

CHRISTMAS NUMBER—Four pages extra

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. III.] WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1889. [ONE PENNY.

THE PALACE JOURNAL will be sent post free as soon as published to any address in the United Kingdom for 6/- a year, or 1/6 a quarter. Subscriptions must be prepaid. VOLUME IV. is now ready, neatly bound in cloth, 4/6. Covers for binding, 1/6.

### NOTICE.

CLASS TICKETS are issued every day in the Schools Office until 9 p.m.

By payment of an additional fee of sixpence per quarter, Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings.

THE TIME TABLE is now ready, and may be had by applying at the offices, which are now open each evening till nine, to issue class tickets.

AN EFFICIENT COOKERY SCHOOL is now available; Evening Lessons on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; Day Lessons, Monday and Thursday afternoons. Full particulars at the Schools Office.

### Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Dec. 26th.—Boxing Day. Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall at 3 o'clock, Band of Scots Guards.—Second Grand Concert at 8, in Queen's Hall, Band of Scots Guards, Jullien's British Army Quadrilles.

FRIDAY, Dec. 27th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8 o'clock.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Dec. 28th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8, Band of the Scots Guards.—Gymnastic Display in Gymnasium, at 8; People's Palace Military Band in attendance.—Gymnasium re-opens.—Junior Harriers.—Run.—Junior Leaders' Club.—Meeting in Art Room, at 8.

SUNDAY, Dec. 29th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Dec. 30th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Students' Dance in Queen's Hall, in Evening.

TUESDAY, Dec. 31st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 1st, 1890.—New Year's Day.

### Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 29th, 1889,  
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 AND 8 O'CLOCK.

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

At 4 o'clock, Organ Recital and Sacred Songs.

ADMISSION FREE.

### Notes of the Week.

THE air is filled with talk about capital and labour: strikes and their causes, strikes and their successes, strikes and how to avoid them. I have always maintained that there must be a way of reconciling capital and labour: the only way is that of profit sharing. It may be argued that loss sharing is also reasonable; but the workman is always the first to feel the loss, because even though the old hands are kept on, no new hands are taken on, and, if possible, fewer hands are employed. The first step towards profit sharing is that the employers shall play the game with open books—cards lying on the table. All labour should pay wages first, interest on capital next, and profit last, and every hand should share.

This is the only solution possible. In order to arrive at it, however, the men themselves must be represented in the council. There is some talk of a General Council of Conciliation. This, I am quite sure, would be a dead failure, because the working man must be represented in such a council: every separate trade must have its representative: and the voice of labour must be as strong as the voice of capital. Nobody, by-the-way, seems to have remembered that in the Royal Navy, profit in the shape of prize-money has always been shared in certain proportions laid down by law by every man in the crew, from captain to powder-monkey. Profit sharing is, therefore, no new thing.

We are having a quarrel with Portugal, and the Portuguese are crying out for arbitration. Very well. But we want to find an honest arbitrator. All the arbitrations to which this country has submitted have been given against us; and if we go to arbitration in this African matter that will be given against us too. Why? Because there is not a country in the world that is not jealous of England's vast empire, and would do us a mischief if possible. Perhaps little Norway might be honest, or even Switzerland, but I doubt. As for entrusting any question concerning British rights to an American, a German, a Frenchman, or a Russian, I would rather agree to toss up with Portugal for first grab at Central Africa.

I WAS very much interested in reading, in a recent article in the *St. James's Gazette*, a paper on the building of houses in the United States. From this I learn that the jerry builder, who really is the greatest villain of modern criminals, flourishes with so much freedom and immunity in America, that I really think the article should be printed in letters of gold, and presented to every jerry builder in this realm of Great Britain and Ireland. "Sir," I would say, "across the Atlantic there is a noble field open to you, no nasty inspectors have to be bribed before they will let you build on dead cats and cabbage stalks instead of brick foundations. No one is paid to see that you use mortar and not mud: no one looks after your bricks, your timber, your joists and your chimneys. You can build houses that will just stand long enough to be sold. It is the finest country in the world—for jerry builders.—Go there,—emigrate, take with you your little capital,—some natural tears we shall shed to see you go, but we shall dry them soon in thinking of your happiness. Farewell, sweet jerry builder."

LET us return to Christmas. Do you know who were the three wise men of the East? Their names were Melchior,

Balthazar and Jasper—the monks in the middle ages knew all about them. Melchior was King of Nubia: he was a little man and he brought a gift of gold. Balthazar, who brought incense, was a man of ordinary size, he was King of Chaldaea. Jasper, who brought myrrh, was a very tall man, and he was King of Æthiopia. It is true that there are three other traditions with three different sets of names, but those I have given were the best known. The names were engraved on rings, and were thought to be of great virtue in case of cramp: the old-fashioned cramp ring may still be seen in museums. Now how it happened I know not, but these three kings all died at the same time and place, and were buried together. Their tomb was discovered by Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, and their bones were removed to Constantinople, where they remained for seven centuries. They were then taken to Milan Cathedral, and transferred from there in 1164 to the Cathedral of Cologne, where their skulls at least are still shown. I have not seen them myself, because I do not greatly reverence holy bones.

WHEREWITHAL shall we decorate our houses and our churches for Christmas? Mistletoe for the house, as much as we please, but never for the church, because it was the sacred plant of the Druids. Ivy for the house, but never for the church, because it used to be sacred to Bacchus. Some poets, however, allow ivy, and, indeed, the poor god Bacchus has been dethroned for many years: he has now taken the pledge. Cypress neither for house nor church, because it belongs to cemeteries: holly, bay, rosemary, laurel, and holme (the evergreen oak) may be employed. But anything must be taken down by the end of January.

As for our Christmas fare, the shops are so full of it, that one hopes there will be a feast for every house. But I miss one or two dishes that used to be commonly brought to table at Christmas—when I was young—about three hundred years ago. Would Queen Elizabeth, think you, sit down to a Christmas feast when there was no boar's head?

Sweet rosemary and bayes around it spread:  
His foaming tusks with some large pippin graced,  
Or midst those thundering spears an orange placed:  
Sauce like himself, offensive to his foes,  
The roguish mustard dangerous to the nose.

AND NOW I know no place nearer than Queen's College, Oxford, where I can sit down to a good old dish of boar's head: and I miss my peacock. That was, indeed, a lordly dish. Only to think of it makes one long for the good old days to return. First, you procured your bird—where and how I know not, for I really should not be able to tell where to look for a peacock now—there ought to be a couple in the garden of West Ham Park, but there is not. Once caught and killed, you skinned him, feathers and all—a very troublesome job. Then you roasted him. When he was done you sewed his skin on again, and served him up with erect and displayed tail. Of course it was brought in with music. A swan also made a pretty little knick-knack of a Christmas dish. He was stuffed, but I forget what they stuffed him with. And there was furrumety. Now here is a real loss, and I should like to see furrumety restored to its old place of honour. To make furrumety, you take wheat and bray it in a mortar that the hulls be all gone off, and see the it till it burst, and take it up and let it cool. And take clean fresh broth and sweet milk of almonds, or sweet milk of kine, and temper it all: and take the yolks of eggs. Boil it a little, and set it down and mess it forth with fat venison or fresh mutton.

MINCE pies are very old favourites. They used to be called Christmas pies, but this was discountenanced by the Puritans, as savouring of idolatry. Plum broth, or plum potage, was a standing Christmas dish. You boiled beef in broth: you thickened it with brown bread: you added raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger, and there was your plum potage. I assure you it was very good though rather strongly flavoured. Plum pudding came in later, and seems to have grown out of plum potage. One must not omit the great game pies which stood on the sideboard: the crust was a wall an inch-and-a-half thick: the contents were pheasants, partridges, hares, rabbits, ducks, green turkeys, and small birds, everything all cut up, and put into the pie together. It was kept going for weeks.

I AM afraid to speak of the drinks. But no one as yet had thought of the blue ribbon. I think that in the ordinary household, the only drink for common use was small ale, a very harmless liquid indeed. But at Christmas time, when they made merry, they had drinks which passed round from hand to hand in the tankard, compounded very artfully. There were possets made of wine, eggs, milk, sugar, and spice, served hot: there was hyprocras, a kind of punch made with wine: there was mulled ale: everything was hot, spiced, and cordial. And so, after a supper of boar's head and mince pies, with two or three cups of the spiced hot cup, the company would go to bed in good terms with each other and with the world, and I do assure you, that on good ale for daily drink, and sometimes the loving cup, the posset, or the egg-hot, the good folk of Queen Bess's time led very pleasant lives. Gin as yet was not known: nor was there any drinking of spirits till long afterwards.

THIS is the last number of the *Palace Journal* for the year 1889. I believe and am told that the paper has made friends among those who take it for the news of the Palace and our many clubs, and the appointments of the week, and also among those who take it for the programme of the concert, and read it between the pieces. The Journal is in its third year. Is it not time that what was contemplated at the outset should now begin, namely, that the Journal should be written by the people who read it? The People's Palace has its own clubs, managed by the people: its own band, its own singing club: societies of every kind. It is time that the Palace should run its own Journal. Let us begin. I make a suggestion. Everybody has had some adventure, some peril, some exciting incident in his life. Will everybody communicate that story to me? I, for my part, will communicate it, if I can, to the Journal. It must be short—occupying no more than a column of the Journal, or about a thousand words. Readers of the Journal, I wish you the merriest of all Christmas Days, and the happiest of all New Years.

THE EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

A RARE success was the *Conversazione* given last Wednesday evening, by our Day and Evening Students; about 6,000 people attended, and with much satisfaction.

ON Thursday evening last, the members of the Elocution Class presented Mr. Hasluck with a gold pencil-case as a token of their great esteem and respect.

THE *Patent Journal* is now presented to the Library regularly as issued, and will, I have no doubt, be of great use to those many East-Enders whose mechanical talents are in course of cultivation.

THE fourth volume of the *Palace Journal* is now ready and can be obtained to order, neatly bound in cloth, for 4s. 6d. Cases for binding are 1s. 6d., and the title-page and index can be had for a penny.

OUR Christmas Fête is this year to take the form of a great supply of first-class music every evening for nine days. Our Boxing Day attractions are too numerous to mention here, and I must refer readers to the programme on another page. Those, however, who buy our Saturday's edition, will not be interested so much in this as in Saturday's list of events, which will be duly found therein.

SUB-EDITOR.

LATELY a gentlemen sat down to write a deed, and began: "Know one woman by these—" "You are wrong," said a friend. "It should read, 'Know all men,' etc." "Well," answered the writer, "if one woman knows it, all men will of course."

Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach the Sub Editor, if possible, early on Monday morning. Monday evening is the very latest time for their receipt with any probability of publication in the following issue.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.

I am pleased to announce that Mr. J. T. Perrin and Mr. A. H. G. Bishop have become Honorary Members of the club. The following are the subjects for our first Monthly Exhibition, to be held on Monday, January 13th.

