

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

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, August 28th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Picture Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 3d., and from 5 to 10 p.m. admission 1d.

SATURDAY, 29th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Picture Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Admission 6d., and from 2 to 10 p.m. admission 3d.

SUNDAY, 30th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 a.m.

MONDAY, 31st.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Picture Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 6d., and from 5 to 10 p.m. admission 3d.

TUESDAY, September 1st.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. (ladies only admitted). Picture Exhibition, open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 3d., and from 5 to 10 p.m. admission 1d.

WEDNESDAY, 2nd.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Picture Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 3d., and from 5 to 10 p.m. admission 1d.

THURSDAY, 3rd.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Picture Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 3d., and from 5 to 10 p.m. admission 1d.

FRIDAY, 4th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Picture Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 3d., and from 5 to 10 p.m. admission 1d.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.—*President*—Sir J. H. Johnson. *Vice-presidents*—N. L. Cohen, Esq., and C. E. Osborn. The members of the above club will be pleased to hear of the success of Mr. H. Davy, one of the swimmers who gave an exhibition of swimming in our entertainment. He was first in the 1000 Yards' Race in the sea at Yarmouth for the 100 Guineas Cup. Let us hope he will be successful again next year. J. Regan, our scratch man, also swam well in the same race. Last Saturday the championship of the Neptune S.C. was contested, J. Brooks winning, J. Regan 2nd, A. E. France 3rd. Will all members be in the bath on club nights, as we have a few more races to bring off and only a short time to swim them before the bath closes.

H. ELLIS, Hon. Sec.

THE Time Table and Evening Class syllabus for next session will be ready early next week.

THE day department of the Technical Schools will resume work on Monday next at 9 o'clock.

THE Sunday Organ Recitals will be resumed on Sunday, September, 6th.

Mr. SAWYER has consented to the basement of the new gymnasium being converted into a skating rink for the use of our class members; this will be very popular, and will prove a means of relaxation to many of our friends. Mr. Osborn will be glad to receive any suggestions respecting same.

THE boys of the Junior Section are to have their week's outing, commencing on Saturday next, and are going to the Camp at Deal in connection with the London Diocesan Council for the Welfare of Young Men; let us hope they will have fine weather.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—A party of eight visited Waterlow Park and Hampstead Heath on Saturday last. The park is situated on the slope of Highgate Hill, and stretching down to the lower level of Swain's-lane and Chester-road, a hundred feet below, it is naturally undulating and very picturesque. We inspected the marble bath inside the house, said to have been used by Nell Gwynne, and the window from which she threatened to end the life of her infant son, were a title not forthcoming for the child. The house is condemned, and its destruction is to be accomplished before the opening of the park, as it is at present in a very unsafe condition. When this has been done, and the present heavy crop of fruit upon the trees is gathered, probably about the beginning of October, the park will be opened, it is hoped by the Prince of Wales; and all who go will greatly enjoy their visit. Leaving the park, we passed up Highgate Hill to Hampstead-lane, leading to the Spaniards, whence we at once made our way across Hampstead Heath to Mrs. Sheehy's, North End, where we had tea. After tea we turned sharp to the right and walked up hill and down dale to the West Heath. The East and West Heaths are quite distinct, the east being more field and meadow land than the west, which abounds in gorse, broom, bracken, ferns, &c. When we reached the flagstaff, the band, which had been playing, was just about to pack up, so we continued over the "Vale of Health," where the swings, roundabouts, etc., attract attention. Passing the lake we proceeded over the hill to the station, having had a very enjoyable outing. Saturday, August 29th: Beaumont Cycling Club Garden Party at Chingford Forest Hotel. Tickets can be had of the undersigned. Saturday, September 5th: Meet at Cannon-street S.E. Railway Station at 3.5 p.m., for ramble over Wimbledon Common. Saturday, September 12th: Dr. Barnardo's Homes at Ilford.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

THOSE of our friends who have not yet visited the Picture Exhibition must not fail to do so during the next few days, as the last week commences on Monday next. Very large and appreciative crowds have availed themselves of this opportunity of seeing some really good pictures. At intervals our Palace Military Band plays selections on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, while each day arrangements are made for Pianoforte and Organ Recitals. On four evenings, from 5 to 10, the admission is one penny. The trustees have made another

"departure" in endeavouring to get some of the really poor of the East End to see the collection of pictures, and have succeeded beyond their anticipations. Letters have been sent out to the clergy and ministers of all denominations, and also to district visitors asking for their co-operation in distributing free tickets of admission to those who otherwise could not visit the Palace. Many replies have been received thanking the trustees for this; one letter especially from the Rector of Bethnal Green, the Rev. Septimus Hansard, has given the authorities great pleasure—in it the Rector says: "I can distribute with much satisfaction to the trustees, to whom I desire to offer my best thanks and the expression of my cordial appreciation of their wisdom and brotherly kindness to my poor neighbours and friends, one hundred tickets, and if not asking too much, when the hundred are dispensed, I shall ask for another hundred."

REVS. W. Evans, Hurdall, M.A., J. Fletcher, J. Richardson, E. Hoskyns, J. S. Whichellon, A. R. Carter, J. W. Atkinson, F. J. Hobbins, and many others too numerous to mention also responded. One gentleman, the Rev. Edward F. Everett, makes a capital suggestion that we should arrange for someone to go round and explain the pictures, which would make the exhibition "twice blessed." The magic lantern entertainment we are providing for the outsiders is growing more and more popular. Night after night we have crowds round the entrance waiting for the "performance to begin." This is what the *Eastern Post* says about it:—

A MAGIC LANTERN MISSION AT MILE END.—A magic-lantern is attracting hundreds of people, especially children, every night, into that part of Mile End-road which is immediately opposite the People's Palace. Between two of the columns underneath the porticos that form the entrance to the Queen's Hall the necessary screen is suspended, and as soon as dusk sets in, and at a time, too, when the people are passing rapidly in and out of the Queen's Hall, where the picture exhibition is being held, the handsome magic lantern belonging to the Palace throws numerous many-coloured and highly attractive pictures on the screen. The delight of the children, who are mostly of the poorer class, and who crowd round the railings with wonder-waiting eyes, knows no bounds, while this open-air "picture exhibition" is fraught with interest, if not with instruction, to the up-growing people. Few pedestrians approach the spot without lingering for a few moments to gaze upon the scene. Truly this was a good idea, and, as might have been expected, it originated in the mind of Mr. Osborn. It is one, too, which might safely be carried out to a greater extent at the Palace.

Since Mr. Stead opened the eyes of the public to the many beneficial uses to which the magic-lantern could be put, numerous ingenious schemes have been devised for teaching and pleasing the people by these means. One specially calls for attention. On the night of the German Emperor's visit to the city an experiment was carried out by Mr. O'Dell's "Pioneer Reform Helpers," which suggests the utilization of our rivers, at spots where the population is densest, for the purpose of the Magic Lantern Mission. A barge was moored at a short distance from the Embankment west of Blackfriars Bridge, and at one end of this platform a large screen was erected. From the other, Mr. Melville, of the Polytechnic, projected a series of pictures upon the screen by means of his oxyhydrogen lantern. The subject of the display was G. R. Sims's "How the poor live," the pictures being interspersed with statistical slides dealing with the subject of national poverty, crime, etc. The experiment, which lasted for three hours, was a complete success, whilst some 3,000 persons witnessed the novel display from the Embankment.

Why not try similar experiments in various parts of East London? Instead of closing shortly after dusk during the summer months the few open spaces we possess here, and driving multitudes of children into the fetid atmosphere of their crowded homes, let some energetic person set up a screen somewhere on the green and delight the youngsters as well as their parents with magic-lantern displays. Many people possess magic-lanterns who store them away during the summer months, in the belief that their uses are restricted to winter. But they could be turned to a hundred uses in the open-air, where the magic-lantern possesses a greater attraction than within doors. Mr. Osborn has set a good example to all those desirous of making this somewhat dull, monotonous East End life a little brighter. Who will follow? We should be glad to publish any suggestions of our readers as to the best means of conducting open-air displays with the lantern, as such suggestions may aid those possessing magic-lanterns to turn them to some profitable use during the present season.

EXHIBITION NOTES.—On Tuesday last the People's Palace Orchestra, conducted by Mr. W. R. Cave, very kindly gave a selection of music, which was very much appreciated by the large crowd of people in the Queen's Hall.

RE STUDENTS' LIBRARY.—As very few students have availed themselves of the Library during the last month, it will be closed until the Evening Classes re-commence, and those now holding books are requested to return them to the librarian in the Library.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.—President: Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq.—Last Saturday's match ended in a victory for the Palace team, although little credit is due to us as our opponents turned out to be only boys. It will be noticed from the analysis that A. Bowman took five wickets for no runs. The match for to-morrow at Chigwell has been scratched, as a team cannot be raised, owing to various causes. Score:—

PEOPLE'S PALACE C.C.		CLARENCE C.C.	
C. Bowman, c and b Saunders	2	Barnes, c Whiting, b Bowman	0
F. Hunter, b Saunders	22	Wood, b Hunter	0
A. Bowman, b Saunders	13	Saunders, b Bowman	1
A. Wyman, run out	9	G. Millington, b Hunter	0
J. Williamson, b Saunders	6	Hutt, c C. Bowman, b A. Bowman	0
McDougall, b Wood	0	G. Millington, b Bowman	2
Everson did not bat.		Suckling, c A. Bowman, b Hunter	0
Whiting, "		Broadbury, b Bowman	0
Pugh, "		W. Hunter, b Hunter	0
Extras	13	Joyce, b Hunter	0
		Extras	2
Total for 6 wickets	65	Total	5

Bowling Analysis.

	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.
A. Bowman	6	6	0	5
F. Hunter	6	4	3	5

Next match at Walthamstow on September 5th, 7.
Lambeth Unity C.C. F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

A Plea for a Literary Society.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PALACE JOURNAL."

DEAR SIR,—Once more the evolutions of time have brought us to the verge of a very important period to all who are cognisant of a personal sympathy in the development and progress of the "Palace"—the nucleus of erudition and culture for poorer London for many a mile round. Once more we are drawing nearer to the time when the periodical influx of flatulent and unwholesome channels and mediums for the improvement (?) of the passing hours and weeks, should arouse in us a corresponding amount of active zeal to combat such demoralising influences, and should stimulate the beneficent-minded to the suggestion and promulgation of the means best calculated to minister to the diversified requirements of the minds and bodies of the humble classes during the long evenings of the coming Winter Session.

