



VOL. III.—No. 60.]

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

Coming Events.

THURSDAY.—LIBRARY—Closed to Readers of Books.  
 NEWSPAPERS—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m.  
 ORGAN RECITAL at 6.30.—Dissolving View Entertainments three times daily.  
 GYMNASIc DISPLAY at 7.30.  
 Continuation of the Christmas Arctic Fete, commencing at 10; Concert, at 8, in the Queen's Hall, with the Band of H.M. Scots Guards.

FRIDAY.—LIBRARY—Closed to Readers of Books.  
 NEWSPAPERS—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m.  
 ORGAN RECITAL at 6.30.—Dissolving View Entertainments three times daily.  
 GYMNASIc DISPLAY at 7.30.  
 Continuation of the Christmas Arctic Fete, commencing at 10; Concert at 8, in the Queen's Hall, with the Band of H.M. Scots Guards.  
 CHORAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal at 8 o'clock.  
 PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—Paper by Mr. Livingstone, at 8 o'clock, in Room 12.  
 LITERARY SOCIETY.—"Productive" Meeting, at 8.15.

SATURDAY.—LIBRARY—Closed to Readers of Books.  
 NEWSPAPERS—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m.  
 ORGAN RECITAL at 6.30.—Dissolving View Entertainments three times daily.  
 GYMNASIc DISPLAY at 7.30.  
 Continuation of the Christmas Arctic Fete, commencing at 10; Concert at 8, in the Queen's Hall, with the Band of H.M. Scots Guards.  
 RAMBLERS.—No Ramble.  
 HARRIERS.—Ordinary Run from Head-quarters, starting at 4 p.m.  
 FOOTBALL.—First XI., at Wanstead; Second XI., at West Ham.

SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITALS at 12.30 and 4.  
 LIBRARY (Exhibition of Pictures).—Open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY.—LIBRARY—Closed to Readers of Books.  
 NEWSPAPERS—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m.  
 ORGAN RECITAL at 6.30.  
 GYMNASIc DISPLAY at 7.30.  
 Continuation of the Christmas Arctic Fete, commencing at 10; Concert at 8, in the Queen's Hall, with the Band of H.M. Scots Guards.  
 SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Meeting.  
 MILITARY BAND.—Usual Practice.

TUESDAY.—LIBRARY—Closed to Readers of Books.  
 NEWSPAPERS—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m.  
 ORGAN RECITAL at 6.30.  
 GYMNASIc DISPLAY at 7.30.  
 Continuation of the Christmas Arctic Fete, commencing at 10; Concert at 8, in the Queen's Hall, with the Band of H.M. Scots Guards.  
 PARLIAMENT.—Usual sitting.

WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY—Closed to Readers of Books.  
 NEWSPAPERS—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m.  
 ORGAN RECITAL at 6.30.  
 GYMNASIc DISPLAY at 7.30.  
 Ladies' Gymnastic Display, at 8, in Gymnasium.  
 Continuation of the Christmas Arctic Fete, commencing at 10; Concert at 8, in the Queen's Hall, with the Band of H.M. Scots Guards.

Notes of the Week.

NOTHING that ever has been talked about, believed in, and acted upon is really so dead and buried that it will never be revived. The greatest rubbish, the wildest theories, the most foolish superstitions in the world's history are not really buried—only laid aside for a while. One should not be surprised to find old women burned again for witches, or to see children brought to the Queen to be touched for scrofula, or to witness a revival of Baal worship. Anything may happen again that has once happened.

FOR instance, there is actually in this week's *Standard* a series of letters on the "Divining Rod." If there was ever a superstition of which one would say that it was so far decayed that it would never revive again, this was the old belief in the "Divining Rod." Not that it was dead. Twenty years ago I myself came upon a man who professed to use the rod, not only for finding water, but also for finding metals of different kinds. For water he used a hazel twig shaped like a V, the arms being about ten inches long. By holding this in a certain position he declared you could ascertain the existence of a spring because the twig would itself bend over at any point where water would be found. For finding metals he used a round piece of wood—material unknown—with a hole through its centre. He passed a thread of silk through the hole with a knot at one end. Thus suspended the ruler inclined at a certain angle over metals. The angle, he declared, was different for any metal. The people in South Africa are great believers in the "Divining Rod," and always use it for finding water. The French used to believe in it extensively: they called it the "Rod of Jacob." The Cornish men believe in it still: and there are parts of North America where it is still carried about.

ONE man wrote to *The Standard*, of December 28th, to say that the City of Chicago is supplied with water from a subterranean spring, discovered in this miraculous way by a Quaker. He chose a spot, we are told, near the city, which, "geologically, was incapable of yielding water." Now if a spot is geologically incapable of yielding water, all the Divining Rods in the world could not find it there. One would like, however, to know the date of this miracle: the name and history of the worthy Quaker: and the ownership of the field where the miracle was worked. Another man writes to say that he has followed the profession of diviner "with great success" for fifty years. The "great success" seems to indicate a pretty considerable number of failures. Can the failures be explained?

ANOTHER wide-spread superstition which seems to be on the point of revival is that of the Evil Eye, from which we, in this country, are happily free. It was, however, very wide-spread over the Continent, especially in Italy. The Hindoos are also horribly afraid of the Evil Eye. The idea is that some persons are so cursed by nature, that misery, misfortune, and suffering follow the glance of their eyes, and that without any desire on their part to cause any evil. The late Popo, Pio Nono, was believed to have the Evil Eye: the present President of the French Republic, M. Carnot, is also credited with this unlucky possession.

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE, most unfortunate of all princesses, was believed to bring misfortune by her friendship and affection. To be sure everybody whom she loved came to some dreadful and violent end. But what a terrible belief to cling

Organ Recitals,  
 On SUNDAY NEXT, JANUARY 6th,  
 IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. "Fixed in His Everlasting Seat" ... .. Handel.
2. Andante in F ... .. Beethoven.
3. Anthem, "Behold I bring you good tidings" ... .. Goss.
4. Sacred Song, "The King of Love" ... .. Gounod.
5. Meditation ... .. Klein.
6. "Hear my Prayer" ... .. Mendelssohn.

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. Jubilee Anthem ... .. Dr. Hopkins.
2. Aria ... .. Bach.
3. "Let the Bright Seraphim" ... .. Handel.
4. Impromptu ... ..
- (a) Air, "If with all your hearts" ... ..
- (b) March from "Athalie" ... .. Mendelssohn.

to a person, especially a Queen, who should be the dispenser of all that is gracious in hospitality and kindness! Mary Queen of Scots and her grandson, Charles the First, would seem to have been endowed with the same dreadful power of bringing misfortune upon their friends.

ANOTHER vain thing, which we used to consider gone long ago, is palmistry, or the reading of a man's fortune in the lines of his hand. Yet only a year ago it was the fashion for young ladies to read the hand. Astrology, or the divining of the future from the stars, has now quite died out. Omens of good luck and of bad luck are certainly less numerous than they were, but there are still a few too many. Everybody ought to unite in firmly resisting all these superstitions. They make life intolerable. Who, for instance, would return to the Roman custom of looking for lucky and unlucky days in which to begin an enterprise, of turning back if, at the outset, they met an unlucky flight of birds? And who would return to the practice of our ancestors in looking for signs of luck, good or bad, in every little chance event that might meet them in a walk? Always to anticipate the future: always to be dreading the evil that has been forecast by an unlucky magpie or the screech of an owl: is to multiply the evils of life. Let us enjoy the present: plenty of disagreeable things await us in the future: let us not anticipate them or seek to avert them otherwise than by our own conduct. If we spend and scatter in the days of plenty, we shall shiver for cold and hunger in the days of old age and want. To know this is to be fore-armed: it is better than the screeches of a thousand owls.

WHEN this note meets your eyes, gentle reader, it will be already the New Year: you will have begun the year 1889. There is always something serious in the beginning of a New Year. Last year is always, on reflection, found to have been marked by so many deplorable faults and extravagancies. This year we shall save our money, keep our health, avoid those things of which our conscience doth accuse us, and advance steadily in the course we have laid down. Good resolutions are sometimes kept. It has occurred to me, therefore, that a few may be suggested as a guidance for young people who wish to make and keep one or two.

RESOLUTION I.—For young men. Not to get married before the age of seven or eight-and-twenty. And to lay by every week such a sum in the Post Office Savings Bank as will, after a few years, buy a deferred annuity to begin at the age of fifty-five. Let them ask any casual man of sixty how much happier he would now be had he saved his money when he was young, and bought himself that 12s. a week for his old age.

RESOLUTION II.—For young women. Not to keep company with any young man under the age of five-and-twenty, and to encourage them to lay by for the deferred annuity.

RESOLUTION III.—For the Members of the Palace. To join without delay those classes which may help them in their respective trades.

RESOLUTION IV.—For clerks. To learn Shorthand or French, or both: not to pretend to learn it, but to seize it, to hold on to it, and to worry it until it has been mastered.

RESOLUTION V.—To Members of the Palace Parliament. Never to speak unless they have studied the subject, and mastered all the details.

RESOLUTION VI.—To Members of the Literary Club. Never to let a week pass without (1) original composition of some kind; (2) reading of some master of English; (3) learning by heart some piece of poetry.

No better news has ever been announced to the Members of the Palace than the proposed journey to Paris in the summer. I hope that everybody who has the least desire to see foreign countries will send in his name, and try to be one of the party. It is a new thing, this providing cheap trips to foreign countries, and it is a good thing. No travelling at home does half so much good or so opens the mind as travelling on the Continent, where everything is strange,—food, manners, language.

THE travelling of all classes of the community is destined to be the great peacemaker of the future: when peoples lived apart and knew not each other, and all spoke a strange

language, the stranger was an enemy: you had to kill him, or he would kill you. When travelling began among rich people—it has not been in vogue more than two hundred and fifty years or so—it was discovered that a stranger may become a friend. What if the working-classes over all the world should travel from one country to another, making acquaintance with each other, finding out their own superiorities, and their own shortcomings, and experiencing the friendliness of the foreigner instead of his bayonet?

CONSIDER: fifty years ago, when there were no railways, the people never went anywhere: everybody remained in his native village or town, where he was born; he stayed there, rooted to the soil, like a cabbage. He never saw anything: he died with the same ideas that his father and his grandfather had held. Then the railway was built, and excursion trains were run, and the people began to get about and to see things. People inland went down to see the ocean: people in the country came up to see the town: people in the town went out to see the country. Everywhere a-coming and a-going, an exchange of ideas and experiences: new interests: a new world opening out: new knowledge acquired. To travel, for people who did not read much, was to open out the Atlas of the World. We have all become geographers: we have wandered about the face of the earth in many countries, and can draw its maps from our own knowledge. From travelling we have come to love reading about travel. What the old sailors did for ships and trade, the railways have done for all mankind. They have revealed the habitable globe. They will make of mankind a universal brotherhood.

