



THE LATE DR. THOROLD ROGERS.



VON MOLTKE.



MR J. HENNIKER-HEATON, M.P.

OUR ILLUSTRATED LONDON LETTER.

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It is fashionable to sneer at a man who rides a hobby as a 'faddist' and a 'fanatic,' but no reform has ever yet been achieved without having at one time or other been in the hands of the faddist; and it would contribute to the dispatch of public business if more politicians would devote their individual energies to some particular department that they might have some chance of understanding thoroughly, instead of essaying the task of looking after the whole British Empire. Mr Henniker-Heaton is one who recognises the value of concentrating one's energies on some special purpose until the purpose is attained, and there is little reason to doubt that, come it soon or late, the project he has now in hand will ultimately be carried out on a more or less extensive scale. Briefly stated, Mr Heaton's grand design is to fit a still closer girdle round the world by the establishment of a universal Penny Postage. Rowland Hill in his most sanguine moments could never have anticipated such a wide development of that cheap system of communication which will stand as an eternal monument to his honour. But we live in a progressive age, and Mr Heaton is a progressive Conservative. He is yet a young man, being but forty-one years of age, and in the days of honoured old age to which he may attain he no doubt will be able to look back upon Colonial Penny Post as *an fait accompli*, and upon his own share in securing it with some pardonable pride. Mr Heaton knows colonial feeling too well, having been a journalist in Australia, whither he went in the days of his hot youth to cultivate land and win gold. He married an Australian lady, and still retains an interest in one of the largest and most profitable papers in New South Wales.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence and Avondale has, for some time past, been possessed of a suite of rooms in St. James's Palace, facing on to the Ambassadors' Court. These were formerly occupied by the Duchess of Cambridge, but since her Royal Highness's death, various structural alterations have been going on, and the Duke of Clarence has never lived in them. So persistent, indeed, have been the incursions of predatory builders and plumbers, painters and decorators, that His Royal Highness has found it impossible to take up his residence—a fact pointed out by the Prince of Wales in a polite note to a tax collector, explanatory of the reason why his son had not paid his taxes. Now however, the alterations are nearly complete, and very soon His Royal Highness may be expected in his new quarters. The rooms, or house, for such it practically is, extend to

almost the entire width of Ambassadors' Court, and run through to Cleveland-row on the other side. The first floor contains five lofty rooms, each leading into the other. On the second and top floor there are nearly a dozen little rooms; these should afford ample accommodation for more than even a prince's bachelor party. So, until the question is answered, 'Who is to fill them?' the Prince will be open to rumour—and the tax-collector!

THE LATE DR. THOROLD ROGERS.

Like most political economists of the academic type, Professor Thorold Rogers was not a success as a practical politician. At his best, he was never a popular candidate with the constituencies whose suffrages he sought, and he was never tolerated in the House. He made many enemies by his extreme language and his bluff manner; yet to those who saw the other side of his character, and enjoyed the racy talk and genial manners of his private life, he was the soul of good fellowship. No doubt his disappointments in life, added to the bitterness with which he regarded things in general—the loss of his professorship at Oxford—ranked in his mind, for it was generally believed he was superseded by reason of his political opinions being out of accord with the powers that be at Oxford. Then there was his unsuccessful contest at Scarborough, the first blow to his political ambitions; and when he did eventually get into Parliament, he always gave one the impression of a man who felt that his political service and abilities never received quite the recognition they deserved. He made himself most conspicuous in the House during the time when obstruction became a policy with the Irish members. Mr Rogers was always the authority on antique principles of procedure and venerable points of order, and brought this knowledge to the assistance of the Speaker and the Government. He was proud of his friendship with John Bright.

VON MOLTKE.

Whilst it has 'graciously pleased the German Emperor to 'retire' the doughty statesman who gave his grandfather a united fatherland, it yet behoves him to smile approvingly on the veteran warrior who placed the German legions on the victorious fields of Austria and France. Bismarck may be neglected, but Moltke must be cherished. The people would not suffer both the regenerators of their country to be cast aside. So the great strategist, the real contrivor of Prussia's military might—the cold, impassive, shrivelled old man who makes no sign, but who has yet been the main-spring of such tremendous movements in others—Moltke, the contrivor of Sadowa and Sedan, the man of maps and plans, the sphinx of modern *Kriegsgeit* and the greatest tactical captain of the age, is to be publicly feted in Berlin, at the Emperor's special command, on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, which falls on the 26th inst. Honours are falling thick on the age-bowed head of the field-marshal. Munich has conferred the freedom of the city on him in recognition of the event, and Herr von Forckenbeck, burgomaster of Berlin, has invited his brother burgomasters of all the German cities above 50,000 inhabitants to a conference, on the best method of doing honour to the Count. Everywhere in Berlin the air resounds with 'hocks' for the Field-Marshal. The Count has been graciously received by his sovereign, but when the great strategist noted the absence of his brother-in-arms, Bismarck, from the Court, it was, perhaps, fortunate that he had learned the art of being silent in seven languages.