I have before me a time-table of the various classes promoted by the Executive for the Winter Session last year; but excellent and comprehensive as the list undoubtedly is, in one respect it is guilty to my mind of a singular and serious lapse of completeness. We have classes especially established for the cultivation of art, with its comprehensive category of carving, modelling, drawing, and designing; classes relegated to the study and pursuit of the sister subject, science, with its varied features of physiology, chemistry, electricity, and mechanism; classes reserved for practical initiation into all the bewildering technicalities of the bread-winning vocations; societies dedicated to the entrancing companionship of the fine arts, and the Muses, but absolutely no society whatever, having for its primary object the inculcation of the rising generation in the principles requisite to the pursuit of the noble calling of literature. To whom shall be attributed the main cause of this singular anomaly in the constitution of our great modern Parnassus? Does the blame, metaphorically speaking, rest with the priests, with the pilgrims, or both; with wayward capriciousness or dull apathy? I am not going to advance the contention that the grievance of which I write is a crying one. I fear there

are not a few of the most useful, as well as the most commonly followed pursuits unavoidably lacking a position upon the list that have a far prior right to consideration; for, apart from the obvious fact that in a district like the East End of London followers or would-be followers of the literary profession form by no means an imposing percentage of the population, it is generally and not unnaturally assumed that the quill-driving fraternity can find no abler or more influential advocates for the redressal of a wrong than amongst the members of its own ranks, and such being the case, the necessity for the intervention of extraneous influences must be very small indeed.

Undoubtedly justifiable as this assumption is, however, it can only apply to those who are what may be styled *fortiter in re* in the profession, and does not in any sense dispose of the rising body of intelligent young people whose aspirations and intellect incline towards literature as a means of livelihood. The task devolves upon us to provide means for the cultivation and practical development of such talents and capabilities that should obviate the necessity of their possessor learning a trade, and thus adding to the already overstocked army of mechanics. What are the obstacles to the formation of such a society? For my part, I am unable to suggest any which a committee of sensible, clear-headed individuals would find it difficult to cope with. A scheme of such a beneficent nature could not fail to evoke the sympathy, interest, and good wishes of even the most disinterested.

There is a broad scope of really useful work, which can be but lightly touched upon here, awaiting such an institution. Once fairly afloat on the billowy waters of publicity, its aspirations, if properly conducted, should lead to the acquisition and maintenance of a magazine of its own, contributed to solely by the members of the society. I am sure this would act as a wonderful incentive for the cultivation and improvement of the latent powers of conception and imagination which exist in most minds. It would be a happy medium for the ventilation of all the varied phases and circumstances of the common life immediately around us, and a favourable opportunity for the spread and diffusion of all the principles of true economy, religious and social. It might have representatives in the various technical classes of the Palace, and thus act as a valuable ally in diffusing the advantages of the several class subjects which lack of space in this journal will not afford. Indeed, every form of literature dealing with and appertaining to the common life around, might fitly find a place in the pages of the magazine. There is nothing illusive and misleading in all this. A short reflection will reveal a far wider range open to a suitable and efficient *modus operandi* than the one I have imperfectly delineated. Though entirely innocent of literary achievements myself, my heartiest wishes are enlisted in such a cause, and you may be sure that the formation of a Literary Society for the Palace would have the *ex animo* support of yours, etc.,

NELSON W. VENDICK.

Rostrevor, Elthorne-road, Hornsey, N.

Old Masters and Modern Masterpieces at the People's Palace.

THE following chatty and instructive paragraphs relating to the "very interesting exhibition of old masters and modern men, of English and Continental masterpieces," now on view at the People's Palace, are from the *Echo* of Monday last, and will be of special interest to our readers:—

There are matters in which the East displays better taste than the West end. Mayfair is a desert to-day, and its papered-up windows look down on squares where wretched starving cats are left to make night hideous; but long before its inhabitants betook themselves to yacht or grouse moor they had held Art to be out of season. For Art in Society, being to most men and women therein an affectation, has it seasons, like salmon! Only the reign of the picture is shorter than that of the fish. Down at Whitechapel they are as grateful for the beautiful in August as in May, and flock to the People's Palace totally unconscious of the fact that enthusiasm over Rubens or Turner, or, for that matter, Burton Barber or Yates Carrington, is unfashionable in the dog days; whilst many visiting Americans over for the Fall also religiously "do" this like all other shows.

From now until the 5th prox. may be seen a very interesting exhibition of old masters and modern men, of English and Continental masterpieces. The greater number of these pictures are admirably exhibited on a screen which boards up the spaces between the pillars in the Queen's Hall, thus displaying the works in as fine a top-light as is obtainable in any gallery West. There is also an overflow of Art which fills the

adjoining lecture rooms. As usual, heavy levies have been made on private owners, the most generous lenders being the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Westminster, Mr. Jacoby, M.P., Mr. Passmore Edwards, the Fine Art Society, and Mr. E. Roberts. Many artists are also contributors, notably Professor Herkomer, R.A., who lends the elaborate and detailed oil sketch of his wonderfully powerful emigrant *dépôt* picture, "Passing West." From Marlborough House comes a portrait of the Prince, by Professor Von Angeli, whom our Royal Family particularly delight to honour. It is a good likeness, but smoothly conventional, and inartistic beyond words. H.R.H., in full Field-Marshal's scarlet, wears all his orders, carries a cocked hat under his arm, poses before a pillar, and smiles. A portrait of the Princess, by Mr. Richmond, R.A., taken as long ago as she wore mourning for her father-in-law, is also exhibited. It is high tribute to the Princess's "beauty" to say that it dominates the sense of the ridiculous which the exploded fashion of the *coiffure* would otherwise create. The face is full of sweetness, and ably painted; but the flesh tones are muddy, and less than justice is done to the rounded charm of throat and bust.

The Duke of Westminster lends a delightful series of Egyptian figure studies by Mr. Goodall, R.A., in which that artist is seen distinctly at his best; some five examples of Bonington, a splendid Cotman, giving us the grand swirl of the Atlantic billows off the Cornish coast; a golden landscape of "Jerusalem," by David Roberts; an exceedingly interesting and unusual example of Van Marcke, the greatest of modern Dutch cattle-painters, who has so recently died, and other pictures. Mr. Basil Tree is strong in examples of Wright, of Derby, the artist who so loved effects of concentrated artificial light. "Boys Blowing a Bladder" is a very notable example of Wright at his best, but we doubt the desirability of even attributing No. 60 to this artist. Mr. Passmore Edwards exhibits numerous delightful works of the Early Flemish school, in which direction the display is peculiarly strong. No picture, perhaps, draws so large a knot of curious commentators as an "Adoration of the Magi," a little panel full of hundreds of finished figures, in background and foreground, all in the Netherlandish dress of the day, the scene being a mediæval fortified town with a river winding at its feet. Biard's "French Family Landing in England," and "English Family Landing in France," are delightfully observed and painted incidents, the work of a clever painter and irresistible humorist. Mr. Briton Rivière's "Lions Roaring for their Prey," a very fine picture of two prowling animals, shows us how much the popular R.A. has lost in reticence and dignity since 1876. For proof compare this picture with "Nimrod" in this year's Academy.

There are Reynolds, Hogarths, Gainsboroughs, Constables, Morlands, Mulready's, and Wilkie's, an amusing West—"The Prince of Orange Landing at Torbay," Rubens, Murillos, Teniers, Hobbemars, Ruysdael's, and many other great artist's works. The smart young painters who make a humorous cult of the fox-terrier are ably represented. Mr. Henry Moore, the greatest living marine painter, whose accidents of broken wrists so alarmed the art world the other day, may be studied in two moonlit seascapes painted ten years ago. Mr. Jacobme Hood and Mr. Arthur Hacker ably represent the extremely modern tendencies of English art. Mr. F. Holden's "Water Sprites' Race" is singularly graceful. The Fine Art Society lend Lady Butler's noble "Inkermann," which has very much improved in tone since we saw it, and which is eloquent with that anecdotal interest in detail which so charms an East-end public. Poor Holl, the great portrait painter, the painter of "funerals and faces," may be studied in the pathetic portrait of a little child half convalescent. Mr. Fred Hall's well-known "Adversity" strikes the Newlyn note, and the originals of many of the most popular Christmas supplements to the illustrated papers prove peculiarly interesting to those whose walls boast the reproductions in many cases as sole attempts at decoration. The oils somewhat appropriately close with a portrait of Mrs. Strode Jackson, the leader of the Gordon League for giving the poor Sunday evening concerts, a picture painted by Mr. A. E. Ward. Mr. Pettie, R.A., exhibits a portrait of Sir Edmund Hay Currie, late Chairman of Trustees.

In an adjoining room we find the first of the loan series of Historic Water-Colours from South Kensington, a wonderfully complete collection, deeply interesting to the student, which begins with Paul Sandby and men of the "tinted drawing" period, and terminates with Cox and Turner, who carried the "national" art to its supreme perfection. A fine De Wint and a beautiful but unfinished Girtin—the genius so early snatched away, of whom Turner said, "Had Tom Girtin lived I must have starved"—attract special attention. Every dweller in the East who cares for pictures should see this collection; and the pilgrim from the West will be more than repaid.

Heart's ease.*

"Let not your heart be troubled; if ye believe in God, believe also in me."—
JOHN xiv., 1.

It is said that when the Caliph Omar, one of the early successors of Mahomet, was taking Alexandria, great interest was made with him to spare the world-renowned library in that city. Omar, however, replied that either the books in the Alexandrine Library contained things contrary to the Koran, or in accordance with it. In the first case they ought to be destroyed; in the latter they were unnecessary. We are told, also, how Sir Walter Scott, when dying, requested his son-in-law, Lockhart, to read to him. "What shall I read?" asked Lockhart. "There is only one book," said the author of many books, meaning of course the Bible. If a danger similar to that which befell the Alexandrine Library surrounded the Bible, and we were only able to pick out some dozen or twenty chapters for preservation, there are some few, I think, that would appear in every man's list, just as Shakspeare's or Sir Walter Scott's works appeared in all the attempts by eminent men to pick out the hundred best books. Among these universally selected chapters, I think the grand poem which commences Genesis, the 103rd Psalm, Luke xv., with its story of the Prodigal Son, and this xiv. of John, would find a place. Of these chapters, however, it is only a small portion of the last-named with which we are at present concerned.

Few passages are more familiar than this one. We read it lying alone on the hill-side, when in a sense in which dwellers in cities can hardly understand, the heavens are declaring the glory of God and the firmament showing His handiwork; we read it in the privacy of our rooms, and feel, as we do so, that we are no longer alone with the Written Word, but that the Living Word is present with us; we read it to the dying, and know that they are comforted; we read it over the dead, and thank God that they are at rest. When the words were spoken, however, it was the speaker, and not the listeners, who was about to die; His service was nearly ended, theirs was about to begin; and seeing in their faces tokens of a troubled heart, He spoke to them as He had spoken to the winds and waves on the sea of Galilee, and there was a great calm.