ARE we to have one pound notes? For my own part, I hope we are. They are apt to get old and greasy, but they are most convenient to carry and to use; and, perhaps, the bankers would readily exchange new for old notes. They are liable to be burned or to be torn, but they are much less likely to be lost than gold coins. Then we would set free an immense amount of gold. Many countries use them and find their advantage in their use. To adopt them, again, would be, no new thing.

If you want to get old there is one rule which must be observed: you must get up early. Some American has been sending out forms of questions to men and women over eighty years of age asking how they did it. Well, they all got up early. Another suggested resolution.—To get up early—as soon as the dark cold mornings are over. It is, however, true, that some of those who do get up early do not live to become old. You must also take plenty of bodily exercise. These two rules observed, you may do anything you please. You may drink, but not to excess: you may smoke tobacco: you may follow any trade you please: but if you get up early and take plenty of exercise, you will have a good chance of getting to eighty if you desire to attain that age.

THE other day I discovered a most delightful place, which I hope will be visited by a good many of our folk; it is in Southwark. You cross London Bridge, and walk a little way down the Borough High-street till you come to Union-street. Here turn to the right and go on until you come to Redcross-street, when you must turn to the left. Redcross-street just here consists mainly of the great barracks, which they call model lodging-houses; on the right are warehouses. It is on the right that the surprise arises in. A year ago there were lying in a mass, unsightly and squalid, the ruins of a warehouse burned down some time before and not rebuilt. These ruins extended from Redcross-street in the east to Whitecross-street in the west. Very well. The ruins have now disappeared. On their site there stands a row of buildings consisting of six most charming cottages, gabled, and with pretty windows, and a hall, not so big, it is true, as the Queen's Hall, but a pleasant, convenient room. In front of these buildings is a garden with a little ornamental water, flower beds, asphalted walks, a band stand, a dove-cote full of pigeons, and a long balcony with seats where people can sit to hear the music. They have in the hall a concert of sacred music every Sunday, so that the Palace is not alone in its Sunday concert—a concert of vocal and instrumental music once or twice every week—a Lecture sometimes, and a Play sometimes. The Hall is open besides every Sunday to everybody who likes to come in. The Southwark Working Men's Club, and the Redcross Boys' Club, have rooms here also with their games, Library, Reading-room, etc. It is, in fact, a miniature People's Palace, with the pretty cottage residences thrown in.

EDITOR.

## The Christmas Arctic Fete.

ENCOURAGED by the remarkable success attending their efforts in July and August last, the Trustees, with the view of again affording East Londoners an opportunity of relaxation and enjoyment, opened at the Palace on the 22nd December, a Grand Christmas and Winter Fête and Arctic Fair. This Fête, which is announced to continue until the 12th inst., is comprehensive of several interesting features—not the least attractive being that of the exhibition of pictures held in the Library and the adjoining ante-rooms. It will be remembered that in the Autumn Fête the picture exhibition (so admirably arranged by Messrs. Comyns Carr and Hallé) was conspicuous by its excellence, and was, in a very great measure, conducive to the general success. This, the second exhibition of pictures—the result of an appeal for loans to a number of friends of the Palace,—is, perhaps, even more representative of illustrious artists than was its predecessor, comprising as it does some very fine works by Millais, Armitage, Ansdell, Blinks, Meissonnier, Old Crome, Calderon, Giovanni Costa, Edward Frere, A. Gow, Frupp, Ellis, Stacy Marks, De Blaas, Riviere, Gerome, Sely, Seymour Lucas, Hoppner, Chalon L'Hermitte, Stannard, Orchardson, Dodgson, Herring, Pool, Duncan, Bastien Le-page, Israels, Favretto, Herrkomer, Breton, Maris' Reid, Mauve, Carolus Duran, Cecil Lawson, Boulanger, Sadee de Bock, Bournier Achenback, Koekoek, Faed, Cooper, Heywood Hardy, Morris, Shayer, Poynter, West, and many others, which have been lent by Her Majesty the Queen, Messrs. Panmure Gordon, Benjamin Cohen, A. Raphael, Samuel Montagu, P. Ralli, N. L. Cohen, G. A. Frupp, W. A. Duncan, C. F. Martin, A. Henderson, C. Crews, J. S. Heseltine, J. P. Trew, E. Armitage, M. Colnaghi, J. P. Mendoza, E. J. Poynter, H. W. Soule, J. S. Forbes, and G. Aitchison. These pictures, well hung in the Library (a building scarcely adapted for the purpose), have up to the present certainly borne out the anticipations of the Trustees.

From art to music is a natural step. In the adjoining Queen's Hall, the visitors to the Arctic Fair have had the immense advantage of listening to the well-known, well-tried Scots Guards' Band. This band, always popular at the Palace, has been augmented, and now numbers twenty performers, who, ably bated by Mr. Edward Holland, nightly discourse sweet music to appreciative audiences. At 6.30 also, every evening, Mr. Alfred Hollins, the organist to the Palace, has given recitals on the organ, which, it is scarcely necessary to add, have met with great approval. On Boxing Day, and every day following—almost hourly, in fact,—there have been given a series of Magic Lantern Entertainments for children in the New Lecture Hall. These entertainments have, up to the present, not only been well attended, but also greatly successful: not a little of the success being due to the gentleman who has so ably chorussed each particular story. There have also been Gymnastic Displays in the Gymnasium by the Palace Members, the boys of the Technical Day School, and the lads (between the ages of thirteen and sixteen), representing the Junior Section, each of which, under Staff-Sergeant H. H. Burdett and Assistants Nelson and Wright, has elicited much applause from the spectators.

But the Arctic Fête proper is contained within the structure known to Mile-Enders as the Exhibition-building; a twin-building used on many previous occasions for dog and bird shows, exhibitions, etc. For the designing and setting-out of this part of the Fête, Mr. Andrew Davison, of Paddington,—who so distinguished himself in the autumn decorations,—is wholly responsible. That he has been successful, the fifteen thousand persons who attended on Boxing Day alone will bear testimony. (A word of praise, in parenthesis, is also due to this gentleman's lieutenant,—Mr. F. Whitelocke, the "scenic artist" of the undertaking.) It would seem as if the Ice King, hand in hand with Santa Claus, had taken up his abode here: for evidences of his presence are not wanting. Certainly, His Majesty has considerable good taste: for his abode is the snuggest possible. Feminine youth, brightly clad in scarlet robes, the daintiest of fur-tipped caps, and—better than all—with a wealth of smiles, has the old gentleman—with commendable common-sense,—gathered around him. For his creature comforts, apparently, he hath provided an inn,—an old, picturesque, snow-covered inn, with a signboard bearing the quaint legend: "Ye old Christmas Fête"—kept by mine host Davison. A birch's withered branch, beautiful with arctic workmanship, stands close by—the object of a kennelled but impossible canine that, perhaps, can scent the cauldron round the corner. 'Tis a pretty bit, this tavern: but there is

a prettier opposite, in the shape of an old-time cottage, with its carbuncled and latticed windows, its snow-laden roof, its icicled corners, its hoary patch of turf outside, and its robin nestling in the snowy eaves. A fellow redbreast, with open bill, but a tuneless throat, is complacently perched on a frozen treeling hard by. This is the home of Ayesha—the "Mystery of She," the so-called "wonder of 1889"—a mystification which King Winter and Santa Claus have provided for their own and their friends' amusement. You pay a penny and you enter, to find that the cottage exterior is a delusion and a snare; for the interior contains but one room—a large one. Here, at a respectful and barred distance, may you stand, with wondering eyes, gazing between a couple of naked lights into the blackness beyond, out of which, presently, at the word of one who, truly, looketh not a magician, there ariseth the beautiful She herself. Whether she cometh the astonished spectator can only conjecture as he leaves marvelling at an entertainment which, although suggesting Mr. Rider Haggard, is certainly innocent of that gentleman and all his works. Outside here, beneath a snow-laden, majestic—painted—pine, is what is called a penny lucky-machine, into which if you drop your cash you may stand a good chance of increasing your income. Close by, an automatic fortune-teller dwells in a resplendent, Monte Cristo-sort of jewel-cave; here, too, are a gipsy tent, fixed for no apparent purpose; a clever miniature astrologer—an automaton—who, like the gentry of vineyard fame, is quite content to work for a penny; and an ingenious instrument, whereby, if the ocular be applied thereto, one may enjoy the sensation of seeing through a brick. Truly the wonders of the Ice King are many! Looking down a long perspective of icicles one can see something which looks, at a distance, like a huge frosted plum-pudding; but which, as will presently be seen, is nothing more or less than a monster snowball. Our old friend, Aunt Sally, is here, too, still facing the slings and (h)arrows of outrageous fortune, and by no means undaunted by the competition of her neighbouring new-fangled rivals, such as the American game of balls; the Fine Art Exhibition—where for a penny you may gaze through glasses and get petrified by the beauties within;—the pierrots' heads, with temptingly wide open and remarkably round mouths, into which King Winter's guests may try their dexterity at pitching balls; a complicated machine for "trying your strength"; and a fantastic jiggery arrangement—which the mind of man is taxed to comprehend—presided over by one of the aforesaid scarletted damsels. Here is a remarkable snowscape representing those Northern regions—more particularly identified as the true home of his Hoary Majesty—where a young bear, wild of eye and unsteady of gait, appears, like another "Dismal Jemmy," to be contemplating suicide: and in full view of a truly tropical Phœbus! Facing this is another frost-bound, snow-roofed cottage, picturesquely placed, and chiefly remarkable for its shadowy tell-tale window-blind: whereon is depicted an amorous youth availing himself, beneath the mistletoe, of an essentially Christmas privilege. This is the home of the Electric Lady, a pleasant-faced young person, who shakes you affably by the hand, and in so doing administers an electric shock—a piece of fun for which King Winter, in his desire to please his younger friends, should be specially thanked. Outside, on the "blasted heath," standing in a frozen pool, and surrounded by a fringe of hoary bushes, the Snowball towers imposingly aloft. It is approached by a rustic bridge, kept by a little maiden in a pale blue satin frock and the familiar red riding-hood, who rashly thus braves the evidently trying elements. Next her, got up with admirable effect, the New Year—seated on a rakish-looking ram—beams as a pretty little child of some four or five summers—or, rather, winters—dressed very tastefully in white and fur-tipped garments. Young 1889 looks—as, alas! each of its predecessors have done!—o'erflowing with goodly promise; we shall see. Within the snowball—where one half-expected to see His Majesty himself—there is provided an entertainment which appeals particularly to juveniles. A miniature theatre, a very laughable little gentleman—all body and no head—are here, with much music and other attractions; not to mention the beautiful "flat," with its Alpine range, whereon the pious monks of St. Bernard are seen hastening to the rescue of a benighted traveller who lies, to the evident consternation of the dogs, buried chin-deep in the snow. Outside the snowball another startling "pictorial" shows a couple of seals in their habit as they live: one of which, with much self-satisfaction and with infinite gusto is devouring a theatrical fish—greatly to the indignation of its companion.