- Figure . . . . . Study of a Head.
- Landscape . . . . . A Winter Scene.
- Still-life . . . . . A Study from Nature.
- Design . . . . . A Panel.
- Wood-carving . . . . . A Panel.

All Members sending in Sketches will please deliver them into the hands of the Secretary on or before the preceding Friday.  
CHARLES WHITE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, 3s. per annum, or 1s. per quarter. Meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m.  
On the 17th inst. a Match was played with the London Banks, at the "Clachan," Sherborne Lane, resulting, after a hard struggle, in a victory for our team by 5½ games to 4½.

People's Palace.	London Banks.
Cudmore . . . . . 0	Reid . . . . . 1
Smith, E. J. . . . . 1	Jeans . . . . . 0
Waterhouse . . . . . 0	Challis . . . . . 1
Bacon . . . . . 0	Coxhead . . . . . 1
Stevens, C. W. . . . . 1	Gill . . . . . 0
Clegg . . . . . 1	Watson, G. H. . . . . 0
Maclachlan . . . . . 1	Wallace . . . . . 0
Stevens, C. A. . . . . 0	Lorch . . . . . 1
Pike . . . . . ½	Johnson . . . . . ½
Powell . . . . . 1	Tattersall . . . . . 0
	—
	5½
	4½

The Club will not meet again till Tuesday, January 7th.  
E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

The next practice night will be held on Tuesday, 31st December, at 8 o'clock, when all are particularly requested to be present. Will members kindly return all music, except "Samson," at once.

We hope to hold our next Social Evening on Saturday, January 18th.

Public Notice.—We have vacancies for Contraltos, Tenors and Basses, who are good readers of music, and who will find this Society a means of advancing their knowledge of high-class music and improvement in sight-reading. We are at present studying "Samson," and shall commence new works shortly.

A. W. COURSE, Hon. Sec.  
A. W. THOMAS, Hon. Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director.—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

The Second Grand Gymnastic Display was given on Wednesday Evening last, the 18th inst., in the Queen's Hall, before a very large audience. During the evening Lady Currie presented sashes to two new leaders of the Men's Gymnasium, namely, W. Whiting and W. Jones.

The Gymnasium will re-open on Saturday next, the 28th, by a Display.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

JUNIOR LEADERS' CLUB.

The usual monthly meeting will be held in the Art room, on Saturday next, at 8 o'clock, sharp.

W. G. FRITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS' RAMBLING CLUB.

Thirty-five of our Members, joined by eleven of the Harriers, seven of the Football Club, and thirty-eight other pupils of the Day School, in company with the teachers, Messrs. Castle, Granville, Atkins, Graves, and Mr. Osborn, who is always so ready to respond to the wishes of both scholars and teachers, made a very happy and most enjoyable trip to Barnum's "greatest show on earth." We all met at Aldgate Station, and after taking the names and distributing the tickets, we jumped in the 11.28 train for High Street, Kensington. Each carriage we filled was made merry by the high spirits of the boys. Leaving Kensington Station, we walked two and two along the busy high road, attracting but little attention, until we reached the bun-shop, where, by previous arrangement, ninety-four bags, each containing a bun, a cake, and an orange, were on the counter. The shop having two doors, the regiment of boys were marched in at one, given a bag each, and marched out at the other, keeping up one continuous line. This was an unexpected treat for the boys, and their delighted faces, as they left the shop, gave much amusement to the many bystanders, who had doubtless never witnessed a shop besieged in a like manner before. The street Arabs, equal to the occasion, followed up the rear; but on being assured there were no more bags to be given away, reluctantly retreated, and concluded that they were too late for the Christmas gifts. Barnum's Show was reached, and the happy youngsters paired off in twos and threes to see the curiosities of nature and science. There was the giant, 8 feet high, weighing 20 st. 10 lbs.; beside him was a dwarf, 18 years old, 29 inches high, and weighing only 9 lbs. One boy asked if he could write, to which he replied, "Of course I can." The second question, whether he could shake hands, was answered by his shaking hands with the youthful enquirer, and wishing him a merry Christmas. Next there came the bearded lady, the skeleton dude, and the fat lady, to which one can only say, if their condition is natural, they had better be secluded in their own homes, and if they are unnaturally made so, it is rather a disgrace to the show. Next there was the man who had lost both his hands, and had by perseverance learnt to write with his toes, showing that the various members of the human body are capable of further development. He wrote for me, "People's Palace Technical Schools' Excursion," which was done very neatly, and can be seen pasted in the minute book of the club. Following him was the man with no legs; and the twins, with two heads and one body. The tattooed lady had nothing to recommend her, and the two Indians and Aztecs must claim the pity of all feeling men and boys. But there are so many wonderful, interesting and beautiful objects, that the cloud cast by the presence of these is soon dispersed. The optical illusions, such as the bodiless lady, the fish with a woman's head, the head on a table, etc., were well arranged and carefully executed, so as to cause much speculation as to whether they were real or not. To assure myself of the trick, I climbed on the rails, when the head spoke and said, "I'll not be responsible for your life, sir, if you fall down." The animals were well worth a careful examination; one is so apt to forget the existence of so many of them, so rare is the chance of seeing them. At two o'clock we all took our seats in the Colossal Hall, and no one could have wished for a better view. The three circus and two stage performances were all actively engaged at the same time. It would be useless to attempt to describe every thing. It was really wonderful to see the sense the animals showed in their various capacities. They seemed to understand both language and music, for every command was obeyed unhesitatingly, and every step taken in time with the music. The athlete's feats of trapeze work, jumping and strength, were marvellously good. The clown performances were funny, and sufficient to keep up merriment without being tedious. The performance of Nero was strikingly grand. The three hours seemed but one, spent in a fairy land of wonderment, and we only awakened from our dream by the disappearance of the lime-lights, the scenery and the music. I was proud of the way our boys behaved themselves, giving absolutely no trouble, and showing by their intelligent faces that they well appreciated and enjoyed their day's trip. Wishing the members and all who take an interest in our club, a joyful Christmas and a glad New Year, I bid them farewell until next year. On the 2nd of January, 1890, we hope to meet at Blackwell Pier, at 10 a.m., to visit Woolwich and the Arsenal.—New member, C. Bambridge. A. W. B.

PROPRIETOR of clothing shop (to possible customer, looking at the window): Coom in—coom in, and I show you dose dings mineself! Possible Customer (shily): I don't know about going in. I generally deal with houses that have their prices plainly marked. Clothing-store Proprietor: "Dot vos all right, mine friendt; but it nod do vor us to mark our prices on dose dings. Our prices is so low dot people would dink dey vas second-hand."

"You needn't turn up your nose at this dinner, George. I cooked it myself, and every dish is exactly as they cook it at the cooking-school. I wish I knew how it is that a man always thinks that his mother's cooking tastes better than anyone else's?" "I don't know, Clara, unless it is because his mother never went to a cooking-school."

## Christmas Carols.

CHRISTMAS DAY this year falls upon a Wednesday, which, if we are to accept the augury of a curious old manuscript among the Harleian collection in the British Museum, is a fairly propitious circumstance for the coming year. The most favourable day, according to this authority, is Sunday, for

Lordinges, I warne you al before,  
Yef that day that Cryste was borne,  
Falle uppon a Sunday;  
That wynter shall be good par fay,  
But grete wyndes alofte shalbe,  
The somer shall be fayre and drye;  
By kynde skylle, wythouten lesse,  
Throw all londes shalbe peas,  
And good tyme all thynges to don,  
But he that stelyth he shalbe fownde sone;  
Whate chylde that day borne be,  
A great lord he shalbe.

Let us, at any rate, hope that although our Christmas this year is to be a Wednesday one, there will, notwithstanding, next year "Throw all londes be peas," and that "he that stelyth he shalbe fownde sone."

A charming old custom is that of singing Christmas Carols. The word carol is said to be derived from the Latin *cantare* (to sing), and *rola*! a word expressive of joy. Christmas carol-singing seems to be as old as Christianity itself, and was practised by the clergy of the very earliest churches. The earliest carol, the words of which have come down to us, is in Norman-French, and is preserved in a thirteenth century manuscript in the British Museum. Most of the old English carols are characterised by a beautiful simplicity and melodiousness, albeit often exceedingly crude and quaint in diction. Here is a well-known one of about the end of the fifteenth century:—

When Christ was born of Mary free,  
In Bethelhem, that fair citie,  
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,  
*In Excelsis Gloria.*  
Herdsman beheld these angels bright,  
To them appearing with great light,  
Who said: "God's Son is born this night,"  
*In Excelsis Gloria.*  
This King is come to save mankind,  
As in Scripture truths we find,  
Therefore this song we have in mind,  
*In Excelsis Gloria.*  
Then, Lord, for Thy great grace,  
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,  
Where we may sing to Thy solace,  
*In Excelsis Gloria.*

Many of the old carols which have come down to us have done so in a mutilated state, a mechanical spirit of literary polish having, in more recent times, dictated alterations, additions, and omissions, which rarely do more than contribute to the smoothness of the verse, and sometimes do not even do that, while in almost every case, marring the quaint simplicity of the originals. Here, however, is a carol which, perhaps, most people have forgotten now:—

I saw three ships come sailing in  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
I saw three ships come sailing in  
On Christmas Day in the morning.  
And what was in these ships all three,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?  
And what was in these ships all three,  
On Christmas Day in the morning?  
Our Saviour Christ and his Ladye,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
Our Saviour Christ and his Ladye,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.  
Pray whither sailed these ships all three,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?  
Pray whither sailed these ships all three,  
On Christmas Day in the morning?  
O they sailed into Bethlehem,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
O they sailed into Bethlehem,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.  
And all the bells on earth shall ring,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
And all the bells on earth shall ring,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
And all the souls on earth shall sing  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
Then let us all rejoice amain  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

A modern reviser, if he so far condescended as to notice this simple ballad, would probably leave it improved out of all recognition, and almost certainly destroy the quaint fancy which provides Bethlehem with a sea-board. The best known of all our carols has had to suffer alteration, and as will be seen, in a mere matter of punctuation in the very first line, not always for the better. It is—

God rest you merry, gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born upon this day,  
To save us all from Satan's power,  
When we were gone astray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy!  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas Day.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,  
This blessed Babe was born,  
And laid within a manger,  
Upon this blessed morn;  
The which His mother Mary,  
Nothing did take in scorn.  
O tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

From God our Heavenly Father,  
A blessed angel came,  
And unto certain shepherds  
Brought tidings of the same.  
How that in Bethlehem was born  
The Son of God by name.  
O tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

Fear not then said the angel,  
Let nothing you affright,  
This day is born a Saviour  
Of virtue, power and might,  
So frequently to vanquish all  
The friends of Satan quite.  
O tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

The shepherds at these tidings  
Rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding  
In tempest storm and wind;  
And went to Bethlehem straightway  
The blessed Babe to find.  
O tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

But when to Bethlehem they came,  
Whereat this infant lay,  
They found Him in a manger,  
Where oxen feed on hay;  
His mother, Mary, kneeling,  
Unto the Lord did pray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood,  
Each other now embrace,  
This holy tide of Christmas,  
All others doth deface.  
O tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

This is a wonderfully quaint old carol sung at Bosbury, a little village in Herefordshire, which is known locally as the "Bosbury Carol." It has been handed down verbally for unknown years, and I should like to quote it here, but unfortunately it consists of about ninety verses, and not only would it drive everything else out of the *Journal*, but possibly weary our readers.