They had, indeed, reason to be troubled. Let us for a moment try to picture to ourselves a little more fully the circumstances under which these words were spoken.

It was Thursday evening, the 6th April, A.D. 30,† and I suppose about 9.30 p.m. To-morrow there was to be heard a dying cry in the air, the echoes of which were to vibrate for ever. Jerusalem was full; tens and hundreds of thousands had come up to keep that great national festival which had descended to them through thirteen or fourteen centuries. In countless groups the families are scattered all over the city, filling not only the houses, but overflowing into the tent-occupied streets and suburbs, and up the dark hill sides that lay around. The Pascal moon was half way up the sky, and on that hill, west of the temple, known as Mount Zion, the upper city of David, the Apostles had been keeping their Passover for the last time with their Lord. The remnants of the supper lay still upon the table; Judas has taken the sop, and has gone upon his way eastward towards where Herod's temple glittered in the white moon-shine, but the shadow of his presence seems yet heavy on their hearts. Jesus watches the hurrying footsteps of the apostate who is about to do that which will for ever brand his name as that of a traitor; is there no angel to stay his path as Balaam was vainly stayed in the wilderness days of the Exodus? Is there no one to whisper in his ear of the troubled conscience of the morrow, the rejected pieces of silver which he will so soon cast at the feet of his tempters, and the repentance to end in the field of blood? The Master sees also His own sad way into the valley, across where the little brook of Kedron babbles on its way outside the city, to where Gethsemane lies hidden, dark under the shadow of the olives. He sees the midnight silence broken with the soldiers' torches, and polluted with the traitor's kiss, the journey to the house of Caiaphas, the standing before Pilate, the scourging and the cross, and, last of all, that dread plunge into the unknown which awaits us all.

He sees, too, the way of his Apostles, only eleven of them now, and but one of those eleven to escape a violent death; and, then, His heart flowing out in pity towards them, He calls them, for the first and last time, as far as we know, "Little children," as though in His infinite tenderness, He would draw them to Himself as He did the little ones whom

*Sunday afternoon, August 16th. No claim is made for originality or literary merit in these notes. In preparing my addresses for delivery I make use of any books I know of on the subject in hand, and as this Magazine is intended for our own members, I prefer retaining, even in print, the colloquial style of an extempore address.—Q. H.

†It seems pretty generally acknowledged that Christ was born in B.C. 4.

the mothers had brought to Him a few months before. "I am going from you," He says, "for a little while; but you must not think you will be left alone like sheep without a shepherd; remember what I have said to you when I am gone; keep close together; love one another; let not your heart be troubled; remember God."

And then, breaking the course of those gentle words, comes the impetuous promise of Peter, "I, too, can face dying; why cannot I go where you go? I will lay down my life for Thy sake." "Wilt thou, indeed, Peter? Before the cock hails the morning sun you will have denied with oaths that you ever knew me." Well, in spite of it all, in spite of the denial, in spite of the lonesome future, "Let not your heart be troubled; trust God."

I have tried to sketch this scene for you, because, like all great scenes, it does not stand alone. We have an old saying that history repeats itself. Many a time has the Master spoken these words to His troubled Church; many a Judas has gone out to betray, many a Peter has denied Him, and, alas, the betrayer and denier are always those who ought to have known better. Is there no betrayal of Christ in Christian England, branded with the shame of its drink and its vice, with the bitter cry of its forgotten poor, with the countless miseries which it is our shame and our fault that we know not how to remedy? Is there no betrayal of it in Christian America, with its political corruption, its dishonest dealing disguised under the name of smart business, its reproduction of the wretchedness of the old world in the cities of the new? Is there no betrayal in Christian Paris, with its hideous coarseness and worship of lust and pleasure; in Christian sailors filling every port they touch at with drunkenness and disease? Depend upon it it is these Judas sins that paralyse the Church still. If Christian nations were really Christian in heart as in name, how long do you suppose it would be before China would cease to be heathen, and India would stretch out her hands to God? I have dwelt on national and municipal sins, sins of communities rather than sins of individuals, because only a few Sundays ago we were dealing with Christian civilisation, and we agreed that in spite of all its confessed failures, yet there was that in it which made it infinitely superior to any heathen civilisation that had gone before.

While we are on this subject is there not another Judas-betrayal of Christ that presents itself to your mind when, in spite of the fact that as a result of Christian effort, hospitals have been founded, schools have been established, and something has been done to lighten the sorrow and bondage of the poor, infidelity steps in and denies the parentage of these things, claiming them as the outcome of human progress? They tell us these things would be without any religion at all, forgetting that "the world by wisdom knew not God," and that the progress which leaves God out of account will be progress only in evil. For many a dark century the Christian Church alone kept alight the lamp of knowledge, and, however ineffectually, carried on the only schools. Now, forsooth, the men who never did anything for school work at all are loud in their proclamation that advancement is owing to them, and that the name of Christ must not even be mentioned to the children for whom He died.

Take this very Institute in which we are meeting. There are several Polytechnics, as you know, being formed, and one thanks God for it, but I would say of all such work that to the extent God is honoured in them mainly will depend their success. If, while they care for the brain and muscle, they forget the soul they need never expect to reproduce in other Polytechnics what we have here. Don't think I am speaking in any way disparagingly of educational effort. I am glad to see technical schools, cricket clubs, gymnasiums, and swimming baths, with or without religious work, but I say that if you cut out all recognition of the spiritual life of those who belong to such societies you will lose much of the blessing, and mar much of the good, which would otherwise result. The main object must ever be to turn a bad man into a good one, and I would ask those who talk so lightly of religious work how they, without Christ, intend to begin. Will you offer a bad man a technical class to turn him into a good man? Is it not a fact, within your personal knowledge, that some of the best mechanics in this city have failed to find in their trade proficiency an antidote to an evil heart? Let us keep our classes, our athletic clubs, our cycling and harriers' sections, and thank God for their wholesome influence; but, in taking these things, let us not forget that the one influence which, in the world's history, has succeeded in turning men from darkness to light, is the personal knowledge of God and of his character as revealed to us in Jesus Christ.

Just as Judas' betrayal is ever repeating itself, so too, is Peter's denial. Good men are tempted and fall, and forthwith posters are put up, and jubilation is held over what should be a

matter of sorrow. If any one of the forty thousand clergymen in this country are overtaken in a fault, if any one of the Salvation Army officers, recruited as many of them are from the most vicious classes of the community, are caught tripping, there are not wanting men who, ignoring the extraordinarily small proportion of clergymen and others who so offend, gloat over such offences as though they were occasions of satisfaction and joy. As long as human nature remains what it is there must be a proportion of failures in every community. There was a traitor even amongst Christ's chosen few; there will be backsliders in the most vigorous Church; but, sad though it be that this should be so, we must not allow such failures to paralyse our efforts or to overwhelm us too much. "Let not your heart be troubled;" the morning came; Peter repented.

I dare say you may often have wondered that the Apostles should have been so puzzled about the words in which Christ speaks of His going away and coming again, and which are so clear to us. It is true, of course, that they were only peasants and fishermen, but still they had had some years of marvellous training. Had they understood so little of the spiritual that they could not imagine any kingdom beyond that represented by the Herods and the Maccabees? Perhaps it was wonderful, but let us be sure enough that, in days to come, other men will wonder equally at the ignorance and low standard of living of this vaunted nineteenth century. Children will yet be told how a so-called Christian city allowed its streets to be flooded with prostitutes, had a tenth of its population in chronic misery, its poor women sweated until their choice lay between starvation and sin, and that all this was permitted by a nation of professed believers in Jesus of Nazareth. These things may trouble our hearts, indeed, but they must not overwhelm them. We are not here to bemoan our sins or those of our neighbours; we are here to make things better, to think out remedies, to rouse the public conscience, and to replace apathy by effort. These things, while they should make us very humble, should also make us very earnest. Listen to what Christ says: "Let not your heart be troubled." There is a Power above that of man—Believe in God.

There have been other Pentecosts besides that which came in the little upper room to the first body of believers. There have been revelations of God other than that of which we read nineteen centuries ago; and the nation that looks for Christ as lovingly and faithfully as did those disciples who had just lost Him, shall know in their own hearts the meaning of the "mighty rushing wind" and the "fiery tongue" of inspiration.

Now let us look for a moment at what was to give heart's ease instead of heart-trouble. "Believe in God." Ah! I fear the thought of God would prove a trouble instead of a deliverance to some of us, and yet He would not have it so. The thought of Him should be that of a Mighty Helper, a Great Deliverer, an Invincible Force fighting for us, and assuring us that the battle shall not go against us, and that we shall not be tempted beyond what we are able to bear. Of course, the one thing that makes the thought of God terrible is the consciousness of sin; yet, terrible as is the thought of the Sleepless Eye, of the Tireless Ear, and of the Far-reaching Arm, how much more terrible would it be if God were not of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, if He were not a consuming fire against all evil? Can you conceive anything more appalling than a universe under the dominion of a God who could tolerate sin, nay, who even might sin Himself? Surely our one assurance lies in this, that "the judge of all the earth will do right," and not wrong, and that He cannot and will not allow evil to rest in our lives without sending judgment and sorrow to drive it out; yea, that every act of His will be alike perfect Wisdom and perfect Love, and will result in perfect Purity. Let not your heart be troubled then if you are seeking to do right, and looking for the redemption of your life, and the improvement of the lives of others. Believe in God, and if all else should fail you the strong arm of the Eternal shall never be withdrawn, and the promise of the Eternal shall stand.

There is one thought more and I have done. "Ye believe in God," says Christ, "believe also in Me." The command is not to put Christ as a rival, but only as a fresh revelation, just as in the Scriptures you see the growing appreciation, the growing revelation of God from the Mosaic time, through the early prophets to Isaiah, and finally to the Lord Christ. So Christ would have you look at the human picture He set before you in His own life as an example of how God will deal with sinful and suffering men. We talk sometimes as if the atonement were an act that took place eighteen or nineteen hundred years ago, an incident never anticipated and never to be repeated. In one sense this is true, but in another and much deeper sense the atonement was begun long ago in the ages of eternity, and is continuing at the present day. "Thou loved'st Me," says the Master, "before the foundation of the world" (John xvi., 24); "the precious blood of Christ. . . . Who

was foreordained before the foundation of the world" (I Peter, i., 19-20); "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Rev. xiii., 8)—all these Scriptures and many others tell us that, from the beginning, though man knew it not, sacrifice, redeeming and atoning self-sacrifice, was God's nature and God's work. Thus Calvary is nothing more than an example of what God ever was, and what He ever is, and will be—one who loves us better than life, who dies for our sakes and in our place, and who will, if we will allow Him, fill us in a sense too great for words, with His own overflowing life and grace till we learn, what some of us can perhaps dimly guess at already, what Paul meant when he cried out to those to whom he was writing, "Yet not I live, but Christ liveth in me."

