

**THE PALACE JOURNAL**  
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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

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

**COMING EVENTS.**

- FRIDAY, September 18th.—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.
- SATURDAY, 19th.—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., Concert, admission, 3d.
- SUNDAY, 20th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Organ Recitals at 4 p.m. and 8 p.m., free.
- MONDAY, 21st.—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., Entertainment, "At Home" Company, admission, 3d. and 6d.
- TUESDAY, 22nd.—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 9.45 p.m. (ladies only).
- WEDNESDAY, 23rd.—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.
- THURSDAY, 24th.—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, Lecture, "Fighting the Indians: Adventures of a War Correspondent," by Mr. Howard A. Kennedy.
- FRIDAY, 25th.—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.

THE Time Table and Illustrated Syllabus of the Evening Classes for the Session commencing on the 28th inst. are now ready, and may be obtained at the office. This little brochure gives full particulars of all classes in science, art, technical and general subjects to be held at the Palace during the coming winter, and not the least interesting and useful features are the full page plans of the building and the illustrations depicting the various class-rooms. The enumeration of the various subjects would occupy at least a column of this journal; and, in these circumstances, I cannot do better than advise all interested to obtain a copy of the Syllabus in question. In all respects it speaks for itself, and demonstrates the enormous value, as far at least as technical education is concerned, of the institution which not a few in East London will doubtless remember in years to come as their "alma mater."

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—We spent a very pleasant afternoon, at Ilford, last Saturday, inspecting Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Girls, a special report of which appears in another column.—Saturday, September 19th, meet at Coborn-road-station, at 3.50, and take return tickets to Waltham Cross for ramble to Waltham Abbey and Theobald's Park.—Saturday, September 26th, meet at Coborn-road-station, at 3, for ramble to Loughton. Tea at Mrs. Guy's, Buckhurst-hill.  
A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

THE Old Boys Football Club commenced their season on Saturday last by meeting the St John's Excelsior F.C. on the latter's ground at Poplar, result being a win for the home team by 7 goals to nil. During the match, W. White distinguished

himself by his good play. Team—Baines (goal), Lawden, Howell (backs), Gravener, Myers, Beckett (half-backs), Langdon, Oughton, Toyne, Atkinson, White (forwards).

H. BAINES, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.—*President*, Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq.—In glorious weather last Saturday's match was played on our ground, and resulted in a very even draw.

*India Rubber Mills Athletic Club*:—H. Cox, 0; Nawby, 7; Shepherd, 26; Pollett, 1; McLellan, 8; Gudgin, 8; Dray, 14; Branton, 6; Kemp, 0; Branton 2; Norton (not out), 0; extras, 12; total, 84.

*People's Palace, C.C.*:—F. Hunter, 15; A. Bowman, 13; J. Phillips, 2; F. Sheppard, 3; Bruce, 0; McDougall (not out), 7; Williams (not out), 0; extras, 4; total (for 5 wickets), 44. White, Dulake, Branton, J., Pugh, did not bat.

*Bowling analysis*:—Bowman, 16 overs, 6 maidens, 30 runs, 6 wickets; Hunter, 13 overs, 4 maidens, 21 runs, 2 wickets; F. Sheppard 6 overs, 0 maidens, 23 runs, 1 wicket.

Match to-morrow at Walthamstow, *v.* Ashley. Team selected from A. Bowman (captain), C. Bowman, R. Hones, G. Sheppard, F. Sheppard, J. Williams, W. Bruce, White, J. Williamson, F. Hall, McDougall, and

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—*Conductor*—Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—We are now practising "Elijah" and some of Mendelssohn's part songs. The date of the concert at New Cross is not yet fixed, but we shall begin to practise the music for it next Friday. The new quarter begins Sept. 29. Voices wanted in all parts, especially altos and basses. Those with good voices and who can read well from either notation are requested to apply to Mr. Bradley on Friday evening, Sept. 25, between 7 and 8 o'clock. During next season we hope to give "Elijah," "Acis and Galatea," "Les Cloches de Corneville," in addition to our annual performances of the "Hymn of Praise," "Samson," "Messiah," &c.  
J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.  
J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

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

- Mr. Young, 250, Mile End Road.
- Mr. Haines, 212, Mile End Road.
- The Melbourne Cigar Stores, 178, Mile End Road.
- Mr. Kerby, opposite London Hospital.
- Mr. Moir, 57, Cambridge Road.
- Mr. Abrahams, Post Office, Globe Road.
- Mr. Roder, 163, Green Street.
- Mayor and Sons, 212, Green Street.
- Mr. Hanson, 111, Roman Road.
- Mr. Sampson, 185, Roman Road.
- Mr. Smith, 21, Burdett Road.
- Berry and Holland, 180, Well Street, Hackney.
- Mr. Connor, opposite South Hackney Church.
- Mr. Roberts, 172, Victoria Park Road.
- G. Hind, 295, Mile End Road.
- A. Lamplugh, Harford Street.
- Sullivan, 368, Mile End Road.
- Daniels, 13, Hackney Road.
- Levy, J., 102, Whitehorse Lane.
- Mr. Fox, Stationer, 123, Burdett Road.
- Mr. Mead, Newsagent, 542, Mile End Road.
- Mr. Poole, 24, Globe Road.
- Mr. Inwards, 11, Well Street, Hackney.

## With the Palace Rambling Club at Ilford.

VISIT TO DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

(Reprinted from the EASTERN POST.)

SATURDAY of last week was one of the pleasantest days which this most unpropitious season can boast of. After the long spell of rain and cold which have marred the pleasure of numberless holiday makers, that unscrupulous clerk of the weather has now condescended to supply the much desired change from lowering clouds and piercing winds to balmy airs and skies resplendent with the radiance of the sun.

On the afternoon of the particular day in question, the sun lit up the beauty of the turf, and trees, and flowers that abound in the neighbourhood of Ilford, to the delight of the pleasant little party of twelve—ladies and gentlemen—belonging to the People's Palace Rambling Club, who had been invited to visit Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Orphan and Destitute Girls, which have made the name of Ilford a household word throughout the land.

Placing ourselves under the direction of Mr. A. McKenzie, the energetic secretary of the club, we soon found ourselves within the children's village, chatting pleasantly to the governor of the little community, Mr. J. W. Godfrey, to whose kindness and courtesy we owe in a great part the success of the visit, and who enlightened us on every point of interest in connection with the institution.

The forty-nine cottages for the girl-children, with the other incidental buildings, form a village of the prettiest and homeliest kind one can find anywhere. Gardens, shrubberies, and lawns stretch from one row of cottages to another, the whole intertwined with prettily-laid out pathways. Standing in delightful contrast to the huge, barrack-like buildings in which charity children are usually housed these detached cottages, many of them of two stories, after the Elizabethan style, with picturesque eaves, and ivy clinging to the walls, are suggestive of homeliness at its best and brightest. The most conspicuous cottage of the whole is the "Cairns' Memorial Cottage," the largest and most ornamental building in the village, and its clock tower, which throws out musical chimes every quarter, is visible from every one of the little households, and consequently renders very valuable service in the village. This cottage was designed and erected in memory of the first President of the Homes, the late Lord Chancellor Cairns, by whose death the Homes lost a wise and powerful helper as well as a friend and counsellor. Each cottage bears a name; in some cases that of the donor, and in others that of a flower. The latter class preponderates, such names obtaining as Violet, Daisy, Rose, Pink, Clover, May, Forget-me-not, Primrose, and Lily. Beneath one of the windows of each building, a small memorial stone has been let into the wall, bearing a record of the circumstances attending its presentation to the Homes. These Ilford Homes are perfect paradises to the little girls whose former lives have been spent amid surroundings of distress and demoralisation.

We learn from Mr. Godfrey that there is accommodation for over 1,000 children, and that at present the number in the Homes stands above 700. In the smaller cottages provision is made for 16 girls, and 25 find a home in the larger buildings, each family of girls being under the superintendence of a "Mother," most of whom have given themselves voluntarily to the service. Care is taken to prevent the cottages from being occupied by children of a like age; so every little home possesses girls of all ages, thus making their lives as home-like as possible, enabling them to live in family groups amid family order.

Turning from the contemplation of the cottages to the little cottagers themselves, whom we find playing to their hearts' content in the large meadow lying on the west side of the village, one cannot fail to notice the bright, affectionate faces of the girls and their helpful loving ways to one another. What is highly gratifying is to find that the children are not dressed in an institution garb, nor obliged to wear their hair in one unsightly position. While the dresses and hats are in striking contrast to town finery, they are unmistakably neat and clean, of great variety, and such as give the children a pretty and homely appearance. In such pleasant weather tea is being served out of doors, and family groups are scattered all over the green, with tea-things in their midst, in evident enjoyment of the open-air meal.

Mr. Godfrey conducts us over the large laundry where the girls not only do the washing connected with their somewhat extensive village, but also that of the Boys' Home in Stepney. We are next taken over the large day schools where the whole of the children attend, and receive a sound elementary education at

the hands of a staff of certified teachers. The Government Inspector pays annual visits here just as at other schools, and the scholars are in no way behind those who receive their education under School Boards. Our conductor informs us the schools are used for gospel services on Sundays, but as the largest room in the building cannot accommodate the several hundreds who desire to attend, much inconvenience arises, and all cannot be present in one room at the same time. The need of a more suitable place of worship has been long felt, and Dr. Barnardo has already got plans ready for erecting a church in the village, and the only thing needful now is that his supporters will come to his aid in enabling him to raise the necessary funds, without which the work of erection cannot be commenced. A hospital, too, is needed; for at present three of the cottages which were intended to be of the family kind like the others have had to be converted into a temporary hospital, not that sickness prevails much among the village children, but that many girls are admitted suffering from ill-health and disease.