Little trace is to be found of the practice of carol singing among the Scotch, although it has long flourished not only in England, but, in a less degree, on the Continent. It was even the custom, at one time, to sing carols in the churches, but this with many other Christmas customs, found its death-blow at the hands of the Puritans.

N.Y.M.

## A Fatal Dance.

I HAD not the faintest idea where I was going to spend Christmas that year; and when I came down to a solitary breakfast, illuminated by a sickly jet of gas on a dull foggy morning, a few days before Christmas Day, I felt that I did not much care. I had only just recovered from a really severe illness, which had kept me away from my work in the office for a considerable time; and my doctor cheerfully ordered me a fortnight's entire change before beginning my monotonous life again. I was singularly alone and friendless at the time, and the doctor's further prescription—"a real good jollification somewhere"—seemed a delightful sarcasm on my prospects. I first of all put out the gas, which gave me a headache, and proceeded in the semi-darkness to pour some coffee over the tablecloth instead of into the cup, and then discovered my letters in a swollen and flabby condition from the result of the mistake. My letters! Does anyone realise how dull and lonely must be the life of any man who cannot look forward to his letters! I took mine up mechanically, and opened them. A bill, an advertisement, a begging application, and lastly, a letter addressed in a little cramped hand, that I did not at first recognise. I opened it with a slight feeling of curiosity, and even re-lit the odious gas to enable me to read the contents more easily:—

"Dear Edgar,  
Will you spend Christmas with me?"

Your affect.,

Mudbank Rectory.

DAVID GREY.

David Grey was my godfather, an eccentric old parson who had buried himself in the heart, and the mud, of a little out-of-the-way village in the Weald of Kent. I had not heard from him for a long time, not since he had sent me my last school-boy tip some seven or eight years ago. I wondered vaguely what had brought me to his recollection again. Mudbank Rectory did not sound very salubrious or entertaining, but I felt that my fate was decided for Christmas, and it was with a distinct sensation of gratitude to my old godfather that I sat down and accepted his invitation warmly.

I started on Christmas Eve, after looking out my trains with some difficulty, there being no Mudbank Station at all, and the prospect of a long drive from the nearest station to the Rectory; however, the weather was mild and warm, and travelling, under the circumstances, not so very disagreeable. When I got out, and had hunted out my traps, I found I had been met by a nondescript sort of man, half coachman, half gardener, in a coat much too big for him, and a hat so large that it only seemed to leave a little bit of his face visible. This bit of face was all concentrated in a broad grin, as he addressed me, and staggered away under my luggage to the "carriage," as he called it, pointing out at the same time to a little low wicker-work vehicle, that looked like a clothes basket on wheels. Into this we both got; and after I had recovered from the sensation that I was sitting on the ground, and that the pony could kick my face whenever he chose, I settled down fairly comfortably for an eight-mile drive.

We drew up before it was quite dark at the door of an old-fashioned ivy-covered house, which stood back from the road, and was almost entirely closed in by the thick shrubbery in front of it. My godfather himself opened the door, and stood waiting to receive me; a little shrunken looking man, with a bright colour and picturesque white hair, and a pair of strong glasses, through which his grey eyes peered with a curious far-away expression.

"And this is you, Edgar Lane," he said, shaking hands cordially. "It is very good of you, Edgar, to come and spend Christmas with me. By Christmas, I mean, of course, as long as you like. Come in."

He drew me into a small, low-ceilinged room, in the middle of which stood a table covered with papers and books. The floor was also piled with books, and on a small side table stood what I took to be the models of little children's tombstones, which I regarded with some awe.

"Sit down," said my godfather, pointing to a chair by the fire; "and how are your parents?"

A startling question to one who had lost both parents some twenty years previously.

I explained I had not been in their company lately. "Oh! yes, my dear boy, to be sure. Very stupid of me. Pray forgive me. I forget how time slips away. Ah! very sad! very sad!"

He relapsed into silence again, but presently seeing my eyes wander to the children's tombstones, he jumped up with alacrity.

"Ah! I daresay now you are deeply interested in Druidical remains. These are models from some still existing. You would like to examine them."

I replied cautiously that those whom the subject interested must find the subject very interesting.

"I see, I see," he returned; then you will not mind my going on with this pamphlet, and I hope you will find everything you want everywhere, and if you don't please ask for it. We dine at half-past seven."

In a few minutes he seemed quite oblivious of my presence, his mind going back to the Druidical remains.

I found I could do just as I pleased all day. The first day I went shooting; but a day or two after my arrival the weather suddenly changed, and a hard frost set in; a beautiful hoar-frost at first, spangling the trees and evergreens with fairy crystals, and lending to every leaf and blade of grass its tiny, sparkling burden. I then thought eagerly of skating, and after the fourth day, when the roads rang as if made of iron, and the icicles hung down in a solid mass from the roof, I broached the subject to my godfather. He rarely left the house, except to attend some antiquarian meeting, or take the services in the little church hard by. He had lived in the place upwards of fifty years, but he knew little or nothing of the houses of the poor around. He preached on Sunday to his rustic little congregation a sermon, that for metaphysical daring, obscure illusions, power of argument, would have astonished some of our Cathedral congregations, but which were received with absolute and unvarying stolidity by the worshippers at Mudbank. If the old rector did not enquire deeply into the souls of his parishioners, the wants of their bodies were not neglected, for I have often seen steaming bowls of soup and savoury cuts off joints go away from the back door to warm the heart of some ailing or needy creature.

When I asked my uncle if there were ice near on which I could practise, he seemed to recollect something, and drawing a letter out of his pocket handed it to me.

"There, now, I nearly forgot it," he said, smiling absently; "I met Mr. Howard the other day, and promised him you should dine there to-night and make his acquaintance; he has a large house about three miles off. Read his letter now, and see what he says."

The letter was brief, but kind, and the writer expressed his hope of seeing me at dinner, on New Year's Eve, when they hoped to have a large and gay party.

"New Year's Eve! why, my dear sir, that is to-night," I cried.

"Yes! Is it really. Well, you go and make his acquaintance, and he will tell you all about the ponds that freeze sufficiently to bear. Now, how will you go? will you take the pony carriage?"

"Oh! no, thank you, sir," I answered, for I had never completely got over my dislike of the clothes basket; "I can walk easily, and shall enjoy it; it is such a glorious day for walking."

"Well, don't get a chill, now you are all right again, and find out the way from John."

Towards afternoon the air seemed to be curiously thick, and there was a dull yellow look about the sky. John, the factotum, shook his head when I asked about the way.

"Taint a fit night, nor for to go out fur," he answered gravely.

"Nonsense, John! Do you anticipate snow?"

"I don't anticipate nothing, sir, but I do think as we shall have a good downfall by night."

However, the anticipation of a lively party, and a break in the monotony of my visit, proved too much for my prudence. I set my mind on going, and dressed carefully about six o'clock and prepared to start. I had learned all the directions of the way from John, and stoutly refused his escort, and very foolishly, perhaps, the enormous stable lantern he offered me, in which my godfather found a light unto his path on dark Sunday evenings. I left the good old rector drawing a model of the children's tombstones for the next antiquarian meeting, and started out at a good pace. I was not yet really strong, but the keen air seemed to brace me, and I have always enjoyed a walk on a frosty night, with the cold air cutting across my face, and one's breath puffing out like the steam from an engine. But though I walked fast for the first quarter of an hour, I found it difficult to keep warm; the cold was more penetrating than I had thought. My fingers ached, and my feet were numb; I stamped vigorously as I went, which was exceedingly painful and hopelessly ineffectual. The atmosphere, too, became more curious; it seemed to get suddenly dark and thick. I turned my face up to the sky; something fell into my eyes, almost blinding me—it was snow; a solitary large flake, quickly followed by others, and in a few minutes the road was white with a light layer.

I hurried on in some trepidation. The snow seemed to blind me. I found it difficult to know exactly where I was walking. I fell up against something, which turned out to be a wooden gate. I had no business near a gate of this sort. It was vain to look around. Silently and thickly fell the snow in the largest flakes I had ever known. I waited a minute or two, to collect my thoughts, and try and find out my position; but the cold was still so intense, that it was absolutely painful to keep still. I did not seem to be able to remember any gate that ought to be in the way, and it began to be very evident that I was out of the track altogether. However, I thought if I went straight on, I might come to something that would guide me, or find some stray cottage on the woodside, where I might ask the right direction. I trudged on once more, leaving the gate on my left, and walked steadily forward, trying to brave the snow, which was beginning to penetrate my boots, and trickle down my neck.

I could see nothing, feel nothing, hear nothing. I have never since been in such an absolutely desolate condition. The snow seemed to separate me from the touch of any human hand. I once called out, loudly, but met with no response, so still went blindly on feeling the way clear in front with my stick. I quite realised I was lost, and felt for my watch to see if it were possible for me to feel the time; it had stopped at half-past nine; I had been more than three hours in the snow already. Presently my stick came in contact with something hard. I felt carefully—a rough cold surface—a wall as I conjectured—and I straightway began to feel along it, and hope revived again. I might be near some human habitation. A desperate weariness had seized me, and it was only with an intense effort that I could crawl on feeling my way. After some two or three hundred yards there was a break; the wall came to an end abruptly, and took a curve inwards; then I felt a post, and then an empty space. Before venturing on I felt close to the pillar and detected the hinges of a gate—a large iron gate—thrown wide open. I was evidently in a drive of some sort. I kicked against something soft, and stooping down picked up a little bag that had evidently been dropped close to the pillar. I felt it all over. It was wet and cold with the snow, but was of some soft substance like velvet. I opened the fastening and took out a little fine cambric handkerchief; I drew my breath with a sigh of relief. Thank God! Some one lived not far off; the drive probably belonged to some large house, and a lady had been in or out quite recently. The snow seemed to clear a little, and I fancied I could discern lights in front. I dragged my tired limbs along, and went over a slight incline with a low wall on each side. From the sensation I concluded I was going over a small bridge; but the way seemed, if possible, even darker, from the tall trees that stood close to the path. Was my sight deceiving me, or did I really see lights in front? I now thought I could discern the shape of a large house, and as I drew nearer, friendly lights did indeed beam out of the windows. I was so overjoyed that I feebly sang out hurrah! and said something about Britons never being slaves, for my head was nearly turned with the joyful anticipation of ending my wanderings. Perhaps this was the very house I had been hoping to reach. Yes, there seemed to be lights everywhere, and I scrambled up the stone steps that led to the hall door. I groped for the bell, wondering that with all the illuminations there should not be a greater stir within; but there was not a sound. It might have been entirely empty, this great house, but that the lights forbade such a gloomy thought. I found the bell at last, almost lost in the ivy. I pulled it, but it was stiff and only creaked. I dragged with all my might, letting it fall back with a jerk, and then there rang out a long mournful peal that made my heart stand still. For a few minutes I could hear nothing, and then came the shuffling of feet and low voices.