"Let not your heart be troubled," dear fellows; God in Christ is pledged to our redemption. It is our act alone which can shut the Great Healer out of our lives. We may die tonight profoundly conscious of our sin, and vividly remembering the thought, word, and deed of shame, and yet in spite of this, and because Christ has loved us and died for us, we may die in peace, the prodigal may come home. "Let not your heart be troubled, believe in God, believe also in Christ."

A New and Better Hope.

WE limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial, and confined;
No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred,—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His Word.

Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The oracles of Heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given?
That universe! now much unknown;
That ocean! unexplored,—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His Word.

Darkling our great forefathers went
The first steps of the way,
'Twas but the dawning yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall: our glorious sun
More fervid rays afford,
For God hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His Word.

The valley's passed; ascending still
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.
Upward we press, the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His Word.

O! Father, Son, and Spirit, send
Us increase from above,
Enlarge, expand all human souls,
To comprehend Thy love;
And make us to go on to know,
With nobler powers conferred,
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His Word.

WE are not here for holidays; our lives are not for dreaming.
While toiling hands, and busy hands are lab'ring all around;
Men are stirring, wheels are whirring, fires gleaming, vessels
steaming,
There is work on land and ocean, and in regions under-
ground;

And full often, as I ponder o'er some lofty pile upspringing,
On triumphant deeds accomplished, on some mighty victory
won,
I find that in my ears a chime of thought has been set ringing:
"All great works are made up of little works well done."

Which Loved Him Best?

"Down with the Zigeunerin: to the outer walls the gipsy!" The cry rises louder and louder, swelling into thunder tones as it issues spontaneously from several hundred throats.

The thermometer is 90 degrees in the shade, and in the main street of Furstberg the sun is pouring its midday rays with such glaring and unabashed fierceness that the very trees of the boulevard, and even the stones in the road seem to call for quarter, and the kingdoms of birds and insects are at rest waiting in shady nooks till the dews of evening shall refresh the earth.

Only a seething herd of vociferating human beings braves the excessive heat of a southern July day in the excited chase of one frail panting girl.

And she is beautiful—beautiful as the star of evening. Her glorious eyes shine forth from under dark lashes and look ten times brighter in contrast with the tanned brunette skin that proclaims her race, and the masses of blue-black hair that have become uncoiled and fallen about her shoulders during her flight.

With the love of colour peculiar to the true Romany, she wears a crimson kerchief about her neck, and it, too, has fallen during her rapid flight and reveals more of her heaving bosom than in her maidenly modesty she would at any other time have permitted.

Her dress is of the brightest yellow, bordered with the same red as the kerchief, and her well-shaped feet are cased in daintier shoes than might have been expected from one whom *vox populi* is proclaiming to be a vagabond and a ne'er-do-weel, a being not fit to remain in any respectable town. And among the crowd who follow closely on her heels and hustle her there is not one who possesses a scintilla of pity for the wretched girl, speeding swiftly on with such a wild hunted look of misery on her face, that it should have made the most hardened heart feel sad.

No. She is a gipsy, an outcast, and a tramp; she must be driven forth from the carefully guarded precincts of the town of Furstberg, forth into the Black Forest, or where she will, so long as she does not pollute the air of respectability by her vagabond presence.

And is there no one to stay the ruthless verdict of the populace? Nay! Mimi Caryoli is no citizen; the law only protects the well-conducted burghers; for such as she is there is no appeal. In prosperous towns the existence of tramps and beggars is forbidden by the State.

Mimi a beggar!

Ah, if they had only known why she had ventured into Furstberg, would they have been so relentless? But they knew naught, asked naught, and the storms of wrath at her presence among them raged hotter and hotter, till some urchins in the throng, from very exuberance of mischievous propensity, took up stones and threw them. Would she escape with her life, or at least without some fearful injury, which should maim her seriously, and render existence a burden?

"Down with the gipsy—down with the gipsy!" is still the cry.

No stone has reached her yet. Maybe some charm protects her, but with the sticks that some of them carry they can almost touch her now. While *their* strength seems to increase *hers* appears to fail, and the jaded, persecuted girl must soon become the prey of her pursuers, for it is still a quarter of a mile to the city wall.

On, on she goes, but much more wearily than at first. Her legs bend under her as though they can scarcely support the weight of her body, and her face, set almost to hardness by the agony she is enduring, is deadly white. Closer and yet closer about her press the shouting, insulting throng; another second or two and she must fall into their hands; there seems no chance of escape, and to dream of mercy from an excited mob were vain.

Mimi Caryoli's strength is spent, and she is about to throw herself on the ground and let them do with her as they list, when, in an ivy-clad wall to the right of her, a door opens suddenly, and making a supreme effort—her last—Mimi gives one bound, and before her rapidly advancing enemies have recovered from their momentary surprise at her unexpected agility, she has disappeared within the friendly portal which creaks back noisily but quickly on rusty hinges, and a huge bolt is drawn—a bolt that even an angry and disappointed crowd will find it difficult to break through.

Of the clamour and infuriated language which follows this unexpected escape Mimi knows naught, for tired-out nature can endure no more, and she sinks down absolutely unconscious among some brushwood that grows wild, half-concealing a but seldom-used path.

If she has recognised her rescuer it is by intuition, for she has not once looked into his face—a noble face too, and worthy of a woman's gaze.

He is a man in the prime of life; some thirty years having passed since he first saw the light of day, and with each year the strength and glory of his manliness have increased. In muscular proportions he is a giant, fair as the sons of Thor; in mind he has a still greater claim to be reckoned a descendant of the gods.

Having made the massive gate secure he draws himself for one moment to his full height as though measuring his strength against that of the crowd without, in case by any chance that they should manage to force the door. Then he turns and looks at the girl, looks at her with such love, such pity in his gaze as tells without one spoken word the old, old, oft-told tale. Action, not sentiment, is, however, enforced by the exigencies of the moment. He takes Mimi up tenderly in his strong arms and proceeds to walk carefully through the brushwood, till he reaches a more cultivated path that leads to a very small but massively-built Schloss, which stands in the middle of a large walled garden. The garden is somewhat of a wilderness, except quite close to the house, where the hand of culture has more or less interfered with redundant nature's growth.

The old place, "Schloss Hendrik" it is called in Furstberg, has such a fortified appearance, being a mediæval stronghold, that surely there were no reason to doubt of Mimi's safety now. Ancestral bolts and bars were cast in stronger forges than their nineteenth century successors. Still there exist passions and prejudices that bolts and bars are powerless to exclude.

But of naught of this did the Graf von Hendrik think while he bore Mimi in his strong arms to the old Schloss of which he was the master. He had saved her life and she was beautiful! Ay, more; he loved her well. Beyond this he had no present concern. The future would shape itself as destiny willed, and since destiny had afforded him the kindly chance of saving Mimi from a howling mob would she not farther favour the love that was welling up so joyously from the springs of his heart?

He entered the Schloss by the back door; in fact it was the only door that had been in use for many a year; and Mimi still lying unconscious, with her head on his shoulder, he found himself at once in a large kitchen where the stone floor was white as snow, and the walls literally glistened with metal pots and pans, furnished till they became reflectors as they hung side by side with jugs and mugs of quaint form, and many a specimen of *gris de Flandre* pottery. On a settle by the window the Graf von Hendrik laid his fair burden, and then after gazing for one moment on her beautiful face, he turned for sympathy to a woman who was standing by a table kneading some dough into cakes.

She was a comely-looking woman, of about forty-five, and though her occupation was a homely one, a glance sufficed to show that she was not a servant; yet it was very apparent that she was the mistress of that well-appointed kitchen. Natural curiosity, if no stronger feeling, made her give up her kneading when she saw Von Hendrik arrive in so unexpected a manner; and wiping the flour meantime from her hands she stood for a second or two contemplating Mimi without speaking; while the Graf still looked earnestly at her for that sympathy which in this stolid practical woman was not easily evoked. Yet how much depended on her giving this unfortunate girl a respectable reception, Graf von Hendrik knew full well.

Mimi moved restlessly, as though recovering somewhat from her stupor. "Why have you brought the gipsy here?" asked the mistress of the kitchen, now at last looking from Mimi's face into that of her deliverer.

In a few terse sentences he told her how Mimi had been pursued by the Furstberg populace.

The information appeared to make her very grave. "When will you let your head govern your heart, Albrecht? Foolish boy, what trouble may you not have brought upon us all?"

"Well, never mind the trouble, Anna; I daresay we shall get over that. This girl must be tended and at once."

"Give her water—she is recovering—and let her go."

"No, give her wine, the oldest in the cellar, a resting-place in the guest chamber, the best the Schloss affords. I, its master, will it so."

"Albrecht, are you mad?"

"If love engenders madness, then I am mad—madly in love with this sweet Mimi Caryoli."

As though struck speechless with astonishment she stood and looked at him. Evidently she was a woman of intense, though scarcely demonstrative emotions. Her eyes filled with tears, her lips quivered, but she suppressed with an effort the slight outward and visible sign of feeling, and still gave utterance to no spoken word.

It was from Graf Hendrik's lips that a stream of pleading eloquence flowed swiftly. "Anna, by the love you have borne me ever since my boyhood; by our dead father's grave; by the many vicissitudes through which we have passed together, I implore you, help me now. I love Mimi Caryoli; love her as a man only loves once in a lifetime; she, and she only, must be my wife."

Once more the unbidden tears rose into Anna's eyes, and she laid her hand still flour-besprent on Hendrik's arm. "My poor brother," she said, "this is the saddest thing that could happen to you and me. Even if I would help you, for love's sake, to disgrace your name and position, I could not do it; the Gräfin—"

"My mother! She will listen when I plead. She cannot be so hard of heart. But for the present she must know nothing. You alone must help me, as you have helped me often in the days when a boy's daring has brought me into trouble at headquarters."

She smoothed back a lock of hair which had fallen across his forehead, but she still looked very grave and sad. Then after a deep sigh, offered to the difficulty of the occasion, she poured some water into a bowl, and with a soft white cloth bathed the girl's forehead and temples.

The cold water revived her, and Mimi opened her eyes only to close them again, and to cry aloud in fright:—

"Save me, save me; do not let them tear me limb from limb. I will go away. I will never come into Furstberg any more. Old Jacob may die alone, and Graf Hendrik's smiles shall not gladden my heart—only save me! Do not let me die! I am so young—so young!"