We are taken to Pink Clover Cottage, one of the larger buildings, occupied by twenty-five children, and are introduced to the "mother" of this establishment, Miss Campbell, a lady from "bonnie Scotland," who, in the pleasantest and most interesting manner possible, conducts our party over her cottage. On the ground floor is a comfortable little apartment known as the "mother's sitting-room," and close to it the children have their play-room or recreation-room, where each child has a cupboard sacred to her own use, in which are carefully laid cards, books, dolls, pictures, and numerous other treasures precious to the youthful mind. There is also a large dining-room for the family meals, together with kitchen, scullery, bath-room, pantry, and store-room. Everything is spotlessly clean, and as Miss Campbell conducts us upstairs, one of the party remarks that it seems a shame to tread on such a clean staircase. Five well-lighted and comfortable bedrooms form the first floor, containing from four to eight beds, each child having one reserved for herself, and beyond all question they are the neatest, cosiest little cottages imaginable, with white coverlets inscribed with the name of the cottage, Pink Clover. At the head of each bed a small bag containing brush and comb hangs, and over the washing basins is a row of flannels, one for every child, who looks after her articles with great care, putting them away after use with minute attention to their proper places.

The inspection over, we are led to the dining-room for tea. Miss Campbell takes the head of the table, and is unceasing in her efforts to make us all at home, and communicates many interesting particulars about the homes. Her children are taking tea in the meadow this afternoon. We learn that the younger members of her family go to bed immediately after prayers at half-past six, and that all in the house are at rest by half-past eight. They carry out the principle of retiring early and rising early at the village. Some are up as early as half-past five, and all are down in the dining-room by seven for breakfast, which consists of porridge with milk and bread. Half-an-hour later the simple morning service is conducted by the "Mother," in which the children take part intelligently; for they are well instructed in Scripture, and their hymn-singing is very sweet. Before going to school the children, all of whom have an allotted portion of house work to perform according to age, set about their labours with goodwill and cheerfulness. Miss Campbell further informs us that they are constantly receiving new comers, for the Homes exist on the same principle as that adopted at Stepney—no destitute child ever refused admission. The girls are trained for domestic service at home and abroad, generally in the colonies. Those who take situations in the native land leave the Homes about the age of thirteen, but those who are intended for other shores stay until they are near sixteen.

It was with pleasant recollections and deep convictions of the beneficial influences of the Ilford Homes for re-moulding the character and destining the positions of hundreds of girls, who, but for such influences, would in all likelihood become victims of impurity, that we made our way back to London again.

### SHILLING "SHOCKERS."

The ever-captious, ever-lenient world  
Ne'er seeks in vain in Literature's store,  
For vast is the collection there unfurled;  
Especially piles of "highly-coloured" lore!  
What little that there was when we were curled,  
Our parents taught us always to abhor,  
Such style of fiction then was thought a rash'un,  
But nowadays it's quite the leading fashion.

## Il Mandolinista.

(Concluded from page 166.)

Then, too, he had been working steadily and unrelentingly all the winter at various things in his profession. All this had told on his health, which at its best was not robust. At last he was forced to succumb to what he supposed was merely a severe cold, and this was humiliating enough to a man of his sensitive nature. He did not wish to think himself an invalid, and the doctor had told him he was one in a measure; that his lungs were in a very alarming condition, and that if he wished to live he must be exceedingly careful. Now, Carlo was not careful in regard to his health. I believe this to be characteristic of those having consumptive tendencies. They are at once hopeful and confident of life and reckless of living.

On the fifth day of his sickness Carlo had managed to crawl down to his studio, and was just arranging some music for his pupils when he heard a knock at the door. He opened it to reveal the rosy, smiling face of Dorothy. His heart gave a quick bound. Her presence put new life into him. He already felt stronger and happier. She was immediately struck by his pallor and thinness. The short sickness had told on him strangely.

"You have been ill," she cried, conscience-stricken. She had been completely absorbed in her own affairs during the past week.

"How selfish I am," she thought. "How forlorn it must be for the poor signor, alone and without friends, in an unknown country, while I, so rich in everything, give him but a passing thought now and then."

She began to enliven his depressed spirits by telling him some of her amusing experiences, and talking as only she knew how of his beloved art.

Just before leaving she stood up before him. "Signor Lagardi," she said, her eyes cast down in evident embarrassment, "I wish to engage you to play at my house next month. It is to be in the evening, and I want you to play all your loveliest airs. It is to be my wedding night."

She raised her head, a lovely wave of colour passing over her face. His dark, Italian eyes, full of pain, looked at her with dumb pathos. Then he put out his hand.

"You are going to be married," he said, smiling sadly. "I wish you joy, signorina."

He turned towards his mother's picture. It seemed to him that all was over now. Dorothy, after a few more words, and the promise from him that he would play on her wedding night, hastened away. She was troubled and mystified by his manner. The possibility of anything more serious than friendship existing between herself and Signor Lagardi had never entered her mind. He was to her like some dear, gifted child, with his simple foreign ways and exquisite music—nothing more.

And Carlo? Perhaps we cannot understand with what depths of feeling Carlo loved Dorothy. All the great worship and reverence which he had given his mother had been in a measure transferred to this girl. He thought her an angel. She had been so good, so sweet to him, and now she was going to be taken from him. She would be lost to him for ever, and he felt that he could not bear it. He hardly dared to think of Dorothy as his wife. He held her too far above him for that, but while she was free he felt her to be his own, and now someone else claimed her, and she would be as if dead to him.

"Oh, madre! madre!" he cried, turning again towards the picture, sharp agony in his voice. "Come back to me, come back to me."

He sank into a chair, a dreadful faintness stealing over him. His heart seemed to leap away from him in its wild throbbing. At last he felt he could breathe no longer in the close, hot room, and he rushed out into the street to get the cool air. He walked on furiously, hardly knowing where he was going. A fierce fever raged in his veins, the very intensity of which gave him a false strength and urged him on to madness. He stayed out until it grew dark and the street lamps were being lighted. He dreaded returning to his dreary room. The sound of music made him pause before a house. The windows were opened a little, and so he could hear. Some one was playing Mendelssohn's glorious Wedding March.

Carlo leaned heavily against the fence. "Misericordia," he moaned, "her wedding night. They will play that on her wedding night. Heaven help me!"

A violent chill shook his slight frame, and he turned his footsteps towards home.

The doctor pronounced Carlo a very sick man. He told the landlady that in acute forms of pneumonia, like this, there were few chances for life. The landlady was very kind to Carlo. She had become attached to him in a distant way.

He was so quiet and courteous, and made so little trouble. She and her daughter took turns in sitting up nights with him.

On the seventh day a change came over Carlo. The doctor shook his head when he saw this.

"He has not long to live," he said. That evening, however, the patient seemed to rally. His face looked brighter, and he asked for his mandolin. His weak fingers wandered over the strings, and the tones gradually formed into the air that was most constantly in his mind, "Ah, che la morte."

"Her favourite," he said, smiling sadly to himself. "Bene mio, bene mio," came from his lips softly in a whisper.

In his mind he always called Dorothy that pretty endearing name "Bene mio." Suddenly a string snapped with a discordant twang. He smiled again, half mournfully, half bitterly.

"So it is with my life," he said. "Madre, it will not be long before—"

The words died on his lips. He sank back on the pillows, the faintness of death coming upon him. The landlady bent anxiously over the still form, but there was nothing that she could do.

The little mandolin player had gone to his eternal rest.

The next morning Dorothy happened to be down town and she thought of the signor. She had been very busy preparing for the wedding, and had almost forgotten the little musician in the confusion preceding the festivity.

When she reached the studio it was closed. She inquired at the shop beneath the reason of the signor's absence. They told her that he had been very ill. She had her coachman drive at once to his lodgings. The landlady came to the door.

Signor Lagardi? Why, didn't she know he had died last night? No, Dorothy did not know. She was very sorry. Was there anything she could do? The landlady thanked her. No, everything had been arranged.

Dorothy turned away with tears in her bright eyes.

"He was a good man," she said to her aunt afterwards, "and so young and full of talent. It is a pity, a great pity."

And so we go on, living and dying on this little earth or ours. The connecting links which bind one soul to another, frail as spun glass, snap at the first slight touch of the hand of fate. A life may come and go—perhaps one that was destined to hold the world at its feet—and we smile on or weep on, as our manner is.

On a clear, beautiful night a young girl and her lover walked together, arm in arm. They were looking with rapt gaze up into the heavens, and, as they looked, a bright star fell. The girl clapped her hands and cried, laughing, "We should have wished for something, and repeated it three times while the star was falling, and then it would all come true."

Her lover gave her an admiring glance. He thought her a dear mixture of foolishness and wisdom. "I have heard," he said, to humour her fancy, "that when a star falls a soul passes into another world."

It was then that Carlo went into immortality.

## Never Mind.

"CASTING all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—Pet. v. 7.