OLD BUILDINGS IN LONDON.

One of the most interesting old buildings, in which it was nurtured in its childhood, stands in City Road, London, and near by is the house in which Wesley himself lived. City Road Chapel is now, however, in a state of decay, and it has been very thoughtfully proposed that this monument of a great movement should not be effaced, but that the centenary of Wesley's death should be marked by its restoration. Accordingly a fund of £7,000 is being collected to effect this purpose, and many who are no sympathisers with Methodism, will subscribe to save this interesting relic from destruction. The chapel is a hundred and ten years old, and the walls on the north-east side are cracking and sinking. The premises adjacent are not well adapted to the purposes to which they are put, while the organ in the chapel itself carries a heavy mortgage. It is proposed to preserve as far as possible the historic features of the chapel, but to rebuild several portions of it. One feature of the alterations is noteworthy. Six ornamental pillars are to be placed under the gallery, and are to represent Methodism in Great Britain, South Africa, Canada, Australia, and the Northern and Southern States of America. The house of

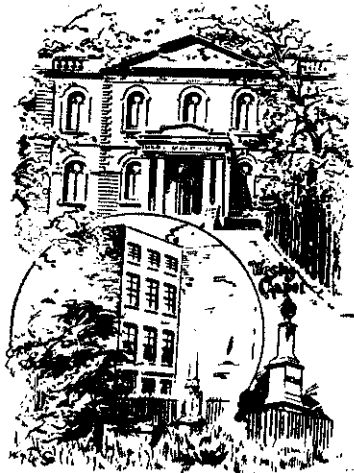
Wesley is also to be repaired, and will afterwards be devoted to the purposes of a Methodist museum. The death of such great ecclesiastics as Cardinal Newman and Canon Liddon, leads us to reflect on the great leaders of spiritual revivals who have from time to time almost completely revolutionised society by the proclamation of new doctrines or tenets, or the bold assertion of old faiths and old standards. Wesley was born in 1703, and he and his brother, and a few other students, formed themselves into a small religious society. This little body came to be recognised shortly after its institution, and from the strictness and almost acerbity that characterised the lives of its members, they came to be known as 'Methodists.' In 1735, Wesley went to Georgia, in America, to labour in the conversion of the Indians, and on his return in 1738, he began itinerant preaching in England, and gathered many followers. Thus spread one of the greatest movements of modern times. Finding the churches often shut against him, he began building meeting houses in London and Bristol, and other places; and before long quite a host of buildings were dedicated to the cause of Christianity, and the doctrines of instantaneous conversion, Christian perfection, and complete deliverance from sin, until now Wesleyanism is spread like a network over the whole kingdom.

HER TRIFLING OMISSION.

'I CAN'T see what is the matter with this cake,' the young wife said. 'I've put in the eggs and the sugar and the cornstarch and the flavouring, just as the recipe says, and it's a horrible mess. I don't believe I can make anything out of it at all; it is too bad!'
'You haven't forgotten anything, have you?' inquired the husband, looking up from his newspaper.
'Nothing. It says, "With one quart of sour milk and a teaspoonful of soda make a batter in the usual way. Then add the other ingredients." I added them, but it doesn't seem to me to look like a batter. It's just a nasty mess of egg and sour milk and things.'
'Where is your flour, my love?'
'Flour, Horace?' exclaimed the sweet young wife. 'Do they put flour in cake?'

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr Hanna, Queen-street, Auckland, for the portrait of Archdeacon Dndley in our issue of December 27th.

At a cattle show a countryman said: 'Call these yer prize cattle? Ain't nothin' to what our folk raised. My father raised the biggest caif of any man round our parts.'
'I don't doubt it,' said a bystander, 'and the noisiest.'



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