R.

Day, Walter D.  
Downey, Sidney A. N.  
Denehey, Joseph L.  
Fitzgibbon, Thomas.  
Gladen, Reginald E.  
Grinder, Tom.  
Higgins, Philip.  
Hancock, Percy B.  
Hall, Arthur J.  
Hawkesworth, Henry.  
Holyfield, Sidney.  
Horton, Arthur B.  
Jaggers, Wm. J.  
Knodler, Fredk. C.  
Keddell, Wm. F.  
Kimpton, Thos.  
Lazarus, Henry.  
Mathys, Albert W.  
Marsh, Charles E.  
Merritt, Herbert L.  
Merrin, Charles A.  
Mahoney, John.  
Moloney, Joseph H. R.  
Newland, Edwin J.  
Penfold, Wm. T.  
Phillips, Henry A.  
Partridge, Henry R.  
Watts, Ethelbert.

Patterson, John L.  
Palmer, John D.  
Pike, Benj. E.  
Pattison, Percy.  
Reid, Lionel J.  
Russell, George L.  
Rumsey, Wm. H.  
Roach, Wm. G.  
Smith, Charles.  
Sturt, Charles.  
Smith, Sidney.  
Short, Ernest R.  
Sparling, Thomas C.  
Stimson, Sidney J. P.  
Shonk, Albert.  
Stables, Alfred M.  
Shaw, Fredk. C.  
Spencer, Francis.  
Thompson, Alfred J.  
Tomkins, Alfred B.  
Thompson, George.  
Tervet, William P.  
Thompson, Drury F.  
Westley, Wm. H.  
Watsham, Edmund W. E.  
Wildman, Arthur J.  
Webbe, William.

The following results have been published in the *Palace Journal*:

Subject.	No. of Journal.
Geometry	191
Machine Construction	194
Building Construction	193
Mathematics (stages 4, 5, 6, and 7)	191
(stages 1, 2, and 3)	193
Theo. Mechanics	189
Applied Mechanics	189
Organic Chemistry	194
Steam	190
Physiology	190
Freehand	193
Model	193
Perspective	193
Stage 5 A	191
Historic Ornament	191
Architectural Historic Ornament	191
Sciography	191
Elem. Principles of Ornament	191
Stage 3 B	192
Perspective 3rd Grade	192
Plant Drawing in Outline	192
Stage 5 B	193
Design Ornament	193
Elementary Architecture	193
Brickwork and Masonry	193
Carpentry and Joinery	193
Electric Lighting	193
Mechanical Engineering	193
Photography	193
Plumbing	193
Typography	193

**SUBJECT IX.—MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY.***Advanced, 2nd.*

Barralet, Edgar S. Smith, Jas. E.  
Chapman, Ernest A. Yetton, Thomas.

*Elementary, 1st.*

Atkins, Aaron. Miller, Herbert C.  
Bailey, Hy. J. Philpot, Harold P.  
Bullwinkel, John L. M. Pring, Wm. H.  
Carnegie, Wm. Rumsey, Wm. H.  
Carvooso, Wm. J. Russell, Geo. R.  
Catharine, Arthur F. Shonk, Albert.  
Chamberlain, Joseph S. Stables, Alfred M.  
Hawkesworth, Hy. Start, Charles.  
Martin, Arthur H. Worow, Isaac J.

*Elementary, 2nd.*

Aaron, Albert. Atkins, Chas. R.  
Abercrombie, John. Barnes, Frank.  
Abbott, Wm. Barnes, H. H.  
Allen, Chas. W. Bartlett, John.

Baulch, Sidney W. O.	Mahoney, John.
Bennett, Robt. L.	Marsh, Chas. E.
Bird, Geo. S.	Mathys, Albert W.
Browning, Geo. R.	Merrin, Chas. A.
Bryant, Fred. E.	Myers, Samuel F.
Butler, Ernest W.	Newland, Hy.
Carey, Wm. G.	Oldfield, Frank S.
Catherall, Geo. H. F.	Palmer, Chas. T.
Chown, James.	Palmer, John D.
Clarke, Wm. F.	Partridge, Henry R.
Clement, Jas. E.	Patterson, John L.
Coggeshall, Jas. B.	Penfold, Wm. T.
Colsell, Joseph H.	Phillips, Hy. A.
Cooper, Walter L.	Prin, Hy. W.
Costello, John.	Ray, Alfred.
Crowhurst, Christopher.	Reid, Lionel J.
Dale, Arthur L.	Robinson, George.
Davis, Fred. H. R.	Sawle, Alfred.
Day, Walter D.	Sculthorpe, Albert.
Denehey, Joseph L.	Sharley, Fred. N.
Derbyshire, Walter H.	Shaw, Fred. C.
Dixon, Ernest J.	Short, Ernest R.
Downey, Sydney A. N.	Siebert, Arthur C.
Evans, Athol G.	Sims, Hy.
FitzGibbon, Thos.	Skinner, Frank.
Fowler, Herbert F.	Smail, Geo. H.
Garthwaite, Henry J.	Smith, Herbert J.
Garwood, Robert C.	Smith, Sidney.
Genese, John P.	Snape, Wm. A.
Gibbard, Hy. J.	Sparling, Thos. C.
Gill, Alfred J.	Spencer, Francis.
Glasscock, Philip.	Stephens, Wm. J.
Gregory, Albert G. T.	Stevenson, Francis.
Grinder, Tom.	Stout, Ambrose G.
Hall, Arthur J.	Tricker, Arthur E.
Hancock, Percy B.	Thicke, Wm. C.
Harris, Sidney.	Thompson, Alfred J.
Homewood, Arthur J.	Thompson, Drury F.
Hood, Alexander.	Tompkins, Alfred B.
Horton, Arthur B.	Trowbridge, Arthur G.
Howell, Percy V.	Ward, John S.
Howlett, Albert J.	Watsham, Edmund, W. E.
Hughes, James J.	Watts, Ethelbert.
Ingham, Geo. J.	Webbe, Wm.
Jaggers, Wm. J.	Welsh, John C.
Jenkins, Herbert.	Wheatcroft, Bertie C.
Kimpton, Thomas.	White, Ernest.
Knodler, Fredk. C.	White, Walter H.
Lardner, Ernest.	Williams, Geo. H. F. S.
Lazarus, Henry.	Winn, Geo. E. W.
Laws, Albert J.	Wright, Ernest W.
McClellan, Robert H.	Young, Robert.

Results of Examination of Works submitted from the People's Palace School of Art, 1891.

#### LIST OF WORKS ACCEPTED.

Appleby, Edward, 5A ; 3B.
Archer, Annie Nicol, 10A ; 2B.
Archer, John, 3B.
Attwell, Emily, 2B ; 1C ; 10A.
Bateman, Herbert J., 10A ; 1C ; 1D ; 2B ; 14'22C ; 22B.
Beck; Joshua, 5A ; 5B ; 1A.
Colson, Julia ; 8A ; 10A ; 2B ; 14'22C.
Davis, Edwin, 5B ; 3B.
Dobbs, Benjamin, 3B.
Druitt, Emily, 3B ; 5B ; 1A.
Jesseman, Douglas, 10A ; 2B.
Layout, Hy. 3B.
Overnell, Thos. J., 3B.
Thomas, Florence, 10A ; 2B.
White, Chas., 5B ; 1A ; 2B.
Willett, Arthur, 3B ; 1A ; 5A.
Withrington, Geo. 5A.

"THE mosquito," writes the author of "Trooper and Redskin," "is a species of humming-bird for whom I do not entertain the least affection, and his nocturnal melody is anything but a sedative to exhausted nerves. No doubt he is fearfully and wonderfully made, and his architectural wonders are an interesting study, theoretically. Perhaps Sir John Lubbock will take him in hand, and answer the conundrum, why was he built? He possesses a lance, two meat-saws, a pump, a small Corliss steam engine, a poisonous syringe, and a musical box in his diminutive interior economy. After he has experimented with his toxicological supply on the wound he has inflicted—having first practised phlebotomy—he sets his orchestra going, and dances round in glee."

#### Giving and Receiving.\*

Portion of Scripture read, Acts xx. 35.