What's the use of always fretting,  
At the trials we shall find  
Ever strewn along our pathway?  
Travel on, and never mind.

Travel onward; working, hoping,  
Cast no lingering look behind  
At the trials once encountered;  
Look ahead, and never mind.

What is past is past forever;  
Let all the fretting be resigned;  
It will never help the matter,  
Do your best, and never mind.

And if those who might befriend you,  
Whom the ties of nature bind,  
Should refuse to do their duty,  
Look to heaven, and never mind.

Friendly words are often spoken  
When the feelings are unkind;  
Take them for their real value,  
Pass them on, and never mind.

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,  
Enemies may be combined;  
If your trust in God is steadfast,  
He will help you, never mind.

## Back from our Holidays.\*

"When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God."—  
DEUT. viii., 10.

I SUPPOSE most of us this summer have been for some kind of a holiday, long or short, indeed, the faces of a good many bear witness to the effects of sea air and bright sunshine. It has occurred to me, therefore, that we could not do better this afternoon than have a quiet talk together as to what effect upon us holidays and other joyful experiences ought to have. Let us, then, extend somewhat the original meaning of the text, and take "eating" and "being full" to mean having a good time, either in body, mind, or spirit. I do not mean to speak much of the text itself, but before we finally dismiss it it may be well to spend a few minutes in considering the circumstances under which it was spoken.

The words form part of that long, last charge of Moses to his countrymen, occupying by far the greater part of the contents of Deuteronomy. It is almost pathetic to see how the old man scarcely knows where to begin, or where to leave off, as he recapitulates, now some of his wilderness experiences, and now some word of earnest warning as it comes into his mind. The great and terrible wilderness lay behind him, the long educational process had been completed, and the slave race which the great Leader had led out of Egypt had been transformed into a more or less orderly array, able to hold its own with the Nomad tribes of the desert, and divided into something like regiments or tribes. It may be that, as he stood near the confines of the Promised Land his mind went back to that occasion when, nearly forty years before, he had offered to lead them into possession of their inheritance, but they would not. It may be that, knowing how prone they had been to fall in the wilderness, he feared the effect of comparative wealth and ease upon them when there was no Amalekite to vex, and no Moabite to oppose them. And then, realizing, perhaps, far better than his audience did, the invigorating effects of conflict and poverty, he gives them again and again the warning conveyed in the text.

Moses thus feared the effect of happiness—of having a good time—on the children of Israel, and yet I suppose the most casual reader of the Bible can hardly fail to have observed that God's will toward man is that, we should be filled and satisfied, though our inability to make good use of our blessings is scarcely made less manifest. When God made man He put him in Paradise; when He made the angels He put them near His own throne: yet both of them fell; and if you turn from the beginning to the end of all things, and read the vision which the last of the Apostles had of the good land which the Lord has prepared for His children, you will find there the record of a home where "there shall be neither sorrow nor crying, neither any more pain;" and where "God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes." Again, if turning from John you ask Paul for his testimony, he tells you that, when caught up into the far-off home of the soul, he saw things so good that he could not utter them, and that eye had not seen nor ear heard, neither had it entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things that God had prepared for them that love Him. Fulness such as our wildest dreams can never picture nor our brightest earthly inspirations realise, is the will of God to all of us, a fulness such as will come to the soul only when it is filled with the presence of its Maker.

It surely, however, should not be any surprise to us that untrained human nature cannot as yet endure such prosperity, and needs to pass through the stern school of adversity before it is in a fit state to receive or make use of the brighter gifts of God. The Bible is full of such teaching, and man's experience tells the same story. "Before I was afflicted," says the Psalmist, "I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word" (Psalm cxix. 67); and another singer says, "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow therewith." So Christ, too, talks of the "deceitfulness of riches," of the good seed being "choked by tares," and of its being hard for a rich man, or as it is explained in another place, a man trusting in riches to enter into the kingdom of God. An American who spends much of his time over here, Andrew Carnegie, and who wrote an article in the *Nineteenth Century* a year or two ago, said that the worse trade any man could be brought up to was that of being a rich man's son; meaning, of course, not that riches were in themselves a bad thing, but that scarcely any young man had the wisdom requisite to deal wisely and justly with wealth that he had never earned. You may perhaps wonder somewhat at my talking on such a subject to you, for not many of us in this hall are burdened with a superfluity of wealth. That

\*Sunday afternoon, September 13th. 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.

is true enough if we confine the word wealth to money, but not only is wealth a relative term so that what would be riches to one man would be poverty to another, but nearly all of you in this hall have riches of a kind which I fancy many of the wealthy men in London would give all they possess in exchange for. You possess youth, friends, an unstained record, a capacity for enjoyment unblunted by sin, unwasted lives. May it not be said of you that you are "full" of these things, and that the very fulness of youthful enjoyment, the very brightness of youthful life, may produce in you that state which Moses feared for his countrymen, namely, that in it you may forget God?

Take for a moment the past holiday time. Has it brought you nearer to God, or has it taken you farther from Him? It may well have done the former, for in many ways a holiday in the country may bless a man intellectually and spiritually as well as physically. Whether, in your holiday time, you were cruising in and out of the Norwegian fiords, or walking over the forest-clad hills of the Ardennes, or crossing the sea to Madeira, or visiting some of our own watering places, "the heavens were declaring to you the glory of God, and the firmament showing His handiwork," and the everlasting hills witnessing of Him who made them, until there need have been no corner of your heart where the record of God's beautiful creation was not present.

I praised the earth in beauty seen,  
With garlands gay of various green;  
I praised the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield,  
And earth and ocean seemed to say,  
Our glories are but for a day.

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled  
On wheels of amber and of gold:  
I praised the moon, whose softer eye  
Shone sweetly through the summer sky:  
And sun and moon in answer said,  
"Our days of light are numbered."

O God, O good beyond compare,  
If thus my meaner works are fair,  
If thus Thy glories gild the span  
Of ruined earth and sinful man,  
How glorious must that mansion be,  
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

This then is one way in which the fulness of your holiday time may have made you better men. Or, again, in the midst of your own happiness and enjoyment, your hearts may have gone back to those for whom nothing was prepared, to homes where the breadwinner lay sick, and where there was no money to send the ailing child to the seaside for the change he so sorely needed; or to the mother whose boy was out of work and whose scanty pittance barely sufficed for the daily bread, and to whom such a holiday such as some of you have had would seem an impossible dream. I like to think that many of our boys did have such generous emotions. During the five trips to Norway our fellows subscribed amongst them over £120 for the benefit of those who, but for their assistance, could have had no holiday. That is one very precious way of "blessing the Lord your God" when you are full of pleasure and health yourself. It is better still, however, not merely to give money to send another, but to take that other one with you yourself that you may have the infinite pleasure of sharing the joy which you have been the means of giving, and of having your heart made the better by the sympathy and the loving kindness which springs from a holiday shared with another. For indeed a mere gift is but a poor thing compared with personal service. You have been reading in the papers lately of the death of an eminent American who was once the representative of his country in London—I mean Mr. James Russell Lowell. One of his poems puts this beautifully enough.

There was an old legend of the Holy Grail as it was called, which told that the cup which Christ used at the last supper was hidden away somewhere, and could only be revealed to a knight who should have attained more or less perfectly the nature of Him whose name he bore. Ancient stories are full of legends of such knights as those of "King Arthur's Round Table," who went out to win a glimpse of the Holy Grail, and one of these returning home after years of wandering was made the subject of the poem to which I have referred. The knight was, as I have said, bending his steps homewards. His wallet contained but a scanty supply of coarse food, and his heart was weary with a sense of failure to win the prize for which he had set out. To him, in such a mood, drew near a leprous old man who begged him for Christ's sake to give him some food. "I have but a crust of bread left," said the knight,

"but if you will sit down by the wayside with me we will share it together." While they did so the appearance of the leper was changed, and the knight saw that the Saviour sat beside him, and said—

"In many climes, and without avail,  
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;  
Behold it is here—this cup which thou  
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;  
This crust is My body broken for thee,  
This water His blood that died on the tree;  
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
In whatso we share with another's need;  
Not what we give, but what we share—  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—  
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me."

It is this matter of personal service, of giving ourselves instead of sending others, where it seems to me so many of us fail. When we have eaten and are filled, we are ready, perhaps, like Dives to let the needy Lazarus pick up the crumbs that fall from our table, or perchance to allow others, it may be the very dumb beasts around us, to show the sympathy of which we exhibit no token. That is not the service which Christ has given us. He came Himself, He sought us Himself, His own feet trod the earth where we are weary, His own head knew no shelter, and if, won by His life, this afternoon our hearts go up in earnest prayer pleading that we may know His healing touch and be blessed by His strengthening presence, it is He Himself, and not an angel who will answer us, and like the disciples of old we shall go away from this hall "glad because we have seen the Lord."

I want you to notice, too, that Moses was not so much afraid of his countrymen failing in the fights which were waiting them on the other side of Jordan, but rather that they would fail when the battle had been won and peace assured. Sometimes it needs more faith to remain a Christian than it does to become one. I find in the Old Book that ten lepers had faith to come and be healed, but only one of them had grace to go back and say "Thank you." It was only "this stranger," as Christ calls him, who returned to give thanks to God when the leprosy had been cleansed from his blood, and the curse had been rolled away from him. You may depend upon it that if you desire to bless God the only way of doing it is to be a blessing to your brother. "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?" Will you not, therefore, this afternoon, as you run over the memories of a happy holiday and recount the blessings you have had, which others not less worthy than you have gone without, let the fulness of your joy be another voice to tell you of a brother's need, and make you consecrate your life, in a sense you have never done as yet, to the service of God and man.