"Let me in, in heaven's name," I cried, "I am half dead with cold and fatigue!"

Then came the slow unfastening of heavy bolts, that groaned and grated as they were withdrawn. Then the rattle of a chain, and the turning of the huge key in the lock. At last the door was slowly opened, the chain still being kept up, and a voice asked—

"Who are you who comes here to-night?"

A quivering old voice. I shrank back, and then my teeth chattering with the agony of cold, I said,—

"Let me in for shelter, my good man. I am almost dead, I can go no farther; open the door, I entreat."

The chain fell down, and the light fell on the face of an old man, with silver hair falling on his coat collar, and dressed as an old-fashioned servant.

He drew near to me, and whispered:

"I entreat you not to come in, sir; in pity do not force your way. It is impossible that you should come in here and now."

The entreaty in the old man's voice moved me, but yet I was longing to find shelter, and I felt that nothing could turn me away now.

"Look at my condition," I cried, raising my voice. "Hush!" said the old servant, as though he would place his hand on my lips, but it was too late. My piteous voice had been heard, and from a room beyond, out of the light and warmth that were beginning to steal upon my almost benumbed senses, there came the loveliest woman I have ever seen. She came down to me like a beautiful dream, for she was dressed in white satin, and there was the perfume of delicate flowers about her lovely figure. Behind her stood an old woman, who looked like a housekeeper or some confidential servant, dressed in some plain dark silk, and on her face was a look of supreme distress. All this I saw in the short time that elapsed before the white lady had reached the door. She did not seem to feel the piercing cold. She shot a glance of fiery rebuke on the butler, and turned to me with a bow, and a smile of gracious condescension.

"Come in at once," she said. "You are very late, but I knew you would come, you are the first to arrive—but what matter?"

I looked at her with mingled astonishment and admiration. In the full light, to which my eyes were now becoming accustomed, I could see she was years older than I had at first imagined. The once golden hair was grey in places, the face was thin and lined, but the lovely colour that was in her cheeks, and the brilliancy of her eyes, gave a look of vigour and youthfulness to her appearance. I pointed to my clothes, my soaking boots, and began an apology.

"Ah! never mind," she said, impatiently, "only be quick! be quick, let us begin. If the others will not come, what matter. Quick, quick!" She touched my arm as she spoke and pointed to a chair; "Take off his coat," she addressed to the butler, "why are you all so slow—so very slow?"

Grimly and silently the servant divested me of my coat, heavy with the snow. This strange lady stood by while my feet were rid of the heavy shoes, and my own slippers taken from my pocket and put on, and then she half-led, half-impelled me into a large room devoid of furniture. I moved as in a dream. I saw the floor was polished as if for dancing, and at the end of the room, in an alcove, sat some musicians, with white faces, gazing at us in astonishment.

"We must open the ball," said the lady, hurriedly; "I can wait no longer. I am glad you have come. I was so tired of waiting."

At the door stood the elderly female, and down her cheeks there rolled tears of grief. The manservant went backwards and forwards wringing his hands: only the lady herself, beautiful and stately, seemed disposed for gaiety, and there was a restless excitement with her, which made her fair cheeks burn with a deep colour, and her eyes shine and glisten as she looked around. She placed her hand in my arm, and turned to the musicians as she passed them. "Begin!" she said, "we will wait no longer."

She smiled at me as she spoke, and tapped her foot, daintily clad in white satin, on the floor. As I noticed her dress more nearly, I perceived that it was of quite an old-fashioned period, but it hung in rich and ample folds round her tall thin figure.

The musicians struck up, after some hesitation, a waltz. I have seen and heard the same waltz, and I believe it is called the Spirit of the Night. Its weird melody suited the occasion, and in a minute I found myself waltzing with the most exquisite dancer I have ever known. At first our steps were uneven, but I have always liked dancing, and in a short time we were in perfect time and harmony.

She paused. I asked her in a dull, conventional way, if she were tired.

"No, no!" she answered. "Why should I be tired. We have hours before us. Hush! did you hear sounds!"

No, I could hear nothing, but the strains of the music, and the restless steps of the old servant, who walked up and down the hall.

Again we danced, and again we paused, for her steps were not so light as before; I was afraid she was weary. I tried to draw her near the old lady, who watched her at the entrance to the room, but she evaded my attempts and drew me aside to a large curtained window.

"Draw the curtain, please," she asked, somewhat impudently.

I obeyed.

"And open the shutter; I wish to see what the night is like." The shutter creaked back, and we both looked out on the blackness.

"So dark!" she muttered. "Tell me," and she lowered her voice, and drew so close to me, that I felt her breath on my cheek, "tell me, do you hear no sound? Listen, and be careful, because, and her voice rose, and she drew long breaths, as if in pain, "because the bridge is not safe to cross; it is so dark, so very, very dark. There might be an accident; but not to-night. There could be no accident to-night, could there?"

I did not know how to answer. I knew from the look in her eye that I was speaking with a mad woman. What could I reply to her vague questionings? In the silence I could hear the old lady weeping.

"Why does she weep," said the poor lady, bending close to me again? Why should she weep when we are all so merry? She shall not weep. Come, we are losing time." She signed to the musicians, who played again, and again we danced. I urged her to rest, but in vain, only each time we neared the window she would pause and listen, and then start on again more feverishly.

I was exhausted, and faint with hunger and fatigue, yet I felt spellbound and unable to break away. I determined that at the next pause I would apply to the servants to help me. The wind had risen suddenly, and wailed round the corners of the house.

"Stay," said the lady, stopping, but clutching my arm tight. "Did you not hear a cry? Did anyone say the bridge was slippery with the frost?" She let go my arm and clasped her hands together, and appealed to me with piteous eyes, and a terror-stricken voice.

"It is the wind," I faltered—unable to resist her pleading. She interrupted me with a wild laugh, that seemed to me the most awful sound I had ever heard.

"The wind, of course," she said, "the wind has risen. There was no cry at all though the darkness. Quick, let us finish the dance. They will all be here soon, and then I shall have no time to dance with others. But he might have come for the first dance," she added, wearily. "Come," for I had half moved aside, hoping to rest my aching limbs, and cut short this trying scene. "Come, finish this waltz, there are but a few more bars—and the music does not flag."

Again we danced; but this time she was decidedly heavier to hold. She seemed to me to slip at times and miss the steps, and she clung to my arm as if not sure of her footing. I tried to hold her up. I suggested we should pause, but she answered never a word, and only urged me mutely on. At last she sank into my arms, her feet stopped altogether, her head fell back from my shoulder. I tried to call the servants, but my throat was so dry I could scarcely speak. I beckoned to them to come to me. I saw the frightened musicians spring to their feet, and the old man ran forward with a cry of horror. With a chill feeling at my heart I looked more closely at the drooping figure in my arms, and saw that I had finished the dance with a dead woman!

The next thing that I remember was opening my eyes and finding myself in bed, and in what seemed at first a strange room, but which I at last recognised, after some effort, to be the room I had had in the old rectory as my godfather's guest; and I made out also that a figure standing by the bed, and looking down on me, through extraordinarily large glasses, was my godfather himself. There was also another gentleman unknown to me, who gave me something to drink out of a teaspoon; after which I tried to ask a lot of questions, and found my voice wouldn't last out, but seemed to go off in a whisper in the middle. But I gained strength, and put all my questions later on, as my memory came back to me. I thought I must have been lost in the snow and had a strange dream; but one night, when I felt quite well, and had made quite a large meal, I coaxed the doctor to tell me the meaning of my extraordinary encounter on the night I lost my way.

"So you thought you had dreamt it all," said he, laughing. "A wise thing for you to do, having just recovered from a dangerous illness. I thought I shouldn't pull you through this attack, I can tell you."

I detailed to him, so far as I could remember, everything that had happened, and asked eagerly if the poor lady had really died in my arms.

"Poor thing, poor thing," answered the doctor with a sigh. "Yes, she did indeed die, and so finished a sad, sad story. While the rest of us, who were her contemporaries, have been going on in the usual way, marrying and giving in marriage, working, hoping, and jogging along with our families as best we may, and leading, I suppose, fairly happy, uneventful lives; she has been waiting, for nearly thirty years, for a release from a peculiarly distressing life. Poor dear lady! I

remember it all, as if it were only yesterday! I was a young surgeon, and had only just settled in the neighbourhood, and I thought not a little of being invited as a guest to the large dance that was to be held at the old Manor House. The De Lisles were proud people, wrapped up in the interests of their only daughter, the most lovely girl for miles round. She was engaged to be married to a Captain George Hawtree, a fine handsome young fellow, though, as all we young fellows adored Miss De Lisle in secret, we asserted whenever we dared that the captain was not worth her little finger. He had been abroad for about a year before the day of the dance, and the dance was given to celebrate his return, and Miss De Lisle's birthday; she was just nineteen. The captain ought to have arrived quite early in the day, and the girl went about trying to control her excitement, and fill up the tedious minutes with superintending the decorations of the hall and ball room. But her eyes sought the clock anxiously; and as the afternoon passed, and evening drew on without him, she tried to appear indifferent, but everyone was aware of the anxiety to which she gave no expression. About eight o'clock a heavy snowstorm came on, and by that time most of us had set out to the ball. I shall never forget her beauty that night. Her cheeks had a brilliant colour, her eyes were bright—I had almost said burning with excitement. The opening of the ball was delayed till the last minute, in the hopes of the captain arriving, but we were half way through the programme before there was any sign of his return.

Then some of us were aware of an unusual stir in the hall. The music stopped, the dancers flocked, as if by common consent, to the large well-lighted hall, where I remember so well the great logs of wood crackling up the wide chimney. It was already early dawn of the new year. The hall door was open; Mr. De Lisle had his daughter in his arms, and was entreating her, commanding her, to go to her mother upstairs, but the girl refused to stir, and stood there with widely-dilated eyes and a drawn face of terrible expectancy.

They were bringing something in. I heard the shuffling steps of the men, and in another moment the girl had thrown herself forward on their burden with a long piteous cry that rings in my heart now. Her lover had come back—dead. He had been thrown from his horse who had slipped crossing the bridge, and had been found by some men who were leading their horses across the thick snow.