THE scene brought up before us is one of the most touching in what was certainly one of the most varied and eventful careers in the world. Paul is on his way to Jerusalem, oppressed with the feeling that sorrow and trouble are ahead of him, though what shape they would take he could not tell. Happening to land at Miletus, he was met there by the elders of the Ephesian Church, to whom he gave parting instructions and benedictions, winding up by bidding them remember the words of the Lord Jesus that it was "more blessed to give than to receive." This is one of the only two instances that references to the words of our Lord are to be found outside the four Evangelists. It is true that six times in Timothy, and twice in Titus, Paul quotes what he calls "faithful sayings," which, in all probability, young as the Church then was, must have been borrowed from the teaching of our Lord; but in this particular case, and also in Hebrews v. 7, we are directly informed, in the one case of an incident, and in the other of teaching, not recorded in the Evangelists. Luke tells of the agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, but the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews tells of strong crying and tears, of a grown man's agony as full upon our Lord fell, in that dread night, the shadow of the Cross. The words we have read tell us of no incident, but of some of His teaching so like His own life that we could almost have told whence it came without the help of the writer. "Remember," says Paul, the words of the Lord, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

I don't know but what the message comes to us with more effect, standing out as it does with its own individuality after the record of the life of the speaker had been closed. In the Evangelists we read of what they knew of the Lord Christ. We witness His trial and His death; we see Him laid in the tomb and risen again to the home from whence He came; and, suddenly, after the story of the life has been finished, there breaks, as it were from the very gates of the Heavenly city, "Remember it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Our subject, therefore, is Giving and Receiving. Let us deal with Receiving first. In some cases it is anything but blessed to receive. You may pauperise a man by making him a recipient of certain ill-advised gifts. In the beginning of this century the poor law was so administered as to damage rather than to bless those who were supported out of the rates. Indiscriminate almsgiving and unadvised gifts to undeserving persons are anything but blessed to their recipients. But, putting aside for this afternoon this view of the question, let us turn our attention to those more numerous occasions when it is indeed a blessed thing to receive. The newspapers last week were telling us of an impending famine in India, and will it not be a blessed thing to those famine-stricken men to see the relief trains laden with provisions coming into their districts and being distributed to their homes? Is it not blessed for the poor fellow who stumbles, sick and maimed in the streets of London, to benefit by the provision which the public hospitals make for him, and to receive at kindly Christian hands the nursing prepared for the sick? Is it not blessed for the ignorant to have the darkness cleared away from their minds by the entering in of light, and for the weary to rest? And which amongst us can tell how soon he may need to know the blessedness of receiving. There is none so learned or great as to be beyond the need of instruction or help; none so sure of happiness as to be proof against possible calamity; and it would be well if, in such cases, another admonition of the Lord's could be remembered: "All ye are brethren."

It was blessed for Paul as he journeyed down from Damascus, full of prejudice and false views of God, to have his persecuting, uncompromising nature softened and turned into the right direction. Listen to his shout towards the end of his pilgrimage: "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of glory which fadeth not away." Ask the aged apostle whether what he has received from his Lord has been good, and he will tell you with shining eyes and burning words, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." I am speaking to some who have had a similar experience. You, too, have known what it is to kneel by your bedside, overwhelmed by a sense of sin; you, too, have felt Christ's hand laid upon your head; you have heard His voice speak words of cleansing and grace to your heart, and you cannot express in words how very good it is to have received Christ's blessing. But we have Christ's word for it that there is something even better than this. He tells us that it is a better

\* Sunday afternoon, July 26th. No claim is made for originality or literary merit in these notes. In preparing my addresses for delivery I make use of any books I know of on the subject in hand, and as this Magazine is intended for our own members, I prefer retaining, even in print, the colloquial style of an extempore address.—Q.H.

August 7, 1891.

thing to teach another's ignorance than to have our own knowledge increased; that it is better to feed the hungry than to be fed when hungry; better to comfort than to be comforted; better to forgive than to be forgiven; better to stand by the side of the conscience-stricken and direct them to the Saviour of sinners, than to have our own sins pardoned and our own guilt put away. Indeed, if you think of it, this must needs be so; for, while it is ours to be fed, it is God's to feed; while it is ours to be forgiven it is His to forgive.

Doubtless you have often read the story of the prodigal son; there is no story so beautiful to me in the whole range of literature, in or out of the Bible, and often, maybe, you have tried to picture the feeling of the prodigal as he was enveloped in his father's arms, and the words of forgiveness fell upon his ears. But there is something which we have never ventured to illustrate, something which even the inspired pen has never attempted to portray, and that is, the unspeakable blessedness of the father's heart when his lost boy came home. The most that Christ could tell us, as He spoke reverently of the home-coming, was that there was "joy in the presence of the angels of God" over the lost sinner that had repented. It seems almost irreverent to say that, in forgiving the sinner, God gets more than He gives; yet if His name in very truth is Love, it must ever be so; for love is the most reckless spendthrift in the world. It gives itself away to its last dollar, and its highest joy is in its greatest self-sacrifice. Who can venture to picture the joy in heaven if every soul in this hall were to turn to God today, if all wrong-doing were to be put away from our lives, and we were to bid Him welcome to our love-conquered hearts? If one son is so precious what must be the many? If one home-coming is so beautiful what must be the harvest home? Yes,

Up from the mountains, thunder riven,  
And up through the rocky steep,  
There would rise a cry to the gates of heaven,  
Rejoice, I have found my sheep.  
And the angels re-echo round the throne,  
Rejoice, for the Lord has found His own.

It is easy to speak of these things, but do we realise that they are true? Do we live as though to give were better than to get, and to share with others better than to enjoy alone? I am sure that not one of you who has tried doing even the smallest service for others has not known something of this blessedness. I remember an incident in my life, when I was a boy fresh from Eton, which I have once or twice referred to, but which will again sufficiently illustrate what I mean. It was the cholera year in London, 1865 or 1866, I fancy, and a City missionary whom I superintended happened to fall ill. I gave up my holiday to Scotland, and took up his duties amongst the cholera patients, and there came at the moment an unbidden thought, though I chased it away as an unworthy one, that I was giving up something very pleasant in surrendering my holiday in the Highlands. But almost the first day in my district made me forget any feeling of regret I might have had. I found a little boy lying helpless and almost unconscious in his bed, sickening for scarlet fever. Taking out an orange from my pocket, I squeezed some of the juice into his mouth, and tried to nurse him as best I knew how; though, poor little fellow, his condition was such as to make him anything but attractive. Foul as to his linen, foul as to his body, foul as to his head; there was little beautiful about him except the childlike gratitude he seemed to have for, perhaps, the only kindly treatment he had known for many a long day. When I was going away he put his arms up, and said, "Oh! do kiss me, Sir. No one has kissed me since mother died," and one forgot the dirt and uncleanness of the surroundings in pity for the child. I suppose he has long ago forgotten the stranger who knelt by his bedside and squeezed the orange into his mouth, but I tell you the remembrance of that scene is as fragrant to me to-day, and as clear to my mind as if it had happened but yesterday. The voice of my brother's need came to me through the lips of that little child; and, if ever I were tempted to go and live an absolutely selfish life, the vision of that bedside would stand between me and my unworthy purpose, and I can say with my whole heart that on that afternoon the sick boy gave more than he received. He received the juice of an orange and a kind word, but he gave me an impulse which has more or less influenced my life.

I rejoice to think that a readiness to give to others, a recognition that all that we have and are, are talents to be used and not achievements to be boasted of, may be seen in almost every direction. Eton boys have taken up a mission in the East-end, feeling that their own abundant blessings must needs be shared with those who have none. Harrow, Winchester, Rugby—I think I might say almost all the great public schools—have followed suit; while the universities have also planted colonies in the East-end desiring to give of the

treasures of wealth, knowledge, sympathy, and instruction which have been so bountifully given to them.

I would like you to remember also that giving implies having. Possession, even in its meaner forms, is full of pleasure. The house that a man's father built, the estate that has come down to him through historic generations, the honours won by those who bore their name in the past, all these, men may well think much of, but they can never be all God intended them to be if kept solely for selfish pleasure and enjoyment. Money can only be a real blessing if accepted as a trust; knowledge, that nobler wealth of the mind, may become a stagnant pool of prejudice instead of a stream of refreshment to the world, if hoarded up in one's own mind. Depend upon it, the hoarded treasure, whether gold or knowledge, is only fruitful when scattered. I cannot tell you what pleasure it is to me to go round in the evening and see our fellows filling up the various classes; and, note-book in hand, increasing their wealth of knowledge. But don't forget those too ignorant, perhaps, to know that they are in darkness, too foolish to know that they are not wise. Blessed as it is to be taught, there is a diviner blessing in pouring your light on darkened minds, in guiding a bewildered pilgrim to the Father's home, in pointing the moving columns of your fellow-men to the shining city of God.

Yes! it is better to give than to receive, better to teach than be taught, better to love than be loved. Sympathy poured out is more precious even than sympathy received. For, while the tears shed for self may be as bitter as the waters of Sodom, the tears shed for others are as sweet as the waters of Elim.

Do not be content with giving that which costs you nothing; do not give, expecting, in a mere worldly sense, to receive again. The noblest gifts ever given to the world have been at the time apparently unrequited. What did Homer get for his immortal Iliad? Or Dante for his matchless poem? A few coins perhaps, a life of toil, and, in Homer's case certainly, of infinite poverty; yet their names have come down the ages as princes among poets, the peers of our own Shakespeare. What did he, who, by the invention of the telescope, first taught his fellow men to see the Heavens, receive in exchange, but a cheerless dungeon, while he who by the invention of the microscope first taught men to see the earth, was driven starving from his home.

It looks as if God intended all the best work, and all the best talk of the world to be done, in one sense of the word, freely, and the more precious a gift the more inadequate at the moment is generally the reward. To give a crowning example, take that of our blessed Lord Himself, who gave as none other can give, for He alone could give what was His very own, and He received in return rejection, mockery, and crucifixion, and a popular vote that He was less worthy than Barrabas. Yet who shall say that anyone of these great names I have mentioned has not received back a hundred-fold into His bosom.