This is the end of the Home, proper, of the Ice King; though it certainly is not the conclusion of the many attractions provided. The other half of the twin building is as different, so far as colour and setting go, as chalk is to cheese.

It is a mass of warmth and brightness of colour, a wonderful collection of Chinese lanterns, Japanese fans, flowers, and flags of all nationalities; a cavern of legerdemain—where “the quickness of the hand,” to quote its clever conjuror, “deceives the dexterity of the eye”; a wonderful oracle, which, on consulting, the curious will see his or her future consort; where a mermaid, in a cool grotto, displays herself in real water; where, also, at the word of He-who-must-be-obeyed, a trunkless human head appears in a fairy dell, and addresses the mystified spectators. Where, too, a Brobdingnagian head, with lolling tongue—that suggests the dog-days—moving eyes, and eye-lashes struts about, as Mr. George Conquest some years ago at the Alhambra, in an identically similar head, was wont to do; where the “French” bagatelle rivals the Jubilee game of “pitch in the box”; where the “six rings a penny” pastime may be enjoyed all day; where the “Waterbury” watch-stall looks handsome and attractive; and where our ambitious citizen soldier, if so he wills, may cheaply practice at a rifle range placed among the stalactites and rocks.

Society and Club Notes.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

Our practices will be resumed next Monday; Members will please take note.  
W. SHAW-CONSTABLE, Hon. Sec.  
W. SPILLER, Assist. Hon. Sec.

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

A Grand Gymnastic and Calisthenic Display was given by the lady Members of the Gymnasium on Tuesday, December 18th, 1888. Although the evening was so foggy, a goodly number of Members' friends were present. The programme of the evening's entertainment was arranged as follows:—Musical Exercises with Dumb-bells; Gymnastics on Parallel Bars; Musical Exercises with Indian Clubs; Gymnastics on Vaulting-horse. A selection was then given by the Choir-boys of the Palace Technical Day Schools, conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A. The second part of the programme commenced with Musical Exercises with Bar-bells, and Figure Marching; Tug-of-war: Miss F. Reynolds' team v. Miss Newport's team—the latter team won; and the Musical Running Maze. On the whole, a most successful evening.

A Ladies' Gymnastic Display will take place on Wednesday, January 9th, 1889, in the Gymnasium, at 8 p.m.; all those ladies who received post-cards are kindly requested to be present.

H. H. BURDETT, Director.  
SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

In spite of the unpropitious state of the weather, about eighty Members and friends were present at the first *Soirée Dansante* of the above Club, which was held on Friday, December 14th, in the Ladies' Social-room (No. 2). Pianist, Miss Moody; Stewards: Messrs. W. Marshall, H. Rosenwary, J. Clenshaw, and A. McKenzie, who carried out their duties in a most efficient manner. The following was the programme:—First part—piano solo (selected), Miss Moody; quadrille; song, “Saving the Colours,” Mr. A. Greenwood; song, “Come Back to Erin,” Miss Marshall; valse; lancers; and recitation, “Poor Little Joe,” Miss K. Simons; song (humorous selected), Mr. Geo. Bennett, encored. Second part—polka; duet, “Love and War,” Messrs. Dawson and Greenwood; song, “Best of all,” Mr. T. Moore; Albert's schottische; song, “I am Waiting,” Mr. W. Dawson; song, “Grandma's Advice,” Miss S. Marshall, encored; quadrille (Ramblers), first figure, Caledonians; second, “Prince Imperial's”; third, Lancers; fourth, “Albert's”; fifth, grand chain, valse, and galop. A hearty vote of thanks was given to Miss Moody and Miss Dawson for presiding at the piano, and also to Messrs. Geo. Bennett and W. Dawson for the capital songs which they had rendered, and it is hoped that they will favour us with their presence on some future occasion. The evening was brought to a close about eleven o'clock, everyone expressing a wish that the second *soirée* would be held very shortly.

On Saturday last, December 29th, a portion of the Exeter Hall Rambling Club paid a visit to the People's Palace Institute, and were conducted round by five Members from the Committee of the People's Palace Rambling Club; after which they were invited to partake of tea, provided for them by Sir Edmund Currie in the Secretaries' Room. On Saturday next, January 5th, no Ramble. On Saturday, January 12th, we visit St. Paul's Cathedral. Saturday, January 19th, is arranged for our second visit to *The Times* Office, and, as only six persons are allowed at each visit, Members are requested to send in their names to the General Offices, addressed to either of the Hon. Secretaries not later than Wednesday, January 9th. On January 26th, Dr. Barnardo's Home. On February 2nd, Mansion House. The Secretaries will be at the Palace on Wednesday, January 9th, to issue Membership Tickets, in Room 8, Old School-buildings, from 8.30 till 9.30.

H. ROURT, Hon. Sec.  
W. H. MOODY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Commencing on Saturday, December 22nd, a Four Mile Handicap was held for the Cup presented to the Club last season by E. Flower, Esq., for which thirty-two entries were received, out of which number twenty-three faced the starter, Mr. C. Davis (late Spartan Harriers). This is the smallest muster the Club have had this season at a race, and this may be accounted for in several ways, the principal reason being inclement weather, and the train service of the G.E.R. was so upset by the excursion trains that the ordinary trains were greatly delayed, and consequently several of the entrants arrived too late to compete, although the race was started half an hour after the advertised time; but beyond this everything passed off successfully. A short description of the race may prove interesting. At the word “go,” the limit man, Moxhay, 5 min. start, went off at a very even pace, but when he had covered about a mile he was overtaken by F. Merritt, 3 min. 45 sec., who was in turn passed. J. Harvey, 3 min. 10 sec., who retained his lead unto the end, winning a well-contested race in 36 min. 45 sec., which, considering the heavy state of the ground, is very fair time, and shows a decided improvement in the times since the commencement of the season. The scratch men ran in their usual good form, but were unable to get up to the leaders. The following were the first twelve men home, and the times occupied by them:—

J. Harvey, 36 min. 45 sec.; F. Merritt, 36 min. 50 sec.; P. Holland, 35 min. 50 sec.; V. Dawson, 36 min. 25 sec.; J. P. Leggett, 34 min. 37 sec.; E. C. Tibbs, scratch, 34 min. 19 sec.; J. R. Deeley, scratch, 34 min. 23 sec.; W. Taylor, 37 min. 45 sec.; E. Bates, 36 min. 5 sec.; E. Taylor, 37 min. 16 sec.; A. Giles, 38 min. 50 sec.; H. Johnson, 37 min. 40 sec.

On Boxing Day a very successful Paper Chase was held. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, twenty-two Members and friends turned up at head-quarters. The hares, Messrs. Crowe and Johnston, were started shortly after noon, and led the hares a pretty dance over about eleven miles of country, in the districts of Wanstead, Barkingside, Woodford Bridge, and Snaresbrook. The run lasted about an hour and a quarter, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

On the same date at Tufnell Park, the Club were gaining laurels at the Spartan Harriers Junior Inter-Club Race, when eighteen clubs sent their picked men, and the Beaumont Harriers managed to get placed third.

Our Secretary ran into third place; our Captain, E. C. Tibbs, finished ninth, and a new Member, in the person of J. R. Leggett, eighteenth, making a total of thirty points. This shows a decided improvement, as competing in a similar race at the beginning of the season, we were unable to obtain a place, notwithstanding that our Secretary then finished fourth.

On Saturday last, December 29th, an Inter-Club run was held with the Tower R. and A. Club, from the latter's head-quarters, at Walthamstow. We regret to say that a very poor muster turned up, and the mile run-in for a Silver Medal, presented to the first Beaumont man home by the Tower Club, resulted, after a good race between E. C. Tibbs and J. R. Deeley, in a win for the former. After the run a high tea and very successful smoking-concert was held.

Ordinary run from head-quarters, “Forest Gate Hotel,” starting at 4 p.m. Visitors cordially invited.

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.  
E. J. CROWE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

On Friday evening, the 21st ult., the first Social Meeting took place. The first part of the programme consisted of some songs, contributed by our Palace favourites, Messrs. Fosh, Whittick, and Hunt, and a violin and pianoforte quartet, excellently rendered by the Misses Posener and Mr. Hirsch.

Mr. Masters amused us by giving a humorous recitation on education; and pianoforte solos were given by Mr. Constable and Master Dormer.

During the evening the Dodo Brothers (negro minstrels), banjoed and sang several comic songs, interspersed with patter—much to the enjoyment of all present.

After a short interval, the Members gave a Dissolving View Entertainment, most of the slides shown being the work of the Club, those of Messrs. Barrett and Downing being exceptionally good. The Prize Competition photos were also shown on the screen.

A word of thanks must be given to our sub-Editor, Mr. Knight, who so ably acted as Chairman.

On Friday evening, January 4th, at 8 p.m., Room No. 12, Mr. Livingstone will read a paper on “Intensification and Intensifiers.”

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.  
ALEXANDER ALBU, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

Names of intending Members will be gladly received by the Secretary.

The next smoking-concert in connection with this Club will take place on Friday, January 11th, 1889. Tickets, admitting Member and friend, to be had from Messrs. C. A. Bowman, H. W. Byard, and from

T. G. CARTER, Captain and Hon. Secretary,  
7, Ferns Road, Romford Road.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The last concert of the year took place on December 20th, and was unusually brilliant.

Miss Agnes Keyser brought down a large party of musical friends, but, unfortunately, so few of the Members who had promised to assist or to attend were present, that the Concert-room was nearly empty. The audience increased later in the evening, and those Members who were present tried, by their enthusiasm, to make up for the scanty attendance.

Miss Valentine and Miss Job fulfilled their promise to play and sing; Miss Reynolds and Miss Fisher kindly gave their help; Miss Agnes Keyser and her friends sang some charming plantation songs; Miss Piers fascinated every one by her pathetic songs to her guitar accompaniment. Mr. Skipworth and Mr. Keyser sang solos, and Mr. Sinclair, who had travelled up to town that day in order to sing at the Palace, delighted the audience with his comic songs.

