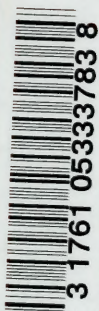


DR. BARNARDO

The Foster-Father of
Nobody's Children




APPRECIATION BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T.

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Thomas John E.

DR. BARNARDO:

THE FOSTER-FATHER OF "NOBODY'S CHILDREN."

A Record and an Interpretation.

BY

REV. JOHN HERRIDGE BATT,

AUTHOR OF "DWIGHT L. MOODY," ETC.

WITH AN APPRECIATION

BY HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T.

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PORTRAIT AND NINETEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.

8 AND 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1904.



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DR. BARNARDO:

THE FOSTER-FATHER OF "NOBODY'S CHILDREN."

"I do not think that there is a single Society in England which is doing so valuable a work amongst the Children of the more neglected classes as Dr. Barnardo's Homes are doing."—THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, D.D.

"Never in the history even of Christian civilisation did any human being in any land establish such an Institution, so vast and so many-sided, as Dr. Barnardo's Homes!"—THE LATE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

APPRECIATION.

BY HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T.

THESE pages tell a marvellous tale. They show how a man equipped only with a clear brain and stout heart may do more in his own lifetime in practical benevolence than has been accomplished before in many generations. They show how Britain and the great Colonies have benefited by the good done to thousands of lads and lasses. Great multitudes of children have been saved from want and neglect and worse, have been admirably taught useful knowledge, and have been sent into the world to aid in a hundred industries and to strengthen the national life of Britain here and British lands beyond the seas.

It is impossible to overstate the good done by "Dr. Barnardo's Homes." They who have helped the Founder of this vast organisation, and they who are assisting it, may feel the happiness of having part in perhaps the most fruitful enterprise of our day. Canada has profited by the young emigrants sent to her. A field seems to be opening in African

APPRECIATION.

colonisation by such means also. There is not a parish in London which cannot testify to the successful career of men who have come from these "Homes." There is practically no limit to the possible extension of this work. The more of it the better for us all.

The handicrafts taught, the discipline enjoined, the fitting of individual character to the likeliest task, the final and careful launching of the young life upon adventure, good fortune being insured by sound preparation—all appeal to those who give money only where the results are tested and known.

To give to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," not now under the guardianship of the Founder's unwearying care and benevolence only, but guaranteed against failure by Incorporation as well as by careful Trusteeship, is to give where men know the interest gained means the assured success of an immense percentage of the lives of the young around us.

A.

KENSINGTON PALACE,

December, 1903.

PREFATORY NOTE.

IT is a delight to tell in connected and continuous form the story of the Great Work done for the rescue and in the interests of Waif Children by the Institutions so widely and familiarly known as "Dr. Barnardo's Homes." The consideration that has greatly moved us in writing is the thought that the record we seek to give may, perchance, do a little to enlist for them further support, and a fuller and more general recognition of their claims.

The history of "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," now a National and duly incorporated Association, appeals to the *practical* English mind. Even to read it is a wholesome relief from the false sentiment, irritating ecclesiastical theories, and stout sectarian antagonisms, that one might have thought would have been the last elements to pester a Children's Rescue ministry, but which, alas, are by no means yet banished from this New Century of ours! Still more, let readers be assured, is it a relief, and a task of health, to afford help by personal support, and by rendering gifts for replenishing supplies and providing food. A prominent journalist, who

PREFATORY NOTE.

colon: the ear of many of the most vigorous working philanthropists of the day, has said, as the result of his own investigation of the Homes, that "it renewed one's confidence in one's country and countrymen to find that the land still produced such men as the Father of 'Nobody's Children.'"

What may be known and published of the remarkable movement at whose head the illustrious name of the Founder still stands, and of its career of service on behalf of little children who were outcasts but for the Christ-like sacrifice of men such as he, the following chapters, we trust, may in some measure serve to show.

J. H. B.

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"Let us come as students into that beautiful child-garden God has planted in the world, to learn as much as to teach, and there will be fewer lives wasted, fewer children unhappy."

DR. BARNARDO.

INTRODUCTORY.

WORK FOR THE WAIFS.

DR. BARNARDO'S life-work is a standing lesson for the New Century in the humane and Christly treatment of outcast infancy and friendless childhood so rife in our seething cities. It is an object lesson that the age needs. It serves to perpetuate the evidence of Christianity so powerfully furnished by the lives of men and women who name the name of Christ and who demonstrate their love to Him and their allegiance to His word, by receiving the Waifs of the Streets for His sake and their own, and succouring the frail and friendless, the helpless and exposed, of those teeming young lives whose habitation is the gutter.

This philanthropic work, commenced in 1866 in the very humblest fashion (as the Founder himself states, "by a quite insignificant individual"), had become in a single generation so successful and so magnificent, and had assumed proportions of such widespread public interest and advantage, that in 1899 it became necessary, in order to give permanency

to it, to seek Incorporation from the Local Government Board (in accordance with the terms of the Companies Acts of 1862 to 1890). Its new title, somewhat lengthy and cumbrous, sets forth its scope and sphere, and includes as well the more familiar cognomen by which it first became popularly known :

“ THE NATIONAL INCORPORATED ASSOCIATION
FOR THE RECLAMATION OF DESTITUTE
WAIIF CHILDREN, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS
DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.”

By the Act of Incorporation *permanence* is given to Institutions which previously seemed to depend on the tenure of a single life. The briefer designation, “The National Waifs’ Association,” is often now assumed as more convenient ; but with many persons the old familiar and tender term, “*Dr. Barnardo's Homes*,” still lives as the preferable name for this great network of Institutions.

The aim of the Association under the more recent title is precisely what it has been from the beginning : namely, to provide a *Home*, and afford a start in life to destitute, orphan, waif, stray, maimed, and sick children, who otherwise have no helper. The basis of the Association is thus as wide as the claim of humanity and the love of Christ, and it takes in all. It knows nothing of Churches—in the sense that it includes them all without distinction or preference. It goes, indeed, beyond them all, and embraces the wide work of the kingdom of God and its quick interest in every human being ; and in its compassionate ministry to neglected and friendless childhood “the Kingdom of God is come”—and is coming—into our midst in a very real and palpable sense.

These Institutions represent a class of the most powerful and effective agencies by which the advent of the Kingdom of God announces itself to the peoples that dwell on the earth. In them the kingdom arrives. Admittedly this is so, whatever

the phrascology may be under which it finds expression and by which it wins recognition.

To many men it may simply suffice to see in this philanthropy that makes the children of the slums its object of service, a broadening humanity that accepts the claim of mankind as such on its own simple and sovereign basis of earthly need. To Christians, from the standpoint of the New Testament evangel, it will be a sign of the coming of the Kingdom and the recognised reign of the King. It matters not: or at least the primary and indispensable thing is that all persons concede the claim of service of man to man, and the peculiar claim and obligation of service to the buds of child-life on which the healthy perpetuation of the generations of the race so largely depends.