Who would change the name of Homer for that of Crœsus, or Shakespeare for that of Rothschild? Do not be afraid to give your life for others, do not be afraid to give what costs you much; but rather give as it has been given unto you. Give as God gave when He gave us Himself.

You may think, when I am urging you to give, that it is foolish to speak thus to those not rich in this world's goods, and that I had better keep such thoughts for wealthy men. Are you for a moment going to compare the value of money, as such, with the nobler coinage of the heart and mind. You can be, if you will, such givers that your hearts will not be able to contain the gladness, sharers as you will be of the joy of the Lord. If you know in your own soul the goodness of God, I would urge you once more to give it out and to share it with others. How do you look at the Gospel? Is it a plank to save your own wretched carcass, and bear it to a haven of safety; or is it a lifeboat toiling through the raging waters to save your drowning fellow-men? Are you mere pensioners on the grace of God, keeping it for yourself, or are you stewards entrusted by Him with the riches of His grace—stewards who must give an account of the results of their healing knowledge. Make up your minds that you will give as it has been given unto you, full measure, pressed down, shaken together, for, in very truth, God so loved you that He gave Himself for your sake, pouring Himself out unto death, seeking and loving you as none other ever has sought or loved. After this fashion give your sympathy, your love, your life, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds, and the blessing given to Abraham shall be yours—"I will bless thee, and make thee a blessing." Let us, therefore, once more remember what our Lord Jesus Christ said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

**The Hidden Hand.****CHAPTER I.**

THE lamp was lighted; the curtains were closely drawn across the window to shut out, so far as might be, every suggestion of the gloomy October night. The fire burned brightly and a sense of warmth and comfort filled the little room.

Two young men were sitting, one on each side of the fireplace, with their feet stretched out across the fender. The white cloth upon the table still bore the remains of the meal of which they had partaken, and one of the twain was enjoying the fragrance of an after-dinner cigar.

They were to all appearance of about the same age, companions from early childhood—school chums—friends of maturer life. Sorrow and joy had alike been shared between them, and the passing years had only bound them more firmly together. Nevertheless, intimate as their relationship had always been, no one could have failed to be struck by the startling divergencies which they exhibited in appearance and manner. One was tall, extremely handsome, of powerful build and athletic bearing, with a clear complexion, full auburn moustache, sparkling eyes, and bright open ways. The other was short, slight, almost shrunken in figure, with pale, sunken cheeks, keen grey eyes, which seemed to pierce you from behind close-fitting spectacles, a high forehead, and a mouth which, with its thin, compressed lips, gave evidence of extraordinary will power and determination. The one was all spirit, energy, animal life; the other taciturn, reticent, morose. The one took things easy, and with a small private income was but little inclined to worry about personal affairs; the other, ambitious and self-reliant, had from early boyhood made up his mind to win fame and fortune in the hard battle for existence into which he had thrown himself with an ardour characteristic of his iron-wrought disposition. Strange, people said, that such a pair should even tolerate each other, much less live on terms of the closest friendship. But early associations count for much in these matters, and may, in this instance be taken as largely explanatory of the relationship existing between Bruce Carhart and his eccentric friend, young Dr. Theodore Keen.

They had sat in perfect silence for a full half-hour by the old clock on the mantelpiece, Bruce smoking, with his eyes fixed on the fire—Theodore, too, plunged deep in thought. Suddenly Bruce looked across at his friend through a thick cloud of smoke. "Why don't you help yourself to a cigar?" he said.

"Thanks, I—no, I won't smoke," replied the other, starting at the question. His face was more than usually sombre, and Carhart noticed this.

"You're not a very bright companion for me under the circumstances," he said, with one of his pleasant, ringing laughs.

"Perhaps not," answered Keen, moodily. "I don't know how it is, but—I can't talk to-night. You, too, are quiet enough, old man."

Bruce took a meditative puff at his cigar. "I daresay I am," he said. "Somehow, there is after all, you know, something a little pathetic about such a meeting as ours to-night. It's good-bye to the old days—good-bye to the old doings—good-bye to the old life."

"Yes—yes, it's good-bye to the old life," said Theodore, turning his face away. His lip trembled, and he spoke in a scarcely audible tone. "But *you* ought to be happy," he cried suddenly, almost fiercely, shooting his sharp glance full upon his friend's face.

"Happy, my dear fellow!" exclaimed Carhart, in the utter selfishness of joy. "Of course I'm happy!" His flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes fully bore out his words. "Only a week more and I shall be the husband of the sweetest and dearest girl that ever breathed English air. You know how I love her—you know how she loves me. How could I be otherwise than happy? All I mean is, that you and I to-night are just bidding farewell to Bachelordom. And you cannot think what a disappointment it is to me that you will not be present at my wedding."

A very keen observer might have noticed that Theodore's face was drawn up slightly, as if in physical agony, while Bruce was speaking. But Bruce himself was far too deeply occupied with his own thoughts to make any such observations, and the other, after a moment of hesitation, spoke quite calmly, and if there were the smallest sign of trembling in his voice, it could only have been detected by the acutest ear.

"I, too, am more sorry than I can say," he answered. "But there is no help for it. I must leave here to-morrow morning at the latest, and when I return, in the course of a month, you will be—"

"Quite a staid married man," laughed Carhart. "Well,

my boy, you must come and see us directly you get home, for I daresay we shall be back about the same time. You know Adela well enough, and so I needn't tell you how delighted she will be to see you. I want you to be our first guest, old fellow. Promise that you will be if you can."

"Of course, of course, if I can," answered Keen, quickly. He glanced at the clock. "By Jove, I must wish you good-bye," he continued; "I have a heap of work waiting for me at home."

He rose as he spoke, and Bruce followed his example, throwing the stump of his cigar into the fire.

"I'm going out myself," he said, "for I promised Addie to look round during the evening. You'll walk with me, won't you?"

"No, no. I won't wait, it will be out of my way. I—I won't come with you to-night," answered the young doctor, seizing hat and coat with a haste which did not escape even Carhart's careless eye.

"What the deuce makes you in such a hurry?" he said. "I won't detain you five minutes, on my word of honour."

"It can't be helped, I must go at once," replied the other. He rapidly buttoned his coat as he spoke. There was nothing unusual in his tone of voice, but the convulsive vigour with which he seized Bruce's hand evidently had its origin in intense, though partly suppressed, excitement. "Good-bye, Bruce, good-bye. I wish you all the joy that you can wish, as Shakspere says."

"A thousand thanks—but not good-bye, old fellow. *Au revoir*, you mean."

"We can never tell when we part whether we shall ever meet again," muttered Keen. "But as you wish it—*au revoir*, then."

A few more hurried words—another wring of the hand—and the front door closed upon Dr. Keen, and Bruce returned meditatively to his room.

"What in the world is the matter with Theo?" he said to himself as he drew on his coat and lighted a fresh cigar. "He's strange enough, sometimes, I know, but I never saw him so strange as he is to-night. Poor chap! He doesn't half like leaving me. I know how he feels it, though for my sake as well as his own, he won't give way. He's a brick! I wish"—he paused a moment, and then, falling back on his own experiences, added—"I wish he were going to get married, too."

And he laughed, drawing on his gloves by the fire, close to the spot where his friend had just been sitting.

What, indeed, was the matter with Theodore Keen? Bruce would have found the question a thousand times more inevitable had he only guessed what occurred when the door closed and the young doctor was left alone in the street. Standing motionless upon the pavement amid the thick cold drizzle, he turned his face upwards towards his friend's window, and his countenance became distorted by an expression of malice, bitterness, and hatred, so terrible, so fiendish in their intensity that the boldest man would have shuddered before the fixed glare of the bright, sharp eyes, the tightly-pursed lips, the contracted brows.

"You're happy, are you?" he muttered between his firmly-set teeth, "and you come to *me* with your happiness and expect *me* to make merry with you! Great heavens, what do you take me for? Have I no heart—no feeling? Or are you blind to my suffering—to the torture which you have inflicted upon me? What do you care? In the happiness you have won you take no more note of me than of a trodden worm. But beware! Hoard up the moments—make the most of your joy!" He broke into a low chuckle which was even more revolting than the awful look which his face had hitherto worn. "*Au revoir*—eh? No, Bruce Carhart, not *au revoir*—but—but—goodbye, goodbye."

With one more glance at the window, behind which Bruce was at that moment carefully drawing on his gloves, the young doctor turned on his heel and hurried away in the direction of town.

**CHAPTER II.**

CARHART was indeed a happy man. He loved—loved as he felt no one had ever loved in all the six thousand years of human experience; and his love was returned with an ardour which left nothing to be desired. Adela Glendenning, the object of his affections, was in the earliest prime of womanhood, beautiful as a picture—fresh as a wild flower—the very type of an English girl at her best. A cloudless engagement of three months' duration was on the point of consummation, and every arrangement was in progress for the forthcoming marriage. No wonder Bruce was happy. No wonder that, as he walked with great, easy strides in the direction of Mrs. Glendenning's house, he whistled from very exuberance of joy, in spite of wind and rain, and he felt that his lot was indeed one which he would not exchange with potentate or prince.