I have dwelt so far mainly on physical enjoyments, physical good, physical gifts; but, if I have done so, it is not that that they are the only, or even the chief, ones which you can enjoy or bestow. What shall we say of intellectual gifts? If you have eaten and are full of the tree of knowledge; if your hand has gained skill and your brain has gained quickness by intellectual opportunities or technical instruction which others are without, to what purpose do you think God has given you these things? Is it that this light should fall upon your path alone, or is it not rather that the illumination granted to your own mind may be shared by others, and that those who are stumbling in the dark paths of ignorance may find through your instrumentality that a great light has sprung up?

Once more, and chiefest of all, comes the fulness of spiritual blessing. What shall we say of the man who, knowing in his own soul the story of God's great love, keeps the enjoyment of that love to himself instead of spreading it abroad? I don't know what evidence you can have of your own conversion if it has implanted in your heart no desire to go out as a labourer into the fields where your Master toiled, and to enter into some of His labours. It cannot be that you think that there is no need. You know well enough how lives are being wasted, and young fellows are being ruined, and souls are being lost for want of Christian workers, and yet in the assumed fulness of your own soul can you stand by idly without one loving word from your heart of the Saviour who loved you and gave Himself for you. I think if it were possible for you to see, as God sees, the sense of need in the hearts of those we look upon as hardened and evil, your whole soul would go out in pity towards them. It was when the prodigal had come to want that the thought came into his heart that he would arise and go to his father.

I have been talking to those who are full, may I speak a word to those who are empty? As you have been sitting before me you have been hungering perhaps

for the mere crumbs of the fulness of the knowledge of God of which I have been speaking, and like the woman in the gospel, you may have longed to touch the mere hem of the garment of His grace. If God's stewards have been unfaithful to you will you not come to the great Giver Himself? It was well for the prodigal that his reception did not depend upon the kindness of his elder brother or the liberality of his father's servants. It was the father himself who received him, the father himself who gave him the robe and provided the ring and the sandals and the love, and it was from the father's heart that the cry of joy broke forth "This my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found." That same father is waiting for you this afternoon, that same robe may be yours if you will take it, that same love stands knocking at your heart if you will let it in. And then shall you go forth from this room brighter than the brightest holiday maker, rich with the wealth that the world can neither give nor take away, and the draught of the water of life which you will drink shall become in your soul a living fountain to moisten other parched lips and satisfy other thirsty souls. And then, when you know Christ as your Saviour, when your sin is put away, and perfect love has cast out fear, then, "when thou hast eaten" at the Father's table, "and are filled, thou shalt bless the Lord thy God."

## Life for Life.

THE town of Vardöe in Norway is situated on an island within the Polar Circle, where there is winter during nine months of the year and chilly weather during the remaining three. Still, Jetmund Tangen had no quarrel with Fate for having deposited him in such a fierce and barren corner of the earth. He had received the cold gust from the Pole full in the face, the moment he was born; and he went through life, as it were, facing it in the same uncompromising manner. He had braced himself for the fight; and he stood like a rock. Nature had meant him for a kindly man, no doubt; but the cold, somehow, shut him up, and made him stern and silent. Only toward his son Paul did he exhibit his gentler side. For Paul was a miserable little weakling, whose feeble life flickered like a flame that was about to go out. He sat in his bed, propped up in pillows, sometimes reading, sometimes dreamily gazing at pictures cut from cigar boxes or advertisements of groceries. The sovereigns of Europe, drinking with ecstatic expressions a certain brand of chocolate, or the black-eyed Cuban señoritas with their arch smiles and beau-catchers, kindled his imagination with visions of beauty and splendour. He wandered through palm-groves in sweet converse with these fascinating damsels, and reposed with them upon green hills overlooking the dimpling summer seas. Now it was the dancing *La Tarantella* who rejoiced in his favour (for Paul did not doubt that the names were authentic); then came, the next week, *Donna Casilda* and cut her out; and a week later it might be *Flor de Habana* to whom he awarded the palm of loveliness. She had, as her sweet, serious eyes showed, a nobler character than the coquetish *Donna Casilda*; and as for *La Tarantella*, Paul felt quite ashamed to think that he had allowed himself to be taken in by her coarse and superficial charms.

Thus passed the days and nights of the invalid's life. For he waked and slept as Nature prompted, and kept no account of time. The dim lamp burned always on the table before his bed; and outside the storm and the darkness reigned. The house creaked in all its joints, like a ship in a gale; or, on still days, the walls cracked and snapped from the cold; but Paul and his lovely señoritas revelled in glorious sunshine and played ball with golden oranges, while the groves resounded with their laughter. Only when his father or his brother Narve came from the store to trim the lamp for him and to give him a little pat on the head was he reminded of the grim reality. For Jetmund always left behind him an atmosphere of tarred ropes, plug tobacco, and salted cod, which put the señoritas to flight. Narve's visits were less unwelcome; because he smelled merely of fish, and he brought, at least once or twice a week, a new picture. Sometimes it was a stout gentleman who had gone mad with delight over a piece of soap (though he seemed to have no special need of it), or a middle-aged lady who had discovered that the secret of happiness consisted in the possession of a bottle of quack medicine. These were welcome, by way of variety, when the supply of señoritas ran short, for they suggested all manner of speculations as to the character and previous history of people who could go into rapture at so singular a provocation.

When the brief summer blazed up on the horizon and the whole island was covered with innumerable wild flowers, there came a change in Paul's life. He was then every Sunday wrapped up carefully and carried in his brother's mighty arms

down to the beach, where a boat lay ready to receive them. And all day long and far into the golden night they would float idly about on the shining mirror of the sea, under the cloudless sky, among the screaming hosts of sea-birds. The enormous icebergs, glittering like fairy palaces in the red rays of the midnight sun, drifted past them, carrying their freight of seal and walrus and occasionally a polar bear, all unconscious of their destination and even of the fact that they were travelling. Paul, lying with half-closed eyes in the stern of the boat, took little note of these things; the clouds that sailed above him, changing in the glow of the sun into all sorts of fantastic shapes, interested him far more; for he saw in them faces and forms of wondrous beauty pursued by threatening monsters of appalling ugliness. The pure air did him good, and the gentle motion soothed him. He broke out in querulous protest when, long after midnight, Narve put up his oars and sprang forward to ward off the bump against the pier. He would have liked to drift on thus for ever.

The older brother, on such occasions, was received with harsh rebukes on their arrival home. He had been accustomed to harsh words from his father as long as he could remember. Though he was a kind-hearted and capable lad, Jetmund seemed to cherish a deep-seated grudge against him. By some obscure process of reasoning he seemed to hold the older brother responsible for the younger's feebleness. He, coming first, had appropriated more than his share of strength, leaving nothing for the poor little fellow who came after him. Jetmund never uttered these sentiments in words, but, absurd as they were, they nevertheless coloured his whole relation to Narve, and the boy, who had stoically accepted this relation as something inevitable, expended, like the father himself, whatever love there was in his heart upon the invalid brother. He never smelt Jetmund's composite odour from afar without making haste to vanish. As he grew to manhood, however, he began to feel ashamed of his dislike of his father's society, and compelled himself to stand when he would have liked to run. He even consented to take his place behind the counter in the store in order to save the hire of a clerk, which Jetmund could ill afford to pay. But it seemed to him a miserable life; he chafed under it like a polar bear shut up in a cage; for Narve was essentially an out-of-door character. He was of large frame, powerfully built, and weather-beaten like a whaler. From his earliest years he had known no restraint upon his liberty, but had ranged freely over land and sea as his fancy prompted. He felt at home in the icy blast; amid the screaming host of sea-birds that swept in the wake of the fishing fleet; among seal and walrus upon the drifting ice-floes. He was a polar type. Generations of life within the Arctic zone had made him what he was—every phase of his mental and physical being adapted to grapple with the hard conditions of Arctic existence. Imagine, then, what a martyrdom the daily confinement in a little low-ceiled and malodorous store must have been to such a nature. And yet it was fortunate that he accepted the yoke, heavy though it was. For one day, without a moment's warning, his father was stricken down by apoplexy, in the sea-booth, and fell in a heap of fish, dying.

"Take care—of the little one, Narve," he gasped, with his expiring breath; "take care—of the—little one."

Paul, strange to say, took his father's death quite calmly,—perhaps because he had not vitality enough to feel anything keenly,—while Narve wept as if his heart would break. The fact that his relations with his father had not been of the best seemed to make his loss only the harder to bear. In the half-stunned condition in which the calamity had left him, the discovery which he soon made, that his father had died bankrupt, had scarcely the power to impress him at all. His first thought was that he might now escape from the irksome routine of the store. The wide world stretched out before him, and he might now at last follow his inclinations and roam to his heart's content. He knew the haunts of the whale better than any man in Vardöe; and he had also made an invention—a gun for firing harpoons at long range—from which he expected in time to realize a fortune. The only thing needed to perfect the details was practical experiment. This a voyage in a whaler would easily afford him; and then the road to prosperity and happiness was plain sailing. There was but one drawback to this beautiful plan. He could not take Paul with him on a whaling expedition; nor had he the heart to leave him behind. He thought and he thought, until his brow was a network of wrinkles; but all expedients that suggested themselves seemed cruel. And so the end of it was that, with a heavy heart, he resumed his place behind the counter as clerk to his father's successor, Mr. A. Grundt, and the beautiful dream vanished in smoke.