Here, happily, there is no controversy. On this point the cosmopolitan race is united. The human heart heeds, or admits that it should heed, "the cry of the children." Dr. Barnardo's Mission affords standing ground for all. There is here one platform where all men meet. It is the busy ministry of the children that makes us one. This work unifies elements otherwise without affinity. It creates a great UNITY—a unity grouped and formed by the presence of a child in distress, or an infancy that heartlessness neglects or abandons.

"A little child shall lead them." Well is it, we are sure, that our modern Babel life should find a nerve-centre in the common task of befriending babes and in attentive service to the children who become a public trust by reason of squalor and vice and poverty and disease. One of the sweetest of modern mystics, John Pulsford, in "*Quiet Hours*,"* has a chapter on "Babes," in which he reminds us that the centre of Christianity is "a little child." He says, "The

* "*Books for the Heart*," edited by Alexander Smellie, M.A. (Andrew Melrose: 16, Pilgrim Street, London.)

Christian world is a circumference which has grown from the Apostles as a centre ; the Apostles also were once a circumference of which a little child was the centre. Jesus 'took a little child and set him in the midst of the Apostles. Nor was that enough : He took the child in His arms, and lifted him to His bosom. The Beautiful Presence hides itself more in babes than in men. It is marvellous in our eyes, that where there is neither physical might, nor rational might, *there* the God of all might should be so much the more. But so it is. 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.'"

"But so it is." Dr. Barnardo's work is a great "strength" and service of ordination, "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings." This work requires no persuasion to ensure help. *It is a child—that* is sufficient ; and *that* is a consideration which sums up all arguments and supplies all motives to the work. The whole round globe is the circumference of a circle of centripetal attraction that has "a little child in the midst."

And what blessedness before God comes of this ministry of Christ through human channels to "a little child"! "Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me." We know not what we do when we take upon our shoulders the burden of a little child's life ; for we find afterwards that our experience is as that of St. Christopher : the very staff on which we leant when bearing our so light, yet so responsible, burden becomes, as in the legend, a palm bearing fruit. The "little child" we help is other than we know. It is "the child Jesus" that we befriend in him—the Babe of Bethlehem, the Infant of the flight into Egypt, the Youth of the cottage Home at Nazareth. We never "receive a little child" alone ; we receive at the same time the Christ of God. So *He* tells us. And, may we add,

we receive, too, the God of Christ, for "he that receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me."

Thus ministry fulfilled to needy children is the Christian's shortest way to God. It seems to be even so. The way is a path of three steps only—a child, Christ, the Father: Then the nearest point of contact of earth with heaven is "this ministry." The impact of invisible angelic ministries with ours, seen and earthly, is near some befriended child's cot, a waif's warm shelter, some "Babies' Castle," a "Girls' Village," a "Stepney Home," a little sufferer's Ward in the "Palace of Pain." This is where heaven comes down to earth. A child's life is the mercy-seat of Christian ministry; and as little children are found everywhere who are the better for attention, we may meet and participate in angels' ministry every day. We may help to fulfil the earthly side of unseen and silent agency, join hands with "their angels," and place ourselves in perfect line with even the Divine ministry of Christ Jesus the Lord, and His and our Father in heaven. Thus it is that we discover

So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot on earth
Some love is found!

It is from this point of view that we see Dr. Barnardo's work in a proper light and in the most advantageous perspective. It is a work that holds a lofty place in the great economy. Obedient faith and ministering love come to descry under the sodden rags of a slum child and the thin, scanty covering of worn and threadbare garments, "a little child" of Christ's warm circle and of angels' care! Faith and love come not within sight of the chill calculation of the materialism which asks what value can such piteous frailty be to the Commonwealth, whether it is really worth saving, and whether it would not be better to let it die! Faith and love and hope and righteous-

ness hear only Christ's voice speaking in tones of grave and marked emphasis, "Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." Christian succour receives in its arms a *child*: that is enough—and it sees God near.

Not in moist flowers at even
See we our God so nigh.

It sees Him close because it sees how much of *Him* is hidden in *a child*!

True and healthy collectivism springs alone from the vigorous personality and self-sacrificing leadership of individuals.

"What we want to know is how the results were brought about; not the dead figures, but the living, working power."

CHAPTER I.

WHEREUNTO THE WORK HAS GROWN.

BEFORE tracing the initial steps by which this work of child-rescue took form in the Founder's mind, we propose to give a succinct view of the proportions it has reached in these opening years of the new century.

We have before us the financial statement for the year 1902, setting forth income and expenditure, and an analysis of donations, with a balance-sheet of liabilities and assets. The whole is vouched for by two foremost city firms of Chartered Accountants and Auditors. One of these firms has its own office on the Stepney premises, and its own staff of clerks, so as to maintain a running weekly audit. For the details of so large a scheme of money transactions, we must of necessity refer the reader to the Annual Report itself.* We cannot attempt even an abstract of the accounts in the limited space at our disposal. Our main object in this brief reference is simply to show the friends of little outcast children and of

* Obtainable on application to the Honorary Secretary, Mr. George Code, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

children's work, that the responsible managers of these Institutions place the accounts of their stewardship before the public so perfectly and under such unimpeachable guarantees of accuracy, that they merit the most complete confidence and the heartiest support from all givers and helpers throughout the world. The whole responsibility for financial administration is in the hands of a strong financial Subcommittee of the General Council, which meets monthly ; while everything has been done in the conduct of this National Association to assure the benevolent public that their gifts are being faithfully applied and administered under suitable business-like guarantees for the sagacity and integrity of its operations.

We will now see what the Association's annual income is, and afterwards what we have got for our money.

The income for the year 1902 was £178,732, being an increase of £32,975 over the total of the previous year, an increase due, however—we are reminded in the Report—largely to an increase of legacies to the extent of nearly £20,000 and to special contributions of nearly £9,000 under peculiar circumstances towards Founder's Day Fund: two sources not to be depended upon in successive years. The table of annual receipts from the date of the first Report in 1867, giving a statement of the receipts from the commencement of the work in May, 1866, to December 31st, 1902—a period of thirty-six and a half years—shows that the income has been invariably over £100,000 since 1889. Prior to that year it steadily rose from nearly £2,500 in 1871, for the most part by several thousands a year, and passed gradually and healthily to the tens, twenties, thirties, forties, fifties, sixties, and seventies to one hundred thousand, until it exceeded £100,000 a year in 1889. After that date it rose to £150,000 in 1894, owing to entirely exceptional circumstances ; in 1895 it dropped

to £142,000, to grow again, with some fluctuations, until in 1902 it became upwards of £178,000.

Judging by these facts, and in view of the incorporation of the Association in 1899, the men of public influence and credit who manage it, and, above all, the Founder and Director himself, may surely expect to see the income move on quickly to an amount which ought to ensure them against future annual deficiency. In the current Report (for 1902) they inform their supporters that the growth of the work is so rapid that "although the income for the past year has increased considerably, the necessary expenditure has still been some £8,000 in excess of that income."