Was he conscious of no presentiment of coming evil? Amid all his buoyant happiness, was there no whisper of the fate which was hanging over him—of the strange and awful experience which he was going out to meet? No—a thousand times no! With light heart and radiant face he hurried up the garden path which he knew so well, and rang the bell. A moment later, he was clasping his darling Adela tightly to his breast.

When the first long embrace was over, he held her back from him that, with a true lover's infatuation, he might gaze into her face; and then he saw that, for once, her fresh colour was gone, and she was pale.

"Why, why, how's this, little woman?" he asked in some alarm. "You're not well!"

"Yes, darling, yes; there is nothing the matter with me," she replied, with her usual bright smile. "Mamma, too, has been telling me that I look pale, but really I am quite well. Come, take off your coat, for you are awfully wet. How is it you never will carry an umbrella, you naughty boy? That's it. Do you know that I have been expecting you for the last half-hour?

"I could not leave before, pet. Theodore came in to see me."

The girl's face flushed slightly.

"He's going away, isn't he?" she said. "Mamma said something about it. He has been attending her again, lately you know."

"Has he?" said Bruce in some astonishment. "He never told me—he never even mentioned that he had been here."

"He was here yesterday, but mamma is better, so that there would anyway be no need for him to come again. How long is he going to stay away, by-the-bye?"

"For a month, I understand."

They had meanwhile walked into the dining-room together. The room was quite empty, but the dinner things had not yet been cleared away. Lovers like a few minutes of quiet chat after they have been parted for the long space of twenty-four hours, and so the two lingered here before joining the rest of the family upstairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Glendenning, their son Charlie, and two or three friends were sitting together in the drawing-room when Carhart arrived; but, tolerant of lovers' peculiarities, though they had heard the sound of his voice, they did not look for his immediate appearance in their midst.

"Here's our devoted lover," laughed Charlie, looking up from his cards.

A few minutes went by in silence, and then Mr. Glendenning, laying aside his newspaper, remarked that the two downstairs seemed to have more than usual to say to one another on that particular evening.

"She's pitching into him because he was late," Charlie suggested in his irreverent way.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth, before they were startled by a strange noise from below. There was a low, sudden cry—a piercing shriek—and then a dull thud, like that of some heavy body falling upon the floor.

The players dropped their cards; the other occupants of the room sprang to their feet and stood gazing at each other in speechless amazement.

"Great Heavens! What's the matter?" gasped Mr. Glendenning.

"Was it in the dining-room?" cried Charlie, rushing to the door.

"Yes, yes, in the dining-room," came the answer in a chorus.

The young man flew downstairs, followed by his father, and at a greater interval by others of the party.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, as he burst into the room; and the cry was echoed by those in the rear.

And no wonder! For what was the sight that met their horror-stricken gaze?

Erect and ghastly pale beside the mantelpiece—every muscle drawn to the utmost stretch of tension, with ashen lips, and great wild eyes that seemed ready to start from their sockets—stood Adela Glendenning, holding in her extended right hand a knife which she had evidently snatched from the table, and which now bore the marks of blood. At her feet, with his head upon a footstool, his face distorted by agony, lay stretched the unconscious form of Bruce Carhart.

For one moment—one awful moment, which seemed well-nigh like an eternity—no one spoke. The ghastly occurrence, so awful in its unexpectedness and in its mystery, had stunned and paralysed them all. What did it mean? What had happened?

Then, suddenly, Charlie sprang forward and seized his sister's hand. "Adela, Adela, what have you done? For

God's sake, what you have done?" he cried, in a hoarse whisper.

She looked at him with a strange, stony stare, and from him to the form at her feet.

"I have murdered him," she answered, in tones which none who heard them were ever likely to forget. And the next moment, as though now for the first time the full realisation of the awful deed flashed upon her, she dashed the knife to the ground, and with one fearful heartrending shriek she threw herself upon her lover's prostrate body.

When they raised her she, too, was quite unconscious.

All now was confusion. Adela was carried to her room, and every effort was made to restore her, which, however, proved to be a long and difficult matter. Bruce was lifted on to the couch, and partially undressed, when it was found that he was bleeding rather freely from a wound in his right side. Everything possible was done to staunch the haemorrhage, while a servant was despatched post haste to the nearest surgeon—Dr. Johnson—who chanced to live only a short distance away.

Happily, he was within, and a few minutes later he was on the spot. He began by dressing Carhart's wound, which, he said, was an ugly one. A little more it would have been fatal. As it was he had every hope for recovery; but it would be a matter of time and care.

Then he went upstairs to Adela, who was now violently hysterical, and whose condition gave no small cause for alarm.

What an awful change, and in how short a space of time! The gloom of fearful calamity, sudden as a lightning flash, more awful than a plague, had fallen over the happy household. Under one roof lay smitten the suffering two, who, but an hour before, had been full of life, and strength, and hope. Nor was that the worst. Beyond and behind the tragedy itself loomed dark and spectral the terrible question which would by-and-by have to be dragged into the light. What could be the meaning of it all? It was impossible even to guess. Persistently as the query might present itself, for that night at all events the strange and hideous occurrence had to remain an unfathomable mystery.

**CHAPTER III.**

IT was not until a week after the above described event that Carhart could be removed from Mrs. Glendenning's house to his own rooms. His sister came from Scotland to nurse him, and in her loving hands, thanks also in no small measure to a magnificent constitution, he made rapid strides toward complete recovery. But how different was all this from his fond anticipations. There he lay, stretched on a sick bed, instead of wandering among the mountains of Switzerland with his darling bride, as he had fondly expected.

Meanwhile no public announcement had been made of what had occurred. It was given out that the marriage had been postponed on account of a serious accident with which Carhart had met, but beyond this nothing was said. The terrible secret was solemnly kept amongst those who had actually been at Mrs. Glendenning's house on the evening of the occurrence, Miss Carhart and Dr. Johnson being the only outsiders who were made acquainted with the real facts of the case.

It was an additional trouble for Carhart at this time that he was deprived of the presence and assistance of Theodore Keen. But the young doctor was still away; and long before his proposed month had run out, news came that, singularly enough, he too, was ill in the South of France—so ill, indeed, that it was doubtful whether he would be able, for some time to come, to return to his active duties.

As for Adela, for many anxious nights and days she lay trembling between life and death. The mental strain had been too much for her, and her highly-strung nervous system had given way beneath the shock. Pale, worn, motionless, with eyes that gave no meaning glance, and lips that never moved in any rational reply, she lay day after day, day after day, unconscious and unresponsive, while the good doctor came and went, always with the same grave words, always with the same sphinx-like face.

"And Adela—where is Adela?"

That question was for ever on Bruce's lips. "She is not allowed to see you at present—not till you are stronger." Such—or to such effect—was the constant reply. And then, when Bruce actually grew stronger, he had to be told that Adela was dangerously ill. For the present, they dared not add that at times the doctor doubted whether—even if she lived—her reason would ever return again.

All this time, no effort had been made to penetrate the shroud of mystery by which the occurrence was enveloped. But at length Carhart was questioned as to what had really happened between Adela and himself on the occasion, and as to the inter-

pretation which he himself gave to the extraordinary incident. At first, he seemed ill-disposed to refer to the matter at all, but after some pressure he yielded to the entreaties of his friends, and told his story.

"All I know of it is this," he said; "Addie and I walked into the dining-room together, as we have done score of times before. We were talking as usual—I don't remember what about—but in quite an ordinary way. As we passed along the table towards the fireplace, I was, I recollect, in front of her. Suddenly, without the slightest warning of any kind, I felt a sharp pain in my side and I stumbled and fell. More than that I do not know."

"You have no recollection of any change in Adela's bearing towards you previous to what occurred?"

"Absolutely none. She was just the same as ever. I had noticed that she looked pale, but that was all. . . . But why—why do you ask me such a question? You do not surely—you cannot for a moment imagine that it was she who struck me."

And Cahart turned savagely to Charlie Glendenning and Dr. Johnson, his inquisitors.

They exchanged glances. It was clear that any suspicions as to Adela's part in the matter had never till that very moment entered his mind.

"You have to remember that no one else was in the room," suggested the doctor kindly and quietly.

"How do you know?" cried Bruce, finding, for the first time, all his accustomed vigour of manner and tongue.

"And that when we entered the room Adela was holding the knife in her hand," said young Glendenning.

"You're an infernal fool, Charlie," retorted Bruce. "I daresay she was. What more likely than that she should have picked it up in trying to help me—eh?"

They did not answer. For the moment it did not seem well advised to add that Adela's own words had been "I have murdered him." What need was there to disturb his absolute faith in the girl he had so passionately loved, and whom he might never see living again? But they pressed him again as to every detail of the night's occurrence. Still the answer was invariable. Adela's manner was just the same as usual; and he remembered now that she was in the middle of a sentence when the blow was struck.