If Hendrik's pleading had not wholly won Anna's sympathy Mimi's cry for help completed the conquest. "It must be as you say, my brother," she murmured; "this girl must bide here for awhile till she is well again and the people have forgotten to-day's chase."

Once more Hendrik took Mimi in his arms and carried her to an upper room where he surrendered her to Anna's care. It was not the ordinary guest chamber, for it would have been impossible to install her there without the Gräfin's knowledge; and even Anna, to whom deceit and double-dealing were most obnoxious, felt that for a time, at all events, it were wiser to say naught to the proud Gräfin of Mimi's presence in the Schloss. And as the Gräfin had gone out to pay a visit to some relations in the neighbourhood, this was the more easily accomplished.

So Anna bade Hendrik carry the girl into a room adjoining her own, where, she told him, she could tend her more easily and with less chance of its being discovered to what an infamous breach of social etiquette she was lending herself. And for no one but her beloved half-brother, Albrecht von Hendrik, would Anna have dared so much, for she stood in no little dread of her great lady stepmother, who habitually snubbed her and even treated her as a mere upper servant.

For Hendrik's sake, then, she did the best she could for Mimi; gave her some good strong soup, which she felt certain the poor child required; and then left Nature, that had decided in favour of sleep, to do the rest.

Having closed the door of communication between the two rooms, she sat down to mend some stockings, preferring to remain there for awhile till she felt certain that the girl's sleep was quiet, and that she would not call aloud in delirium.

She saw Hendrik walking about in the garden, and she knew the faithful Gretchen who was devoted to both Anna and Hendrik would do what was necessary in the kitchen and keep a silent tongue in her head. For the moment then all was well, and by the evening, when the Gräfin might be expected to return, probably Mimi would have recovered, and they would be able to devise some plan for her leaving the Schloss in safety.

Two hours passed. Twice had Graf Hendrik been to Anna's door and been sent away with the intelligence that Mimi slept.

The mid-day brilliancy of the sun had somewhat abated, and the fresh breezes of evening were reviving drooping Nature, when a carriage stopped at the usual entrance to the Schloss. The Gräfin had returned quite three hours before she was expected—so Anna feared; and she was stretching her head out of the window to ascertain if this were really so when the door of their room was suddenly thrust open and a fresh-complexioned fair girl of about eighteen rushed in without even waiting for a welcome.

And in truth at that especial moment, though she was Anna's now cousin, and one for whom she had much affection, she would gladly have known that this unsuspecting intruder was ten miles off in the beautiful country house where she ordinarily dwelt.

"Anna Liebchen! Are you not glad to see me? Kiss me, you dear old cousin, and tell me so. Say you are as glad to

have me as I am to come. I was so surprised and pleased to hear the Gräfin insist on bringing me back with her. Darling mother could ill spare me, but how could she refuse when she knows that Albrecht is at home, and though I believe the Gräfin suspects it, only you and my mother *know* how dearly I love my cousin Albrecht. And he loves me. Tell me Anna—you think he loves me—you know that he loves me—don't you?"

It was the first pause in the girl's gushing outburst. Only to be assured of the Graf von Hendrik's love could she stop talking. But she did not receive much encouragement from Anna.

"You little rattle!" was all she said, "will you never learn to take life otherwise than at a gallop?" Then she tried to induce the Gräfin Lisa—for the Hendriks' cousin was a Countess in her own right—to accompany her downstairs—anywhere so long as they did not stay in that room. But Lisa was on confidences bent, and she judged no place more fitting for them than Anna's room. It was so seldom she found Anna anywhere else than attending to her housewifely duties in the kitchen that she had not the slightest intention of allowing her to escape now.

She held her tight by the wrist with one hand, actually going so far as to lock the door with the other. "You must talk to me, Anna; don't try and get away to those horrid pots and pans. I want to tell you all I mean to do when I am married to Albrecht; for I shall marry him, of course. The Gräfin intends it, and when she intends anything—intends it really and thoroughly, you know, naturally it is certain to take place."

Poor Anna, she looked and felt very uncomfortable, but what could she do but hope and pray that Mimi Caryoli was fast asleep?

"It is strange, though, is it not, Anna, that though Albrecht and I have been betrothed ever since I was seven years old, yet now that I have grown into marriageable teens he has never come to the point, though of course he has often made love to me and seemed just on the verge of asking me to name the day? You do not think perchance, Anna, you who know all his secrets, that there is anyone else in the way, anyone who would be a less advantageous match for him than my important little self?"

Perplexed, Anna, with whom dissimulation was an unpleasant art, coloured up and felt as though she wished the earth would kindly swallow her up, but she made an effort for Hendrik's sake to appease the young Gräfin Lisa's nascent jealousy. Things would, doubtless, all right themselves in the end she thought; any way it was useless to let Lisa have any inkling of what was going on.

"Foolish as you always are," she said with an irritability which was merely a veil to her perplexity, "with whom should Albrecht be in love? If he, being so many years your senior, allowed himself to be engaged to you in the nursery, is he a man to go from his word?"

"A man of his word! Of course Graf von Hendrik's word is a bond; but such a boy and girl engagement as ours was—mere babies we both were—how can I trust to it unless I have it ratified now? I think and hope he loves me; and I know I love him with my whole heart. But, oh! Anna, if he does not say the word that will put me out of misery, I shall die. And there is no one to help me but you. I am too much afraid of the Gräfin to ask her."

A rustling movement in the inner room made Anna quail. "Come down stairs and let us find Albrecht, I think he is in the garden," she said, as she unfastened the door. And she began to breathe again, more like the honest, untroubled Anna she usually was, as soon as she found herself in the corridor.

"If she had only thought of locking the door on the outside, since there was no other entrance to Mimi's room," she thought, as she went down the stairs; but it was not worth while to go back. She would hand Gräfin Lisa over to Albrecht, and then return forthwith to her charge.

At the bottom of the staircase they met the old Gräfin, who was in the most amiable of moods—an event which was so rare an occurrence that Anna wondered what could possibly have happened or be about to happen; for the Gräfin's amiable moods were, Anna knew full well, invariably the precursors of storms or plots. In the present instance Anna felt certain it was the latter, and the young Gräfin Lisa was the heroine, while Albrecht was equally destined to play hero.

And the beautiful gipsy lying in retreat upstairs, and whom only a few hours ago he had declared was the chosen of his life, what of her?

For the moment Anna must try and forget her, and devote herself to the whims and fancies of her step-mother who, though always speaking with unusual pleasantness of tone, still kept the elder daughter of the house, whom she ever treated as her upper servant, on the trot in constant attendance till supper was

over, and the shades of evening had already merged into the darkness of night.

Gräfin Lisa had joined Albrecht in the garden, and until the evening meal was announced had interested herself in watching him cultivate his plants—an occupation he was pursuing with some energy, solely with the intention of slaying the many bewildering thoughts that were oppressing his brain.

Occasionally he would throw a word to Lisa, but on the whole he was far more silent and preoccupied than was agreeable to her, and as soon as the supper was over, and he could depart unremarked, he took refuge with his pipe in the big kitchen, where he hoped that Anna would soon join him and give him news of the beautiful prisoner she had in charge.

But no one came. The Gräfin had detained Anna for a conversation with herself and Lisa, during which she was told that Albrecht was to marry his fair cousin, and that she, the well-nigh distracted Anna, was expected to arrange everything satisfactorily.

Meanwhile Albrecht smoked and dreamed in the kitchen, but not of Lisa. No lamp had been lighted; the fire was nearly out, and, save from a pale gleam of light from the open door the place would have been in absolute darkness.

Suddenly there was a rustling sound, as of the movement of a woman's skirts.

"Anna," he asked, inquiringly, but obtained no answer, and, as the rustling ceased, he fancied he must have been mistaken.

Again, however, he heard something, and then the door leading to the garden closed with a bang.

"Is the wind getting up, and are we going to have a storm?" said Albrecht, rousing himself from his dreamy condition, and going to the window. No, the aspect of nature was absolutely serene. What could it be? Ghosts? Albrecht smiled; he had no belief in, no fear of, ghosts, but he struck a match and lighted a lamp, nevertheless. Even to strong men with god-like attributes darkness is not always preferable.

On the table near where he had been sitting there was a white paper which he did not remember to have seen there when he came into the kitchen. He took it up carelessly, but had scarcely bestowed a glance on it before his face to the very temples was suffused with crimson. The writing was a mere scrawl, the spelling almost incomprehensible; but the one word "Mimi" stood out in bold relief, and Graf von Hendrik knew that even while he was dreaming of her Mimi had just passed through the kitchen out into the darkness of the silent night.

At this moment Anna came in, sent by the Gräfin in search of him, and she it was who deciphered the almost unintelligible scrawl which briefly told him that the gipsy Mimi was returning to her own people; that she would not mar his life; that it were better he should marry the Gräfin Lisa and be happy.

"Marry the Gräfin Lisa! What does she know of the Gräfin Lisa or of that long ago betrothal which was mere children's play?" asked Albrecht in bewilderment.

Anna could have explained the situation fully, but Anna judged it expedient to be silent and merely murmured, "It is best so, my brother; best so! Mimi is wise." But if Anna thought that she would readily make Albrecht see the present position of affairs in this light she was a cleverer woman than even her most devoted admirers believed her to be.

The Graf von Hendrik stormed and raved over Mimi's flight, till Anna, fearing the consequences if the Gräfin learned the truth, was positively thankful when she saw him snatch up his hat and go forth into the darkness to follow his love. Nevertheless, she uttered a little prayer that they might not meet.

Perchance it was in answer to her prayer that Graf Hendrik went stumbling down the road towards the forest instead of going at once where he would in all probability have found Mimi; but he was as a man dazed and incapable of practical action.

After walking some half a mile or so at random, he reflected that he would never find Mimi thus; he must have information about her, and who so likely to give it as old Jacob, the well-known forest ranger, who was now too old to work and never left his arm-chair in his cottage? Jacob, however, managed to know all that took place in the neighbourhood, more especially everything connected with the gipsies, since the old man was Mimi's especial care, and it was to minister to his wants that she frequently dared insult from the Furstberg populace. Graf Hendrik was right, Jacob knew all about Mimi's flight from the Schloss; she had gone straight to old Jacob and without preamble had asked him—

"Is it right, Father Jacob, that the Graf at the Schloss should marry a daughter of the people?"

"Nay, Mimi, it is not right; the usages of the Fatherland forbid it. The wife of the Graf, unless she be noble, can be only as a servant."