Despite this deficiency for a single year, such a position of affairs looks certainly like "an assured steadiness of support" on the part of the public which promises "to guarantee the stability and permanence of the whole work." The total sum contributed in thirty-six and a half years is over two and three-quarter millions. With this sum, which is about equal to a fortnight's expenditure on the war in South Africa, as the *Review of Reviews* reminded us, and only as much as the nation sometimes spends in one week on drink, Dr. Barnardo has trained and either placed out in life or retains under his care no fewer than FIFTY-TWO THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND TWO WAIF CHILDREN. And the *Review of Reviews* added words which we reproduce, if only to show further ground for the confidence which the public may well cherish in the integrity and stability of these National Institutions:—

The whole of this vast sum of money, which has been entrusted to Dr. Barnardo for administration, is rigorously accounted for to the last penny. The accounts of the Homes are subject first of all to a running weekly audit; furthermore, a regularly audited statement of Accounts is presented to the Council at each monthly session. Then there is a system of double annual audit by two firms of Accountants; and Dr. Bar-

nardo, although the centre both for receipt and expenditure, never personally touches the money. By an admirable system, perfected by the experience of thirty years, the money passes automatically into the bank, and is drawn out by the Council without Dr. Barnardo having any personal direct contact either with the money that comes in or the money that goes out. This system he devised years ago to free himself from the embarrassment always consequent upon handling other people's money.

If after this statement and assurance any one would presume to hint a doubt as to the financial trustworthiness of the movement, we should, we hold, rightly consider him guilty of what is nothing less than a crime against his country, of a sin against children who for the most part have been sufficiently sinned against already, and also of a grievous wrong done to the management.

Few people whose acquaintance with this work is only of recent date know that for the first twelve years it was carried on without Committee or Council, without President, Vice-President, or Patron. The first President was the first Earl Cairns, then Lord Chancellor of England. It was at a time when the Homes were supposed to be needing the greater support that would come from outside co-operation that he himself proposed to become their President. On his lamented death other well-known men of distinction, whose sympathies were with good work, took the vacant place, such as the Earl of Meath, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Polwarth, and Lord Kinnaird. In the year 1891 Lord Brassey consented to fill this post, and he has for successive years since manifested that his Presidency was no formal or perfunctory fulfilment of an official duty, but a deed of Christian service rendered by a brave and sympathetic friend to whom social subjects were of the deepest interest, and whose speeches on the occasion of the Annual Meeting of the Society were always suggestive of a right understanding of the great principles which underlie the work. Her Majesty

Queen Alexandra conceded in 1898 her patronage to the Cripples' Aid Branch of the work (the Young Helpers' League); but she has recently consented most graciously to become Patron of the whole Association and its widespread network of Institutions and agencies.

The donors and helpers at the present time number just under one hundred thousand, and these include twenty-six thousand members or Companions of "The Young Helpers' League." Many steadfast and wealthy donors give large sums; but more persons by far contribute small amounts out of small means. For example, the latest Report (1902) reveals the astonishing fact that out of 94,332 separate donations received during the year, no fewer than 64,617 were each under £1 in value, and 23,353 were over £1 and under £5 in value! But no mere tables of statistics can set forth all that lies behind these figures—the trials of faith, the answers to prayer, and the wide communion of saints which such work for God leads to and affords. Let us rather quote a few sentences from the Founder's own experience, as given in the pages of his magazine—sentences which illumine and interpret the figures of his Report. In December last he writes of the preceding month:—

On November 8th I spent many hours considering anxiously how claims which could not longer be deferred should be met. Between that day and the 30th, £8,622 had to be paid away. But hitherto the daily receipts had been at their lowest, and, as I mentioned in my last issue, the deficit on comparing this year's donations and last year's up to date, amounted to the large sum of £6,036. How were these pressing claims to be met? I knew not! Nor was the lack of money my only perplexity. Other anxieties and harassments, all incident to such a work, thronged in upon me.

I was at the end of my resources, and yet I felt assured that our Father would not suffer me to be overwhelmed. I could but cry to Him afresh. Again and again were the needs of the Children of my great Family laid before Him in prayer and His mercy besought on their behalf.

I could only beseech Him to whom the people of God have

looked in all ages for relief. And it came ! Slowly but surely it came, like the quiet rising of the sun. After the darkest part of night came the dawn. First a mere streak of light on the horizon, then the gradual colouring as the sun rose higher ; then the light, the blessed light, and soon the sun itself. Oh ! the blessed relief of it !

Yes, it was something like that. Slowly but surely letters became more numerous and gifts more frequent. Then a few large sums came, then unexpectedly two welcome donations of £500, and soon after a yet greater gift of £2,000. Then my friends seemed to wake up, and unexpectedly I had one or two splendid days, so that when November 30th was reached I found I had been able to pay the whole of the outstanding sum which had been so pressingly urgent, while the difference between the two years had sunk to £3,668. How my heart praised God and how rejoiced I was by this fresh proof of a loving Father's care my readers may perhaps imagine. Coincidentally with this deliverance other cares were lifted from my heart. The light shone in upon a great perplexity which had sorely troubled me, the "rough places were made smooth" and "the valleys exalted."

In a work like this a daily sense of the nearness and reality of Divine help and protection is borne in upon the mind and heart that is stayed upon God, and "lifts up the hands which hang down and the feeble knees."

During those days of anxious waiting, gifts came in from the very ends of the earth to supply the needs of God's Little Ones under my care. From *Australia* I had 27 donations, from *India* 5, from *Africa* 21, from *France* 4, from *Italy* 1, from *China* 2, from *Russia* 2, from *Switzerland* 2, and from the *United States* 5. All these replenished my coffers and comforted my heart in equal measure.

Among the donations that gave me the greatest encouragement was one from a friend, who, with his wife, paid a visit to our Village Home at Ilford. On entering the Children's Church, they observed that we had no organ, and inquired what it would cost to supply one. Three hundred pounds, they learned, would suffice. The gentleman, on reaching home, wrote to me that he and his wife, in memory of their dear child lately fallen on sleep, felt disposed to contribute the amount needful for an organ as an *In Memoriam* gift. "But," he added, "as your funds are so low, you may devote the amount, if you like, to the general support of the children, and leave it to some other friend to supply the organ later on." I gratefully accepted the alternative offer, and the £300 reached my hands almost immediately.

From an *Irish* medical man I received about the same period £333 6s. 8d. A lady sent £500 which she had intended to

bequeath to our Homes, but which she preferred the joy of giving during her lifetime. A multitude of lesser gifts also were added to the treasury, almost each one bearing the impress of the generous hand and the prayerful heart. On one special day during this time of anxiety our receipts amounted to £777 5s. 5d. Of this amount £100 came from a doctor in *New South Wales*. Fifteen other gifts were from *Australia*, four from *Africa*, and three from *India*, while the Earl of Meath contributed from a fund left him for disposal for emigration purposes the sum of £281 14s. 6d.

From Dr. Barnardo's journal we also glean the following examples of the varied sources and wide area from which his Children's Treasury continues to be replenished. He writes :—

If the difficulties are huge, my helpers often bring to my aid faith that will remove mountains, and help to nerve the heart and strengthen the arm. I turn over my records of recent gifts, for instance, and, despite the drawbacks, encouragements throng upon me in cheery multitude. If our funds are in arrear there are many helpers who remember the call of the bairns. I take this message home to my heart even in the darkest hours, and I am comforted ; for do they not all tell the same delightful tale of the loving-kindness and gracious care of our Heavenly Father ? Let me gather a handful of scraps from my correspondence files to encourage my helpers as well as myself. They will show how varied are the sources of supply, and how wide is the area from which God sends supplies for His Little Ones.