So far, then, no light had been thrown on the matter. Indeed, if anything, the darkness had become deeper, for Cahart's answers had shown that there was no assignable cause for the girl's mad behaviour.

Was it for a moment possible that Bruce's supposition could be correct, and that a third party had dealt the blow? This could hardly have been the case. Who could the third party have been? What could have led him to make the assault? Where and how had he concealed himself? and what had become of him? These questions raised insuperable difficulties. Finally, though the presence of the knife in Adela's hand might, with a slight stretch of the imagination, be susceptible of the construction which Carhart had put upon it, how was it possible to explain away Adela's own terrible confession—"I have murdered him?"

For the time being, indeed, there seemed nothing for it but to leave the matter where it stood. At the moment, it had to be admitted that the mystery was impenetrable. All now depended upon whether by-and-by the girl would or would not herself be able to furnish an explanation, or, at least, a clue.

#### CHAPTER IV.

UNDER Doctor Johnson's unyielding attention and care, Adela Glendenning slowly returned to consciousness. But if the dull torpor in which she had so long lain had been terrible to witness, even more terrible was the mental anguish to which the poor girl became a prey, when memory gradually returned, and she realised what had taken place. The imploring glance which she turned from one to another of those who stood at her bedside would have moved a heart of stone.

When the doctor came he read in a moment the meaning of that glance, and answered it, without waiting for the question which lay within it to seek embodiment in speech.

"He is well, my dear—quite well."

That was all he said, and that was only approximately the truth. But it was enough. The poor worn face brightened, and hope returned to the dull, sad eyes.

We need not linger over the details of the girl's slow return to health, nor follow the many long and anxious discussions which took place down stairs as to the steps which under the circumstances it would be wise and proper to take. Mr. Glendenning leaned strongly towards the opinion that, for the present at any rate, the engagement between the two young people should be allowed to lapse, and in this his wife and son, though

reluctantly, concurred. But Bruce, when sounded upon the matter, would hear nothing of it; waxed angry; and occasionally made use of language more expressive than delicate. He was still as firmly as ever convinced that Adela had nothing whatever to do with the mysterious deed which had laid him low; and he insisted, therefore, in his own vigorous way, that everything should remain upon the old footing.

As soon as he was well enough to leave his room, and the doctor had given the necessary permission, he was taken to Adela's bedside. The meeting of the two lovers, who had been rent apart so suddenly, and under such inexplicable circumstances, was extremely pathetic. But from that moment it was noticed that Adela took a turn, and began to mend with extraordinary rapidity.

All this time the doctor was stringent in his orders that not a single word should be breathed to his patient concerning the matters which were uppermost in everybody's mind. It was a hard task to stifle curiosity, but it had to be done. At length however, Dr. Johnson gave his consent, and the girl was questioned as to what had, within her knowledge, occurred on that eventful evening.

Her voice was hardly audible—the anguish depicted on her face was beyond description, as she replied. But her words were very few, very simple, and alas! very clear.

"I struck the blow—I tried to kill him."

Then there could now be no further doubt about it. Her statement appeared to place the matter once and for all beyond all possibility of question.

"Why dear?" asked the doctor, his hand laid softly upon the girl's delicate wrist.

The tears filled her eyes.

"I don't know—I cannot tell," she answered. "We entered the room together. I passed up the table just behind him talking. He had told me I was looking pale, and somehow, though I was perfectly well, I had a strange, strung-up feeling which I cannot describe, and which I never experienced before. But I never dreamed of what was going to occur—had, indeed, no thought of it up to the very last moment. But suddenly something prompted me—forced me, I should say—as if it were a hidden hand which seized mine, and which I could not resist. Before I knew what I was about I had snatched a knife from the table, and had plunged it into his side. O, my God! I know I meant to murder him; but why—why—why? No, I cannot tell. There was no reason—no reason, and I love him—oh, so dearly. Oh, I wish I had died—I wish I had died!"

And that was all.

The blow fell with a terrible force upon the Glendenning family, who had hoped that, though they knew not how, Adela's statement would set the mysterious matter in some new light. And poor Bruce was smitten down with an agony more terrible a thousandfold than the physical suffering through which he had passed. Once again, Mr. Glendenning insisted that the engagement should be broken off. Adela was taken to London, to be examined by a physician on the question of her sanity, and was pronounced by him to be, though highly-strung and impressionable, without a single suggestion of madness, or a single symptom of abnormal brain development. The Glendenning then went to North Wales for a protracted holiday, thinking that the change of scene and air would do more for Adela than anything beside. As for Carhart, heart-broken and sick of life, he went home with his sister, feeling that the joy of existence had, indeed, gone from him, and that from that time forth there was no hope for evermore.

#### CHAPTER V.

IT was Christmas time.

The Glendenning were gathered together once more under the old roof. Adela, still pale, though now practically restored to physical health, sat in an easy chair by the fireside; Charlie dozed over a novel in the opposite corner; Mr. Glendenning was busy with his newspaper; Mrs. Glendenning bent over her fancy work. No one spoke, and no effort was made to introduce into the family circle something of the joy and brightness which should rightly accompany the season of re-union and good-will. The black cloud had never been lifted from the household. The atmosphere was still heavy with sadness and despair.

Suddenly there was a long, loud ring at the bell, followed by a knock which seemed calculated to beat the door in by mere physical force.

Adela trembled, and the book which lay open on her knees fell to the ground.

"It's Bruce," she whispered, and the blood, rushing in one great wave into her pallid cheeks, made her look once more quite like the bright, sunny Adela of former days.

There was hardly time for her mother to answer, "You silly child," before the door was flung open without the slightest ceremony, and Bruce Carhart burst into the room. He was

still tightly buttoned in his wet overcoat; and with the rain on his face and the mud on his boots he was hardly a presentable figure for the drawing-room. But no one noticed this. They only saw that he was pale—that he shook in every limb. It was evident in a moment that he was labouring under the influence of some strange and intense excitement.

He did not wait to pay regard to the forms and conventionalities of social life. He did not even heed the outstretched hands, or the words of welcome and inquiry. With some scarcely intelligible phrases, apparently of explanation or apology, he walked straight up to Mr. Glendenning, and drawing an envelope from his pocket, thrust it fiercely into the astonished old gentleman's hands.

"Read it—read it!" he cried; "read it aloud that all may hear. Adela, my darling, you shall yet be mine." And throwing himself on his knees beside the trembling girl, he seized her hands in his own, and covered them with burning kisses.

No one ever quite remembered what happened next; but it is certain that it was only after some minutes of the wildest excitement and confusion that anyone thought of the letter which Mr. Glendenning still held stupidly between his fingers.

"Read it—read it!" cried Carhart again. "For God's sake let everybody listen." And he knelt still at Adela's side, holding her hand tightly lest she might somehow slip from his grasp, but with his face turned hungrily towards Mr. Glendenning, who now opened the envelope and unfolded the letter before him. This is what he read:—

"Nice, December 20th.

"In past years I never believed in the power of conscience. I believe in it to-day.

"You, my oldest and dearest friend—you who have always acted so kindly towards me, and whom I have so foully treated in return—you, I know, will not turn a deaf ear to the supplications of a dying man, who in his last hours writes craving your forgiveness.

"I never dreamed that the horrible secret would ever be wrenched from me. I have suffered indescribable tortures with it for many weeks, but my lips have been sealed. Now, on the edge of the grave, with eternity staring me in the face, I dare no longer hold my peace. I cannot carry my secret with me to the grave—and to whatever may lie beyond.

"I am feeble—sinking. I must write briefly. The evening before I left England you were attacked and nearly murdered. It was intended that you should be murdered. God be thanked, the plot failed!—thanks, however, to no fault of mine. Would you know who struck the blow? Adela struck it. Yes; but she is guiltless all the same—absolutely and entirely guiltless. The whole crime is at my door—the whole responsibility on my shoulders. She was only my unconscious instrument; it was my will impelled, it was my hand which guided hers.

"I loved her—how passionately and devotedly it is useless here to say. I hated you because you had come between us—because you had taken her from me. I brooded over what I called my wrongs, and, as I brooded, a horrible idea seized me—took possession of me—forced me to my crime.

"You know that I have made a long study of mesmerism, hypnotism, and other such subjects—you know, because many a time you have chaffed me about them. Well, realising my own power of will, and believing that I should find in Adela a good subject for my experiment—a belief which, alas! was fully justified—I seized an opportunity one morning when I was visiting Mrs. Glendenning, whom I was then attending. On the pretext of speaking to her about her mother's health, I got Miss Glendenning into the dining room alone, while her father and her brother were both away. I spoke to her quietly, and while I was speaking I put forth my power, and before she knew what I was doing, I had her completely under my control. Then, quietly and firmly, I dictated to her what she would have to do, well knowing that every detail of my instructions she would be forced to follow, blindly, involuntarily, when the right time came, as though my will were her own. When she came to herself she had no idea what had occurred, nor has she to-day, nor would she ever have unless I told her.

"My fiendish plan was this—that she herself should kill you, and that thus I should be revenged at once upon you for robbing me of her, and upon her for choosing you in preference to me.