L. A. ADAM.

[By a mischance the report of this Club, which appeared on the 19th ult., was overlooked in revision: the result being several lamentable mistakes. It is only just to say that Mrs. Mellish was in no way responsible.—SUB-ED. T. P. J.]

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The usual Monthly Exhibition of Sketches and Designs by Members of the above Club will be held on Monday, 14th inst., at 7.30 p.m., Room 5, Technical School-buildings, the first half-hour being reserved for Members.

The subjects for illustration are as follows:—

- Design .. .. A Rug.
- Figure .. .. “And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel, and shining morning face, creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school.”
- Landscape .. .. A Farm.
- Marine .. .. After a Storm.
- Still Life.

Sketches may be left at the Bookstall, Technical School-buildings, and it is requested that all contributions be left at latest by Friday evening, 11th inst.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.  
C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Assist. Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. POLYTECHNIC 2ND.—The ‘Monts journeyed down to Wimbledon to meet the above team, and after a well-contested game were defeated by two goals to nil. The Polytechnic put a strong eleven in the field, but the ‘Monts only played eight men. No doubt the result would have been different if our fellows had turned up. Any rate, those who did go played a dashing game, and need not be ashamed of the result. The following played well for the Poly.—Potter, Strenitz, and Thomas, while there was nothing to choose between any individual of the ‘Monts. Polytechnic Team:—Gray (goal); Forrest, Hocking (backs); Potter, Masher, Robertson (half-backs); Stratford, Thomas, Strenitz, Guttridge, Whittington (forwards). Beaumont Team:—Jacobson (goal); Shaw, Munro (backs); Jesseman, Cowlin (half-backs); Jesseman, Sherrell, Cox (forwards). Match next Saturday at Wanstead v. St. Paul's (return). Kick off at 3 sharp. Team chosen from following:—Hart (Capt.), Wenn, Cowlin, Munro, J. Algar, Stewart, Cox, Jacobson, Sherrell, Gould, Morgan, Stapleton, and W. and D. Jesseman.—SECOND ELEVEN v. ILFORD PARK.—This match should have been played at Ilford last Saturday, and although nine ‘Monts turned up they were sadly disappointed through the Parks not putting in an appearance. Match next Saturday at West Ham Park v. Tonic Sol-Fa. Kick off at 3 sharp. Team:—Arno, Hawkins, A. Algar, Witham, Cantle, Helbing, Winch, Horseman, Edmunds, Moreton, Butterwick (Capt.). Ye Olde Valentyne's Daye. The Committee beg to make known that the Members of the Beaumont Football Club will hold their next dance on the aforesaid day at the Beaumont Hall, Mile End, E. Double tickets 2/6; single 1/6.

T. MORETON, } Hon. Secs.  
E. SHERRELL, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, December 18th.—In the absence of the Speaker, the Chairman of the Committees presided. Minor business and questions to Government having been disposed of, the adjourned debate upon the Address to Her Majesty was resumed by Mr. Hobson (N.E. Bethnal Green), and continued by Messrs. Jolly (St. George's East), Maynard (Merioneth), A. Albu (Thanet), the Home Secretary (Mr. Valentine), and brought to a close by the President of the Local Government Board (Mr. A. H. Brown). The latter gentleman having reported upon the sanitary condition of the country, the House adjourned. Next sitting, Tuesday, January 8th. Order of the day. Mr. Masters (Midlothian), will ask for leave to introduce Bill respecting “Civil List Expenditure.”

JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec. and  
Clerk of the House.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—Members of the Palace 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace 3s. per annum. The Club meets for practice during the Winter Fête, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 7 p.m., in Room 21, Old School-buildings. The Handicap and Cup Competitions are in progress, but fresh sections in both Competitions may be started if names are given in at once.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—Sergeant H. H. BURDETT.

A meeting of Leaders was held on Thursday, December 20th, when final arrangements were made for the forthcoming displays. Mr. J. H. Hulls resigned his office as one of the Secretaries, and Mr. F. Hunter was elected in his stead.

The first display of the season by the Members of the Gymnasium was given on Saturday, the 22nd ult., before a large audience. During the display, Sir E. Hay Currie stated that owing to the increasing popularity of the Gymnasium with the Members of the Palace, Sergt. Burdett, the Director, had found that the present number of Leaders was insufficient, and it would be necessary to have four more appointed, making a total of twenty-four, and he accordingly had great pleasure in presenting Leaders' badges to Messrs. G. H. Hood, A. C. Leach, T. Burns, and G. Kitchener, who had been selected by Sergt. Burdett.

The second display was given on Thursday, the 27th, before a very large audience, indeed so great was the crush that the barriers were broken down, and a part of the programme had to be omitted.

On Saturday evening last the third display was given, and the programme carried through successfully. After the display, the Members who had taken part in it were provided with supper by the Trustees.

During the next fortnight six displays will be given, viz., on the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 8th, 10th, and 12th of January, at 7.30 each evening. Members are requested to be in their places at 7.20.

A. E. JACOBS, } Hon. Secs.  
F. HUNTER, }

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

BALANCE SHEET FOR 1888.

Dr.		Cr.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Members' Subscriptions ..	9 16 3	By Stamps ..	1 17 11
„ Honorary Members ..	21 17 6	„ Station ..	0 6 9½
„ Palace Concerts ..	3 12 0	„ Sundries ..	1 14 5
„ Dinner Tickets ..	5 18 11	„ E. Ransley's Expenses at Brighton Road Race ..	1 9 0
„ Entrance Fees, Races ..	5 16 6	„ Prizes ..	32 16 4
„ Sale of Tickets for Race Meeting ..	5 1 7	„ Hire of Track, Printing, etc. ..	4 1 8
„ Hire of Tandem ..	3 13 3	„ Eastern Hotel ..	5 19 0
		„ Expenses of Tandem ..	0 13 0
		Balance in hand ..	£48 18 1½
			6 17 10½
Total	£55 16 0	Total	£55 16 0

The Committee have great pleasure in announcing their first *Cinderella*, which will take place on January 4th, at the Town Hall, Limehouse. Kalischer's Full Quadrille Band has been engaged. Tickets may be obtained of the M.C.'s, Messrs. W. Marshall, Rosenwary, Deeley, and Robb, or of the Honorary Secretary. Members are requested to send in all unsold tickets at once. Subscriptions for the season 1889 are now due, and will be gladly received by

JAMES H. BURLEV, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Mr. Spender again lectured to this Society on Friday evening the 21st ult., the subject being “Essayists and Humorists.” This lecture, which concluded the series Mr. Spender favoured us with, was very highly appreciated by the Members present. At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Whittick proposed, and Mr. Hawkins seconded, the following resolution, which was carried unanimously:—“That this meeting desires to express its most hearty thanks to Mr. Spender for his very interesting course of Lectures on ‘Victorian Literature,’ and further trusts that he will favour this Society by allowing himself to be elected a Member of it.” Mr. Spender, in his reply, thanked the meeting for electing him a Member of the Society, and further promised, at some future time, to give another course of lectures. The usual “productive” evening will be held on Friday next, at 8.15 o'clock, when Members are earnestly requested to bring or send something, essays, poem, or tale, no matter which. Arrangements are being made for a course of Lectures on “Shakespeare”; full particulars of which will be given shortly. New Members enrolled every Friday evening. Subscription 1s. per year. All particulars given by

B. SEARLE CAYZER, } Hon. Secs.  
C. J. WHITE, }

## SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

The Members' Social evenings will be held on Monday, 14th; Tuesday, 15th, Thursday, 17th, and Friday, 18th inst. The full Band of the Claremont Orchestra has been engaged for the occasion. The evenings will consist of dancing in the Queen's Hall and entertainments in the Lecture Hall. On Monday and Tuesday, 14th and 15th, Members of the People's Palace Dramatic Club will make their *début* in "The Cricket on the Hearth," and "Is Marriage a Failure?"; on Thursday, 17th, a miscellaneous concert; and on Friday, 18th inst., the Photographic Club will give a set of dissolving views, illustrating a trip to Paris, interspersed with music, etc. The dancing will commence at 7.30 p.m., and finish at 11 p.m., the entertainments commencing at 8 p.m.

To defray the expenses, a charge of 6d. will be made for each programme, which the Social Committee desire their fellow-members to purchase when the invitation tickets are issued. Tickets, to admit Member and friend on one of the evenings, will be issued by the Committee, in the General Offices, from Saturday, January 5th, to Saturday, January 12th inclusive, from 8.15 to 9.30 p.m.

As the object of these Social Evenings is to increase sociability and provide enjoyment amongst the Members, the former rules respecting dress will be adhered to. No person will be admitted in evening dress.

Members will be required to produce their Membership Tickets of this quarter when obtaining invitation tickets.

Any information will be gladly supplied by

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor.—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec.; Mr. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

We commence rehearsing again on Friday evening next, at 8 o'clock, in the new Music-room. It is most desirable that all Members should attend, as it is the first rehearsal of a fresh quarter and a new year.

On the 16th and 19th of January next we shall render "Cinderella" in the Queen's Hall, and all Members who intend to perform must attend the next rehearsals regularly and punctually. Owing to the Christmas Fête, we shall have to postpone our Soirée until the latter part of January.

The Secretary wishes to draw attention to the following Rules, which have been drawn up and agreed to by the Special Committee, and signed by Sir E. Hay Currie as President:—

## RULES.

- 1.—That this Society be called the "People's Palace Choral Society."
- 2.—The election of the officers of the Society will take place once every year.
- 3.—All Members must show the Secretary their voucher at the beginning of each quarter, or when called upon to do so by officials of the People's Palace.
- 4.—All Members must attend at least two of the special rehearsals to be held immediately before each concert, to enable them to appear at that concert. A minimum of ten rehearsals must also be attended during each quarter, to enable a Member to continue to belong to the Society. The Conductor is empowered to suspend the action of both clauses of the above Rule at his own discretion.
- 5.—No attendance will be counted unless the Member is present during at least half a rehearsal.
- 6.—A Member is to be elected from each of the four parts of the Society to sit in Committee with the officers for the consideration of any particular question that may be referred to them by the Conductor. The election of the said Members will take place once every year, and they will be expected to act as Assistant Librarians.
- 7.—No Member must leave a rehearsal unless permission is obtained at the beginning of the rehearsal from the Conductor or the Secretary of the Society.
- 8.—No Member must leave his or her seat during a public performance of the Society unless by permission of the Conductor, or one of the two responsible officers of the Society.
- 9.—Each Member must be provided with a copy of these Rules.
- 10.—All Members are to provide themselves with the Badge of the Society.
- 11.—Any Member infringing any of the above Rules will be summarily dealt with by the Committee.