Just before going to press with not one shilling in hand, and our bank account heavily overdrawn, I received a brief note containing only three lines :

“With sympathy, from a Member of Committee.”

The enclosure was a cheque for £100. Was not that delightful ? The next day a dear friend, an Irish M.D., enclosed me £200 with a few stirring and loving words of cheer. The same night, at a meeting far away from London, a dear little girl, aged seven, thrust a treasured sixpence into my hands, with the whisper in my ear, “For your poor little gells,” followed by the trembling “May I kiss you ?” God bless these kind-hearted helpers, whether young or old, who have cheered and encouraged the writer in a dark and cloudy day ! How *much* I need such cheer may be gathered from the one fact, that on May 1st this year, I was nearly £5,000 less in my receipts as compared

with the same four months last year, although *that* year was much lower than its predecessor.

From *Travancore* comes across the seas the following beautiful and heartening message of sympathy and co-operation: "I am sending enclosed a cheque for £2 for your work, and am sorry that this has been so long in coming, and that it is not more. I read with the greatest interest all the news that reaches me of the beautiful and glorious work you are doing among the poor children. In our Mission here we try to do a little along the same lines for poor children and for lepers, but what is our little compared with the mighty work God has enabled you to do for so many years? We pray for you that the heart of Britain may be enlarged towards you, and that you may be long spared to see still greater things than the Lord has shown you hitherto! Please do not measure the interest we have by the gift, because our means are limited. May every blessing rest upon your life and work is our earnest prayer."

A South African gift from *Claremont* is a sum of no less than £44, largely raised by a sale of work, towards the success of which quite a cluster of warm-hearted helpers have co-operated. It is delightful to read of a "Young Helpers' League stall" in such a far-away country—of ministers announcing the sale and commending it to their congregations, and of outside friends contributing special gifts towards the result. "Will you add the enclosed £5," wrote one such friend, "to your fund for Dr. Barnardo's Homes, as we should like to share in the effort you are kind enough to make by a contribution to this most worthy ministry for Christ in His Little Ones?" My kind correspondent, who organised the sale, says she felt rather doubtful as to their success. Her doubts must have been effectually dispelled by the splendid display of sympathy which her letter records!

One of my far-travelled gifts is £2 10s. which is described as "money gathered in *Estonia* (Balkan provinces, Russia) among sympathisers with your grand object, and intended to help defray your arabs' expenses."—From *Smyrna* I have also 8s. gathered by a young collector together with some foreign stamps for sale.

A valuable gift reached me about New Year time from *Yokohama*, Japan, consisting of three large cases of Japanese curios—cabinets, boxes, photograph-frames, etc. One did not know which most to admire in these productions, the admirable workmanship, or the artistic and novel character of the designs. The articles were sold at a good profit almost immediately. It is often a highly profitable means to help my children in this way, that is, by forwarding a consignment of better class articles of native workmanship for sale in England. I believe that this gift from *Yokohama* will thus have had a very large percentage

added to its value. A friend in *Bombay* has acted similarly for a year or two, with the result that the work of native silversmiths has brought us in nearly double what it cost in India. I very heartily thank these far-away helpers for their thoughtfulness and their generosity.

From *Marlborough*, in far-away *New Zealand*, I have had £3 9s. as the proceeds of a concert and a bran-pie. A pleasant but unusual conjunction !

From *Auckland* 5s. is "in fond remembrance of our darling child."—And by the same post £1 17s. 9d. reached me from a little township in *New Zealand* as "amount collected in our Band of Hope meetings for your noble work among the Waifs and Strays of your big city. We feel that it does our young people good to contribute towards the relief and support of those who are so much worse off than any of them are."

Here is a bunch of gifts from nearer home. From *Highbury* I have had £1 and the donor's *annual* parcel of thirty pairs of socks. This kind helper, in spite of not being very strong, has sent me quite 250 pairs of socks since 1889. Curiously, my friend has given me no name all these years beyond the initials "R.H." So modest are many of these warm-hearted workers !

"Nearly all my pocket-money" accounts for one shilling from a London eight-year-old.—A *Leeds* station-master has sent me £1 "collected by one penny only from each person": 240 gifts ! —£40 is a gift to the Foundation Fund from two sisters (*Bedford*), with a tiny matter-of-fact little note that seemed to me to be curiously out of keeping with the generosity of the gift ; and 7s. 6d. is from "an Australian mother whose two little children have been saving their pennies for the little homeless ones."—"In memory of a dear brother" £2 comes from *Wolverhampton*.—£1 10s. from a boarding-house in *Bournemouth*, is sent as having been "collected each Sunday after dinner from visitors staying at our establishment."—£10 from *York* is a thank-offering for God's restoring mercy : "Six weeks ago my right side was paralysed, but I am now able to write nearly as well as I could before."—2s. 6d. from *Cheshire* is a forfeit in a dispute between the donor and a friend : "I said Chorley was not between Darwen and Blackburn on the rail. My friend said it was. Result, 2s. 6d. to your Home."—£1 5s. from *Great Bentley* has been collected at a "breaking-up function" in a school, when the children were invited to do something for others who were without friends : "The staff subscribed 10s., the children 13s. 11d., and a couple of parents 1s."—Part of 15s. from *Hensham* was collected by a dying child in his sick-room, from cousins and friends that used to visit him.

The total sum received from legacies of departed

friends shows, on the whole, a steady increase during recent years. The work of Christ among human souls and bodies, we should remember, must go on when men of this generation are called away; and therefore the "box of ointment of spikenard" stored and broken at His feet at death is an "offering of a sweet smell."

Writing on this subject, Dr. Barnardo quotes from the letter of one of his far-away helpers:—

A correspondent writes: "Why not urge your readers and present-day helpers to devise legacies to your Homes when drawing up their wills? If every one of your readers who has property to devise made your Homes a bequest, you would not lose, as you now must do every year, by the death of former contributors. As for me, I am not what the world calls rich, yet I am comfortably off, and, as I have neither chick nor child, I have appointed your Homes as my residuary legatee, so that some day they will be the richer by a few thousand pounds."

Our Founder adds this comment on the above in his magazine:—

Some, it may be many, out of our world-wide army of helpers, will this year be making their wills. May I ask them to remember the work of our Lord under my care when so doing, and thus see to it that the cause of my Waif Children is helped through their agency even after they have themselves gone forth from this scene? This duty should, I think, be present to the minds of all God's stewards, and especially with those who have during life helped our work a little. The duty and privilege of continuing their sympathetic aid to the children's cause may well press with more than usual urgency, considering the difficulties under which the Institutions have laboured for some years.

A feature of the Report for 1902 on its income side which merits separate notice is the splendid gift of £14,126, returned as contributed during the twelve months through the Young Helpers' League. The Young Helpers' League is prosperous both in membership and income. Founded by Dr. Barnardo in 1891, its membership in 1902 had grown to 26,346,

its Habitations to 830, and its Lodges to 595; and it supported 321 Cots in the various Hospitals and Convalescent Homes of the Association. The members or "Companions" of the League are now found in nearly all parts of the world. Its short history of twelve years has served to reveal a fact worthy of note by other Institutions as well as this, that there are "large reserves of power among the children of Christian households." In its first eleven years this League of "quite young people" has alone raised upwards of £96,000 for "the rescue of their crippled and afflicted and waif and stray little brothers and sisters"!