"Once more, thank God, that, as I have heard, the plan failed. The blow went amiss, and thus I can die, feeling that owing to—shall we call it an accident or an interposition of Providence?—I do not carry into eternity the burden of your death.

"Can you—can she—ever forgive me? I die in trust that for the sake of the dear dead past you can and will. Think of

me not as the fiendish plotter against your happiness and life, but as a miserable, broken-hearted, hopeless, dying man. I pen you these lines from the boundary of the world of darkness and mystery. Before this reaches you, I shall have passed the threshold. Could any prayer from my blackened lips avail. —T. K."

There was deep unbroken silence while the letter was also read, and after Mr. Glendenning had dropped the document on to his knees. The strange and awful confession went to the hearts of all present with an effect which it would be useless to attempt to describe. For some minutes no one ventured to move or to speak.

Then Bruce Carhart turned his face slowly upward and met Adela's eyes.

"And you loved him so!" she whispered.

His lips trembled. "Can you—can we forgive him?" he asked in hoarse, husky tones.

"Yes," she murmured gently. "Oh, Bruce—my own Bruce!"

"My own Adela!"

He locked her in his strong embrace, and laying her head upon his shoulder, she burst into tears.

#### Debby Ware.

AND whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward.—Matt. x. 42.

Debby was such a queer old thing,

I scarce can tell what she was;  
She squinted her eyes, and mumbled her lips,  
And twirled her thumbs from knuckles to tips,  
And her voice was shrill and cross.

Debby lived in a queer old house,  
As gloomy and rough as she;  
Weeds and briars ran wild in the yard,  
And the garden soil was barren and hard,  
With its half lifeless tree.

Nobody cared for Debby much,  
Nobody tried to care,  
Till one sweet maiden whose heart bestowed  
Such riches of love they overflowed,  
Had found poor Debby Ware.

Debby at first was shy and cold,  
For love was so strange to her,  
But never a heart is wholly bad,  
And never a life but may be glad  
If its waves an angel stir.

And Debby learned for a coming friend  
With a joyful watch to gaze;  
She trimmed the thistles from gate to door,  
And brushed her garments, and sanded her floor  
With thrifty womanly ways.

Debby was such a queer old thing,  
But when the sweet maiden spoke,  
The mumbling mouth, and the squinting eyes,  
Answered with gentle and wise replies,  
As her heart's long silence broke.

The maiden with Christly love had brought  
The pitying Christ to her;  
And peace unwonted illumined her mien,  
Like one whose dwelling of old had been  
But a vacant sepulchre.

Life's highways have many a tomb,  
With tenants of grief or sin;  
Where are the angels, through briars and weeds,  
To find the door of their glooms and needs,  
And wait upon Jesus in?

A little love for the Master's sake

Is a trifling thing to spare;  
But if poor Debby should stand at last,  
With the white robe over her queerness cast,  
Would it be a trifle there?

E. L. E.

**Gleanings—Grave and Gay.**

The *Daily Telegraph* thinks "we should all be gainers if only some method of being conveyed from point to point could be discovered as cheap as the 'bus system, but without its noise." Our contemporary has overlooked the fact that "marvellous Melbourne" has satisfactorily solved this problem of cheap and noiseless street locomotion. By the general consent of all British travellers, the cable tramway system of Melbourne is simply the perfection of urban street travelling. From the heart of the Victorian metropolis to its most distant suburbs there is a constant service from morning until midnight of light, elegant, and well-ventilated cars, propelled by an endless underground wire cable, each car being manned by a "gripman" in front and a conductor behind. The only objection to these cars is that they are occasionally too noiseless. They sometimes come round corners without notice, and the "gripman" has to rapidly let go his grip of the cable and energetically apply the brake to avoid running over absent-minded pedestrians. But, as a rule, the warning bell is sounded as the car approaches street crossings, and that is really the only noise the system entails.

CHICAGO is energetically preparing to receive visitors. At the present time there are in the city 1,463 hotels, large and small, public and private, which are able to accommodate about 130,000 persons. The average number of guests at normal times is 65,000, so that it is calculated that they can, during the World's Fair, find room for some 70,000 more. More than a score of new hotels are now being built, however, with an entertaining capacity of from 200 to 1,000 persons each. New tramways are also being put down, and an elevated railway is being put up. In fact, there are signs on every side that by 1893 Chicago, or the Garden City, as it prefers to call itself, will be well prepared for the enormous influx of visitors which the opening of the World's Exhibition is likely to bring. Unable to buy up the Colosseum at Rome and transport it to Chicago, the enterprising American showmen who contemplated that piece of colossal vandalism have another project in view. They have offered a very large sum to the Italian Government for a certain portion of the, as yet, unexcavated portion of Pompeii. They propose, if their offer is accepted, to at once proceed with the excavations, and as fast as they unearth houses, statues, bronzes, etc., to despatch them to the United States. It need hardly be added that the Italian Government has no intention of accepting the offer, which is by no means an unprecedented one, for it is only about two years ago that an American millionaire on his travels in Europe offered 100,000 dollars for the right to have a week's speculative digging at Pompeii—"just for the excitement of the thing," as he put it to his friends.

THE tree known as the deadly upas tree has probably excited greater curiosity than any other member of the vegetable kingdom. Some of the most fabulous stories have been circulated with regard to it, and although these have, for the most part, been proved to be entirely unfounded, yet there are a few persons who still give credence to them. Not so long since, we saw in a Canadian paper an account of a visit to the devil-tree, as the writer called it, in which it was described as possessing the most deadly properties, and so forth. The origin of the baseless rumours as to the deadly nature of the upas tree is, according to "The Treasury of Botany," due to a Dutch surgeon, who had either travelled in Java, or got his information from some one who had, and who had lived in the last century. This surgeon described the tree as living in a desert with no other vegetation growing near it for a space of a dozen miles. He further stated that such was the virulence of the poison that no fish lived in the waters, neither were rats or other vermin seen there; and when birds flew near, the poisonous air so affected them that they dropped and died. Condemned criminals, we are also told, were given the opportunity of saving their lives by going to and collecting the juice of the tree; but, although every precaution was taken by them, not two out of twenty returned alive. Moreover, it is said that out of a population of 1,600 persons compelled to live fourteen miles from the tree only a few survived. Such are the wonderful stories told acent the upas tree, and now let us give evidence of a reliable nature. First of all, the tree is a native of Java, its scientific name being *Antiaris toxicaria*. No poisonous vapours whatever are emitted from any part of the tree, but its bark, like that of the indiarubber plant, for example, will, if punctured, cause the sap to exude in the form of a viscid juice, which, if eaten, will cause death, as it is a deadly poison. The juice is collected by the natives for the purpose of poisoning their arrows. As showing the falsity of the vapour story, we may cite the following fact from Mr. Davidson's "Travels in the Far East." This gentleman said that a friend of his mounted a upas tree, took lunch, smoked a

cigar, and remained for two hours without experiencing the slightest ill-effects. The fact, however, of the upas tree growing in the low valleys of Java, in the immediate vicinity of volcanoes, where carbonic acid gas abounds to such an extent as to sometimes cause the death of animals, etc., may account for the tree in question becoming accredited with evil properties.

THE belief is too common that great riches must inevitably imply a large amount of happiness. Money is a very desirable good, but the choicest blessings of life are those which it cannot purchase. The banker Rothschild was surely in a position to judge of the power of wealth to confer happiness. A gentleman who was enjoying the hospitality of the great king of finance, said to his host, as he surveyed the superb appointments of the mansion : " You must be a happy man!" " Happy!" exclaimed the millionaire ; " I happy!" " Yes, happy." " Let us change the subject," was the meaning reply. John Jacob Astor was also frequently told that he ought to be very happy in the enjoyment of so much property. " Why," said he, on one such occasion, " would you take care of it for your board and clothes?" That is all I get." The latter statement must be taken with a grain of allowance. There are a thousand blessings, beyond the bare necessities of life, which are only at the command of the wealthy. On the other hand, more genuine happiness is to be found in the round of humble living, than in the acquisition or care of great riches.

AN officer in India gave his tame monkey a lump of sugar inside a corked bottle of such stout glass that it could not be broken. The monkey was of an enquiring mind, and it nearly killed it. Sometimes, in an impulse of disgust, it would throw the bottle away out of its own reach, and then be distracted till it was given back to it. At others it would sit with a countenance of most intense dejection contemplating the bottled sugar, and then, as if pulling itself together for another effort at solution, would take up the bottle afresh, and gaze into it. It would tilt it up one way and try to get the sugar out of the neck, and then, suddenly reversing it, try to catch the sweet morsel as it fell out. Under the impression that it would capture it by surprise, it kept rattling its teeth against the glass in futile bites, and, warming to the pursuit of the revolving lump, used to tie itself into regular knots round the bottle. Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy would alternate with these spasms of furious calculation, and how the master would have ended it is impossible to say. But the monkey one night got away, and took the bottle with it, and it has always been a delight to its former owner to think that whole forests full of monkeys have by this time puzzled themselves into fits over the great problem of bottled sugar. What profound theories these long-tailed philosophers must have evolved! What polemical acrimony that bottle must have provoked! And what a Confucius the original monkey must have become! A single morning with such a Sanhedrin discussing such a matter would surely have satisfied even Swift with satire.