Paul was far from suspecting the sacrifice which his brother had made for him. He lived in a world of his own imagining; and as long as he was free from pain and new senioritas with new

and fascinating names kept him company, he allowed no other earthly concern to disturb him. Only when winter came and his poor emaciated body was wrenched with pain did he lose his patience and become fretful and exacting. Narve saw him fade away, day by day and week by week; and, strive as he might, he could not chase away the thought that when these two weary eyes should be closed forever, then he would be free to live his own life and start in quest of his own happiness. But in the next moment he would remember his promise to his father to care for him; his love for his brother would awake with renewed warmth and he would suffer an agony of remorse because he had for one moment harboured the wicked thought. One night, as he was sitting at Paul's bedside, doing penance for his yearning for liberty, his eyes fell upon the picture of the lady who was exulting in the virtues of Brown's Panacea. A pang nestled at his heart as he thought that neither he nor his father, with all their love for Paul, had consulted a physician in regard to his ailment. They had looked upon it rather as a heaven-sent calamity—something that was meant to be, and, as such, beyond the reach of earthly aid.

An overwhelming sense of tenderness for the invalid took possession of Narve.

"You have no one in the world but me, you poor boy," he said, as he let his large, cool hand glide over Paul's hot forehead and cheeks. "I will be faithful, faithful, faithful," he added, in a whisper, to himself, "faithful unto the end."

The next day, rather to pacify his conscience than because he hoped for any result, he called upon the resident physician and begged him to visit his brother. Paul submitted fretfully to being tapped on the back and having the various functions of his body tested by scientific appliances. When the examination was at an end, Narve stood waiting outside with an anxious face.

"He needs the one thing which you cannot give him," said the doctor,—"a temperate climate. He has no constitution to grapple with the perpetual winter of the North Pole."

"And will he then die?" cried Narve, in an agony of conflicting emotions.

"He may survive another winter. He will not survive two."

#### II.

THE great blue burnished shield of the Polar Sea, the flaming sheen of the midnight sun, the shrieking storm of sea-birds whirling about the lonely crags, the huge whales blowing and spouting against the sky, the great fishing fleet with expanded sails flying northward, and returning laden to the rim—this is the North, the beloved North! So it presented itself, at least, to Narve's mind, as he regretfully thought of the possibility of leaving it. It was to him the most favoured, the most beautiful land under the sun. But it had not a temperate climate. At least, he inferred from the doctor's words that it had not. He wrestled mightily with the Lord in prayer, begging for light and guidance, and hoping that some escape might be found from the cruel duty. But each time the duty seemed plainer, more inexorable. His brother's life was in his hand. Should he refuse to save it? Had he not promised his father to shield and protect it? Could he ever hope for peace upon the earth, if he had to step over Paul's dead body to reach his liberty? Could he buy happiness by his brother's death? These importunate questions haunted Narve by day and by night. He could no longer, as of old, shrirk the answer by saying that if it was the Lord's will that Paul should live, he would save him wherever he was. He had a tender conscience, this great blue-eyed giant, and its wakeful voice kept whispering in the dark, through the long vigils of the night. When at last the fateful resolution was taken, Narve braced himself to lift his burden, and wavered no longer. He would bend all his energies now to gathering money enough to take Paul to a temperate climate. The eight dollars a month, which he received for his services in the store, were all expended to provide the invalid with the necessaries of life; and some extra source of income had, therefore, to be provided. Happily, Narve had some knowledge of taxidermy, and, as English tourists paid good prices for stuffed specimens of Arctic birds and beasts, he hoped within a year to save a hundred dollars which would be needed for the journey. Long before the break of dawn, he was seen roaming, with his gun on his shoulder, over the lonely cliffs or visiting the islands where the birds were wont to brood; and every time he returned laden with booty. It did not occur to Paul, who watched with languid interest his brother's midnight toil, flaying eider-ducks and auks and cormorants, that it was his own life which was at stake in these operations. But from Narve's mind this reflection was never absent. It sustained him when he was discouraged, gave him strength when he was weary, kept his drooping eyes open when they were heavy with sleep. Dollar

was added to dollar, and slowly the little hoard grew, until, by the end of a year, it counted fifty-six. But that was forty-four less than was required. And, in the meanwhile, the second winter would be coming on, which the doctor had said Paul could not survive. For the first time he gained no strength during the summer; and with the first cold days in September he failed so rapidly that it seemed sometimes a question of hours when he would breathe his last.

Narve, to whom his task had become dearer, the nearer it seemed to success, was in despair. He tried to borrow the sum he needed from his employer, but met with a gruff refusal. He invented a dozen ingenious plans, but they all required time, and had therefore to be abandoned. Every time he could find a pretext for leaving the store, he rushed over to his brother's room, and stood wringing his hands in helpless grief, while gazing at the sallow and withered features, in which a spark of life seemed scarcely to be lingering. He walked about as in a trance, attending mechanically to his duties, but hardly knowing what he did, always pursued by the dread that, when he returned, he might find his brother dead.

It so happened, that after a day spent in a torture of apprehension Narve was sent by his employer on board an English schooner which was buying fresh salmon to be taken to London in refrigerators. There was much commotion on board because one of the sailors had just been killed by a fall from the rigging. The captain was anxious to sail, but did not dare to put to sea with less than the legal number of men. Observing Narve's sailor-like appearance, he offered him on the spur of the moment two pounds and free passage home again, if he would go with him.

"I sha'n't want the passage back," said Narve; "but if you'll allow me, instead, to take my brother along, who is ill, I am your man."

"All right," said the captain.

And so it was settled. Narve felt as if his body were an imponderable quantity, as he tumbled down into the boat, rowed ashore, and with feverish anxiety hastened to Paul's room. Ah, there he lay, his mouth pinched, as if in death, his cheeks hollow, his eyes listlessly closed. Narve stood for a moment paralyzed with dread. He bounded across the floor and grasped his brother's hand. God be praised, there was yet life in it.

"Brother," he cried, exultingly, "we are going."

There came a spark of consciousness into the invalid's half-quenched eyes, as he murmured, "Yes—I am going—brother—to God."

"No, child, no! Not to God, but to America."

Three days later a blond giant, carrying in his arms a limp and apparently lifeless form, made a sensation in the streets of London, and three weeks later he repeated the sensation in the streets of New York.

#### III.

AFTER a month of futile inquiry, Narve Tangen got a position as clerk with Mr. Tulstrup, a Norwegian merchant who dealt in fish-products which he imported from Norway. Long experience had made Narve a connoisseur in cod-liver and whale oils, and enabled him to detect the slightest adulteration. He thus made himself valuable to his employer and gained a comfortable livelihood. But for all that he was not happy. He felt limp and depressed, and all his former energy seemed to have deserted him. It was only by a violent effort, and by the thought of Paul's dependence upon him, that he could arouse himself to attend to his duties. The terrible uproar of Broadway bewildered and oppressed him, and he yearned with a passionate regret for the silence of the great Arctic solitudes. The dear familiar sights amid which he had grown up haunted his thoughts and made him pine like a child to return to them. But his homeward way seemed for ever to be cut off, and he would be obliged to spend his whole life in this strange and bewildering land, amid these alien sights and sounds.

These was but one consolation in these sorrows: Paul was gaining strength. With every day his pleasure in life revived; he began in a cautious way to study English, and Mr. Tulstrup's daughter, Miss Ida, who had become interested in the strange career of the brothers, came every morning and talked with him for a couple of hours. Paul, who in spite of his eighteen years was yet a child in mind, identified her immediately with the noble and lovely Flor de Habana, his favourite among his cigar-box heroines. The jewelled rings on her fingers, the laces and bright ribbons on her dress, the ostrich feathers on her hat, filled him with wonder and delight. She appeared to him (though she was in no wise extravagantly apparelled) like a figure out of the "Arabian Nights"—like a heaven-sent realization of the dreams he had dreamed during his long solitude and misery. In Vardöe he had only seen women dressed in wadmal and coarse homespun; and this exquisite creature, with

her sweet smile, her silken hair, and her soft hands, seemed scarcely to belong to the same species. If he could only have walked with her through the palm-groves with which his fancy surrounded the city his cup of happiness would have been full. The gorgeous roses she brought him grew, for aught he knew, on palm-trees; and he pictured to himself the magnificence of these enchanted groves, redolent with perfume and ablaze with colour.

The summer following their arrival in New York became fateful in the lives of the two brothers. While the heat, which was often intense, brought a daily increase of strength to Paul, it tortured Narve like purgatorial flames. While Paul, assisted by Ida, was taking tentative steps across the floor (for the two had entered into a friendly conspiracy to surprise Narve), the elder brother sat at his desk, mopping the perspiration which dripped in a steady shower from his brow, and feeling dizzy and undone, as if he were wilted and withered in his innermost being. Several times he was on the point of fainting, and only saved himself by grabbing a piece of ice from the water-cooler and pressing it against his temples. It appeared to him that the torture was less unendurable when he moved than when he sat still; and on a Sunday afternoon in July he found himself strolling through Central Park and pausing idly before the open-air cages of the menagerie. His glance fell upon a polar bear who was swaying from one side to another in a demented fashion, and pawing incessantly the floor of his cage, in which his claws had worn deep grooves. The tears blinded Narve's eyes, as he saw his forlorn compatriot, his comrade in misery.