The Leaguers consist of young people all over the world who desire to help their Waif Brothers and Sisters, and whose subscription as members is 1s. per annum. The *Young Helpers' League Magazine* is their monthly organ, and gives descriptions, well illustrated, of the rescue of children and of other matters pertaining to the work. The Companions are drawn from all ranks and classes, including Royal homes, down to helpers among the lowliest in the land. The League has its own Orders and Badges, its Habitations and Lodges. Both for the purpose of bringing near to well-cared-for children who live in comfort and even in luxury the case of their less fortunate brothers and sisters under the care of the Homes, and as a means of training them to habits of mindful and unselfish devotedness, grown-up people should encourage the young who come within the range of their personal influence to form themselves into Habitations of the League. Who of all those to whom it is given to hear "the cry of the children" respond to it more readily than the children themselves?

It remains only in this chapter that we summarise the work done for the money thus variously and widely contributed.

Both the applications and admissions show a steady

increase from year to year. The number of applications in 1902 was 10,578, and of admissions, 3,501: which means that the admissions numbered an average of sixty-seven for every week in the year, or rather more than eleven for every working day. This is nearly five hundred more than the highest total in any previous year. An analysis of these admissions shows that the Homes are helping cases which *primâ facie* had the greatest need. In 1902 the infants in arms received numbered 373, significantly accounted for by the new laws relative to baby farming. Private baby farming is doomed, and placed under severe restrictions by the law of the land; so that unprincipled persons may no longer from greed take in helpless infants to treat them as they will, and to whom it is convenient that they should die. The hideous stories of crime that in late years have filled the public with horror are, it would seem, now no longer possible. The result of this new law, happily, is that Dr. Barnardo has become one of the greatest baby farmers in the world! He always has many hundreds of babies on his hands; and he employs a little army of nurses who become to them as mothers.

All honour to the doctor who "farms" these tender mites of squalor and wretchedness and pinching poverty with all a foster-father's care! Last year, for example, Dr. Barnardo had under his care 762 infants under five years of age; and such was the excellent system under which they are being brought up that among them *only one death occurred!* But then our Founder declares that this extraordinarily low mortality among his infants is due entirely to the fact that he no longer segregates or aggregates them, but that nearly all his children under five years of age are boarded out! According to the Registrar-General's Tables of Mortality (for 1901, the latest published), the average number of deaths occurring annually among 762 infants under five years of age should be forty-one. But Dr. Barnardo

has reduced his deaths to *one* ! It is noteworthy that two out of every three children who enter the Homes come from outside London—a “hard fact,” which makes it plain that the Institution is not a mere *Metropolitan* charity, as it has sometimes been called, and that therefore it has large claim for support on the Provinces as well as upon the Metropolis.

The number admitted in 1902, who were either too young or too old to be received into any Institution receiving Government aid, was 1,166. These are classes ineligible for Certified Industrial Schools or Reformatories. No other institution has in one year, it is believed, ever admitted so many applicants of this class.

The number welcomed by the “Ever-Open Doors” which our Founder has established in Bath, Bristol, Belfast, Birmingham, Brighton, Cardiff, Leeds, Liverpool, Newcastle, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Southampton, and Hull—thirteen in all—is a revelation of vigilant and discreet work that merits more space than we can give it. There were admitted by these “doors of hope” in 1902 one thousand five hundred and thirty-one unwanted Waif and Stray children. No needy case was refused aid. 19,946 free lodgings were provided, and 61,286 meals.

Sickness and disease make no difference to ease of access to Dr. Barnardo’s Homes. The lame, the halt and the blind, the deaf and dumb, the incurable, are alike received by him ; and during the year 1902 eighty of such afflicted little ones were taken in and cared for. (Let it be borne in mind that this number relates solely to the new admissions for one year. But already he had in hand a host of impotent little Waifs. As a matter of fact, over twelve hundred children who are blind, deaf and dumb, crippled, incurable, or helpless infants, are daily under the care of the Association.)

The Canadian and Colonial Emigration Department shows growing vigour. In 1902 one thousand and

fifty-three boys and girls were sent out in parties to the Industrial Farm in Manitoba, or to the Branch Homes in Peterborough and Toronto and Winnipeg. This was the highest total yet reached in any one year up to 1902. 684 of these were boys and 369 girls. But in 1903 up to the hour of going to press he has sent forth 1,237, thus surpassing the record of all former years. From the commencement of this emigration movement by the Homes nearly fifteen thousand waifs have been given a new and promising and brightly encouraging chance in life in the ample spaces of the Dominion and the Colonies. Six thousand three hundred and ninety-nine children were in residence at the end of 1902, namely, 3,583 boys and 2,816 girls (a number which has since grown to over 7,000); and during the year over fourteen hundred young people were sent to situations in Great Britain or sent to sea, from the various Training Homes and Industrial Workshops for girls and boys, where they had learnt the trades or callings for which they were most fitted. There are always about six hundred young people under technical instruction in the twenty Industries which the Homes have in operation. The number of children boarded out in country districts had grown in December, 1902, to 2,926. And many thousands of others, who were found to be not so absolutely destitute as to warrant their permanent admission to the Homes, were lodged and fed for a short time, or helped with clothing and other accessories necessary to enable them to fight their own way in life. Some had situations found them, or were sent to sea, or aided to emigrate. In other further instances, admission was obtained by payment to other Institutions, deemed better suited to their age, circumstances, and requirements. Though these cases of temporary aid seldom appear in the Reports, yet much labour is spent and much expense incurred on their behalf; and thereby a vast amount

of child-suffering has been averted and permanent good has been secured.

This is but a brief bird's-eye view of the business of Dr. Barnardo's immense organisation ; but it will, we hope, serve to aid the already quickened interest in these Homes which has evidently set in among the wide constituency of this country, to which this National Waifs' Association principally appeals, and on which it assuredly has peculiar claims.

The fact that the Council of the Association has a large and hampering overdraft at its bankers—that the annual income is still about £8,000 below the annual expenditure—that mortgages exist on much of the property—and that the reliable income should be raised to £200,000, if the movement is to overtake all the calls made upon it, and to meet the piteous cry that still goes up from perishing children, should, we think, lead all lovers of humanity, far more all servants of the Great Master, to ask themselves whether they cannot contribute of their substance gifts prompt and generous and regular to a cause so Christlike and so hopeful !

The entrancing story of how the movement grew to be what it is, it is now our business to tell.

"We forge all our chains on the heart."—"Poor street wanderers, such as may be seen in London in the dreary winter nights, crouching in doorways and under bridges, little heaps of rags with, perhaps, bright, hungry eyes, that sparkle on you in a kind of savage fear. Said one who slept in empty carts, 'The stars awoke me in winter, for they looked down on me so clear and white.'"

CHAPTER II.