The Ladies' badges will be ready at the next rehearsal, price 2s. each.

**PUBLIC NOTICE.**—Ladies and gentlemen, with a knowledge of music, wishing to join this Society, must please attend in the new Music-room on Friday next, at 8 p.m. We have vacancies for *Sopranos, Contraltos, Tenors, and Basses*. The Secretary will be most happy to answer all enquiries addressed to him at the Palace. The fees are 1s. per quarter for ladies, and 2s. per quarter for gentlemen. All music is lent free of charge from the Society's Library.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Friday, December 28th, we had rather a poor meeting, owing to the very bad and foggy state of the weather.

Members are reminded that subscriptions for quarter commencing January are now due, and may be paid any Tuesday or Friday, to either of the Hon. Secs.

Members are also reminded that entries for the Novices' Competitions on Monday, January 21st, will close on Saturday, January 12th; fee, 6d.

The usual run out from the Gymnasium, in connection with the Boxing Club, will start at 8.30.

I. H. PROOPS, } Hon. Secs.  
ROBERT M. B. LAING, }

## The End of the Year.

ONCE more the circling months come round;  
The birds have flown from bush and tree—  
The vanished summer leaves no sound  
To hint of her stilled minstrelsy.

With darkened skies and meadows bare,  
And winter's chilling blasts begun,  
To-day we think what glories rare  
The seasons brought from sun to sun—

What fruits are in the cellar's bin,  
What wealth the mows and granaries hold—  
While radiant cheer prevails within,  
And crackling fires keep out the cold.

Then heap the board where joy has place—  
Let sorrow sleep—be banished fear;  
If doubtful feet began the race  
They end one more triumphant year.

Not ours alone is all this gain—  
The harvests we have safe in store  
Should help us soothe some neighbour's pain,  
And spread kind gifts to hunger's door.

The bounteous hand that spreads our feast,  
Which sent the rain and sunshine, too,  
Makes all our blessings twice increased  
By every generous deed we do.

So, when our table groans to-day,  
And happy hearts are gathered there,  
Let's find some tear to wipe away,  
Some welcome gifts which we can spare.

JOEL BENTON.—America.

## Palace and Institute Notes.

INSTITUTE MEMBERS are reminded that their subscriptions may now be renewed any evening in the General Offices.

THE various classes re-commence on Monday next, January 7th. An Ambulance Class, commencing on Tuesday, January 15th, will be conducted by Dr. George Stoker, M.D., from 8.30 to 9.30. A very useful class for the benefit of young women will also be commenced on the 8th inst. The teaching will be purely elementary, and will include reading, writing, and arithmetic; fee for the quarter, 2s. only. Class fees are being taken up till 9 o'clock each evening in the Technical School Offices. Paris Trip subscriptions are received every Monday night.

SUB-ED.

TIME—FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.—AN UNEXPLODED SQUIB.  
Precocious Young Lady (fresh from her French lesson, but who has not quite acquired the accent)—"Oh, papa, dear, did you ever make a *faux pas*?"  
Papa (confused, but equal to the occasion)—"No, my dear; but come to the window, and I dare say we shall see a *Guy Fawkes pass*."

SCENE.—A SMOKING CONCERT.  
Enter Visitor.

Chairman—"Hallo, Joe, glad to see you. Now we're all right. You know you're a triton among minnows."  
Joe (who is not classical)—"A tight'un among minnows! I think I am poking my nose (minnows) among tight'uns." Here the relations between smokers and jokers became painfully apparent, for the smokers could not see the joke, and the joker could not see for smoke.

## "To Call Her Mine."

BY  
WALTER BESANT.

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued).

THE mate, meantime, was considering the note put into his hands. It was very short, and was a simple draught upon a merchant's house in Sydney—the shortest draught, I suppose, ever written, and on the smallest piece of paper.

"Messrs. Hengstenburg and Co., Sydney. Pay bearer £20. New Ireland. 1884. Baron Sergius Von Holsten."

"I will take him," said the mate. "The captain is always drunk, so it is no use waiting to ask him. Most likely he will never know. I expect to be out another three or four months. He can come aboard with me. But, stranger," he said, persuasively, "can no business be done? Are they open to reason?" He looked round at the forest and the deserted huts. "Can we trade for a few natives, you and me, between us. Lord! if I could only see my way to persuade 'em to worship me, I'd—blessed if I wouldn't!—I would ship the whole island. There would be a fortune in it."

"They are open to no reason at all. In fact, if they were at this moment—nothing is more probable—to come down upon us unexpectedly, it would be a painful necessity for me—if I valued my reputation as a prophet—to order them to attack and spear both you and your crew; otherwise, I should be considered a false prophet and should pay the penalty in being myself speared and put into these curious large sunken pots in which one lies so snug and warm. They are a bloodthirsty, ferocious race. In their cookery they are curious, as I have already informed you. They are wonderfully handy with their lances, and they move in large bodies. Those pop-guns of yours would knock over two or three, but would be of no avail to save your own lives. Therefore, I would advise that you get into your boat and aboard your ship with as little delay as possible."

The mate took his advice, and departed with his passenger.

"And now," said the Baron Sergius, "I am alone at last, and can enjoy myself without any of that fellow's groans. I never knew before how extremely disagreeable one single simple murder may make a man."

That evening the rescued man, David Leighan, sat on the deck with his friend the mate. They had a bottle of rum between them and a pannikin apiece. The island of New Ireland was now a black patch low down on the horizon; the night was clear, and the sky full of stars; there was a steady breeze, and the schooner was making her way easily and gently across the smooth water. David was off the island at last, and once more free to return to England, yet he did not look happier; on the contrary, the gloom upon his face was blacker than ever.

"The skipper," said the mate, "is drunk again. He's been drunk since we sailed out of port. Don't you never ship with a skipper that is drunk all day long. Once in a way—say of a Saturday night when a man may expect it—there's no harm done; and not much when the fit takes him now and then in an uncertain way, though it may put the men about more than a bit. Whereas, you see, the captain has got the owners' private instructions—those which they don't write down. He knows how far he may go with the natives, and where he's to draw the line. So that if he's always drunk, what is the mate to do? Either he may take the ship home again and report his own captain, in which case he makes enemies for life, and may never get a berth again, or he may fill his ship with goods in the easiest way they can be got, which, I needn't tell you, mate, is a rough way. And when he gets back to port what is to prevent some of his men from rounding on that mate? Then all the blame falls on him, and he is prosecuted, because it will be shown on evidence that the captain was drunk all the time. Either way, therefore, the mate gets the worst of it. Sometimes I think it would be best for him to join the captain. Then the command would devolve upon the bo's'n, and how he'd get his goods everybody knows."

The officer was loquacious, and talked on about his trade and its difficulties, not at first observing that his companion took no interest in it.

"Seems as if you're sorry you've left the island," he said presently, remarking a certain absence of sympathy.

"I wished I had stayed there," said David, with a groan. "There at least I was safe, except for the—the thing at night; whereas, if I get back to England, supposing I ever do—" here he stopped.

"If you've done something, man, what the devil do you want to go back to England for?"

"Because I must. There's ropes pulling me back, and yet there's something that always stops me. I was going home from Brisbane, but the ship was wrecked. That is how I got on New Ireland. Before that, I was travelling down to Melbourne to get a passage from there, but the train was smashed, and I had three months in hospital and spent all my money. I dare say something will happen to this ship. She'll run on a rock or capsize, or something."

The mate made no reply for a little. He was superstitious, like all sailors. Just then the drunken captain began to sing at the top of his voice. It was a sound of ill-omen. The mate shuddered, and took another sip of the rum.

"Man," he said, "I don't like it. If the crew had heard them words, they'd have had you overboard in a minute. Don't tell me they wouldn't, because they would, and think nothing of it. This is a voyage where we want all the luck we can get; not to have our honest endeavours thwarted by such an unlucky devil as yourself. Well, I won't tell them. But keep a quiet tongue in your head. And now go below and turn in."

Later on, the mate was able to turn in for an hour. His passenger was sitting up in bed, remonstrating with some invisible person.

"I am going home," he said, "as fast as I can go. Leave me in peace. I am going home, and I will confess everything."

The mate asked him what he was doing, but received no answer, for the man had fallen back upon the pillow and was fast asleep. He had been talking in his sleep.

"I'll put him ashore," said the mate, "at the first land we make, where he won't be eaten by cannibals. I believe he's committed a murder."

The next day, and the next, and for many days the vessel sailed among the islands of the Southern Seas. But David grew daily more miserable and more despondent; his face looked more haggard, and his eyes became more hollow. He was dismal when sober, and despairing when drunk. The mate left him now altogether alone, and none of the ships' company, who regarded him with doubtful, if not unfriendly eyes, spoke to him. So that he was able to revel in the luxury of repentance, and to taste beforehand, in imagination, the pleasures of the atonement which awaited him.

It proved a most unlucky voyage. They lost two men in an encounter with the natives; they had no success in trading; the captain continued to drink, and the mate wished devoutly that the cruise was finished and the ship back in port, if only to have done with a voyage which he foresaw would continue as it had begun.

The end came unexpectedly. One night the watch on deck were startled by a bright light in the captain's cabin. The light shot into a flame, and the flame leaped and ran along the sides of the cabin and caught the deck and licked the timbers of the ship. The old schooner was as dry as tinder, and caught fire like a piece of paper. In five minutes it became apparent that they must take to their boats. This they did, having just time to put in a little water and some provisions. As to the drunken man who had done the mischief, he came out of the burning cabin and danced and sang until the flames dragged him down.

In the fierce glare of the burning ship, the mate looked at David reproachfully, implying that this misfortune was entirely due to his presence.

"Even now," he whispered, "I will not tell the men you have ruined the voyage, burned the ship, killed the captain, and maybe killed us as well. What have you done that we should be punished like this for taking you on board? Is it—is it murder?"

David nodded his head gloomily.

"Then," said the mate, "whatever happens to us, you'll get safe ashore. You won't be drowned and you won't be starved."

Three weeks later there were only two survivors in that boat. The other men had all drunk sea-water, and so gone mad one after the other, and leaped overboard in their delirium. Only David Leighan was left with the mate, and they were lying one in the bows and one in the stern, as far apart as the boat would allow, and they were black in the face, gaunt, and hollow-eyed.