"You and I are in the same box, old chap," he said, stretching his hand towards the caged beast. "You have gone mad, and, unless God sends help, I shall soon follow suit."

This fancy took sudden root in his mind, and rose up like a threatening spectre.

"I shall go mad, I shall go mad," he murmured, as he walked; and he saw himself struggling in insane fury with a dozen men who were trying to bind him. He doubled his speed, as if to outrun the frightful thought. But the goblin had come to stay, it sat down on his shoulder and whispered shuddering things in his ear. Breathlessly Narve hurried along, heedless of the blazing sun; people stopped and stared at him, some imagining that he was running from the police, others that he had gone mad. Dizzy, exhausted, and drenched with perspiration, he reached the door of his boarding-house. The horror was yet in his mind, his blood was surging in his ears and beating with hammer-blows in his temples. And yet the thought of Paul—the dread lest his condition might shock his brother—enabled him to gain control of his whirling fancies; he smoothed his hair awkwardly, and strove to put his features into their accustomed folds. Then with unsteady steps he stalked up the stairs, and opened the door. Merciful God! He was mad indeed! There stood Paul in the middle of the room, beaming with happiness, and stretched out his arms to him. Narve tottered forward; terror again seized him.

"Paul," he cried, despairingly, "Paul—my brother!" and fell prostrate at his feet.

#### IV.

NARVE'S illness was long and dangerous. For a week he alternated between a heavy stupor and the wildest delirium. He talked incessantly about the Polar bear in the Park, and imagined himself now walking arm and arm with him on the Fifth Avenue, now travelling with him back to his beloved North, now sharing his cage with him in the Park, swaying from side to side and pawing his bed in the same frantic fashion. When Ida Tulstrup came to offer her services, and brought a gorgeous bouquet, Narve hurled her Jacqueminot roses against the wall.

"Take them away—the leprous things!" he shouted: "they smell like a corpse! But kelp—kelp—oh for a bouquet of sea-weed and kelp, with the briny smell of the sea! Give me big black-backs,—black-backs rising out of the water,—walrus and whale gambolling among the ice-bergs! See how they spout! Hurrah! We have got 'em! My harpoon-gun—where is it? There is a fortune in it, old Thore Hering-Luck said, ten fortunes! Hallo! That's a bouncer! Give it to him! Fire! Turn the swivel! Fire, I say! Good! He got it that time! Next time he comes up we'll give him another 'how do ye do' that'll be the end of him."

In this strain he would rave by the hour. All the suppressed hopes and longings which, out of loyalty to his brother, he had imprisoned in his bosom, now that the bars had been removed, broke loose and rioted. If Paul, as he sat at the bedside, had been less self-absorbed and more lovingly observant, he might have read a heart-rending story in these wild fancies and exclamations. But the heaviest penalty of Paul's life-long invalidism was, perhaps, a certain inability to return love for love and care

for care—a certain obtuseness in regard to the feelings of others. He had never in his life had a single responsibility of his own,—never known or recognised any onerous duty,—never been conscious of an energetic impulse or a generous desire. It is easy to blame him for this; but a low vitality, perpetual helplessness, and the habit of accepting, but never giving,—all induced by his disease,—had formed Paul's character as it was, and he was now too old to make a radical change in it. Thus it came to pass that Narve's illness made no deep impression upon him. He regarded it as a misfortune, but never dreamed of attributing to himself any responsibility for it. It seemed to him, at times, almost a blessing in disguise, as it brought him into more frequent contact with Ida. During his brother's convalescence he was often invited to ride on the Avenue and through the Park in the Tulstrup carriage, and, although he looked in vain for the palm-groves, he found wonders enough to compensate him for their loss. He soon began cautiously to explore the city on foot, and took a child-like pleasure in everything he saw. Particularly the ladies and the shop-windows were a never-failing source of delight to him. Before long a certain pretence of fashion became visible in his attire; and in an astonishingly short time he acquired the gait and manner of the native dandy. Narve watched this metamorphosis with the melancholy amusement with which a father watches the harmless follies of his child. The question of Paul's future weighed heavily upon him, now that he had discovered that his own strength had its limit. He offered to give him lessons in writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping (reading had so far been Paul's only accomplishment), but was always met with the cheerful rejoinder that there was no particular hurry.

The winter was half gone before Narve was able to resume his position in the office. But even then he was so weak that he had to limit himself, at first, to a few hours' work. By his accurate knowledge of the conditions in the extreme North, and by his unerring interpretation of every commercial symptom, he had been of incalculable service to Mr. Tulstrup and enabled him largely to increase his fortune. The merchant was therefore disposed to be very liberal in his dealings with him; but Narve's uncompromising self-respect scented beforehand every plan for making him a beneficiary, and Mr. Tulstrup's benevolence met with many discouraging rebuffs. Paul, who was informed by Ida of his brother's "ungracious behaviour," was quite at a loss to understand him. But he understood him still less after having endeavoured to call him to account.

The winter was unusually cold, with two months of alternating snow and frost, and Narve, revelling in the sharp north-easters, felt his health and spirits reviving. The goblin which dwelt in the secret chamber of his soul held its peace, and but rarely showed its hideous countenance. But with the first warm days of spring the ferment of his blood returned. He began again to be haunted by the thought of the polar bear, and, much as he dreaded it, felt irresistibly driven to pay it a visit. It was a warm Sunday in May that he summoned courage for this resolution. He purposely kept his glance averted until he was right before the cage. Then with a jerk he turned his head. The cage was empty. Narve started back with a half-suppressed exclamation. He felt like a man who, calling upon his friend, finds crape on the bell-handle. A mysterious tie seemed to have bound him to this animal, and a half-superstitious feeling that the same fate would overtake both. He scarcely needed to ask the keeper, who came along presently with a trough full of meat, what had become of the bear. He knew that he was dead.

On his homeward way the Norseman felt as if Death had locked his arm in his and were walking at his side. He shuddered again and again at the blood-curdling fancies which rose from the depth of his soul and with pale and grinning faces pursued him. His goblin was again awake and had summoned a host of relatives to keep it company. Narve knew that these wild phantoms were but symptoms of disease; and he knew, too, that the disorder of his brain was due to his unfitness to cope with the climate. If he could but leave his brother, the remedy would be simple enough. But Paul was, even with his health regained, ignorant and helpless, and utterly unequipped to grapple with the perplexities of life. There was but one way out of the dilemma; and that was to accept a proposition, previously made by Mr. Tulstrup, to become his agent and the head of a branch of his business which he intended to establish in London. The moist and even climate of the British Isles, with no extremes of heat and cold, would preserve the lives of both brothers, and absolve the one from the necessity of sacrificing himself for the other. With this resolution fixed in his mind, Narve returned home, and found his brother stretched out upon the sofa, reading a novel.

"Paul," he said, with a quiver in his voice, "this climate is death to me."

Paul looked up from his book and knocked the ashes from his cigarette with his little finger. "It is life to me," he replied, and went on reading.

Narve began to pace the floor with long strides. Beads of perspiration trickled down over his large, pale face and hung in his tawny beard. After a few minutes he stopped before the sofa where Paul lay. "What would you do, Paul?" he asked, solemnly, "if I were dead?"

"Ah, my dear brother," rejoined Paul, impatiently (for his novel was absorbingly interesting), "what is the good of talking of such absurd things? When you are dead, it will be time enough to discuss that."

"I am not joking, Paul. I am in deadly earnest."

"Well, that is just your failing, brother. You are always tormenting yourself with some such unpleasant topic."

"I beg of you, do not joke. I feel death in my heart; and I am much troubled to think what is to become of you. I do not like to remind you that once I saved your life. Now it is your turn to save mine."

Paul dropped his novel and rose into a half-sitting posture. A sudden pallor overspread his countenance; his lips trembled.

"You—you—want to take me back—to the North Pole!" he cried, with sudden terror.

"No, not to the Pole, child," answered Narve, soothingly. "Mr. Tulstrup has offered me a place in England, where both you and I can live without danger to health. I want you to come with me."

Paul listened intently, with fear and suspicion depicted in his features.

"Ah, that is a foxy plan of yours," he exclaimed, jumping up and darting across the floor: "don't you suppose I know how you are pining for your delightful whale-hunts and eider-ducks and fish-smell? If you get me so far, you will soon get me back into the very grip of Death, from which, as you say, you saved me. But I am not such a child as you think. I have friends here, and I have found health and life here, and I am not going away to accommodate anybody."