"Is it right, Father Jacob, that a true Romany should marry out of her tribe?"

He shook his head. "She would lose her place among her people, and would be despised and rejected by the world at large."

"Then, Jacob, shield me. If Graf Hendrik comes here to look for me, say I have returned to the forest, which I will quit no more."

The old man thought for a few seconds, then he answered: "I love the Graf von Hendrik well. He has been a true friend to old Jacob, and you, child, are to me even as a daughter; this union between you is impossible. I will take you at your word Mimi and shield you from the Graf."

Five minutes later when the Graf came into the cottage old Jacob was sitting by his table; before him stood a large mug of Munich beer and a plate of sausages and white bread; for Jacob was an epicure in his way. But there was no sign of Mimi, and he assured the Graf that he knew naught of her whereabouts.

Weeks passed on but Graf Hendrik never found Mimi, though he searched for her incessantly through the length and breadth of the forest. It had been absolutely impossible to keep the matter a secret; but neither his mother's nor Anna's pleadings, nor the now pale cheeks of the love-sick Gräfin Lisa, would make him give up the quest. And yet till Mimi had crossed his path he had thought he loved and certainly intended to marry the Gräfin Lisa.

The great heat of the summer was over, and the bleak northern winds of winter were sweeping across the land. Christmas was fast approaching with its many festivities and large family gatherings.

Surely by Christmas Albrecht would have forgotten Mimi, the Gräfin hoped, and all their hearts would be gladdened by a real betrothal.

"Not while Mimi lives," was his only answer, when the subject was broached. But to find Mimi alive or to prove her death were equally difficult. The old Gräfin could do nothing but shrug her shoulders and feel inexpressibly annoyed, and say that Lisa was far more likely to die than the gipsy, for she was fading gradually away for the very love of Albrecht.

Christmas morning arose in gorgeous but chill beauty, the sun's rays gladdening the world they failed to warm.

Graf Hendrik at an early hour entered his mother's room and kissed her on the brow. He looked sad, sadder even than he had looked of late, and yet he was about to offer his mother a most precious Christmas gift. "I have just had a message from old Jacob," he said, in low tones. "Mimi is dead. Do with me even as you will."

The mother's heart rejoiced, and even Anna could scarcely feel as sorry as she considered she ought to have done. But would Gräfin Lisa consent to celebrate her own marriage fête over the hapless Mimi's grave? Her belief in Graf Hendrik was boundless; that he had loved Mimi so much was no reason why, now she was gone, Lisa should not take her place. She would wait patiently till he had ceased to mourn the dead, ay, help to soothe and alleviate the sorrow she knew he must feel.

And the rattler—for by nature Gräfin Lisa was a rattler—tempered her gaiety to suit the exigencies of the hour, and was so gentle and sweet with Hendrik that what at first had appeared to him a hateful engagement became a comfort and a solace, and the hours never went by so swiftly or so happily as when they were passed in Lisa's society.

And in a few months they were married and went to live for the most part at the Gräfin Lisa's Schloss in the country, about ten miles off, where since babyhood she had been accustomed to wield undisputed sway. They would only come to Schloss Hendrik for a few weeks in the winter, since even for his young wife Albrecht did not wish Anna to be displaced, and he was also wise enough to know that with the elder Gräfin it was almost impossible for Lisa to dwell at peace for long. And that peace did reign in their beautiful country home no one could gainsay.

The wild rapture of passionate love had been denied to Albrecht, it is true, but he was thoroughly contented and happy in his present life; and when in due course Lisa presented him with a fair young daughter it seemed as if his cup of happiness was overflowing, and he thanked God heartily for giving him so great a meed of joy. Never did father idolise a child more than Albrecht von Hendrik did the baby Lischen; it was he who taught her infant lips to prattle; he who watched her first stumbling walk across the room; for in the course of another year a boy had been born who usurped all Gräfin Lisa's care

and attention, leaving the father undisputed possession of Lischen and her love.

Each day for hours he would take her in the forest that surrounded the Schloss, either letting her ride on his own shoulder or on a tiny pony he had bought for her especial use.

By the time Lischen was four she knew almost as much about the trees and shrubs and wild flowers as her father did himself. One afternoon when they were making their almost daily excursion in the forest, and Lischen had her basket full of lovely wild flowers, one of the keepers came up and, taking his hat off to Albrecht, asked the "Her Graf" if he would come to a cottage which was hidden among the foliage close by, as an accident had taken place, and the owners of the cottage were perplexed as to what they ought to do.

Graf von Hendrik looked at Lischen. How could he take the child into a scene of excitement, where she would perhaps be frightened and made to suffer? But the keeper said he would look after the "Gnädiges Fraulein," who knew him well, and would be quite happy with him. Arrived at the cottage, the Graf asked in his cheery voice what had happened that his presence seemed to be so urgently required.

"There is a young woman, Herr Graf, dying in the upper room, and she has begged so hard to see you that we did not like to refuse her."

"A young woman! Who is she?" And the Graf's bronzed face looked pale and anxious.

"She is a gipsy; her name is Mimi Caryoli. Doubtless she has some sin of deprecation to confess to the Herr Graf before she dies."

Without uttering a word he followed the woman into the upper room. Ay, there surely enough lay the wreck of his once beautiful Mimi. She held out a thin hand to him. As soon as they were alone he knelt beside the bed and the tears dropped from his eyes on the frail little emaciated hand. "Heaven is kind, since it permits me to see you once more," she murmured.

"My love, my love," was his reply. "They told me you were dead. Old Jacob told me so—liar that he was—even his age shall not spare him from my wrath."

"Hush, Albrecht! he had naught to do with it. I myself am the delinquent. I felt it was not fitting that I should be your wife. I wanted you to be happy and have a position, and heirs of whom you might be proud, and to gain my end I adopted the ruse of dying. But I have lived many happy hours, Albrecht, when, unseen by you, I have watched you and the little Lischen gambolling together in the forest. Ah! how I felt I could love that child for your dear sake. May I not see her, give her one kiss, gipsy though I am, before I die?"

"My love, of course you shall; but Mimi, you are not dying; they spoke of an accident."

"It is true; the horse of the miller Kreuz, who lives close here, ran away yesterday, and knocked me down in its flight, trampled on me, and I have not many hours to live, so the good doctor says."

"But, Mimi, your people, where are they?"

"Ah, my people! They have rejected me long since because of the love for you, which they said would not die out of my heart so that I might marry one of my own tribe. But look you, Albrecht—I may call you Albrecht once more—I am quite happy; the good folk here tend me kindly; they do not hunt me forth like the terrible people of Furstberg," and she shivered as she remembered the scene.

Graf Hendrik leaned over her and kissed her brow. Surely such a kiss were scarcely a betrayal of his fidelity to Lisa.

And the agony of Mimi's last hours was lessened by his anxiety and loving care, and by the caresses of Lischen, who came and sat on her bed, till after a time it became imperative that Graf Hendrik and the child should return to the Schloss or the Gräfin Lisa would be alarmed. He would come back though, he said, as soon as he had told the Gräfin all that had occurred, and would remain with Mimi till the end came, for even Hendrik was not so blinded by hope but that he was forced to see that it was very near.

Gräfin Lisa behaved like the wise and gentle woman she had become since she was Hendrik's wife. She not only bade him return forthwith to the bedside of the dying girl, but with her own hands she packed up such delicacies and nutritious food as she thought might be wanted, and sent them off to the cottage. For did she not feel that by Mimi's sacrifice she had gained the treasure of a great happiness, and that all she could possibly do for the poor suffering girl was not sufficient compensation for the boon she had received from her?

It was late in the evening before Graf Hendrik stood once more beside Mimi's bed, and he was only just in time. It seemed as if she had been waiting for him before she heaved her last sigh.

Poor Mimi, she deserved the recompense of his presence as her spirit passed away, for rarely is love unselfish as was hers; so seldom are we ready to sacrifice all personal feeling for the welfare of a loved one.

Gräfin Lisa felt that she could never have acted with Mimi's disinterestedness; and yet she did not argue that for that reason she loved Albrecht best. On the contrary, when Christmas came once more, and with it the time when they had been wont to celebrate their happy engagement—"Verlobung," as the Germans call it—she threw her arms round Graf Hendrik's neck and said tenderly:

"May it be given me in the future, my Albrecht, to love you as unselfishly as did our dear lost Mimi."

A Working Woman's Morning Thoughts.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."—Isa. xl. 31.

I GO among unloving hearts;
But go Thou with me there,
And let me breathe thy love all day,
Just as I breathe the air.

Let this day's hard and thankless task,
Be temple work for Thee,
And every meal a eucharist,
And feast of love to me.

Let e'en the garments that I wear,
In symbol-language say,
"The rôle of Jesus' righteousness,
Encircles Thee to-day."

In all my long and weary walk,
To town and back to-day,
Talk Thou as when at Emmaus
Thy words beguiled the way.

May I through all the noisy streets,
In thine own peace rejoice,
And hear above the noise and din,
Thy Spirit's "still, small voice."

And help, if, when my body tires,
My spirit, too, should sink;
That Thou did'st sit in weariness,
On Sychar's lonely brink.

Since Thou, Thyself, hast dwelt in flesh,
My frame is known to Thee;
And as a brother pitieth,
I know thou pitiest me.

I do not stand in those bright ranks,
Where the strong Gabriel stands;
I have but now slow, weary feet,
And feeble, trembling hands.

I cannot serve Thee, though I would,
Like those strong ones above;
Yet bless this day's poor, feeble work
And view it through Thy love.

And bring me early home to-night,
That I my rest may find—
As Thou foundest rest in Bethany,
For Thine own weary mind.

And there keep my companion's love,
Just like Thine own to me;
And keep my reverent love to him,
Just like my love to Thee.

So keep us both this day—each day,
Through all the changing year;
So sanctify our blended life
To glorify Thee here.

Yea, cleanse it all, cleanse thoroughly—
Who can be clean in part?
"Wash" us but not our "feet" alone,
Our "hands," our "head," our heart.

And then when we are wholly pure,
Kinsman—Redeemer, come,
And take us to our higher work
Within our Father's home!

Chips from the Science-Rock of Faith.

So far from degrading humanity, or putting it on a level with the animal world in general, the doctrine of evolution shows us distinctly for the first time how the creation and the perfecting of man is the goal toward which Nature's work has been tending from the first. We can now see clearly that our new knowledge enlarges ten-fold the significance of life, and makes it seem more than ever the chief object of Divine care, the consummate fruition of that creative energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe. . . . He who regards man as the consummate fruition of creative energy, and the chief object of Divine care, is almost irresistibly driven to the belief that the soul's career is not completed with the present life upon the earth.