The heart-broken parents tried to draw her away, but she seemed transfixed, gazing on the dead. Then all at once she broke into a wild laugh, and suffered herself to be taken upstairs: in the morning they found her reason had left her. With change of scene and great care it was hoped that she would regain her senses, but though she improved in health, her mind never recovered itself. The memory of that awful night seemed entirely blotted out. She only waited day by day for George Hawtree's return. She was never happy until they came back to the old Manor House, where she said George would expect to find her. Every New Year's Eve she would have the whole of the house illuminated, and the rooms prepared for a large dance, musicians ordered down, and a supper arranged. For nearly thirty years this went on with the utmost regularity. The poor parents died very soon but even that last shock failed to restore her powers of mind. Nothing made an impression on her. She continued to live on with the faithful old housekeeper and butler who had known her from infancy. Each New Year's Eve the same ghastly preparations were made, and that fateful night of your arrival terminated the unhappy lady's sufferings. Both mind and body were well nigh exhausted, and the additional excitement of your presence, and the train of thought it probably awoke, were too much for the feeble constitution. There, it is a sad story, and not calculated to cheer a patient, but I could see you would not be content till you had got at the bottom of the mystery. They sent for me, of course, immediately, and my surprise at seeing you was great as you may imagine, for after finding I could do nothing to restore the poor lady, I turned my attention to you, and by morning you were in such a critical state, that I doubted if we should pull you through. I soon learned where you were supposed to come from, and got you safely here. The dear old rector seemed to have forgotten all about you, when I spoke to him, and had to collect his thoughts from wandering over some antiquarian lore. However, he was most genuinely disturbed at your condition."

I lay long awake thinking of the tragic story in which I had played so strange a part, and of the lovely lady who now slept so peacefully in the country churchyard by her lover's side. I made many visits afterwards to my kind old godfather, and life opened out for me many interests and much happiness in the country village.

It was not until the summer of the following year that I again visited the spot of my midnight adventure; I saw the old grey building now completely deserted. I stood on the steps where I had rung the bell so desperately, and a shiver came over me as I thought again of the events of that fearful night. I hastened to leave a spot that had such tragic associations. As I crossed the bridge, I paused to think of that other night, when the cruel accident took place, when happiness seemed so close at hand.

A breeze sprang up and played mornfully among the trees, which seemed to whisper to one another over and over again the story of the ill-fated lovers. The stream under the bridge appeared to repeat the same tale of woe. I quickened my steps, for the loneliness of the place seemed to work on my mind, and I half feared to glance behind lest I might see some vision of the lost lover, or behold again the lovely form and features of the lady of the Fatal Dance!

MAYNARD HAMILTON.

### Class and Section Notes.

#### CIVIL SERVICE CLASSES.

During the present month (December) examinations have been held in the Civil Service for Female Sorters and Female Telegraph Learners. During January candidates will be examined for Boy Clerks, Male Telegraph Learners, and Boy Copyists, the total number of vacancies thus declared exceeding 300. For young ladies, especially, the appointments in the Civil Service are very desirable, and eagerly sought after. With the extension and partial reorganisation of the Post Office, a considerable increase will be made in its female clerical staff, and the number of these desirable appointments thrown open to competition will be greatly enlarged. The forthcoming term will therefore afford a favourable opportunity for intending students to join our classes held in these subjects, complete information of which will be found in the class prospectus.

D. A. I.

#### ELEMENTARY CLASS FOR FEMALES ONLY.

Several members of this class have made considerable progress during the term, especially those who have been regular in attendance at class and have worked at home. The attendance has been remarkably good as a rule. Even on Friday, December 13th, when there was such a dense fog, there were more members present than absent, and those who were absent resided in districts where the fog came on early. The lessons on letter-writing have been much appreciated, and the reading from Dickens' "Christmas Carol" has been much enjoyed. No one need be afraid of joining, for the course is especially suited to beginners.

G. J. M.

#### JUNIOR SECTION BOOK-KEEPING.

There was an examination on Monday, 16th inst. To answer correctly required a knowledge of the use of day book, invoice book, cash book, and ledger, as used in single entry. Reeves, Harvey, and Morden did very well. The attendance has been very good during the term, but lately many boys have been working late, and their attendance has been irregular. Next term, the most advanced boys will take double entry. Boys wishing to join the class should apply immediately after Christmas.

G. J. M.

#### DAY TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

On December 12th all the Boys of the Technical Day School were examined in Freehand Drawing. Mr. Bishop reports that the work done by Thomas Vyse, of Section 1B, was exceptionally good, the lining-in being splendidly done, and the proportions excellent.

The Day School closed on Friday morning last, and will re-open on Monday, January 6th, 1890.

The following list gives the names of the first and second boys in each section: Third-year Boys—Richard J. Hitchcock; George Parker. Second-year Boys, Section A—Frederick C. J. Page; Alexander J. Lumsden. Section B—Francis J. Lowe; Gilbert Wells. Section C—John H. Dunn; Herbert B. Howard. First-year Boys, Section A—Charles W. Baxter; Frank W. Harvey. Section B—John F. Gairns; Percy Bohli. Section C—Alfred Bright; Frank Lowman. Section D—Frederick Rawlings; Herbert Rawlings. Section E—Charles Merrett; Leon Belcher.

D. A. L.

### Answers to Correspondents.

G. J. MICHELL.—Notes received, with thanks.

D. A. ISAACS.—We are much obliged, and are glad to hear of the prosperous condition of your classes. We cannot understand your previous information not being used. Was it not some time ago?

S. W. B.—The fourth volume of the *Journal* can now be obtained, neatly bound in cloth, 4s. 6d.; or the cases may be had separately.

### Christmas Eve in the Streets.

CHRISTMAS EVE in the streets! What streets? All the streets. All the peculiarities, all the special and individual characters appertaining to Cockney Corners, approach and mingle jovially and cordially on Christmas Eve. Christmas Eve in the Borough, Christmas Eve in Clerkenwell, Christmas Eve in Stepney, Christmas Eve in Somers Town. Like the ingredients in a twelfth cake, each still has its definite and distinct character, but all seem homogeneous covered and enclosed in the toothsome sugar of Christmas Eve—in the white frosting of Christmas Eve. For we will have our Christmas Eve frosted; there shall be snow on the roofs, but a dry, swept pavement; enough snow in the corners to make an occasional snowball of, but no more, because more in London gets dirty and sludgy. Our Christmas Eve is an ideal one, and we will not have had weather on Christmas Eve when we can get good.

The stars look sharp and bright as they will on a frosty night, when the glorious air is as clear and taintless as it is to-night, even in London. The wind is brisk and keen—joyously, comfortingly keen, it seems to us, who have good overcoats. The variously sloping roofs—gabled, lean-to, old-fashioned, new-fashioned, and what not—in the shop-lit street we are in radiate in their whiteness the light sparkling from the stars.

Not a shop, not a face, not an inch of the picture but reads CHRISTMAS EVE as distinctly as print. Men have been repairing the road round this turning, and the watchman has a volcanic fire in a great red-hot iron brazier. Small boys, with long woollen comforters, sprigs of holly or mistletoe in their caps, and very red noses, collect around it with hands in pockets, stamp their feet, and stare, with an air of profound meditation, into its glowing depths. Farther on, others, of superior financial position, revel in the convivial dissipation of baked potatoes from a machine upon the top of which is fixed a potato of pantomimic immensity, stuck full of shiny paper flags on wire flagstuffs. And the shops! These can't be the persecuted, competition-worried, store-baited British shopkeepers, with rates coming due, and bad debts, and depreciation of stock and all that? It seems such fun to keep shop on Christmas Eve—everybody is in a state of chronic smile. All this buying and selling seems a delightful sort of round game—trade is nothing but a great joke, and gets funnier as it goes on. Long vistas of sides of beef, stuck with holly and bright rosettes, front the butcher's shop, and brisk butchersmen cut about, and shout and weigh, and shout again, and sell, and shout louder than ever, like boys enjoying a game at fly-the-garter. And on the biggest, and fattest, and best-rosetted side of beef in the whole row, there is a fluttering sheet of note-paper with a straggling inscription commemorative of the triumphs achieved by this side of beef at the Cattle Show when it was supplemented by another side and four legs, a head, horns, hide, tail, and a bellow—in fact, before it met with a misfortune in the slaughter-house. And then the poulterer's—what rows above rows of dangling necks and heads! What a clever man that poulterer must be, when every bird in the shop looks so plump and so young, and yet he can manage to supply as large a number of customers as will let him with bony dragons, of cerulean tint and adamantine indestructibility! And all so blandly and cheerily! And the draper and hosier is a clever man, too. "Snow is seasonable," reasons the draper and hosier, "and I will have it. If necessary I'll make it myself." So to provide against any change in the weather he makes it. One of his young men takes a gum-brush and puts minute dabs, a few inches apart, all over the inside of the window, and when the other young man hands up little bits of cotton-wool, he sticks one on every dab, and there you are!

If we were asked to select of all the tradesmen in this street the greatest and most cordial lover of his species, the most self-sacrificing benefactor of the human race, we should unhesitatingly point to the grocer. "A Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year to All," is his family motto, in large blue letters all round his shop, next the ceiling, and "Peace on Earth," "Goodwill to Men," and something about the Christmas Club are neatly pasted on the window. And he is so anxious to give things away. "One pound of the best sultanas presented gratis to every purchaser of goods to the value of half-a-crown," and "Every purchaser of one pound of our unrivalled Congou, at two-and-eightpence, will be presented, on this occasion only, with a magnificent glass butter dish." And there stands the free-hearted prodigal behind his counter, lavishing his compliments of the season, his sultanas, and his butter dishes on a rapacious and ungrateful

public, and really looking as affable as if it wasn't ruining him, poor fellow!

Women out with market baskets wear bright and cheery faces; those who have children with them—and there are many—finding extreme difficulty in getting pass the toy-shops, where Father Christmas stands in a perpetual snowstorm, affectionately hugging a tree; where walking dolls, temples of the drama with pasteboard artists, Noah's Arks, and other gear of Santa Claus are placed in a dazzling firmament of coloured glass balls and Chinese lanterns.

Every shop which was tenantless a month ago has since been hired till after New Year's Day, and stocked from floor to ceiling with pretty cards, which look from the window in legion, and wish society in general the compliments of the season. It is a peculiarity of these cards that almost every one of those which are comic represents someone in the agony of some uncomfortable disaster—policemen falling down on slides, with mince-pies and whisky bottles tumbling out of their helmets, to the cheerful accompaniment of a shower of snowballs; bad boys upsetting stout old gentlemen in the snow, and bolting round the corner with their turkeys; and Ally Sloper undergoing every possible kind of misfortune in which boys, a slide, an umbrella, a policeman, a pump, and a black bottle can take part.