THE INITIAL IDEA OF THE WORK.

THE initial idea of the Founder's life-work must be traced to little Jim Jarvis, who was God's first messenger to him in Stepney. Dr. Barnardo was then a medical student at the London Hospital in the Whitechapel Road, who used his Sundays and some of his week evenings in teaching a few ragged urchins the truths of Christianity in a rough and improvised East-end schoolroom. This room was, in point of fact, a disused donkey-stable. It was obtained at small expense, cleaned and whitewashed, and, with a fireplace put in it, proved a welcome change for the lads for whom it was intended, accustomed as they were to the chill and damp of streets, passages and alleys, outhouses and railway arches, night and day.

In this disused donkey-stable, fitted up economically, the young Christian medical student met his charges, learnt his first lessons in dealing with the difficult problems of slum and outcast life, obtained insight into its fearful and piteous conditions, and all unawares graduated for and into his great mission.

"To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance." Proving "faithful in a very little," God afterwards entrusted him with "much"; and herein also he is showing himself before the world "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He is conscientious and painstaking, modest, methodical, self-effacing, a skilful organiser, in the "abundance" he now has, as he was in the "little" he had at first, which he did not dream would ever be known outside his own narrow circle, still less ever mature into a network of Institutions of National and even Imperial importance.

Yet so it was, and how it came to pass all should know.

There entered, one chill and bitter night, into the "schoolroom," for shelter and warmth, a little street-boy, just at the hour when the medical student, tired after an evening given up to teaching and managing his Ragged School, following on a day of hard professional study, was about to close the place.* This little fellow was shoeless, hatless, shirtless, and with only a few rags to cover him from the keen wind and the pitiless night. He had no desire to be taught, only to find shelter. He crept in much as a battered little bird might enter where the lights are from the darkness and tempest without. When the rest left he lingered. And the medical student, about to lock up, told him he must now go home. But he prayed to be allowed to stay for the night by the fire, and he would promise to do no harm. A lad had told him that very likely if he came up there the "Guv'nor" would let him stay by the fire all night. To this the young medico objected. "Oh no! run away home," he said. "Got no home," was the boy's quick rejoinder. "Got no home!" exclaimed Barnardo. "Be off, and go

* See "My First Arab; or, How I began my Life-Work." By Thos. J. Barnardo, F.R.C.S.Ed.

home to your mother ; don't tell me ! ” “ Got no mother,” repeated the boy. “ Then go home to your father,” Barnardo continued. “ Got no father,” said the little fellow. “ Got no father ! But where are your friends ? Where do you live ? ” “ Don't live nowhere ; got no friends,” said the lonely lad. There was a tone of sincerity in the boy's words that gave Barnardo pause, and he hesitated to conclude that he was lying. So he continued to talk with him and further questioned him. And the end of the interview was that Barnardo learnt that this little fellow was not an exceptional case—a case the like of which he would never meet with again ; but one verily of a large class of Street Waifs who lived “ nowhere.”

Instantly it was as if a flashlight was turned on the black pall of night that hid the perishing children of a negligent civilisation from the eyes of men. He there and then saw what he had no idea up to that time could by any possibility have existed—children in hundreds who were the outcasts of vice-cursed populations, naked, starved, shelterless, friendless—“ nobody's children ”—children who “ don't live nowhere.” Was this, after all, possible ? Could it be that there were other little boys as wofully forsaken and uncared for and as forlorn as *this* one ? “ Oh yes, sir ; lots—'eaps on 'em ; mor'n I could count,” was the eye-opening answer of the lad who stood before him.

Young Barnardo was determined not to be hoaxed. After giving the boy, who by this time had become an object of intense and tender interest to him, hot coffee and the promise of a place to sleep in, he set off under his guidance to see whether there really were other boys such as he, unsheltered and sleeping out in the open on that dread winter night.

And who was this boy ? What was his name ? For he surely should be handed down to fame for the part he unconsciously played in laying the foundations of this

National Association. His name was "Jim"—"Jim Jarvis," he said. His mother had died in the workhouse infirmary. He had never known his father. Questioned whether he knew who "Jesus" was, he replied promptly that "He was the Pope of Rome"! That idea had been fixed in his mind ever since the day when, at five years of age, he stood by his mother's death-bed in the "workus," and saw a black-coated priest standing near, she being a Roman Catholic, and noticed, as he asserted he did, that she crossed herself on mention of the name of the Pope, and that the priest crossed himself when he mentioned the name of Jesus. Putting the two things together, the boy concluded that Jesus and the Pope were one and the same person!

After his mother's death, not liking the restraints of the "workus" school, Jim made a dash for freedom, since which time he had lived by his wits in the streets of Whitechapel. For a while he found employment with a Wapping lighterman and fared badly on his barge. Then he ran away, and for a long time made it his chief business to elude his rough employer, whom he called "swearin' Dick."

And now the time had come when this little fellow was to be used as God's messenger to the young medical student whom God had chosen to be one of the waifs' best friends.

The pattering naked feet of alert little Jim led the way for Barnardo to a wilderness of old sheds, tumbledown outhouses, and wreckage, lying near Houndsditch, that old region of passages, lairs, and holes that abutted upon Petticoat Lane and the Rag Exchange, as they were then called. But at first there appeared no sign of boys "sleeping out," as he had said. Barnardo struck matches, and peeped under barrows and behind boxes and piles of odds and ends, and peered into hidden nooks and shaded crannies and corners. But not a boy was to be seen! No sleeping child could be

sighted sheltered behind or under any poor screen anywhere. He began to doubt whether Jim could make good his word to show him "lots on 'em." "Stop a minit," said Jim, "and come arter me." Quick as a ferret, Jim was away up over and along a boundary wall. He had stuck his naked toes into the spaces between the worn brick-work and mounted the wall which supported sheds by the side of an old and mouldy wharf. With the aid of a stick, he helped up his new friend. And there, as the moon shone out, the seeker-out of the "lost" saw right before him a wo-begone group of eleven poor boys, of ages varying from nine to eighteen, sleeping in all postures, in the gutters of the iron roof, clad in thin rags, with not a shred more to cover them, exposed under the open sky to all winds and weather—a spectacle to angels and to men, and enough to break any heart of love!

"Shall I wake 'em up, sir?" asked Jim, as one of the sleepers moved. To Jim the sight was customary enough: this was one of his own familiar sleeping haunts. It evoked no sentiment in his heart, inured as he was to such experiences. "Shall I wake 'em up?" "No, no," replied the awe-struck visitor. And the two descended quietly and went away. As they were about to return, Jim inquired of Barnardo whether he wanted to see any more. "Shall I show you another lay, sir? There's lots more!" But the young student had seen enough for one night. Sick at heart, he wended his way home, perplexed, dumfounded, smitten, humiliated, well-nigh despairing of his kind, but happily with one clear and simple duty and determination before him—that whatever might come of this night's discovery, he must shelter, feed, clothe, and care for "little Jim."

Hence it is that Jim Jarvis did not sleep out on the roof of a shed that night, or ever sink supperless to rest again. The day came when he was under Canadian skies and lived amid Canadian plenty, and

enjoyed the lot that, thanks to Dr. Barnardo and his friends, has since fallen to thousands of Jim Jarvises, by which they have had a promising start in life given them, through a well-placed emigrant's opportunity.