A MODERN Plato has said: "There will be a new church founded on moral science; at first cold and naked, a babe in a manger again, the algebra and mathematics of ethical law, the church of men to come, without shawms, or psalter, or sackbut; but it will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters; science for symbol and illustration; it will fast enough gather beauty, music, picture, poetry. . . . The nameless Thought, the nameless Power, the super-personal Heart,"—"it shall repose alone on that."

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

OVER all, enclosing all, beyond all, and all in all, is love—nobler, diviner, grander than noblest intellect, than grandest beauty of form, than divinest thought. Well may we sing—

"Strong Son of God, immortal love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

Well may we content ourselves with a creed composed, as to its moral logic, of the Mosaic original; as to its emotional side, of the Sermon on the Mount; its whole, the "new commandment," "that ye love one another"! Such a creed satisfies the reason and conscience through the decalogue, the spirit through Christ, the whole soul through love; while the Lord's prayer expresses every essential aspiration.

CHRIST crucified is the incarnation and the apotheosis of God's charity—"the dewdrop lost in the shining sea" of infinite love. While faith gives us firm hold on all that the soul prizes, what more do we need? what more should we desire? why vex ourselves with minor and perhaps unsolvable questions? And for the one promise—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." That is all; that is enough! How much of this essential creed is comprehended in that beautiful verse of Lowell!—

"All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the Law."

MAN being a part of every universe, seen or unseen, sensible or unfelt, consciously or unconsciously related, it is certain that he must seek knowledge in each realm through his appropriate part. Physical science gives him knowledge of the material, its substance, laws, forces, and energies; intellect brings him into touch with the intellectual; spiritual senses convey to him the intuitions, not the less true and exact, if rightly apprehended, than science itself—the intuitions of morality and the fundamental elements of religious and soul life. Each may, perhaps, be expected to aid the other in their common or approximate fields; but the truest thoughts must come from the truest and most appropriate source. Science cannot teach religion; creeds can give no aid to science in its formulations of physical law; intellectual attainments cannot substitute themselves for the moralities. We must always, we may presume, study nature through microscope, telescope, test-tube, and spectroscope; sound logic must always formulate our philosophies; we must learn to know God through the spiritual powers, no less existent, if less readily perceived and characterized in language, than other human attributes.

SCIENTIFIC truths can never conflict with moral or religious truths. There can be no conflict between science and religion; though there has often been discordance between scientific men and theologians.

Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

FULL returns of the new census in Ireland correct the errors of earlier reports. The total population of the island in 1891 was 4,706,162, of which 2,317,076 were males and 2,389,086 females. A steady decrease during fifty years is shown as follows:

	Population.		Population.
1841	8,196,527	1871	5,412,377
1851	6,574,278	1881	5,174,836
1861	5,798,967	1891	4,706,162

THE editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce* vouches for the truth of the following. Forty years ago, a gentleman made a bet that he could get a hundred prominent Churchmen to sign a petition to have the Bishop of New York hanged. He had a long petition drawn up, beginning with the words, "Whereas the best interests of the Protestant Episcopal Church," etc., and going on, after a long preamble, to demand that the Bishop should be suspended by the neck. The petition was engrossed in proper style and sent round by a canvasser, who told no lies about it, simply representing it as a petition to the ecclesiastical authorities in a matter that would deeply affect the welfare of the Church. Once a few well-known names had been got at the head of the list, the bet was soon won; and the audacious petitioner said he could have got signatures by the thousand if he had kept on long enough.

A BETTER dinner need not be asked by king or peasant than a bowl of thick lentil and barley soup, with a slice of bread and some potatoes. Try the following dinner for a family of two grown-up persons and five children—seven in all: 1 lb. lentils (split), 2d.; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Scotch barley, 1d. or 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 1 lb. onions, 1d.; a few powdered or chopped herbs (mint or sage, &c.); pepper and salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Put the barley into three quarts of boiling water, and let it boil for an hour. Then well wash the lentils and throw them into the pan, adding the onions sliced. Let the whole boil for two hours, the herbs and seasoning being added a quarter of an hour before serving. Four pounds of potatoes (boiled or roasted) would cost about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. With a little bread this would make a good Sunday's dinner, leaving enough soup to warm up with a few more potatoes for Monday. Or take 1 lb. maize meal, 1d.; 1 lb. dates, 2d.; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 1d. The maize (or Indian meal) being boiled as a porridge for twenty minutes, then stir in the sugar and dates; after picking over the latter, turn into a dish and bake one hour, or, if without an oven, brown in front of the fire, or boil for half an hour longer. At a cost of 4d. this will provide more than enough for a good dinner for such a family. Oatmeal, maize meal, barley meal, and other porridges, for breakfast; lentils, haricot beans and peas (in soups or stews) macaroni soup, date pudding, stewed barley or rice, plum pudding, rice and raisins, treacle roly-poly, and a host of other cheap, and at the same time nice and good, dishes for dinner may appear in turn.

In this hurry-scurry age it goes without saying that rest and change are absolute necessities of health. The chief points are, how to rest, and what change it is each individual requires. Dr. Hammond discusses the question in the *North American Review*, and sums up an interesting article by saying that a man or woman should be managed in respect to rest in very much the same way that a farmer manages his field. The latter knows the advantage of a succession of crops. He knows that if he plants cabbages every successive year in the same piece of ground, he will, in a short time, have very poor cabbages and very poor ground; whereas, by changing from one thing to another, the product is better and the earth is not deteriorated. He knows also how much his land is improved by allowing it to lie fallow every now and then. Men and women, like the fields of the earth, require change, and, like them, they require rest; and these objects can never be attained in the way that the average man sets out to get them.

THERE are various kinds of rest. A person whose occupation is chiefly carried on by the use of his brain rests that organ when he changes his work to physical labour. Thus, a student who spends eight hours a day in intense mental application derives immense benefit, not only to his brain, but to his whole system, by a brisk walk of two or three hours or a like period employed in chopping wood. In such a case as this there is no complete rest for the body; it is simply a change of labour from one kind to another kind. It amounts to nothing more than a proper exercise for the mental and physical systems, and if accompanied with seven or eight hours' sleep and five or six hours for eating and amusement, might be carried on indefinitely in any ordinary healthy locality. The body

does not require absolute rest, and, as a matter of fact, it never gets it; for even in sleep there is a not inconsiderable functional activity of various organs going on.

SUCH a student as referred to would receive great advantage from going to the woods, or the mountains, or the sea-shore for the summer, not to lie down in a hammock or to loll on the sand, but to take his books with him, preferably devoted to subjects different from those that he has studied in the city, and to exercise his muscles by rowing a boat or hunting for natural history specimens on land or sea, instead of working in a gymnasium or walking up and down the city streets. Such a person not only alters the character of his mental and physical labour, but he does it with such advantages as are to be derived from change of air and scene, and they are by no means inconsiderable. Now, this is not rest; on the contrary, it is work, and very hard work, too; but no one can doubt that that student would return to his regular pursuits with a mind and body invigorated and capable of doing better things than when he left the city.

PROPHETS differ as to the precise date when the European war-cloud will discharge its accumulated dynamics, but all agree that the impending row will be murderous and short. In a protracted war even universal conscription would fail to fill up the gaps caused by the improvement of life-destroying machinery. The repeating rifles of the Prussian infantry will keep up a shower of lead resembling a close hail-storm, and the penetrative power of the new projectiles is more than twice that of the old needle-gun bullets. "In an encounter with rifled artillery," says an officer of a German sharp-shooter regiment, "everything will depend on priority in getting sight of the enemy's position. If the sentries of the battery see us first they will get range in three shots, and after that keep their shells bursting about our heads left and right. If we are the first to catch sight of them, all their gunners will be shot down in less than five minutes." In Russia, Prussia, and France, many cavalry regiments have been armed both with revolvers and breech-loading carbines; and two Austrian engineers, Siersch and Kubin, have invented a new explosive which has proved one-third more powerful than dynamite, though it can be handled as safely as ordinary gunpowder. Ecrasite, as they call that potent compound, will tear a shell into countless fragments; and experiments prove that after three shots, fired from a distance of 700 yards, 250 palisades, representing as many different soldiers, will, all but four or five, be found to bear marks of the explosion. At 300 yards a battery firing shells of that sort could cripple an attacking force at the rate of 100 a second, and make the glory of a Balaklava cavalry-charge decidedly expensive.

ON the other hand the inventor of the Maxim gun proposes to discourage war by constructing a flying machine large enough to hold a few hundred bushels of dynamite, which could be dropped into the midst of a fortress or hostile camp, with results equalling those of a first-class earthquake.

A CHEERFUL prospect truly, though after all there may be sound sense in making war so costly and destructive to life and property, and so much a matter of skill that a wholesome deterrent influence would thereby be exercised on even gubernatorial madness.

ON their westward treks, or exploration trips, the Boers of the Transvaal are said to avail themselves of the sagacity of their pet baboons, in order to distinguish edible from injurious vegetable products; and the instincts of the lower animals and insects could often be utilised in the same way. Mice, with all their fondness for sweetmeats, refuse to meddle with so-called fruit-jellies, which a chemical analysis might prove to consist of diluted bone-glue, glucose, and artificial flavouring extracts. Bees prefer cane-sugar to beet-root sugar, but decline even to touch the chemical product known as saccharin, though its sweetness exceeds that of the best honey about thirty times, a single drop being sufficient to impart a sweetish-pungent flavour to a pailful of well-water.

THE United States Consul at Reichenburg, in a recent report, calls attention to a new process for soldering glass and porcelain to metals, which is exciting much interest there. The invention is that of a Frenchman named Cailletet. The part of the glass tube to be soldered receives first a thin layer of platinum by applying to the slightly warmed glass by means of a brush a quantity of neutral chlorid of platinum and etherised oil of camomile. The oil evaporates slowly. As soon as the white, strong-smelling vapour has entirely disappeared, the temperature is raised to red heat, and the platinum is thus reduced and coats the glass with a thin layer of metal. The plated glass is then

put in a bath of sulphate of copper and the coating connected with the negative pole of a sufficiently strong battery, when a ring of copper is deposited so thick and strong upon the platinum that it can be worked in anyway, and the glass tube can be treated as if it were metal as far as soldering is concerned. It may be united to iron, copper, bronze, platinum, or any metal which will take solder.