AT a recent meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society, Mr. A. W. Clayden described some experiments which he had made during a London fog. These fogs, as we all know, were very prevalent in February last; and Mr. Clayden spent some time in endeavouring to produce that curious phenomenon known as the Spectre of the Brocken. This, we need hardly mention, consists of the greatly magnified shadow of a man thrown upon mist by the action of the sun. The London fog provided the necessary misty atmosphere for Mr. Clayden's experiments; and, in the absence of sun, he used a steady limelight placed a few feet behind his head, whereupon his own shadow was projected on the fog. He not only made careful measurements of the size and distance of the ghost, but he actually succeeded in taking some photographs of the phenomenon. At the same meeting of this society, Mr. Shelford Bidwell exhibited a new experiment which showed the effect of an electrical discharge upon the condensation of steam. In the first place, he cast the shadow of a small jet of steam upon a white wall, showing that this shadow was of reeble intensity, and neutral with regard to colour. But when the steam was electrified, the density of its shadow was at once much increased, and its colour became orange brown. This change is explained by the theory that the electrical discharge promotes coalescence of the minute particles of water contained in the vapour, and drops are thus formed which are large enough to abstract the more refrangible rays of light. It is thought possible that this explanation may account for the darkness which so generally accompanies the approach of a thunderstorm, as well as for the yellowness with which the atmosphere for the time seems contaminated,

**Present Day Problems.****III.—MODERN METHODS OF TREATING INEBRIETY.**

THE agencies for combating the evils of intemperance were never so strong, never so well organized, as now. The cause of Christianity itself has not more valiant leaders, more devoted workers, than are enlisted in the struggle against alcoholism. But is there any genuine prospect of victory in the battle royal, and if not, why not? Has the issue, after all, been made sufficiently broad? Have all the available resources on the side of right and virtue been called out? Two divisions of the same great army have borne the brunt of the fight thus far, and right nobly have they struggled, each for the same end. One division has used the persuasive force of the moral law, the other the physical interference of statutory enactment. Is it not time to admit that neither method is alone sufficient to cope with the issue; that both allied are in fact inadequate to the tremendous emergency?

WHERE are the reserves? What has become of the Third Division, so long silent that those in the battle-front have ceased to rely even on its moral support? What is science doing to sweep with victory a battlefield so long fought for that the blood of wounded soldiers wets but the dust of their fallen ancestors? Science has been the laggard in the fight and that, too, when it has claimed the issue as peculiarly its own.

THE physicians composing the American Association for the Study and Cure of Intebriety assumed a grave responsibility twenty years ago, says *The Chatauguian*, when at their first meeting they declared that drunkenness was a disease.

IT affirmed :

- (1) Intemperance is a disease.
- (2) It is curable in the same sense that other diseases are.
- (3) Its primary cause is a constitutional susceptibility to the alcoholic impression.
- (4) This constitutional tendency may be inherited or acquired.

(5) Alcohol has its true place in the arts and sciences. It is valuable as a remedy, and like other remedies may be abused. In excessive quantity it is a poison and always acts as such when it produces inebriety.

(6) All methods hitherto employed having proved insufficient for the cure of inebriates, the establishment of asylums for such a purpose is the great demand of the age.

(7) Every large city should have its local or temporary home for inebriates, and every state one or more asylums for the treatment and cure of such persons.

(8) The law should recognize intemperance as a disease and provide other means for its management than fines, station houses, and jails.

THE stand taken by the association attracted even more attention in England than in America, and at the request of a committee of Parliament in 1872 two delegates from the association went to London to give their views upon the subject of the control of habitual drunkards. A special committee of the House of Commons made an exhaustive investigation, embracing every topic within the range of inquiry, from the pathology of inebriety to the practical usefulness of prohibitory laws. The result was an endorsement of the American affirmation that inebriety was a disease.

TWENTY years' study and experiment in the treatment of inebriety has brought little change in the methods of even the best practitioners. It is declared to be a specific disease, but the regular schools of physicians have no specific remedy for it. It may be said in general terms that they do not even attempt to cure it by medication. But inebriety is not one of the small and diminishing number of incurable diseases in the estimation of physicians. The records of well-managed inebriate asylums show a good percentage of what are asserted to be radical cures. But the whole method of treatment can be described in a sentence. Inebriety, the physicians tell us, rarely exists without complications, most of them, of course, sequelae of intemperance. The manager of an inebriate home aims first to cure the incidental diseases. Then he relies almost solely upon time and enforced total abstinence to cure the inebriety. No medicine is used except harmless palliatives to make less intolerable the extreme cravings of appetite. The remedies are simple anodynes, such as are employed in cases of extreme pain or nervous excitement from any cause, and they are not curative.

THIS question has recently been much debated among medical men: How long a time is required with the best known means of treatment for the cure of true dipsomania? The appalling answer is: Between one and two years. And even then there is no certainty of results.

THERE have been heralded before the public, scores of "cures for drunkenness," nostrums of every name and nature which the makers put forth as antidotes of alcoholic poisoning. Most of them have been worse than humbugs. This is probably why an experiment in the West looking to the cure of drunkenness by a specific remedy has attracted more attention from the general public than from the medical profession. The people of Illinois and Iowa have become more or less familiar within a year or two with the testing by an Illinois physician of bi-chloride of gold as a specific in the treatment of dipsomania. The experiment has met with such apparent success in the treatment of five thousand cases that some influential secular papers have demanded the adoption of the remedy by public institutions which admit inebriates.

THE new treatment consists in the administration of bi-chloride of gold in solution hypodermically and through the stomach for a period of about three weeks. Its effect in destroying the appetite for narcotics is said to be immediate. In fact, it is the practice of the physician to allow the patients to drink all the pure whisky they want while under the treatment. But none of them call for the liquor after the third or fourth day. It is voluntarily discarded and the appetite, it is said, never returns. The reports submitted show only five per cent of failures or relapses in five thousand cases treated during ten years. But is not such news too good to be true? When we are told that a judicious use of the hypodermic syringe for three weeks will banish intemperance from the land, we must not be blamed if we hesitate a little about accepting the glad tidings. The only point I urge is that the evidence is worthy most careful investigation by the best scientific minds, in order that a pardonable intolerance may not deprive society of the fullest benefits of what may be a most valuable discovery.

WHEN we array before us for review all the evidence with regard to the treatment of inebriety is it after all as conflicting as it at first appears? Those who deal only with the souls of the sufferers condemn the medical plans. Most of the doctors denounce off-hand the idea of cure by specific remedies and make light of the efforts to effect a physical regeneration by purely moral and religious agencies. But is any single method the only right way to deal with the evil? Are they not all good? Because one method fails to succeed in a certain case or class of cases while another system proves efficacious, should the first be condemned and the second be pronounced the only true method? What is needed to-day more than all else in dealing with this most vital problem is a broader, more liberal spirit of co-operation.

**We All Might do Good.**

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men."—Gal. vi. 10.

We all might do good,  
Where we often do ill—  
There is always the way  
If there be but the will;  
Though it be but a word  
Kindly breathed or suppressed,  
It may guard off some pain,  
Or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good  
In a thousand small ways—  
In forbearing to flatter,  
Yet yielding due praise;  
In spurning ill rumour,  
Reproving wrong done,  
And treating but kindly  
The heart we have won.

We all might do good  
Whether lowly or great,  
For the deed is not gauged  
By the purse or estate;  
If it be but a cup  
Of cold water that is given;  
Like the widow's two mites,  
It is something for Heaven.

**The Future of Great Cities.**

THE rapid growth of great cities is (says *Our Own Fireside*) one of the most remarkable features of our modern life. Our forefathers little thought that towns were destined to be born almost in a day, and that great cities would assume the importance they now possess. With the exception of London, we had no city at the end of the last century whose population had reached a million; but now we have at least seven cities with a population which goes into seven figures, and a goodly number rapidly advancing to that point. London has always been regarded as phenomenal, both as regards size and population, and there is no indication that it is likely to fall from its lofty eminence as the premier city of the world. It is apparent, however, that it has several powerful competitors which may yet rank with it.

London, with its stupendous crowd of 5,000,000 people, is indeed the marvel of the age. Think of the riches and poverty, the beauty and degradation, the purity and vice, and the ceaseless rushing turmoil of business which make up the life of this great city! Think what might happen to this seething mass of humanity if the food supplies should be cut off! For it should be remembered that all the products of the world find their way to London. The appetite of the million-peopled city is insatiable. It cries "Give, give," and yet is never satisfied.