When they were picked up, the signs of life were so faint in them that the skipper, a humane person, took counsel with his mate whether it would not save the poor men trouble to drop them into the water at once. But in the end, as there was just the least and faintest pulse possible, he hoisted them aboard and laid them on the deck, with their heads propped up. Then, the ship having no doctor aboard, he began to

administer whiskey and rum in alternate spoonfuls, so that the dying men got so drunk that they could no longer die with any dignity. They therefore recovered, and sat up, gazing about them with rolling heads and vacuous eyes. Then they fell back, and went sound asleep for six hours. At the end of this time the misery of the long fasting began again with pangs intolerable. But the captain rose to the occasion. Pea-soup, also exhibited in spoonfuls, proved a specific. Next day they had boiled pork; and the day after, sea-pie. Now, the man who can eat sea-pie can eat anything. The two survivors of the unlucky schooner were once more well and hearty.

For the rest of the voyage the rescued mate kept aloof from the rescued passenger. He would not speak to him; he avoided that part of the ship where he happened to be. As for the latter, he found a place abaft, near the helm, where he could sit upon a coil of rope, his head upon his knees. And there he remained, gloomy and silent.

There was trouble, too. First the ship sprang a leak, and the pumps had to be worked. Next, there was a bad storm, and the mizen-mast went by the board. Thirdly, a fire broke out, and was subdued with difficulty. However, the ship at last sighted land, and arrived, battered and shattered, at the port of Sydney.

When they landed, and not till then, the rescued mate spoke his mind.

First he went to the house of Hengstenburg and Co., where he presented the baron's draught, gave news of his safety, and touched the money. He then led his passenger to a drinking-saloon, and entered into a serious conversation with him.

"As for this money," he said, "you weren't a passenger more than a few days, and I can't rightly charge you much. Take fifteen and I'll take five. With fifteen pounds you can get home, which I take to be your desire, and give yourself up, which I take to be your duty." It will be understood that the unfortunate David in the extremity of his starvation and remorse had been talking.

"A Providence it is," said the mate, "that where so many honest fellows were took, I was spared; else you would never have had this money, and you wouldn't therefore have been able to give yourself up, and you would never have been hung. A clear Providence it is; and you must regard it as such, and remember it when they take you out, comfortably, with the chaplain and the rope."

David took the money, rolled it up in a rag, and placed it in his pocket; but said nothing.

"I don't want," continued the mate, "to hurt your feelings; but if you could go home on a raft by yourself; or, being a Jonah—"

"What is a Jonah?"

"Being a Jonah, in a whale's belly, it would be kind and considerate and might save many valuable lives. As for me, I don't mind owning up, that if I was to find myself aboard with you again, after all I've gone through, and you carrying about wherever you go an infernal, invisible ghost, and talking and confessing to him every night—I say, if I was to find myself aboard with you again, I'd get into the dingy and row ashore by myself—I would, if it was in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean."

David groaned.

Then the mate moralized upon the situation. Strange to say, he took something of the line previously taken by Baron Sergius.

"One fine ship wrecked, and all her crew, for aught I know, cast away; another tight schooner burnt, and the captain and all the crew killed, except you and me; and a third ship half-burned and brought water-logged into port—and all along of you! Blow me! if you'd knifed a bishop there couldn't have been more fuss made! I won't reproach you, my lad, because you've got your ghost to do that every night, and because you've got to face the racket of the chaplain and the rope and the long drop; but, considering the mischief you've done, I wish to put it to you, that what you've done was a beastly and a selfish thing to do."

#### CHAPTER III.—THE FIRST DREAM.

At half-past four exactly, Mr. Leighan, of Gratnor, commonly called Daniel Leighan, or Old Dan, or Mr. Daniel, according to the social position of those who spoke of him, awoke with a start from his afternoon nap. Mr. Leighan always took his dinner at one; after his dinner, he took a tumbler of brandy-and-water hot, with two lumps of sugar and a slice of lemon—as his grandfather had done before him, only that the ancestral drink was rum, and the brew was called "punch." With the glass of brandy-and-water he took a pipe of tobacco. This brought him, regularly and

exactly, to half-past two. He then knocked out the ashes, laid down his pipe, pulled his silk handkerchief over his head—which kept off the draught in winter and flies in summer—and went to sleep till half-past four, when he woke up and had his tea. This was his way of spending the afternoon. He had never varied that way, even when he was a young man and active; and now he would never attempt to vary it, for he was old and paralyzed; and he passed his days wholly sitting in a high-backed arm-chair, with pillows and cushions at the back and sides, and a stool for his feet. From eight in the morning until nine in the evening he lived in that chair and in that room. There was always a wood fire burning in the grate, even on such a hot summer day as this; for Challacombe is a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the clouds roll up the valleys of the Teign and the Bovey from the sea, or they roll down from the Tors and the Downs and envelop it; so that half the year one lives in cloud. This makes it a damp and trying air, so that the domestic hearth at Challacombe is like the Altar of Vesta, being never quenched even in July and August.

Old Dan—we all belong, I am sure, to the upper circles, and can, therefore, permit ourselves this familiarity—was now white-haired, and advanced in years; but not so old, as he looked by a good many years. His locks were long, but, though certainly impressive, they did not, as in another and a famous historical case, cause him, therefore, to look benevolent. Perhaps this was because he wore a black skull-cap; a thing which, like a biretta, generally causes its wearer to appear bereft of all charity, meekness, tenderness, and brotherly love. A black skull-cap is even said to have a really malignant influence as regards these virtues. Perhaps, however, no artifice or invention of science could make that face look benevolent. In youth, before its features were sharpened and stiffened, it must have been a singularly handsome and striking face. It was now a masterful and self-willed face. The nose was long and hooked, the forehead high and narrow, the chin sharp and the mouth square: any one of these points may indicate self-will, but, taken altogether, they bawl it aloud. If his eyes were open, as they will be in a moment, you would say that they must have been beautiful in youth, when their bright blue was set off by the brown hair; now, after seventy years of greed and avarice, they were hard and keen, but as bright as ever—even brighter than in youth, because they were set off by thick white eyebrows like a pent-house. Before his affliction fell upon him he was taller than the generality of men. Even now, when he sat upright in his chair, he produced the same impression of great height which he had formerly been used to exercise when he stood half a foot or so above any man with whom he was conversing. Great stature, properly used, is a wonderful help to personal influence. Too often, however, it is considered as a means of self-advancement, a gift clean thrown away. It was not, in short, a common face which one looked at in that chair, nor a common figure. Any candid person—that is to say, any man who had never had business relations with Mr. Leighan, and might, therefore, be reasonably free from the vindictiveness and rage which blinded the eyes of his tenants, debtors, and dependants—would allow this to be the face of a man originally intended by Nature to make a mark in the great world, if he should get the chance. He never did get that chance, and his abilities had been expended in the interesting and absorbing, though petty, business of over-reaching neighbours not so clever as himself, extorting the uttermost farthing, and adding bit by bit to his property. He was now the rich man of a parish in which there was no squire; he was the village miser; he was the terror of those who owed him money; he was the driver of the hardest bargains; he was the strong and masterful man; he was the scourge of the weak and thriftless; he was the tyrant of the village. He knew all this, and, so far from being humiliated, he exulted in the consciousness of his own unpopularity; he alone in the parish had risen among his fellows to the proud distinction of being universally detested. Men like Daniel Leighan love the power which such a position means; they even think of themselves complacently as wolves lying in ambush to rush upon the unwary, and to rend and devour the feeble.

The girl who sat working at the open window was his niece, Mary Nethercote. That is to say, the work lay in her lap; but her hands were idle, and her eyes were far away from the sewing. She lived with Daniel, and took care of him. He railed at all the world except her; he quarrelled with all the world except his niece; and those persons who averred that he was kind to her because he had the keeping of her money and took all the interest for himself, and had her services as housekeeper for nothing, were perhaps only imperfectly acquainted with the old man's motives and his feelings. Yet, the statement was true. He did have the

keeping of her money—a good lump of money; and he did give himself the interest in return for her board and lodging; and he did have her services as housekeeper for nothing.

I declare that when one considers such a girl as Mary Nethercote, and thinks how helpful she is, how unselfish, how ready at all times to spend and be spent in the service of others; how full she is of the old-fashioned learning which fills the homestead with the happiness of material comfort; how little she thinks about herself; how simple she is in her tastes, and yet how sweet and dainty and lovely to look upon, one is carried away with gratitude and admiration. What, one asks at such a moment, is the wisdom of Girton and Newnham compared with the wisdom of the farmer's daughter? What, in fact, can the Girton girl make? Doth she solace the world and profit her kind by her triple integrals? Doth she advance mankind by her cherished political economy? Mary, for her part, keeps the fowls and ducks; Mary considers the fattening of the geese and the welfare of the turkeys; Mary looks after the dairy; Mary superintends the baking of the wholesome and sweet home-made bread under the red pots; the confecting of puddings, pies, tarts, and cakes; the boiling and skimming and potting of the most beautiful jams and jellies; Mary conducts the garden, both that of flowers and that of vegetables—there is, in fact, only one garden, and the flowers flourish in the borders beside the onions and the peas; Mary directs the brewing of the cider; Mary keeps the keys, and "gives out" the linen; Mary inspects the washing and the ironing; in short, Mary "openeth her mouth with wisdom, and looketh well to the ways of her household." She is up at five in the summer and at six in the winter: all the morning she is at work with her maids; in the afternoon she takes her needle and sews; in the evening she plays and sings a little, to keep her uncle in good temper, and sometimes reads a novel for an hour before she goes to bed. This is her life. Sometimes there may be a tea-drinking. Sometimes she will mount her pony and ride over to Newton Abbot, to Moreton Hampstead, or to Ashburton, where the shop-people all know her, and are pleased to see her. But mostly, from week to week, she stays at home. As for a summer holiday, that is a thing which has never entered into her mind. The girl-graduate, perhaps, scorns the work of the household. I, for my part, do not scorn the work of the farmer, whose work exactly corresponds to that of Mary. It seems to me a better and a happier life, in and out of house and barn, and linney, and dairy, in the open air, warmed by the sun, beaten by every wind that blows, breathing the sweet smells of newly-turned earth, of hedge and ditch, and the wild flowers, than any that can be found in the study and at the desk.