He had worked himself up into such a passion that he could not keep the tears back; and, being ashamed of his weakness, he sauntered into the sleeping-room, flung himself on his bed, and buried his face in the pillows. Narve, cut to the quick by his suspicion, stood long listening to his half-choked sobs. All the tenderness which he had felt for him from his earliest years welled up from the depth of his heart; and, full of repentance for the grief he had caused him, he sat down on the bed, and patiently endured the pettish rebuffs with which his caresses and overtures for peace were received. He reproached himself for having so bluntly stated his proposition, instead of gradually preparing his brother for it; and he resolved in future to use more discretion. But his recollection of his brother's tears and terror made him reluctant to return to the subject again. It seemed a cowardly thing for him as the stronger (he could never quite realise the thought that he was now the weaker) to inflict pain upon one who, in his father's dying hour, had been commended to his care. And so the days went by, summer advanced, and the opportune moment for re-opening the subject never came. The Tulstrups went to the country earlier than usual, and left Paul in desolation. And in required no great acuteness, on Narve's part, to discover that Miss Ida constituted to him the most salubrious element in the American climate. This observation made it seem doubly cruel to insist upon the sacrifice.

It was about the middle of June. The heat had come with a rush and scattered fashionable New York toward all the points of the compass. That part which remained on Manhattan Island was decidedly uncomfortable. Only a few tropical characters luxuriated in the burning sun. Paul Tangen, airily and daintily clad, was sauntering down Broadway, smoking a cigarette. He was in good spirits, because he had recently discovered a new novelist who pleased him and a new brand of cigarettes which did not give him a headache. In that concentrated bit of New York between Union and Madison Squares there were crowds of people and traffic, as usual, in spite of the heat. Paul felt exhilarated at the sight of it, and allowed himself to be carried along by the current. He found himself presently standing in a dense throng of people before a druggist's window, and he obeyed the general impulse in craning his neck to see what was going on inside.

"What is it?" he asked his neighbour in the crowd.

"Nothing but a sunstroke," was the reply.

"A sunstroke!"

Paul began to feel vaguely uneasy, and elbowed his way to the front. Then, as someone moved aside, he caught a glimpse of a large blond head, with closed eyes, upon the

marble floor. With a cry he sprang forward and flung himself upon his brother's breast.

"Narve, my brother!—oh, my brother!" he wailed, piteously.

Narve half opened his eyes. There was a strange, remote look in them, then a fleeting gleam as of joy.

"I took care of—the little one—father," he murmured in Norwegian—"took—care—of—the little one."

A convulsive shiver shook his great frame. The doctor who had come with the ambulance stooped and listened to his heart-beat.

"Nothing to be done," he said; "he is dead."

PROGRAMME OF LECTURE BY MR. HOWARD A. KENNEDY, ENTITLED:

## "FIGHTING THE INDIANS:"

ADVENTURES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT,

To be given in the Queen's Hall, on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th, 1891, at 8 o'clock.

The Chairman's opening remarks.

SONG "The Kerry Dance" MISS WHELAN (contralto)

O the days of the Kerry dancing,  
O the ring of the piper's tune!  
O for one of those hours of gladness,  
Gone, alas, like our youth, too soon!  
When the boys began to gather,  
In the glen, of a summer night,  
And the Kerry piper's tuning,  
Made us long with wild delight:  
O to think of it, O to dream of it,  
Fills my heart with tears!  
O the days, etc.

Was there ever a sweeter colleen,  
In the dance than Eily More?

Or a prouder lad than Thady,  
As he boldly took the floor!

"Lads and lasses, to your places,  
Up the middle and down again!"

Ah, the merry-hearted laughter,  
Ringing through the happy glen!

O to think of it! etc.

Time goes on, and the happy years are dead,  
And one by one the merry hearts are fled;  
Silent now is the wild and lonely glen,  
Where the bright glad laugh will echo ne'er again!

Only dreaming of days gone by,  
In my heart I hear,

Loving voices of old companions,  
Stealing out of the past once more,

And the sound of the dear old music,  
Soft and sweet as in days of yore:

When the boys began to gather,  
In the glen of a summer night,

And the Kerry piper's tuning,  
Made us long with wild delight!

O to think of it! etc.

"FIGHTING THE INDIANS:"

Adventures of a War Correspondent in the far North-West of Canada, told by Mr. Howard A. Kennedy, late City Editor of the Montreal *Daily Witness*, with Magic Lantern Illustrations.

SYNOPSIS.

How there came to be a war; the fearful march across the ice of Lake Superior; forced march across the desert to relieve the town of Battleford, besieged by Chief Poundmaker's savages; a moonlight flitting; the Redskins surprised; the troops surrounded; the battle of Cutknife Hill; how the Volunteers fought; humours of the situation; the chase after Chief "Big Bear;" through morasses and forests into the northern wilds; "Big Bear's" white prisoners; brave Scottish girls; "Big Bear" in hiding; how the war ended.

During an intermission MISS WHELAN will sing

"The girl I left behind me."

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills,  
And o'er the moorland sedgy,—  
Such heaviness my bosom fills,  
Since parting with my Betsy.

I seek for one as fair and gay,  
But find none to remind me  
How blest the hours passed away  
With the girl I left behind me.  
The hour I remember well  
When first she owned she loved me;  
A pain within my breast doth tell  
How constant I have proved me.  
But now I'm bound for Brighton Camp,  
Kind heaven, then, pray guide me,  
And send me home, safe back again,  
To the girl I left behind me!  
My mind her image must retain,  
Asleep or sadly waking;  
I long to see my love again,  
For her my heart is breaking.  
Whene'er my steps return that way,  
Still faithful shall she find me,  
And never more again I'll stray  
From the girl I've left behind me!

The second part of the lecture will be followed by views of Canadian Scenery.

SONG ... "Where's Hugo" MISS WHELAN

Who has here, far or near,  
Seen Hugo?

Since the dawn he's been gone,  
That Hugo!

Not to chase the buck or doe,  
For he's left his spear and bow

And his bugle in a row,  
Sly Hugo! False Hugo!

If he's gone to hunt, I fear  
I can guess what kind of deer,

Yet, has anybody here,  
Seen Hugo?

In the night, long ere light,  
Rose Hugo!

Sprucely dressed, in his best,  
Vain Hugo!

In a silver-buttoned hood,  
In his hat a new plume stood,

For a yeoman far too good!  
Vain Hugo! vain Hugo!

Did you e'er so smart appear,  
For the maid you call your dear?

Still, has anybody here  
Seen Hugo?

So at last—not so fast,  
Friend Hugo!

Not a kiss—eh, what's this?—  
O Hugo!

When I thought you on the wing,  
You had gone to buy a ring,

You're a darling and a king,  
My Hugo! Dear Hugo!

I've just come to meet you here,  
For I knew you'd soon appear,

Was there ever such a dear,  
As Hugo, my dear Hugo?

Accompanist—MR. ARNOLD KENNEDY, A.R.A.M.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

To be Given on SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, 1891.

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

AT 4 P.M.—VOCALIST, MR. F. W. CHEESEMAN.

- 1. ALLEGRO RISOLUTO (Sonata No. 1)... .. Salomé
2. HYMN "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven"
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven!
To His feet thy tribute bring:
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the Everlasting King!

AT 8 P.M.

- 1. FANTASIA AND FUGUE IN E MINOR ... .. Silas
2. MINUET AND TRIO ... .. Sterndale Bennett
3. ANDANTE PASTORALE ... .. Sullivan
4. FINALE IN E FLAT ... .. Guilmant
5. SELECTION ...from the "Elijah" ... .. Mendelssohn
6. INTERMEZZO ... .. Rheinberger
7. OFFERTOIRE ... .. Wely

The Audience is cordially invited to stand and join in singing the Hymns.

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(2nd Concert, 5th Series)

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS—MISS CLARA DOWLE, MISS CLEMENTINE WARD, MISS ANNIE LAYTON, MR. JOHN BARTLETT, MR. A. J. LAYTON. SOLO CONCERTINA—MISS CLEMENTINE WARD.

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

PART I.

- 1. DUET ... .. "No, Sir" ... .. Marzials
MISS ANNIE LAYTON AND MR. A. J. LAYTON.
Tell me one thing, tell me truly,
Tell me why you scorn me so,
Tell me why when asked a question
You will always answer no?
No, Sir, etc.
My father was a Spanish merchant,
And before he went to sea,
He told me to be sure and answer
'No!' to all you said to me.
No, Sir, etc.
If, when walking in the garden
Plucking flowers all wet with dew,
Tell me, will you be offended
If I walk and talk with you?
No, Sir, etc.
If, when walking in the garden
I should ask you to be mine,
And should tell you that I love you
Would you then my heart decline?
No, Sir, etc.
2. CONCERTINA SOLO "Scotch airs and variations" Birch
MISS CLEMENTINE WARD.
3. SONG ... .. "The Prima Donna" ... .. Roeckel
MISS CLARA DOWLE.
Viva! Paquita! Hark! she comes.
The lights are gleaming sweet and fair,
Upon the stage she stands,
Her dark eyes bright with magic light,
Red roses in her hands;
Her sweet voice pealing up above,
On music's golden wings,
What is Paquita dreaming of,
As there she stands and sings?
Love is a dream, so they say,
Only a rose of a day;
Love is but woe, let it be so.
But ah! give me love away.
The curtain falls. Good night! Good bye!
You see her dark eyes gleam.
Viva! Paquita! still you cry,
But who can read her dreams?
Viva! Viva! 'tis ever so,
Your brighter garlands bring;
The heart may break, the tears may flow,
But still the lips must sing!
Love is a dream, etc.
4. SONG "My Sweetheart when a Boy" Wilford Morgan
MR. JOHN BARTLETT.
Though many gentle hearts I've known,
And many a pretty face,
Where love sat gaily on his throne
In beauty and in grace;
Yet never was my heart enthralled
With such enchanted joy,
As by the darling whom I called,
My sweetheart when a boy.
I hung upon her latest word:
My very joys were fears;
And fluttered, timid as a bird
When sunshine first appears.
I never thought my heart could rove;
Life then had no alloy—
With such a truth I seemed to love
My sweetheart when a boy.
And yet the dream has passed away,
Though like it lived it passed;
Each moment was too bright to stay,
But sparkled to the last.
There on my heart the beams remain,
With gay unclouded joy,
When I remember her again—
My sweetheart when a boy.
5. SONG ... .. "The Three Fishers" ... .. Hullah
MISS ANNIE LAYTON.
Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep;
Though the harbour bar be moaning.
Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
They looked at the squall and they looked at the shower,
And the night rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.
Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down;
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.
—C. Kingsley.
6. SONG ... .. "La Serenata" ... .. Braga
(with Concertina accompaniment).
MISS CLEMENTINE WARD.
English Words.
Oh! what sweet sounds are waking me,
Songs in the night wind sighing?
Is it an angel's voice I hear,
Heavenward gently flying?
Oh! go and see, sweet mother dear,
And say what are these sounds I hear.
Nothing, my child, lie back and sleep,
Only the night wind dreaming,
Only the whispering willow tree,
Only the moonlight beaming.
Lie back and rest, thy mother dear
Is watching; do not fear.