It is interesting to glance at the leading cities of the world. After London comes Paris—as regards population, but not for commercial importance. Paris is the home of 2,000,000 souls, but signs are not wanting to show that Paris has reached her limit. For many years the population of France has remained stationary, and although Paris has grown enormously since the beginning of the century, that progress has now ceased. The only other cities in Europe with populations of over a million are Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Constantinople. In Asia there are but two cities of more than a million inhabitants each—Pekin and Tokio. Little reliance can be placed on the approximated populations of Chinese towns, as, without a proper census, one can only guess the population, and these guesses are very often wide of the mark. As yet, America has only got one city of over a million people—namely, New York, whose population, with that of Brooklyn, must now be nearly 2,000,000. Besides the places mentioned, a large number of well-known towns are certain before long to be promoted to the first rank. Most of us will live to see Glasgow and Liverpool, Chicago and Philadelphia, so promoted; and the children of fifty years hence will know of Manchester, Baltimore, St. Louis, and Melbourne as being million-peopled centres of civilization.

The great problem about London is simply this—when will it cease growing? It cannot always go on increasing at the rate of 50,000 souls every year. There must be some limit. Some people predict the downfall of London. They say that a flower or fruit continues to grow until it is fully ripe, after which decay sets in. And on this principle London is to rise to a certain height of power and wealth and influence, and then the crash will come. All this, however, is mere guesswork. Still the provincials come up in large numbers every week to swell the already overcrowded city—still the abnormal increase continues; and to the social reformer, the philanthropist, and the earnest Christian worker, London is the darkest and most awful problem of our age.

How far it conduces to the good of a state to have cities of such tremendous proportions it would be difficult to say. Centralization is not itself a bad thing. It is only when it tells upon the country districts, by depopulating and impoverishing them that it becomes injurious. Cities are the most potent factors in the promotion of science and art. Without cities our great manufactures could not be carried on. The combination of many hands and heads is, it must be admitted, a distinct gain to humanity, and is a genuine help in the advancement of commerce. Again, cities are far better training-grounds for the mind than quiet and obscure country districts. To many thinkers, London is a veritable inspiration. Look at the sharpness and agility of the London lad as compared with the stolidity and obtuseness of the ploughboy. Daily contact with men of various opinions and keen minds does tend to put us on our metal and make us wondrously alive to the possibilities of life.

In spite of all this, however, the City has its grave drawbacks and disadvantages. They may be lightened and lessened by wise laws and Christian efforts, but they cannot be easily eradicated. City life tells upon the physique. The endless and bewildering rush, the foul atmosphere, the unnatural and artificial methods of living—these things do not make for health—they produce men of stunted growth and of inferior physique. The fact is that cities suck the best blood of the

country, and then produce a race of pygmies. Even in new cities these evils are not entirely absent. One would expect to find Melbourne and Chicago distinguished by a comparative absence of crime and poverty, considering the enormous advantages these places had in being founded at a time of useful modern discoveries, and with the mistakes of the old country to act as a warning. Yet we know that in Melbourne crime flourishes in its most hideous forms, and there are vast numbers of unemployed—more, it is said, than there are in Glasgow.

**Carrier-Pigeons.**

IN connection with *The Evening Edinburgh Dispatch* pigeons are important adjuncts to the reporting staff. They are housed in quarters specially erected for them on the flat roof of the office, the dovecot including an ingenious trap arrangement and electric bell. Many people have a very hazy idea as to what a carrier-pigeon can and cannot do. They seem to imagine that it is possible to send the bird out as well as in, and that with a little training it can even be induced to go to the nearest restaurant for the reporter's lunch. Of course that is all nonsense. What a reporter expects a pigeon to do is that it shall fly straight home from the place where it is liberated.

When a reporter desires to use the pigeons, he leaves word the night before with the person in charge of them. This is very necessary. When they are to fly far or on any particular business, it is better that they should only be lightly fed in the morning. The pigeons—two or four, as may be required—are caught in the morning, and placed in a comfortable wicker or tin basket—like a small luncheon basket—with compartments. The reporter when he leaves the office carries the basket with him. He also provides himself with a book of fine tissue paper, "flimsy," and a sheet of carbonised paper, "a black." He writes his report very legibly and compactly, so as to put as much on a page of "flimsy" as it will possibly hold. Then he rolls the "flimsy" neatly up and attaches it to the leg of the bird by means of an elastic band. Or he may send two pages of "flimsy," one on each leg. The pigeon being released makes straight for home. Arrived at the newspaper office it alights on the ledge of the dovecot. To get through the usual circular-headed opening it pushes before it a couple of light wires, and these falling after it close the aperture. The bird is, however, not yet in the cot. It has only got the length of the trap. This trap, two feet square or so, has a flooring set upon an electric spring. The weight of the bird pressing down the spring, releases an electric current, which rings a bell in the sub-editor's room. The bird thus heralds its own arrival. A boy assistant proceeds upstairs, takes the pigeon from the trap, removes the message from its legs, and opening a sliding door, allows it to enter the cot, where it is welcomed by its sorrowing mate.

NOTHING can be more fatal to discipline (says Mark Twain) than to allow your children to contradict you. If you happen to be betrayed into any mis-statement or exaggeration in their presence, don't permit them to correct you. Right or wrong, you must obstinately insist on your infallibility, and promptly suppress every symptom of puerile scepticism, by force, if need be. I vividly remember how my father—who was one of the most successful and rigid of disciplinarians—quelled the aspiring egotism that prompted me to correct his careless remark (when he was reckoning a problem in shillings) that five times twelve was sixty-two and a half. "So," said he, climbing over his spectacles, and surveying me grimly, "ye think ye know more'n yer father—hey? Come 'ere to me!" His invitation was too pressing to be declined, and for a few excruciating moments I reposed in bitter humiliation across his left knee, with my neck in the embrace of his left arm. I didn't see him demonstrate his mathematical accuracy with the palm of his right hand on the largest patch of my trousers, but I felt that the old man was right, and when, after completely eradicating my faith in the multiplication table, he asked me how much five times twelve was, I insisted, with tears in my eyes, that it was sixty-two and a half. "That's right," said he, "I'll larn ye to respect yer father, if I have to thrash ye twelve times a-day. Now go 'n water them hoses, 'n be lively, too."

WE are opposed to strikes. We got opposed to them when we were a schoolboy.

HALF of the world does not want the other half to know how it lives.

# PEOPLE'S PALACE PICTURE EXHIBITION.

## PROGRAMME OF MUSIC TO BE PLAYED BY

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND—CONDUCTOR, MR. A. ROBINSON, late Bandmaster 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards.

### ON MONDAY, AUGUST 10TH, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

1. MARCH...	"Preciosa"	Decery	5. LANCERS	"Top o' the Morning"	Williams
2. OVERTURE	"La Ruche d'Or"	Brepant	6. POLKA	"Off we go"	Coote
3. VALSE ...	"Reverie"	Waldteufel	7. SELECTION	"Princess Ida"	Sir A. Sullivan
4. SELECTION	"Martha"	Flotow	8. GALOP	"Champagne"	...

### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

On Monday, August 10th, MR. RAYNER will give Organ and Pianoforte Recitals at intervals between 6 and 10 p.m.

### THURSDAY, AUGUST 13TH, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

1. MARCH...	"Bengali"	Brophy	5. LANCERS	"Covent Garden"	Crowe
2. OVERTURE	"Sybel"	Bleger	6. POLKA	"Les Sauterelles"	Delbrück
3. VALSE ...	"Au Pays des Chansons"	Farbac'h	7. SELECTION	"Faust"	Gounod
4. SELECTION	"Capt. Thérèse"	Planquette	8. MARCH...	"Leopold II."	Christopher

### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

### SATURDAY, AUGUST 15TH, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

1. MARCH...	"Romaine"	Gounod	5. LANCERS	"Pelican"	Solomon
2. OVERTURE	"Italiana in Algieri"	Rossini	6. SELECTION	"Maritana"	Wallace
3. VALSE ...	"Santiago"	Corbin	7. POLKA	"Honeymoon"	Le Thiere
4. SELECTION	"Iolanthe"	Sir A. Sullivan	8. MARCH...	"Piccadores"	Asch

### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O., will give the following Organ and Piano Recitals on

### TUESDAY, AUGUST 11TH, 1891, BETWEEN 7 AND 9 O'CLOCK.

Organ (Overture)	"William Tell"	Rossini	Piano	...	{ 1. "Lieder ohne Worte" } Mendelssohn
Piano	"Sonata Pathetique"	Beethoven	Organ	...	... Schiller, Marsch, Meyerbeer

### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12TH, 1891, BETWEEN 7 AND 9 O'CLOCK.

Organ (Overture)	"Le Chevalier de Breton"	Hermann	Piano	...	"Invitation pour la Valse" Weber
Piano	"Golden Bells"	Sydney Smith	Organ (Selection)	...	"Les Huguenots" Meyerbeer

### SATURDAY, AUGUST 15TH, 1891, BETWEEN 7 AND 9 O'CLOCK.

Organ (Overture)	"Light Cavalry"	Suppé	Piano	...	"Pluie de Corail" Du Gran
Organ (Andante in A; Sinfonia in D)	...	Beethoven	Organ (Selection)	...	"Faust" Gounod
Organ (March)	Lohengrin	Wagner	Organ (Grand Selection)	...	...