There is a vague smell of orange peel everywhere. This may come principally from the greengrocer's, where so many oranges are stocked that heaps of horseradish and forests of holly and Christmas trees are crowded out over half the pavement; it may also be traceable to the fact that catapults "is in," the ammunition most highly esteemed by the youth of Cockaigne for use with these weapons consisting of fragments of the peel in question; but we prefer to consider it a peculiar and universal property of Christmas Eve—an atmospheric flavour connected in some mysterious manner with the date, irrespective of any material agency.

There is Christmas Eve in every face. Here, indeed, is a face with more Christmas Eve in it than usual. It belongs to a rather stout gentleman in a state of great exultation and hilarity, who makes his way along the pavement with extreme deliberation and crookedness, like a man with plenty of time to get home. He appears to recognise an intimate friend in everybody he meets, as well as in the lamp-posts, and as he is very anxious to shake hands with them all, and his right hand already contains the handle of a black bag and the neck of a goose, which he trails along the pavement (having apparently forgotten all about it), some very extraordinary complications ensue. After each affectionate parting, he begins "God Save the Queen," freely punctuated with hiccups, and presently, in brandishing his arm above his head to give more loyal affect to "happy and glorious," without taking the goose into his calculations, swings that ill-used bird violently against the back of his head, knocking off his hat, which we leave him grovelling for, some distance from where it lies, with the problem of getting up again in reserve until such time as he shall have recovered his property.

So many people carry parcels. If *this* old gentleman's hat were to blow off, and along the street, now, how would he get it? He has a portmanteau in one hand, a very plethoric rush basket in the other, two barrels of oysters under his left arm, and three brown paper parcels, strongly suggestive of the Lowther Arcade, under his right, while his coat pockets have what the police-court reports calls a "suspiciously bulky appearance." Boys with baskets and bundles are everywhere; and occasionally a good-humoured looking working man passes, smoking his pipe, and carrying a small Christmas tree and a bunch of mistletoe in his hands.

The public-house is almost the only break in the picture. A printed announcement of a goose club hangs in the windows certainly, but the unpleasant loafers under the window are much the same as usual. A wretched woman, with a baby at her breast, and a ragged child of uncertain sex crying at her skirts, grasps the coat of a drunken rascal in an attempt to draw him out of the door, and receives a blow which sends her staggering across the pavement. There is nothing characteristic of Christmas Eve in this—it will occur again to-morrow, on the festival of love and goodwill itself, and it happens on every day of the year.

Off and away from the shops, with an occasional stamping trot against the jolly, crisp, vital wind; through the quiet streets, with the lights in the windows, and, often, singing and laughter muffled in the walls. Comparatively secure from molestation, the boys have made a slide here—apparently, indeed, created it out of nothing, for the pavement and road are dry and clean. But, at any rate, here is the slide—a long black streak—with a merry file of boys availing themselves of the accommodation—big boys, little boys, boys with overcoats, and boys with comforters, boys with hands in pockets, and the omnipresent boys with baskets. It isn't every day they

get the chance of a slide in London, so they make the most of it, each in his own style. The thin boy goes up with his feet close together; the fat boy follows sideways, with his feet very wide apart, and his legs like a pair of compasses; the clumsy boy stumbles noisily at the end of the slide; and the undecided boy makes several balks at the beginning of it. The sudden appearance of a policeman round the corner is the signal for total rout; and one of the boys with baskets tries to stop in the middle of the slide, seating himself in consequence with great emphasis upon a small stilton, a pound of the best fresh, and two dozen eggs, almost at the feet of the dreaded representative of the statutes in that case made and provided, who, after ordering him with the necessary austerity to "Get out of that!"—which seems rather superfluous—looks as though nothing but the presence of witnesses would prevent him taking a turn or two on the slide himself. He resists the temptation, however, and wishes a gentleman, who is letting himself through his front door, "Good night, and a merry Christmas."

"Good night. Same to you. Cold, isn't it? I say, Robert!"—hesitatingly.

"Yes, sir."

"I believe I've got a drop of whisky somewhere about. Won't you—"

Robert coughs, and glances up and down the street. "Thank you, sir, but you see—on duty, you know, and—really, it's not quite—"

Come along! Why are we standing here staring at a policeman? Leave the man alone!

Jolly bells! Faint and muffled when the breeze is behind us, loud and gleeful as we meet breeze and music too round a sudden corner. Hilarious, heart-opening, Christmas Eve bells! Swaggering, reeling, and clanging up there high in the glorious air, where the grey, snow-flecked steeple tapers up into the night—buffeting with the rollicking wind till it trembles for miles in silvery merriment! Laughing peals, thundering crushes!

Wherever a kitchen window can be seen there is a light. Sometimes a regularly bobbing shadow, betokening pudding-stirring. This in large houses as well as small. Perhaps, near the poor streets, there is the joyless, tuneless voice of a rag-covered woman, who carries broad sheets of carols which nobody buys. God rest you, merry gentlemen, give her something, for the memory of the Son! Turn away from no sore heart this Christmas Eve!

Still the bells! Laughing and crashing! People stop to peer up at the lit belfry, where the shadows rise and fall, while our fancy makes words and sentences of the bells, and the peals beat out "A merry Christmas to you all!" and the crashes shout, "Was-Hael!"—"Cockney Corners," by Arthur G. Morrison.

THE late venerable Bishop Mantie was sometimes a victim of singular aberrations of mind, and was in this respect no mean rival of Neander and Sir Isaac Newton. Sitting one day in his study, as usual deeply absorbed in his Coptic-Aethiopic researches, he wanted a certain manuscript, a valuable papyrus roll, and got up to look for it in his cabinet. Impatient at not finding it at once, he placed the lamp which he held in his hand on one of the shelves of the cabinet, and used both his hands in turning over the papers until he came to the wished-for document. "Eureka! Got it at last!" he exclaimed in his excitable way, flourishing the MS. in one hand while he slammed the door to with the other, leaving the lamp in the bookcase and himself in sudden darkness. Our dear old Bishop was thunderstruck and alarmed, for he thought he had been struck blind. His lamentations and cries of alarm roused the sleeping household. His manservant rushed into the room with a light; still the prelate persisted in his assertion that he had been smitten with temporary blindness. It was not until some time afterwards that the burning lamp was discovered in the cabinet.

A GENTLEMAN was walking down the street the other day with his friend Jackson, when they met a clergyman. The reverend gentlemen, though possessed of a large brain, has but a diminutive body to support it. Quite recently he had united himself, for good or ill, to a buxom widow. The minister blushed a little as they passed. "What is the meaning of that, Jackson?" asked his companion. "Well you see," was the reply, "we had a tea-fight at the minister's shortly after he was married. I was called upon to make a speech. You know you are expected to be humorous on such occasions, so I referred in a casual way to the minister as the widow's mite. He has acted strangely ever since."

PROGRAMME

OF

Vocal and Instrumental Concert,

TO BE GIVEN ON

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28th, 1889,

At Eight o'clock.

BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS,

By kind permission of Colonel STRACEY,

Conductor - Mr EDWARD HOLLAND.

Vocalists:

MISS AMY MARTIN AND MR. T. W. PAGE.

Accompanist—Miss FLORENCE PHILLIPS.

1. OVERTURE... "Light Cavalry" .. .. *Suppe.*

2. SONG .. "Never to meet" .. .. *E. M. Flavel.*

MR. T. W. PAGE.

Never to meet, the page is turned,  
Closed the book, the lesson learned,  
The day is spent, the dream is done,  
The crown unworn, the prize unwon.  
O love, holds life no more for us  
Than meeting then and parting thus?  
No hope to shed its beacon light  
On life's dark sea, thro' sorrows night?  
Never to meet love, never in sadness or gladness  
to greet,  
Were our hearts less true love, our dream less  
sweet love,  
'Twere easy to part love, never to meet.  
Never to meet; thro' coming years  
No tender strife of doubts and fears;  
Not e'en the solace of regret,  
A longing only to forget.  
Ah love! can life hold less than this?  
Must we our hopes for all else miss,  
Watching for morn or mornless skies,  
And wait a sun that ne'er may rise.  
Never to meet, etc.

3. SELECTION "Faust up to date" .. .. *Lutz.*

4. SONG .. "A Summer Night" .. .. *G. Thomas.*

MISS AMY MARTIN.

Have you forgotten, love, so soon,  
That night, that lovely night of June,  
When down the tide, so idly dreaming,  
We floated where the moon lay gleaming?  
My heart was weary and oppressed,  
With some sweet longing half confessed,  
When, like an answer to my sighing  
Your hand in mine was gently lying.  
O, love, that last long kiss that met,  
Can you forget?  
Night of love! lovely night of June!  
That night we moved by heaven's own moon,

That night our troth was plighted,  
To all eternity united,  
Then first I knew your heart, my heart,  
One life, one soul, no more to part;  
Then, then I said, whate'er betide us,  
No, death itself shall not divide us.  
Have you forgotten, love, so soon,  
That lovely night of June?  
My heart was weary and oppressed  
With some meet longing half confessed.  
Ah! night of love, lovely night of June!  
Have you forgotten, love, so soon?

5. VALSE .. "Gouttes de Rose" .. .. *Waldteufel.*

6. SONG .. "Let me like a Soldier fall" .. .. *Balfe.*

MR. T. W. PAGE.

Yes! let me like a soldier fall, upon some open plain;  
This breast expanding for the ball, to blot out ev'ry stain.  
Brave manly hearts confer my doom, that gentler ones may tell,  
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb, I like a soldier fell.  
I only ask of that proud race, which ends its blaze in me;  
To die, the last, and not disgrace its ancient chivalry.  
Though o'er my clay no banner wave, nor trumpet requiem swell,  
Enough the murmur o'er my grave, he like a soldier fell.

7. SOLO TROMBONE "The Death of Nelson" .. .. *Braham.*

8. SELECTION.. "The Jacobite" .. .. *Gassner.*

9. SONG .. "Nobil Signor" .. .. *Meyerbeer.*

MISS AMY MARTIN.

Nobil Signor, Salute!  
Nobil donna, e tanto onesta,  
Che far lieto un repatria;  
Messaggero qui m'invia,  
Cavalier, per un di voi!

Senza nomarlo si renda onor,  
A chi fu degno di tanto amor,  
A me credete mai niun, Signor,  
A tanta gloria fu eletto ancor,  
No, no, no, giammai.

Non temete inganno e frode  
Cavalier, nel mio parlar,  
Or addio, vi regga il cielo,  
Nell'amar, pugnar,  
Dio protegga vostri amor.

TRANSLATION.

Noble Seignors, I salute ye!  
From a lady fair and lovely,  
For whose smile a king might woo;  
Of a mission I'm the bearer,  
Cavaliers, to one of you.