The sight our hero had beheld under the midnight sky, in the very heart of London, followed him and haunted him. He constantly saw before him those eleven boys whom he left in the sweet oblivion of sleep, not having heart to disturb them and so bring them back to the grim reality of their unpitied lives. Had not sleep, "kindly sleep," as an angel of mercy, folded soft wings over those forlorn waifs and for a while guarded them in unconsciousness and rest? They should sleep on now! And when he saw them again it should be to give them shelter and rest in Homes, where loving-kindness, human and Divine, should minister unto them!

The one thing he made out most distinctly was this—that he himself was awake at last to the hideous actualities and the seamy side of modern civilisation; and he resolved by God's help never more to slumber or sleep. 'Tis true it was a rude awakening that he had received: he had been startled by a shock from ignorance of the grim reality of things in the East of London; but now he would keep wide awake. He had cherished the purpose of going to China presently as a missionary, and would not his medical equipment fit him for work there? So he had thought, and so he had delighted to think. But the door had opened suddenly in his own city, and he had seen the things that were, things as they existed, the palpable, indurate unveiling of English outcast life in the heart of his own country. And the desire to go to China merged into an all-consuming absorption of passion to befriend and recover to Christ and to His Church, to civilisation and the commonwealth of the nation, the waste lives of our city waifs.

That Dr. Barnardo, since the mid-sixties, when God sent to him little Jim with His mission-message on

behalf of "nobody's children," has awakened many others who, possessed of wealth and leisure, slept in ease and contentment, in apathy and neglect of the claims that Christ has upon them to be His friends of the poor children amongst us; and that he has awakened, in gentle love, thousands of waif boys and girls to the morning light of a day of hope, of useful toil and healthy happiness, is proof positive that his own awakening to the cry of the city children and his own labour for their sakes have "not been in vain in the Lord"! Nor must we altogether omit in this connection a brief reference to some of the indirect consequences which followed our Founder's personal efforts to reclaim waif children. A list of no less than twenty-two Societies and separate Institutions could be given, all of which admit that they owe their origin and incitement to the new impetus which the successful labours and example of Dr. Barnardo gave to philanthropic enterprises. It will perhaps suffice if we mention here two of those Institutions which have been most prominent: the Church of England Society for Waifs and Strays is acknowledged by its clerical secretary, as well as by bishops and many of the clergy, to have been called into being by Dr. Barnardo's work; while the beautiful network of Homes, founded in Manchester by the late Mr. Leonard K. Shaw, were declared by him to be the outcome of his perusal of one of Dr. Barnardo's earliest issued little books, describing the sorrows of waif childhood, and the best way to alleviate them.

On a recent occasion the Bishop of Hereford referred to this influence exercised over other minds by our Founder in the following words, with which we may well end this chapter:—

We owe thanks to Dr. Barnardo not only for the work, but for that which is even greater than the personal work, the inspiration he has given to other men and women to follow his example. A man of genius touches the imagination of men, inspires their hearts, and stirs their feelings; and so his

work multiplies itself a thousandfold in the work of other lives. And that is just what we believe this work of Dr. Barnardo is doing to-day. We see the visible portion of it in what is done for these seven thousand children now in his Homes. None will ever see, except the eye of the All-seeing, the multitudinous influences which go out from such a good work as this, and which I hope one and another of you will carry with you to bear good fruit in the saving of many souls from a life of sin and crime and misery.

"And so it was that he was waiting there for these poor lost children of Hamburg, and that afterwards he wrote, in words that some might think over-strong: Jesus Christ is the Founder of the Rauhes Haus" (Rough House). —IMMANUEL WICHERN, Hamburg.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEXT STEP, AND WHAT IT LED TO.

THE next step in the formation of the important congeries of benevolent institutions, grouped under Dr. Barnardo's name, brings us to the Agricultural Hall. The Rev. Dr. Thain Davidson was then of Islington, and he is now in his old age one of the most revered ministers of the English Presbyterian Church. His Sunday Services for the People in that famous hall during many years secured a large attendance of the working classes, and wrought on them abiding influence for good. This was long prior to the great days of the Moody Revival,* when during many weeks, night after night, and Sunday by Sunday, a vast audience gathered to hear Moody preach and Sankey sing; and avowed conversions, and recovery of the lapsed, and renewed consecration of communicants in all the Evangelical Churches to Christ Jesus our Lord, were witnessed as an every-day experience, to the joy of a great army of workers.

How far Dr. Thain Davidson's Mission Services in

* For a first-hand account of this revival, see Chapter VII., "The Great Campaign in England," in "Dwight L. Moody: The Life-Work of a Modern Evangelist." By the Rev. J. H. Batt. (Partridge and Co. 1s. 6d.)

the same place during many years prepared the way for Moody's mission and helped to familiarise the people with the more homely evangelistic methods since happily known to multitudes, we are not able to say. That they did lasting good is beyond doubt. That they should have afterwards become hidden behind the fame of the great campaign carried on by Mr. Moody, and his colleague, Mr. Sankey, in London on so immense a scale and with so vast and unprecedented attraction, detracts not from the good they achieved, and the preparation of the ground they made, for the later sowing and the harvest of the never-to-be-forgotten reapers from America who with sermon and song did so much.

We are now to speak of one service in particular conducted by Dr. Thain Davidson, because of one young man present and the part in it he was unexpectedly called upon to take. That young man was Thomas John Barnardo, of the London Hospital in Whitechapel, and of the Ragged School in Stepney, whose meeting-place was extemporised out of a disused donkey-stable.

It happened that on the occasion we refer to, a speaker who was announced failed to put in an appearance, and no explanation of his absence was forthcoming. In the emergency Dr. Davidson, who was acquainted with the young medical student and his East-end Ragged School work, seeing him present, promptly called him to the platform to address the audience. He announced that "Our young friend here, a medical student who is working in the East End among the street boys, will give an account of his Mission." The occasion was a Missionary Meeting. The meeting was well on its way, and there had been a pause for the announced speaker, when lo! one in the audience was suddenly called upon to speak. There had been no private consultation, it seems; indeed, no opportunity, or, till now, no occasion for it. There and then Barnardo had to face the

audience and present an impromptu account of his own work. Never having spoken in public before, his feelings can be better understood than described. And an Agricultural Hall assembly was not quite an ideal congregation before which to make a first attempt!

Nervous as he afterwards declared himself to be, he was full to the brim of his daily experiences in that under-world of waifdom. So he told the people simply but effectively what an awakening he had just had as to the true condition of waif-and-stray child-life in the district where his classes met. He related his adventures, previously described, under the ægis and safe-conduct of "little Jim." Had he been the most practised public speaker, he could not have done better for the audience. His artless story, told with a heart moved by deep emotion, albeit his tongue was not as the pen of a ready writer, took with the people amazingly; and round after round of applause followed his revealing facts. In point of truth, he was the best kind of speaker for that subject. He communicated what he knew as a first-hand witness; and his words were winged to the hearts of the people by the ring of genuineness they conveyed and the conviction they carried that he was speaking the truth. He made no attempt to relate what had reached him only by hearsay; but he spoke simply and purely the things he knew and testified the things he had seen. And they received his witness. The impression made was abiding, and bore fruit farther afield than throughout that Islington congregation.