The maids of Devon are, we know, fair to outward view as other maidens are, and perhaps fairer than most; though in so delicate a matter as beauty, comparisons are horrid. Some there are with black hair and black eyes. These must be descended from the ancient Cornish stock, and are cousins of those who still speak the Celtic tongue across the Channel. But there is talk of the Spanish prisoners who had no desire to go home again, but settled in Devon and Cornwall, and became Protestants in a land where there was no Inquisition. Others there are who have brown hair and blue eyes. Mary came of this stock. Her eyes, like her uncle's, were blue, but they were of a deeper blue; and they were soft, while his were hard. Her hair was a rich, warm brown, and there was a lot of it. When all is said, can there be a better colour for hair and eyes? As for her face, I do not claim, as the Americans say, for Mary that she was a stately and statuesque beauty; nor had she the least touch of style or fashion—how should she have? But for sweetness, and the simple beauty of regular features, rosy lips, bright eyes, and healthy cheek, lit up with the sunshine of love and truth, and coloured with the bloom of youth, there are few damsels, indeed, who can compare with Mary Nethercote, of Gratnor Farm. As for her figure, it was tall and well-proportioned, full of health and yet not buxom. Need one say more? Such was Mary in the summer of the year 1886; nay, such she is now, as you may see in Challacombe church, where she still sits in her old place with the choir, beside George Sidcote. Many things—of which I am the historian—have happened since the summer of last year; but Mary's place in church is not changed, nor has the bloom of her beauty left her cheek:—many things, as you shall learn, with many surprises and great changes; yet methinks her face is happier and more full of sunshine now than it was twelve months ago.

The room in which she sat was low and long; it was an old-fashioned wainscoted room, rather dark, because it was lit by one window only, and because a great branch of white roses was hanging over the window, broken from its fastenings by the wind, or by the weight of its flowers. It had a south aspect, which, in winter, made it warm: its chief

article of furniture, because it was always in one place and took up so much room, was Mr. Leighan's arm-chair, which stood so that his back was turned to the light. This prevented him from looking out of the window, but it enabled him to read and write and pore over his papers. The best scenery in the eyes of Mr. Leighan was the sight of a mortgage or a deed of conveyance. As for the sunshine outside—the flowers, and the view of hill and vale and wood—he cared naught for these things. There were, besides, two or three ordinary chairs—Mary had never enjoyed the luxury of an easy-chair or a sofa—there was a small work-table for her "things," and there was a really splendid old cabinet, black with age, wonderful with carvings, for which Wardour Street would sigh in vain; in fact, the reputation of that cabinet had gone abroad, and overtures had been made again and again for its purchase. And the contents! Your heart would sink with the sickness of longing only to look upon them. There were old brass candlesticks, old silver candlesticks, brass and silver snuffers and snuffer-trays; silver cups of every size, from the little christening-cup to the great silver whistle-cup holding a quart and a half; there were punch-bowls and ladles; and there was old china—yea, china which would move a collector to sighs and sobs of envy. These things represented many generations of Leighans, who had been settled in Challacombe since that parish began to exist. It is now five hundred years since their ancestors moved up from the lowlands to the hillsides and combs on the fringe of the Moor. It was about the time when the Yorkists and Lancastrians were chopping and hacking at one another, though no report of the battles came up here for many a month after the event, that the church was built. Civil wars, indeed, never caused any broils at Challacombe: the Reformation found the people obedient; Queen Mary burned none of them, for they were easily reconverted; and Queen Bess found them docile to the Royal supremacy. The only enthusiasm they were ever known to show was a hundred years after Queen Bess's time, when King Monmouth rode across the west country to try his fate at Sedgemoor. One of the younger Leighans, a hot blood, who heard of his landing when at Ashburton on market-day, so far forgot the family traditions as to gallop over to Torquay and shout for the new king, and rode in his train, and did his share of the fighting. More lucky than his companions, he found his way home, and went on farming—twas John Leighan of Foxworthy—as if nothing had happened, and nobody afterwards troubled him. In this great cabinet were kept the treasures of all those generations—about fifteen in number—who now lie—fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters—in the green churchyard of Challacombe. Daniel Leighan, the owner of the cabinet, thought himself a warm man; but his warmth, in his own mind, consisted of his fields and his investments: he little knew or suspected how valuable were those treasures in his cabinet.

There were pictures on the walls—coloured engravings and mezzotints of the last century. I take it that art, in the form of pictures, did not reach the Devonshire farm earlier than the year 1750, or thereabouts. On the mantelshelf were certain china vases which caused anguish to the critical soul; they dated from the year 1820, I think. Above the vases were old-fashioned samplers in frames, things which made one baffle of Madame Barbauld, Mrs. Trimmer, and Joanna Baillie. I don't know why—because I never saw any of Mrs. Barbauld's samplers, nor those of the other ladies.

A piano stood at the wall laden with songs and music—not, I fear, of the highest classical kind, for Mary's school at Newton Abbot, where she had spent two long years, knew little of classical music. Will Nethercote—I who write this story am that Will—sent her the songs from London, and George Sidcote bought her the music at Newton or at Teignmouth. There was also a shelf of books; but these were even less successful, from the classical point of view, than the music. For they consisted of novels, also given by this London person, and of pretty books bought for her in their boyish days by George Sidcote, and if we just hint that the leading bookseller of Bovey is apparently—to judge by the works laid out upon his shelves—under the influence of two young men who wear broad hats and flopping skirts, and talk loud as they walk in the streets, and profess a longing to restore Church discipline, you will understand how satisfying to the imagination these books were. Mary reproached herself for liking the works of Mrs. Oliphant, Thomas Hardy, and Wilkie Collins—those quite mundane persons—better than these gaudy volumes.

(To be continued.)

Take counsel of him who is greater, and of him who is less, than yourself, and then recur to your own judgment.

## Calendar of the Week.

January 3rd.—Day of St. Genevieve. She was, and is still, one of the most popular of French saints. She was born in the beginning of the fifth century, and died at the age of ninety, or thereabouts, after working enough miracles to fill a great volume.

Under this day Hone recalls the famous riddle of Cleobulus, the sage—

"There is a father with twice six sons; these sons have thirty daughters apiece, party-coloured, having one cheek white and the other black, who never see each other's face, nor live above twenty-four hours."

After guessing this riddle one is filled with admiration at the ease with which in those good old days one became a recognised professional sage.

January 4th.—Sacred to the memory of Roger Ascham, school-master, who died on this day in the year 1568, and was buried in the church of St. Sepulchre. He was tutor and Latin secretary to Queen Elizabeth, and he wrote that most sensible, most delightful, and most instructive book called "The Schoolmaster," in which he shows what a good education ought to be. Rabelais was doing the same thing in France at the same time. Yet their lessons remain to be carried into practice.

January 5th.—The Eve of Twelfth Day.

This was the day in which St. Simon Stylites used to be commemorated. The saint, who committed a great many other mortifications, lived for four years on a pillar nine feet high, for three years on one eighteen feet high, and for twenty years on one sixty feet high. There were, in fact, many self-torturers who lived on pillars in Syria where the practice of self-torture, mortification, and starvation was widely spread. This particular form of useless misery was probably borrowed from India. Asceticism had been practised in other forms in Syria before Christianity.

On the Eve of Twelfth Day wandering musicians used to carry about a bowl of spiced wine, and drink to the health of those from whom they expected or had received gifts. In Devonshire the farmers used to carry a pitcher of cider into the orchard and encircle one of the largest trees, while they sang and drank to the next year's harvest. In Scotland they used to feast on this coming off carraway cakes. In Hereford they used to go to the cornfields and burn bonfires.

January 6th.—Twelfth Day.

Has this day become quite forgotten in London? Fifty years ago it was observed by a great show of cakes in the pastrycooks' shops.

As for the various customs observed on this day, it is impossible to describe them. It is old Christmas day, and it is the last of the Christmas holidays. All holly must be taken down on this day. On this day, down to the time of King George III., the king played the game of hazard in the evening for the benefit of the groom-porter, who had all the royal winnings if there were any. The custom of decorating king and queen on this day is common to many countries. But alas! Twelfth Day in this country is well-nigh forgotten.

January 7th.—St. Distaff's Day. It was so called because after the holidays work was now resumed. On this day the men used to amuse themselves by burning the flax and tow belonging to the women, and the latter revenged themselves by throwing water over the men. It was emblematical of the contest between fire and water.

January 8th.—This is the day of St. Severinus and of St. Gudule. Inquire concerning the former in the ancient City of Toulouse, and concerning the latter in the City of Brussels. The day has now lengthened by 17 minutes. Let us take courage, the dark days will soon be over.

January 9th.—On this day, 1766, died a scholar once famous in his time, Dr. Thomas Birch, translator of Baylis's Dictionary.

I am indebted to a correspondent, Mr. H. D. Toe, for a correction, which I hasten to make. The Scotch Hogmanay was celebrated on New Year's Eve, not on New Year's Day, as I erroneously stated. The children, Mr. Toe tells me, used to go round singing the following ditty:—

Rise up, old wife, and shake your feathers,  
Dunna think that we are beggars;  
We're only bairnies oot to play,  
Rise up and gie us our Hogmanay.

I am very much obliged to Mr. Toe, and I hope that others who notice either mistakes or omissions in this Calendar will send me a note of them. Perhaps they would also send me beforehand any notes of curious customs which they may remember.

## Dancing in the Barn.

I.

ALONG the sky sweet airs are still;  
Across the grass the moonbeams fall;  
Upon the night strikes sweet the trill  
Of nightingale and whippoorwill,  
And down the vale I hear the call  
To "Dancing in the Barn."  
Ah me!  
So long ago it seems to be—  
That "Dancing in the Barn."

II.

The torchlight falls on each young face,  
As, wheeling in the country dance,  
Now in, now out, our shadows chase  
About the dear, old-fashioned place.  
Can aught in life so much entrance  
As "Dancing in the Barn?"  
Ah, no!  
For youth is fair, but it must go,  
Like "Dancing in the Barn."

III.

But ah! that night when as of yore  
I heard the haunting old refrain—  
When Love is done, it comes no more;  
And ah! my heart, how you were sore.  
And yet my feet kept time again  
With "Dancing in the Barn."  
Too late;  
The hour had struck of life and fate  
To "Dancing in the Barn."

IV.

Long after, in a crowded street,  
A poor, old, blind man feebly played  
Just where the town and river meet.  
My heart stood still, my steps delayed,  
For that old tune which stopped and stayed  
Was "Dancing in the Barn."  
And oh!  
What tales it told of Long Ago—  
That "Dancing in the Barn."

V.

Ah, poor young love, I thought you dead!  
And yet I shed these sudden tears  
After so many silent years:  
It seemed a requiem o'er your head—  
That "Dancing in the Barn."  
But deep  
In my poor heart that love doth sleep,  
With "Dancing in the Barn."

ANNA FARWELL DE KOVEN.—In America.