Oh, no! it is no human voice,  
I hear it gently nearing;  
No! 'tis the angels call to me,  
With golden harps appearing,  
They hover round, their watch to keep,  
O mother mine, good-night, I fall to sleep.

7. RECIT. AND AIR { "O ruddier than  
the Cherry" } ... Handel  
MR. A. J. LAYTON.

I rage! I melt! I burn!  
The feeble god hath stabb'd me to the heart.  
Thou trusty pine!  
Prop of my god-like steps, I lay thee by!

A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART II.

8. SONG "Hark! hark! the Dogs do Bark"  
MISS CLARA DOWLE.

Hark! the beggars are coming to town,  
Tattered and torn, ragged and brown,  
Look how motley a crew are they,  
Tramping along on the broad highway.  
Old and young, and children fair,  
Some of all countries you'll find are there,  
Sneer my fine lady, look proudly down,  
Hark! the beggars are coming to town.

Hark! hark! the dogs do bark!  
The beggars are coming to town,  
Some in rags, and some in tags,  
And some in silken gown.

Noble monarch the king of the land,  
Beggars are men pray understand,  
Hearts are beating 'neath tatters and rags,  
Noble as yours while the great world wags.  
Haughty mother of children fair,  
Look in that crowd, there are mothers there,  
Tender and loving as you may be,  
All true hearts are the same you see.

Hark! hark! etc.

Laughter, shouting and weeping you hear,  
The music of life as you draw near,  
All of us living beggars are we,  
Nearing the town of Eternity!  
Tramping along on the road of life,  
Meeting with sorrow, joy, and strife,  
Asking an alms as Old Time looks down,  
Hark! the beggars are coming to town.

Hark! hark! etc.

9. SONG ... "The Golden Bar" ... F. Bevan  
MR. JOHN BARTLETT.

I see the tall white lighthouse tower,  
Across the meadows grey,  
The ghostly poplars bend and moan,  
The ships move on their way;  
As we launch our boat and set the sail,  
And drift away, away.  
Floating, floating, floating,  
Love is our guiding star,  
And the tide, the tide is dancing,  
Over the golden bar.

We watch the twinkling harbour lights,  
We watch the fading shore,  
Our souls are wrapt in one sweet dream,  
We drift and speak no more.  
For all the glory of that hour,  
We ne'er had known before.  
Floating, etc.

Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,  
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;  
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe,  
Sweet Galatea's beauty and my love.

O ruddier than the cherry!  
O sweeter than the berry,  
O nymph, more bright than moonshine night,  
Like kidlings blithe and merry.

Ripe as the melting cluster,  
No lily had such lustre;  
Yet hard to tame as raging flame,  
And fierce as storms that bluster.

Ah! sad my heart, we do but dream,  
The winds blow chill and cold,  
I do not hear thy voice my love,  
Or feel thy arms enfold.  
The dream is fled, my heart is dead,  
And the sweet, sweet days of old.

Floating, floating, floating,  
What of thy light, O star,  
And the harbour bar is moaning,  
Over the golden bar.—F. E. Wetherley.

10. SONG ... "Harvest Time" ... Ernest Birch  
MISS ANNIE LAYTON.

Sow with a gen'rous hand,  
Pause not for toil or pain,  
Weary not through the heat of summer,  
Weary not through the cold spring rain;  
But wait till the autumn comes,  
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Sow while the seeds are lying  
In the warm earth's bosom deep,  
And your warm tears fall upon it—  
They will stir in their quiet sleep;  
And the green blades rise the quicker,  
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Sow; and look onward, upward,  
Where the starry light appears;  
Where, in spite of a coward's doubting,  
Or your own heart's trembling fears,  
You shall reap in joy the harvest  
You have sown to-day in tears.

11. CONCERTINA { a. Romance No. 1 Rigondi & Krakamp  
SOLOS { b. Old French Dance (1683) Rameau  
MISS CLEMENTINE WARD.

12. SONG ... "In Sheltered Vale" ... Old German  
MR. A. J. LAYTON.

In sheltered vale the mill-wheel  
Still sings its busy lay;  
My darling once did dwell there,  
She now is far away.

A ring in pledge she gave me,  
While vows of love she spoke;  
Those vows were soon forgotten,  
My ring asunder broke.

I fain would be a minstrel,  
And wander far away,  
In every house be welcome,  
And sing the live-long day.

But while I hear that mill-wheel  
My grief will never cease;  
I would the grave would hide me,  
For there alone is peace.

13. SONG ... "The Last Rose of Summer" ... Moore  
MISS CLARA DOWLE.

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;  
No flower of her kindred, no ros bud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem,  
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow when friendships decay,  
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away;  
When true hearts lie withered and fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

14. SONG ... "Sally in our Alley" ... Old English  
MR. JOHN BARTLETT.

Of all the girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty Sally,  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.

There is no lady in the land  
That's half so sweet as Sally,  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days within the week  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes between  
The Saturday and Monday;  
For then I'm dressed in all my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally,  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all  
Make game of me and Sally,  
And but for her I'd rather be  
A slave and row a galley.  
But when my seven long years are o'er,  
Oh, then I'll marry Sally,  
And then how happy we shall be,  
But not in our alley.

The audience are particularly requested not to walk about the room or talk during the performance of any song or piece of music.

ADMISSION—THREEPENNY.

PROGRAMME OF THE CELEBRATED "AT HOME" COMPANY'S

UNIQUE DRAWING ROOM ENTERTAINMENT,

TO BE GIVEN ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1891, TO COMMENCE AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS—MISS F. PERFITT, MISS L. AUGARDE, MR. J. M. GORDON, MR. T. C. WRAY.  
ACCOMPANIST—MR. ASHLEY RICHARDS.

PART I.

"THE GARDEN PARTY."

- 1. OVERTURE "Poet and Peasant" ... Suppe
- 2. GLEE ... "Sweet and Low" ... Barnby  
MISS F. PERFITT, MISS L. AUGARDE, AND MR. J. M. GORDON.
- 3. SONG ... "The Minstrel Boy" ... Moore  
MISS LOUISE AUGARDE.
- 4. DUET ... "The Singing Lesson" ... Fioravanti  
MISS F. PERFITT AND MR. J. M. GORDON.
- 5. VIOLIN SOLO ... Selected ...  
MR. ASHLEY RICHARDS.
- 6. PLANTATION SONG "But it is so" ... A. Scott Gatty  
THE COMPANY.
- 7. SONG ... "Tell me, my heart" ... Bishop  
MISS F. PERFITT.
- 8. SONG ... "The Toreador's Song" (Carman) Bizet  
MR. J. M. GORDON.
- 9. DUET ... "Over the Hawthorn Hedge" ... Glover  
MISS F. PERFITT AND MISS L. AUGARDE.
- 10. SONG ... "The Showman's Song" ... Lutz  
MR. T. C. WRAY.
- 11. PLANTATION SONG "Good Night" ... A. Scott Gatty  
THE COMPANY.

An Interval of Ten minutes.

PART II.

The Charming Musical Sketch, entitled:

"MOCK TURTLES"

(by Desprez).

- Mr. Wranglebury ... MR. J. M. GORDON
- Mrs. Wranglebury ... MISS FANNY PERFITT
- Mrs. Boucher ... MISS LOUISE AUGARDE  
(Mother-in-law to Mr. Wranglebury.)
- John ... (Servant) MR. T. C. WRAY

Scene—Breakfast-room in Mr. Wranglebury's house.

To conclude with the Laughable Sketch, entitled:

"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE NATUR."

- Mr. Craftyman ... MR. J. M. GORDON
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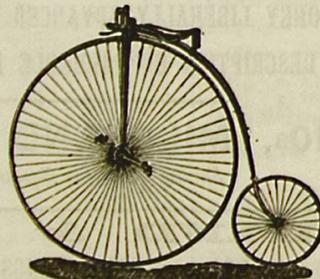
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