With homage greeting the happy knight,  
Who thus is honour'd by lady bright;  
No one before him has ever been  
Smil'd on with favour by beauty's queen.  
No, no, no, no!

Ah! 'tis true, you may believe me,  
Cavaliers, in what I say,  
Love and war shall ne'er deceive thee;  
And now, farewell, I must away!  
Cavaliers, I must away!

10. SOLO BASSOON .. "Lucy Long" .. .. *Anon.*

11. SONG .. "Tell her I love her so" .. ..

MR. T. W. PAGE.

Gleam, gleam, O silver stream,  
Seaward gaily swelling,  
Flow, flow, whispering low,  
To your banks my story telling.  
Far, far, o'er sandy bar,  
Lies my little one's dwelling,  
Flow, flow, merrily flow.  
Tell her I love her so.

Greet, greet, softly my sweet,  
By thy spangled margin roaming,  
Croon, croon, under the moon,  
In the tender love-tide gloaming.  
Greet, greet, softly my sweet,  
Tell her I am coming,  
Flow, flow, merrily flow,  
Tell her I love her so.

AT 4.—ORGAN RECITAL & SACRED CONCERT

ORGANIST - MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

VOCALISTS:

MRS. GRAHAME COLES AND MR. ALBERT FAIRBAIRN.

1. CHRISTMAS POSTLUDE .. .. .

2. RECIT. AND AIR "For, behold, darkness," and  
"The people that walked" (Messiah) .. .. *Handel.*  
MR. ALBERT FAIRBAIRN.

For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness  
the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory  
shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy  
light, and Kings to the brightness of thy rising.  
The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light;  
and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon  
them hath the light shined.

3. BERCEUSE .. .. . *Spinnicy.*

4. SONG .. "Nazareth" .. .. *Gounod.*  
MR. ALBERT FAIRBAIRN.

Tho' poor be the chamber, come here, come here and adore;  
Lo! the Lord of Heaven hath to mortals given life for evermore.  
Shepherds, whose flocks were folded beside you,  
Tell what was told by angel voices near;  
"To you this night is born He who will guide you  
Thro' paths of peace to living waters clear."  
Tho' poor be the chamber, etc.

Kings from a far land, draw near and behold Him,  
Led by the beam whose warning bade ye come;  
Your crowns cast down, with robe royal enfold Him;  
Your King descends to earth from brighter home.  
Tho' poor be the chamber, etc.

Wind, to the cedars proclaim the joyful story,  
Wave of the sea, the tidings bear afar;  
The night is gone, behold! in all its glory,  
All broad and bright rises the Eternal Morning Star!  
Tho' poor be the chamber, etc.

5. MARCHE Funebre et Chant Seraphique .. .. *Guilmant.*

6. RECIT. AND AIR "He shall feed His flock" .. .. *Handel.*  
(Messiah)  
MRS. GRAHAME COLES.

"Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of  
the deaf unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and  
the tongue of the dumb shall sing."  
"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; and He shall gather  
the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom, and gently  
lead those that are with young."

7. EVENSONG .. .. . *Graham.*

8. RECIT. AND ARIOSO "But the Lord is mindful" *Mendelssohn.*  
(St. Paul)  
MRS. GRAHAME COLES.

"And he journeyed with companions towards Damascus, and  
had authority and command from the High Priest that he should  
bring them bound, men and women, unto Jerusalem."  
"But the Lord is mindful of His own, He remembers His  
children. Bow down before Him, ye mighty, for the Lord is near us."

9. "Hallelujah Chorus" (Messiah) .. .. *Handel.*

AT 8.—ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST - MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

1. Pastorale .. .. . *Smart.*

2. Offertoire on Two Christmas Themes .. .. *Guilmant.*

3. Toccata and Fugue in F major .. .. *Bach.*

4. Prayer, "Temple ouvre-toi" .. .. *Gounod.*

5. Impromptu on Christmas Hymns .. ..

6. Sonata, No. 4 (first movement) .. .. *Rheinberger.*

7. Fantasia .. .. *Scotson Clark.*

8. "Hallelujah Chorus" (Messiah) .. .. *Handel.*

Say, say, when she's away,  
Life is dark and lonely,  
Bright and fair when she is near,  
For 'tis she is the sunshine only.  
Greet, greet, softly my sweet,  
She is my love, mine only,  
Flow, flow, merrily flow,  
Tell her I love her so.

12. RUSSIAN DANCE .. "Pas des Pastineurs" .. .. *Glinka.*

13. SONG .. "Olden Time" .. .. *H. Farmer.*

MISS AMY MARTIN.

In the time long passed away  
Life was sweeter, so folks say;  
Rang the world with song more sweet,  
Tripped the golden hours less fleet,  
When gavotte and minuet  
Quaint and stately measure set.  
Gay the sunlight, glad the clime,  
In the bygone olden time!  
Friends were truer, hearts less cold,  
Yielding not all else for gold;  
Flowers were fairer, skies more blue,  
When this quaint old dance was new!  
In the times long passed away  
Life was brighter, so folks say;  
Sweet the music, mirth, and rhyme  
Of the bygone olden time!

Though those times have passed away,  
Still the world is bright to-day;  
Light and shadow, good and ill,  
Tears and laughter, make life still;  
Come the flowers with every May,  
Trip the light feet on their way;  
'Twas not always dance and rhyme  
In the bygone olden time!  
Though the moments hasten on,  
Shines the selfsame sun that shone;  
Still hearts trust in all things high,  
Life holds much gold cannot buy!  
In the times long passed away,  
Life was brighter, so folks say;  
But love's bells as gaily chime  
Now as in the olden time.

14. MARCH .. "Air Secours" .. .. *Vanderville.*

At 8 o'clock.

GRAND GYMNASIUM DISPLAY,

IN GYMNASIUM.

People's Palace Military Band in Attendance,

Conductor—Mr. A. ROBINSON.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29TH, 1889.

AT 12.30.—ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST - MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,

Organist to the People's Palace.

1. Concerto in B flat, No. 6 .. .. *Handel.*

2. Christmas Carol "Cradled all lowly" .. .. *Gounod.*  
(With Pastoral Symphonies)

3. Fugue in E flat .. .. *Bach.*

4. Berceuse .. .. *Delbruck.*

5. Passaglia in E minor .. ..

6. Air, "The righteous shall enter" (from Oratorio  
"Death and Life") .. .. *Gounod.*

7. Festal March .. .. *Scotson Clark.*

## The Gentle Boy.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(Continued from Page 69.)

ON their path through the leafless woods they were overtaken by many persons of their acquaintance, all of whom avoided them and passed by on the other side; but a severer trial awaited their constancy when they had descended the hill, and drew near the pine-built and undecorated house of prayer. Around the door, from which the drummer still sent forth his thundering summons, was drawn up a formidable phalanx, including several of the oldest members of the congregation, many of the middle-aged, and nearly all the younger males. Pearson found it difficult to sustain their united and disapproving gaze, but Dorothy, whose mind was differently circumstanced, merely drew the boy closer to her, and faltered not in her approach. As they entered the door, they overheard the muttered sentiments of the assemblage, and when the reviling voices of the little children smote Ibrahim's ear, he wept.

The interior aspect of the meeting-house was rude. The low ceiling, the unplastered walls, the naked woodwork, and the undraped pulpit, offered nothing to excite the devotion, which, without such external aids, often remains latent in the heart. The floor of the building was occupied by rows of long, cushionless benches, supplying the place of pews; and the broad aisle formed a sexual division, impassable except by children beneath a certain age.

Pearson and Dorothy separated at the door of the meeting-house, and Ibrahim, being within the years of infancy, was retained under the care of the latter. The wrinkled beldams involved themselves in their rusty cloaks as he passed by; even the mild-featured maidens seemed to dread contamination; and many a stern old man arose, and turned his repulsive and unheavenly countenance upon the gentle boy, as if the sanctuary were polluted by his presence. He was a sweet infant of the skies, that had strayed away from his home, and all the inhabitants of this miserable world closed up their impure hearts against him, drew back their earth-soiled garments from his touch, and said, "We are holier than thou."

Ibrahim, seated by the side of his adopted mother, and retaining fast hold of her hand, assumed a grave and decorous demeanour, such as might befit a person of matured taste and understanding, who should find himself in a temple dedicated to some worship which he did not recognise, but felt himself bound to respect. The exercises had not yet commenced, however, when the boy's attention was arrested by an event, apparently of trifling interest. A woman, having her face muffled in a hood, and a cloak drawn completely about her form, advanced slowly up the broad aisle and took a place upon the foremost bench. Ibrahim's faint colour varied, his nerves fluttered, he was unable to turn his eyes from the muffled female.

When the preliminary prayer and hymn were over, the minister arose, and having turned the hour-glass which stood by the great Bible, commenced his discourse. He was now well stricken in years, a man of pale, thin countenance, and his grey hairs were closely covered by a black velvet skullcap. In his younger days he had practically learned the meaning of persecution from Archbishop Laud, and he was not now disposed to forget the lesson against which he had murmured then. Introducing the often-discussed subject of the Quakers, he gave a history of that sect, and a description of their tenets, in which error predominated, and prejudice distorted the aspect of what was true. He averted to the recent measures in the province, and cautioned his hearers of weaker parts against calling in question the just severity which God-fearing magistrates had at length been compelled to exercise. He spoke of the danger of pity, in some cases a commendable and Christian virtue, but inapplicable to this pernicious sect. He observed that such was their devilish obstinacy in error, that even the little children, the sucking babes, were hardened and desperate heretics. He affirmed that no man, without Heaven's especial warrant, should attempt their conversion, lest while he lent his hand to draw him from the slough, he should himself be precipitated into its lowest depths.

The sands of the second hour were principally in the lower half of the glass, when the sermon concluded. An approving murmur followed, and the clergyman, having given out a hymn, took his seat with much self-congratulation, and endeavoured to read the effect of his eloquence in the visages of the people. But while voices from all parts of the house were tuning themselves to sing, a scene occurred, which

though not very unusual at that period in the province, happened to be without precedent in this parish.