RE THE REVIVAL OF *Macbeth*, ETC.—A correspondent, one J. R., writes:—"I have just received a line from China, the great Baconian theorist, with congratulations, etc. . . . He tells me he was converted to the Shakespearean theory by reading a short paragraph in a recent number of *The Palace Journal* having reference to the 'sharpness of Will,' but he was re-converted on seeing *Macbeth* at the Lyceum. When the 2nd Witch answers Witch No. 1, she says she has been 'killing swine.' Now, China maintains that murdering bacon was as common in Bacon's time as murdering Shakespeare is in our own. My old chum observes also that the chestnuts in the lap of the 'sailor's wife' must have been *Spanish*: an evident allusion to the invincible Armada. He further adds that he is convinced *Macbeth's* name was not *Macbeth* at all: for the Witches say, when they hear the drum, that *Macbeth* is coming (Cumming).

Honour yourself, and you will be honoured; despise yourself, and you will be despised.

In adversity the real principles of men appear.

The owner of the house knows best what is in it.

## City of London Truss Society,

35, FINSBURY SQUARE.

For the Relief of the Ruptured Poor throughout the Kingdom.

ESTABLISHED 1807.

Patron - - - H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

The Patients (numbering over 9,000 in the year) are of both sexes and all ages, from Children a month old to Adults over ninety.

Upwards of 440,000 Patients have been relieved since the formation of the Charity. Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Society's Bankers, LLOYDS, BARNETTS, AND BOSANQUETS' Bank (Limited), 72, Lombard Street; and by the Secretary, at the Institution.

JOHN NORBURY, Treasurer,  
JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary.

N.B.—Funds are much needed.

## THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN,

GREAT ORMOND STREET, LONDON.

Convalescent Branch—Cromwell House, Highgate.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

This Hospital was opened in 1852, and was the first Children's Hospital in Great Britain. It contains 126 beds in Great Ormond Street, and 52 beds at Highgate—total, 178; and has relieved from 1852 to 1887, In-patients, 23,821; Out-patients, 397,897—total, 421,718. Depending entirely upon voluntary contributions.

The Committee **Earnestly Appeal for Funds** to carry on the work efficiently.

ADRIAN HOPE, Secretary.

THE METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL,  
KINGSLAND ROAD, E.

Chairman—JOHN FRY, ESQ. Patron—THE PRINCE OF WALES.  
Hon. Secretary—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

THE NEW BUILDING FOR 160 BEDS IS NOW COMPLETE

The Hospital is conducted on strictly Provincial Principles.

ACCIDENTS AND CASES OF URGENCY ADMITTED AT ALL HOURS FREE.

THE CHARITY HAS NO ENDOWMENT.

Funds urgently needed for Furnishing, Opening, and maintaining the New Wards.

Bankers { GLYN, MILLS & Co.  
LLOYDS, BARNETTS & BOSANQUETS, LTD.

CHARLES H. BYERS, Secretary.

## THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL.

Founded 130 Years.

Senior School.—HAVERSTOCK HILL.

Junior School.—(ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE) HORNSEY RISE.

Convalescent Home.—MARGATE, KENT.

Three Hundred Pounds per week needed to Maintain, Clothe and Educate the 635 Inmates of the ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL and the ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE. Sickly Children are sent to the Convalescent Home, Margate.

ALL INFORMATION GLADLY SUPPLIED ON APPLICATION TO—

JONADAB FINCH, Secretary.

Offices:—73, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

# THAMES CHURCH MISSION.

INSTITUTED 1844.

## OBJECT OF THE SOCIETY.

To preach the Gospel to every creature in the Port of London.

## NECESSITY FOR SUCH A MISSION.

A. The influence of Sailors abroad necessitates it.

B. Their peculiar temptations on land demand it.

C. The eternal welfare of the multitude requires it.

D. Our Lord commands it—Preach the Gospel to every creature.

## AGENTS ENGAGED.

A. Clergymen of the Church of England.

B. Sailor Missionaries.

C. Honorary Helpers on board ship.

## WORK DONE IN 1887.

79,059 visits to individuals

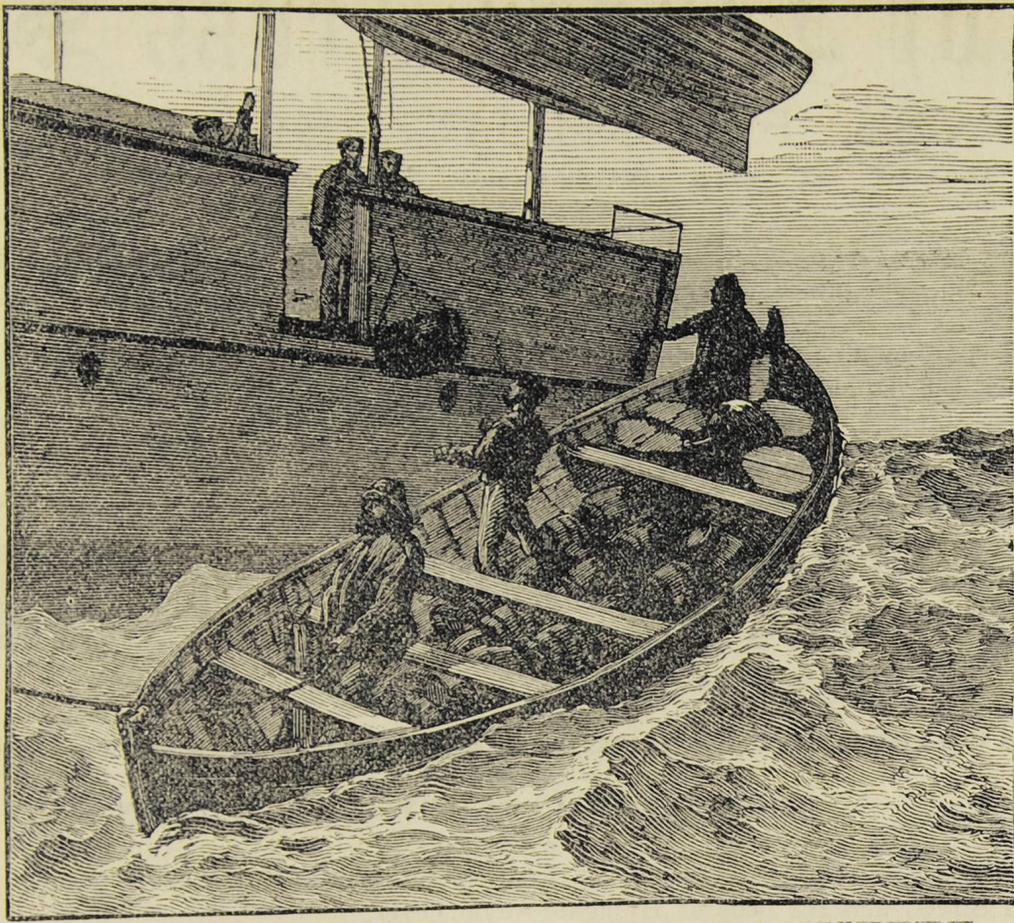
38,550 vessels visited.

556 712 tracts (in different languages) given away

28,358 copies and portions of the Holy Scripture distributed.

450 Prayer Books given and sold.

603 total abstinence pledges taken.



**EARNEST APPEAL OF THE COMMITTEE.**

The Committee ask in confidence for an increase of means to support this Branch of the Lord's Work, and to maintain other missionaries, for they are not only aiming to do but are doing a most useful work, as the foregoing statement plainly shews. Will you kindly help to forward this work? Donations, however small, will be thankfully received.

H. BLOOMER, Secretary.

Offices: 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E. C.

## BAYLEY'S REMEDIES FOR PILES

Have been in use for upwards of 120 years, and are pronounced unfailling as a cure for this painful disorder. Dr. Andrew Wilson, editor of "Health," recommends this cure to all who are so afflicted.

**BAYLEY & CO.,**

(ESTABLISHED 150 YEARS)

17, COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS, S.W.



**MELLIN'S** ENTIRELY SOLUBLE  
And NOT FARINACEOUS.  
Rich in Blood and Bone-forming Elements

PRICE, **1/6 & 2/6** per Bottle.

For the Healthful Rearing of Hand-Fed Children and the Preservation of Infant Life.

**FOR INFANTS**

**AND INVALIDS**

Sample sent post free on application to

**G. Mellin, Marlboro' Works, Peckham, S.E.**

The Celebrated "**BECTIVE**" Boots and Shoes.

SOLE MANUFACTURER:

**JAMES BRANCH,**

Wholesale Warehouse & Manufactory: 19, 21 and 23, Bethnal Green Road, opposite Shoreditch Goods Station, LONDON, E., and at St. Michael's Road, NORTHAMPTON.

Retail Boot & Leather Warehouse: 159 & 161, ROMAN ROAD, E.

A Family Trade is specially cultivated, and all Goods are recommended for their COMFORT, DURABILITY, ELEGANCE and ECONOMY.

WE CLOSE ON THURSDAYS AT 3 p.m.

See Illustrations and Articles in the 'QUEEN,' Nov. 17th, 1888.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE MEMORY LESSONS.

Arrangements have been made for Members of the PEOPLE'S PALACE to receive Courses of Prof. LOISETTE'S MEMORY TRAINING LESSONS for £1 1s. instead of £2 2s. (Private Lessons, £5 5s.). First Lecture next Tuesday, at 8 p.m., at 37, OXFORD STREET.

Mr. D. GREENLEAF THOMPSON (Author of "A System of Psychology," Longmans, 1884), Dr. W. A. HAMMOND (Author of "Works on the Mind") and Dr. M. L. HOLBROOK (Author of "How to Strengthen the Memory") testify that the LOISETTE system is original and of great value. Opinions of pupils who have passed Examinations and of members of the Medical, Scholastic, Clerical, etc., professions, post free from Prof. LOISETTE, 37, New Oxford Street, London.

Printed by THOMAS POULTER & SONS, for the TRUSTEES OF THE BEAUMONT TRUST, People's Palace, Mile End, E., at their Works, The Globe Printing and Paper Works, Rupert Street, E. Office: 6, Arthur Street West, E.C.—Wednesday, January 2nd, 1889.

12,266 emigrants spoken to, and each one presented with a packet of magazines and a copy of the New Testament. 141 emigrant vessels visited.

5,065 services conducted at which 130,727 Persons were present.

Never before in the history of the Mission has so much been accomplished.

## MEANS USED.

1. Individual conversation.

2. Services conducted with ships' crews, passengers and emigrants.

3. Distribution of the Holy Scripture.

4. Distribution of sound Gospel Literature.

## RESULTS.

"Seamen have become more sober, more thrifty, and now, I believe, more Godly."—BISHOP-DESIGNATE OF BEDFORD.

"I have attended services on board emigrant ships in the docks, and I know they are a source of universal comfort to those going abroad."—HENRY GREEN, Esq.