NO part, perhaps of the material progress of India is more striking than the development of its railway system. In little more than a generation—in eight and thirty years, in short—and in spite of tremendous difficulties, geographical as well as financial, and often in the teeth of the still greater difficulty of public scepticism and distrust, a network of railways has arisen connecting the Empire from north to south and from east to west. At the end of 1853 there were just 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles of railway in all India. When the final additions were made to the official report on the administration of Indian railways this year, there were 17,155 miles of railway in the Empire, involving a total capital outlay of nearly 250 millions sterling, and bringing in a return for the twelve months of close upon 20 millions sterling. The influence of this vast network of communications upon the civilisation, the manners and customs, and the commerce of India and its many races is almost beyond realisation. It has changed the face of the country; largely, too, it must have changed the nature of its peoples. The ancient conservatism of the East crumbles along the margin of the iron road on which is borne the spirit of the Imperial West. A faint idea of the enormous influence exercised may be gleaned from the fact that these 17,000 miles of railway with their 2,317 stations and their numerous offices and depôts in addition give employment to considerably over a quarter of a million of persons, of whom 4,607 are Europeans, 5,673 East Indians, and 252,413 natives.

Save One.

"He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—James v., 20.

SOULS are perishing before thee,
Save, save one!
It may be thy crown of glory,
Save, save one!
From the waves that would devour,
From the raging lion's power,
From destruction's fiery shower,
Save, save one.

Not in thy own strength confiding,
Save, save one!
Faith and prayer thy efforts guiding,
Save, save one!
None can e'er, unless possessing
Heavenly aid and heavenly blessing,
To the work of mercy pressing
Save e'en one!

Who the worth of souls can measure?
Save, save one!
Who can count the priceless treasure?
Save, save one!
Like the star shall shine for ever
Those who faithfully endeavour
Dying sinners to deliver,
Save, save one!

WITH deep humility I own
My judgment poor and weak,
And bow before the Great Unknown
With thoughts I cannot speak.
A child upon the stretching shore
That bounds the stormless sea,
I feel my weakness more and more
And God's infinity.

Yet like the child I dip my oar
Within the ebbing tide,
And gaze beyond the nearer shore
Across the waters wide.
The ocean of my Father's love
I cannot dread nor fear,
Nor depths below, nor heights above,
Since He in all is near.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PICTURE EXHIBITION.

(THE LAST WEEK.)

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28TH, 1891.

Organ Recitals by MR. ARTHUR BAYLISS, between 7 and 10 o'clock.

1. MARCHE SOLONELLE IN C Maily	6. ALLEGRETTO GRAZIO IN D... .. Tours
2. LARGHETTO IN G Capocci	7. OFFERTOIRE IN E FLAT Collin
3. FINALE IN F Capocci	8. POSTLUDE IN E MINOR Frost
4. FUNERAL MARCH IN C MINOR Neokomm	9. PASTORALE IN D Merkel
5. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN B FLAT Bach	10. FESTIVAL MARCH IN B FLAT Stark

Admission—5 to 10, One Penny.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29TH, 1891.

Organ and Pianoforte Recitals by MR. W. CLAUDE HAMILTON, from 7 to 10 o'clock.

1. ORGAN Offertoire Hewlett	7. ORGAN "One Leider" Mendelssohn
2. " Allegretto in G Frost	8. PIANO "The Praise of Tears" Schubert
3. " Grand March H. Clark	9. " Tarantelle Heller
4. PIANO Nocturne B. Richards	10. ORGAN March Wagner
5. " Selection from "Lucia di Lammermoor"	11. " Selection "Norma" Bellini
6. ORGAN SOLO H. Smart	

Programme of Music to be played by the PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND—Conductor, Mr. A. Robinson, late Bandmaster 3rd (Prince of Wales') Dragoon Guards.

1. MARCH "Piccadores" Asch	4. SELECTION "Reminiscences of Verdi"
2. OVERTURE "Italiana in Algeri" Rossini	5. LANCERS "Pelican" Solomon
3. VALSE "Myosotis" Lowthian	6. POLKA "Off we go" Coote

From 8 till 10.

1. MARCH "Copenhagen" Karl Kapps	4. SELECTION On English Airs
2. OVERTURE "Bohemian Girl" Balfe	5. LANCERS "St. Georges" Balfour
3. VALSE "German Love Song" Hartmann	6. MARCH "Bocaccio" Suppe

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Admission—2 to 10, Threepence.

MONDAY, AUGUST 31ST, 1891.

Organ Recital by MR. GEORGE J. RAYNER (Organist Victoria Park Congregational Tabernacle), from 6.30 to 7 o'clock

1. MARCH "Belgian" Scotson Clark	4. AIR "The Death of Nelson" Braham
2. OVERTURE "La Souveraine" Herman	5. DANSE ANTIQUE "Coryphée" Bonheur
3. WALTZ "Forest Dell" E. St. Quentin	

From 8 till 10 o'clock.

1. MARCH "Militaire" G. J. Rayner	5. AIR "The Village Blacksmith" Weiss
2. GAVOTTE "Fédora" Harvey	6. SELECTION "Norma" Bellini
3. SELECTION "Echoes of London" W. Williams	7. AUSTRIAN DANCE Carl Malemburg
4. IMPROMPTU "La Gigue" G. J. Rayner	8. MARCH "Eli" Sir M. Costa

MONDAY, AUGUST 31ST, 1891.

Programme of Music to be performed by the PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND, from 8 to 10 p.m.

1. MARCH "Père le Victoire" Ganne	4. FANTASIA Reminiscences of Balfe
2. OVERTURE "British Knight" Hermann	5. LANCERS "Her Majesty's" Solomon
3. VALSE "In Old Madrid" Trotère	6. MARCH "Brabant" Steinbrügen

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Admission—5 to 10, Threepence.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1891.

Organ and Pianoforte Recitals by MR. CLAUDE HAMILTON, from 7 to 10 p.m.

1. ORGAN SOLO March Handel	8. PIANOFORTE SOLO Fantaisie—"Etude" C. Voss
2. " " Overture—"Zampa" Herold	9. ORGAN SOLO March Mozart
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO Waltz, E flat Chopin	10. " " Movement No. 1, Op. 72 Mendelssohn
4. ORGAN SOLO Nocturne Chopin	11. PIANOFORTE SOLO Mazurka Chopin
5. " " Air—"Le Roi Louis VIII" H. Ghys	12. " " Etude Loeschorn
6. PIANOFORTE SOLO Galop—"Di Bravura" J. Schulhoff	13. ORGAN SOLO War March Mendelssohn
7. " " Waltz in A major Moszkowski	

Admission—5 to 10, Threepence.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1891.

Organ Recital by MR. CUTHBERT HARRIS, F.C.O., from 7 to 10 o'clock.

1. GRAND CHŒUR Guilmant	7. HALLELUJAH "Engedi" Beethoven
2. OFFERTOIRE IN D FLAT Salomé	8. AIR (varied) "Holsworthy Church Bells" S. S. Wesley
3. ORGAN CONCERTO IN B FLAT, No. 2 Handel	9. HYMNE DE FÊTE Capocci
4. MINUTTO Dolmetsch	10. PASTORALE IN G W. T. Best
5. ORGAN SONATA, No. 3 Mendelssohn	11. MARCH .. from "Athalie" Mendelssohn
6. a. CANTABILE Lemmens	
b. CANZONET Haydn	

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Admission—5 to 10, One Penny.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1891.

Organ and Pianoforte Recitals by MR. CLAUDE HAMILTON, from 7 to 10 p.m.

1. ORGAN SOLO March—"Dreams of Heaven."	7. ORGAN SOLO Sacred March
2. " " "Offertoire No. 1 S. Weiy	8. " " Chorus and the Glory Handel
3. " " "Hallelujah Chorus" Handel	9. PIANOFORTE SOLO Waltz Moszkowski
4. PIANOFORTE SOLO Fantaisie Favarger	10. " " "Hasarenutt" F. Spindler
5. " " Mazurka Chopin	11. ORGAN SOLO Grand March
6. ORGAN SOLO Nocturne Field	

Programme of Music to be played by the PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND from 8 to 10 p.m.

1. MARCH "Dynastie et Patrie" De Grey	4. FANTASIA "Reminiscences of Gounod"
2. OVERTURE "Sybel" Bleger	5. LANCERS "Pelican" Solomon
3. VALSE "Gondoliers" Sir A. Sullivan	6. MARCH "Au Secours" Vandervil

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Admission—5 to 10, One Penny.

The Exhibition closes on Saturday, September 5th, 1891.

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TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR THE SUMMER TERM,

Commencing JULY 6th, and ending SEPTEMBER 26th, 1891.

The Winter Session for the Technical, Science and Art Classes will commence on September 28th next.

The Classes are open to both sexes without limit of age. As the number which can be admitted to each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible.

Musical Classes.

(Under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.)

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Includes Solo Singing, Choral Society, Pianoforte, and Orchestral Society.

Violin Classes.

(Violin Master, Mr. W. R. Cave, assisted by Mr. Mellish.)

Table with columns: Day, Time, Class Level (Beginners, Elementary I, Advanced).

The Members of the Violin Classes will practice Duets, and a Special Piece for performance.

FEE FOR THE TERM, 5/-

a Half this fee to Members of the Choral Society. b In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

General Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Includes Arithmetic and Book-keeping.

Civil Service and English Classes.

(Tutor—Mr. G. J. Mitchell, B.A., London).

JULY AND SEPTEMBER.

Mondays, Class A, 6.30—8.30 p.m. | Mondays, Class B, 6.30—9.30 p.m. Class A is for Telegraph Learner, Female Sorter and Boy Copyist Candidates.

FEES: Class A 6s. Class B 7s.

Shorthand Class.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Includes Shorthand (Pitman's).

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MEN'S GYMNASIUM.

Evening ... TUESDAY. HOURS.—The Gymnasium is open from 6.30 until 10. The time from 6.30 till 8 is allotted for the free or voluntary practice of such Students as may choose to attend.

FEES.—The Fees are 1s. 6d. per term, including locker, in which to put flannels, belt, slippers, &c. For individual instruction in fencing and single-sticks an additional charge of 5s. is made.

GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.

MONDAY. Hours, 6.30 till 10. 6.30 till 8 is allotted for free or voluntary practice of all members who choose to attend. 7 till 8.—During this hour the Fencing Class is held for the individual instruction of such ladies as may desire it.

The exercises are so arranged as to equally suit the physical capabilities of weak and strong, and whilst avoiding the injurious straining of the delicate, the powers of the strongest are tested to the utmost limit.

STUDENTS' SOCIAL ROOMS.—Students have the privilege of using the Social Rooms, containing the leading daily and weekly papers, between 5 and 10 p.m.

STUDENTS' LIBRARY.—There is a Circulating Library for the use of Students, which will be open on Tuesday evenings, from 7.30 to 9.

REFRESHMENTS.—Refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices in the Social Rooms from 5 to 10.

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