The muffled female, who had hitherto sat motionless in the front rank of the audience, now arose, and with slow, stately, and unwavering step, ascended the pulpit stairs. The quiverings of incipient harmony were hushed, and the divine sat in speechless and almost terrified astonishment, while she undid the door, and stood up in the sacred desk from which his maledictions had just been thundered. She then diverted herself of the cloak and hood, and appeared in a most singular array. A shapeless robe of sackcloth was girded about her waist with a knotted cord, her raven hair fell upon her shoulders, and its blackness was defiled by pale streaks of ashes, which she had strewn upon her head. Her eyebrows, dark and strongly defined, added to the deathly whiteness of a countenance, which, emaciated with want, and wild with enthusiasm and strange sorrows, retained no trace of earlier beauty. This figure stood gazing earnestly on the audience, and there was no sound, nor any movement, except a faint shuddering which every man observed in his neighbour, but was scarcely conscious of in himself. At length, when her fit of inspiration came, she spoke, for the first few moments, in a low voice, and not invariably distinct utterance. Her discourse gave evidence of an imagination hopelessly entangled with her reason; it was a vague and incomprehensible rhapsody, which, however, seemed to spread its own atmosphere round the hearer's soul, and to move his feelings by some influence unconnected with the words. As she proceeded, beautiful but shadowy images would sometimes be seen, like bright things moving in a turbid river; or a strong and singularly-shaped idea leaped forth, and seized at once on the understanding of the heart. But the course of her unearthly eloquence soon led her to the persecution of her sect, and from thence the step was short to her own peculiar sorrows. She was naturally a woman of mighty passions, and hatred and revenge now wrapped themselves in the garb of piety; the character of her speech was changed, her images became distinct though wild, and her denunciations had an almost hellish bitterness.

"The Governor and his mighty men," she said, "have gathered together, taking counsel among themselves and saying, 'What shall we do unto this people—even unto the people that have come into this land to put our iniquity to the blush?' And lo! the devil entereth into the council-chamber, like a lame man of low stature and gravely apparelled, with a dark and twisted countenance, and a bright, downcast eye. And he standeth up among the rulers; yea, he goeth to and fro, whispering to each; and every man lends his ear, for his word is 'Slay, slay!' But I say unto ye, Woe to them that slay! Woe to them that shed the blood of saints! Woe to them that have slain the husband, and cast forth the child, the tender infant, to wander homeless, and hungry, and cold, till he die; and have saved the mother alive, in the cruelty of their tender mercies! Woe to them in their lifetime; cursed are they in the delight and pleasure of their hearts! Woe to them in their death hour, whether it come swiftly with blood and violence, or after long and lingering pain! Woe in the dark house, in the rottenness of the grave, when the children's children shall revile the ashes of the fathers! Woe, woe, woe, at the judgment, when all the persecuted and all the slain in this bloody land, and the father, the mother, and the child, shall await them in a day that they cannot escape! Seed of the faith, seed of the faith, ye whose hearts are moving with a power that ye know not, arise, wash your hands of this innocent blood! Lift your voices, chosen ones, cry aloud, and call down a woe and a judgment with me!"

Having thus given vent to the flood of malignity which she mistook for inspiration, the speaker was silent. Her voice was succeeded by the hysteric shrieks of several women, but the feelings of the audience generally had not been drawn onward in the current with her own. They remained stupefied, stranded as it were in the midst of a torrent, which deafened them by its roaring, but might not move them by its violence. The clergyman, who could not hitherto have ejected the usurper of his pulpit otherwise than by bodily force, now addressed her in the tone of just indignation and legitimate authority.

"Get you down, woman, from the holy place which you profane," he said. "Is it to the Lord's house that you come to pour forth the foulness of your heart, and the inspiration of the devil? Get you down, and remember that the sentence of death is on you; yea, and shall be executed, were it but for this day's work."

"I go, friend, I go, for the voice hath had its utterance," replied she, in a depressed and even mild tone. "I have done my mission unto thee and to thy people. Reward

me with stripes, imprisonment, or death, as ye shall be permitted."

The weakness of exhausted passion caused her steps to totter as she descended the pulpit stairs. The people, in the meanwhile, were stirring to and fro on the floor of the house, whispering among themselves, and glancing towards the intruder. Many of them now recognised her as the woman who has assaulted the Governor with frightful language, as he passed by the window of her prison; they knew, also, that she was adjudged to suffer death, and had been preserved only by an involuntary banishment into the wilderness. The new outrage, by which she had provoked her fate, seemed to render further lenity impossible; and a gentleman in military dress, with a stout man of inferior rank, drew towards the door of the meeting house, and awaited her approach. Scarcely did her feet press the floor, however, when an unexpected scene occurred. In that moment of her peril, when every eye frowned with death, a little timid boy pressed forth, and threw his arms round his mother.

"I am here, mother—it is I, and I will go with thee to prison," he exclaimed.

She gazed at him with a doubtful and almost frightened expression, for she knew that the boy had been cast out to perish, and she had not hoped to see his face again. She feared, perhaps, that it was but one of the happy visions with which her excited fancy had often deceived her, in the solitude of the desert, or in prison. But when she felt his hand warm within her own, and heard his little eloquence of childish love, she began to know that she was yet a mother.

"Blessed art thou, my son!" she sobbed. "My heart was withered, yea, dead with thee and with thy father; and now it leaps as in the first moment when I pressed thee to my bosom."

She knelt down, and embraced him again and again, while the joy that could find no words, expressed itself in broken accents, like the bubbles gushing up to vanish at the surface of a deep fountain. The sorrows of past years, and the darker peril that was nigh, cast not a shadow on the brightness of that fleeting moment. Soon, however, the spectators saw a change upon her face, as the consciousness of her sad estate returned, and grief supplied the fount of tears which joy had opened. By the words she uttered, it would seem that the indulgence of natural love had given her mind a momentary sense of its errors, and made her know how far she had strayed from duty in following the dictates of a wild fanaticism.

"In a doleful hour art thou returned to me, poor boy," she said, "for my mother's path has gone darkening onward, till now the end is death. Son, son, I have borne thee in my arms when my limbs were tottering, and I have fed thee with the food that I was fainting for; yet I have ill performed a mother's part by thee in life, and now I leave thee no inheritance but woe and shame. Thou wilt go seeking through the world, and find all hearts closed against thee, and their sweet affections turned to bitterness for my sake. My child, my child, how many a pang awaits thy gentle spirit, and I the cause of all!"

She hid her face on Ibrahim's head, and her long, raven hair, discoloured with the ashes of her mourning, fell down about him like a veil. A low and interrupted moan was the voice of her heart's anguish, and it did not fail to move the sympathies of many who mistook their involuntary virtue for a sin. Sobs were audible in the female section of the house, and every man who was a father drew his hands across his eyes. Tobias Pearson was agitated and uneasy, but a certain feeling like the consciousness of guilt oppressed him, so that he could not go forth and offer himself as the protector of the child. Dorothy, however, had watched her husband's eye. Her mind was free from the influence that had begun to work on his, and she drew near the Quaker woman, and addressed her in the hearing of all the congregation.

"Stranger, trust this boy to me, and I will be his mother," she said, taking Ibrahim's hand. "Providence has signally marked out my husband to protect him, and he has fed at our table and lodged under our roof now many days, till our hearts have grown very strongly unto him. Leave the tender child with us, and be at ease concerning his welfare."

The Quaker rose from the ground, but drew the boy closer to her, while she gazed earnestly in Dorothy's face. Her mild but saddened features, and neat, matronly attire, harmonised together, and were like a verse of fireside poetry. Her very aspect proved that she was blameless, so far as mortal could be so, in respect to God and man; while the enthusiast, in her robe of sackcloth and girdle of knotted cord, had as evidently violated the duties of the present life and the future, by fixing her attention wholly on the latter. The two

females, as they held each a hand of Ibrahim, formed a practical allegory; it was rational piety and unbridled fanaticism, contending for the empire of a young heart.

"Thou art not of our people," said the Quaker, mournfully.

"No, we are not of your people," replied Dorothy, with mildness; "but we are Christians, looking up to the same heaven with you. Doubt not that your boy shall meet you there, if there be a blessing on our tender and prayerful guidance of him. Thither, I trust, my own children have gone before me, for I also have been a mother: I am no longer so," she added, in a faltering tone, "and your son will be all my care."

"But will ye lead him in the path which his parents have trodden?" demanded the Quaker. "Can ye teach him the enlightened faith which his father has died for, and for which I, even I, am soon to become an unworthy martyr? The boy has been baptised in blood; will ye keep the mark fresh and ruddy upon his forehead?"

"I will not deceive you," answered Dorothy. "If your child become our child, we must breed him up in the instruction which Heaven has imparted to us; we must pray for him prayers of our own faith; we must do towards him according to the dictates of our consciences, and not of yours. Were we to act otherwise, we should abuse your trust, even in complying with your wishes."

The mother looked down upon her boy with a troubled countenance, and then turned her eyes upward to heaven. She seemed to pray internally, and the contention of her soul was evident.

"Friend," she said at length to Dorothy, "I doubt not that my son shall receive all earthly tenderness at thy hands. Nay, I will believe that even thy imperfect lights may guide him to a better world; for surely thou art on the path thither. But thou has spoken of a husband. Doth he stand here among this multitude of people? Let him come forth, for I must know to whom I commit this most precious trust."

She turned her face upon the male auditors, and after a momentary delay, Tobias Pearson came forth from among them. The Quaker saw the dress which marked his military rank, and shook her head; but then she noted the hesitating air, the eyes that struggled with her own, and were vanquished; the colour that went and came, and could find no resting-place. As she gazed an unmirrored smile spread over her features, like sunshine that grows melancholy in some desolate spot. Her lips moved inaudibly, but at length she spoke.

"I hear it, I hear it. The voice speaketh within me, and saith, 'Leave thy child, Catharine, for his place is here, and go hence, for I have other work for thee. Break the bonds of natural affection, martyr thy love, and know that in all these things Eternal Wisdom has its ends.' I go, friends, I go. Take ye my boy, my precious jewel. I go hence trusting that all shall be well, and that even for his infant hands there is a labour in the vineyard."

She knelt down and whispered to Ibrahim, who at first struggled and clung to his mother, with sobs and tears but remained passive when she had kissed his cheek and arisen from the ground. Having held her hands over his head in mental prayer, she was ready to depart.

"Farewell, friends in mine extremity," she said to Pearson and his wife; "the good deed ye have done me is a treasure laid up in heaven, to be returned a thousand-fold hereafter. And farewell ye, mine enemies, to whom it is not permitted to harm so much as a hair of my head, nor to stay my footsteps even for a moment. The day is coming when ye shall call upon me to witness for ye to this one sin uncommitted, and I will rise up and answer."

She turned her steps towards the door, and the men who had stationed themselves to guard it withdrew, and suffered her to pass. A general sentiment of pity overcame the virulence of religious hatred. Sanctified by her love and her affliction, she went forth, and all the people gazed after her till she had journeyed up the hill, and was lost behind its brow. She went, the apostle of her own unquiet heart, to renew the wanderings of past years. For her voice had been already heard in many lands of Christendom; and she had pined in the cells of a Catholic Inquisition before she felt the lash, and lay in the dungeons of the Puritans. Her mission had extended also to the followers of the Prophet, and from them she had received the courtesy and kindness which all the contending sects of our purer religion united to deny her. Her husband and herself had resided many months in Turkey, where even the Sultan's countenance was gracious to them: in that pagan land, too, was Ibrahim's birthplace, and his oriental name was a mark of gratitude for the good deeds of an unbeliever.

(To be continued.)



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