The young medical student's words got into the papers. Amongst the men who read them was the good Earl of Shaftesbury, who was still in the midst of his great work on behalf of the enslaved and burdened and perishing child-toilers of this land—mine-boys, climbers, sweeps, and factory hands, who were young in years and tender, and yet laboured long hours at hard and unhealthy tasks when they should have been free for school and play, in order

SOME OF DR. BARNARDO'S RESCUES.



"WAIFS AND STRAYS."



that they might grow up in strength and health and become fit for strenuous after-days. This perusal of the Agricultural Hall address resulted in his receiving an invitation to dine with the Earl of Shaftesbury at Grosvenor Square. The invitation was readily accepted, for Barnardo was just then anxious to follow up clues and avail himself of any opportunities as they presented themselves, if so be that he might see his way to further and more complete solutions of his perplexing and multiplying East-end problems.

At dinner on this occasion the conversation turned on the story our Founder had told at the Agricultural Hall of what he had seen and how he had obtained direct and personal knowledge of the fearful condition of child-life in the East-end quarter. The incident of "little Jim" was related again, and the "lay" of eleven boys he had led Barnardo to, away on the roofs of the Houndsditch shed, up out of the reach of the police, and then other facts followed drawn from more recent experiences.

The gentlemen at the dinner-table who heard this account became interested—and sceptical. They could not believe that facts were as Barnardo said. He must be mistaken, they one and all averred; or he was surely overstating the case. And yet he assured them that he was merely describing to them what his own eyes had seen.

There was, it seemed, only one way of settling the difficulty; and Lord Shaftesbury himself made the proposal. He asked this young man whether that night he could take them to places where children were actually to be seen sleeping out of doors under the open sky. He replied without a moment's hesitation, and with the strong confidence born of experience, that he could. On this the whole party agreed that they would at once give him an opportunity of showing them this sight. Cabs were ordered, and the unwonted spectacle was witnessed of a party of gentlemen in evening dress driving off together to the

foetid and squalid quarters of the east of London. As they were seen leaving a West-end mansion, and betaking themselves thus late eastwards, they must have suggested to the casual onlooker a party of gentlemen who had dined not wisely but too well and who were bent on a frolic!

But of that party we are sure one man was—yea, two men were—in dead earnest—our Founder and the Earl!

They duly reached the locality, of which Barnardo had by this time gleaned a wider knowledge, and they alighted. These late diners—city, and to some extent, Society men, in evening dress—stood there amid the grime and the filth and the odours, with the besotted, bedraggled and dirty inhabitants and onlookers of those quarters staring at such a strange company right in the midst of company and neighbourhoods still stranger!

And now for the proof of what young Barnardo had been saying, the unmistakable and unanswerable evidence that should present itself to them of children sleeping and herding the livelong night through out of doors!

Provokingly enough, for some time not one could be found! Hunt where they would, they only drew blanks! Barnardo was beginning to feel embarrassed, as a man who has placed himself in a false position. His friends who had accompanied him were almost beginning to think about him much as he had a while before at first felt concerning "little Jim"—that they had found him out: they doubted whether any children lying and sleeping out *were* to be discovered, search and inquire as they might.

The part to which they were conducted by Barnardo lay near Billingsgate Market, where he was by this time well aware that there was a "lay," and where usually lads slept by the score. But it really now seemed as if that night this particular "lay" was deserted! Barnardo for the moment felt vexed and

disconcerted, and as if he and his cherished work were unjustly discredited, when a policeman on duty informed him that it was "all right," and that there were "lots on 'em in there," pointing to hidden and hitherto unperceived recesses where only the initiated into the ways of waif-life would for a moment dream it were possible for even quick and knowing street-arabs to find a place of shelter. "They'll come out if you'll give them a copper," suggested the friendly guardian of the law on his nightly beat. But let us quote the words of another's description of what then happened :—

A halfpenny a head was offered, and then, from out of a great confused pile of old crates, boxes, and empty barrels which were piled together, covered with a huge tarpaulin, *seventy-three boys* crawled out from the lair where they had been seeking a shelter for the night. Called forth by the offer of a halfpenny, there they stood, beneath the light of the lamps, a sorrowful and mournful regiment of the great army of the destitute, confronting an even more sorrowful and mournful regiment of the well-to-do. "I pray God," said Dr. Barnardo, "that I may never again behold such a sight." But it was a vision which, although apocalyptic in its horror, carried with it a glad promise of better things to come. For Lord Shaftesbury was of the party, and with him were many of the best philanthropists in London.*

Our Founder had proved his case up to the hilt before men it was worth while to convince. There was now no manner of reason for doubting. There really did exist a great juvenile population in London, in the heart of the richest city in the world—without home or friend—abandoned by, or escaped from, their parents—wild arabs of a wilderness of black darkness and of the region of the shadow of death.

These belated and unwonted visitors to outcast young life did not part company with these seventy boys without feeding them. Dr. Barnardo knew of a coffee-shop "open all night," "Dick Fisher's" by name ; "so thither we all trooped," our Founder

* See *Review of Reviews*, July, 1896, p. 8.

tells us in one of his journals, "and our company, excited and vociferous at the prospect of a feast, carried the place by storm, and filled it right out, twice over. But at length all were refreshed by the hot coffee and the splendid slices of bread-and-butter—such a meal as the boys had scarcely had since they could remember! When Dick Fisher knew the rank of our host, he put forth unusual efforts to satisfy his unwonted guests." It was Dick Fisher, too, who supplied change of a half-sovereign into coppers to supply the promised halfpenny to each boy.

Dr. Barnardo in the same account* gives a brief but not to be missed description of the good Earl Shaftesbury as he appeared in that scene:—

As he stood there in Dick Fisher's coffee-shop, the great tears gathered in his fine eyes while he gazed on that ragged group of forlorn children. Children most of them really were, for although a few of the company might be fifteen, sixteen, or even seventeen years of age, the majority of them were under fourteen. Then to me he emphatically whispered, "All London should know of this!" It was long past midnight when we separated for the night, and it was with a warm shake of his hands and a hearty "God bless you!" that my aged host said farewell.

It was in this dramatic way that Providence, which sent "little Jim" to sow the first seeds of this work, raised up a host of competent friends well able to help just at the time when our Founder stood alone and unaided on the threshold of his great mission—men who could no longer doubt the need of it, and were in a position of social importance to admit of their being able to publish their discovery amongst wealthy and well-disposed West-end families that could be relied on to subsidise Barnardo's work by their own gifts. Up to this time the young medical student did not know any one who could render him effective help in the rescue and recovery of "lost" youthful

* See *National Waifs' Magazine*, June, 1899.

life. He was a lone young man in London himself, comparatively speaking, and not in the least in the running for recognition and influential aid and patronage. But he wrote a short time after: "Our heavenly Father, who feeds the hungry ravens, . . . heard the prayer of my heart, and gradually the way opened to accomplish the work I had set before me. I asked Him, if it was His holy will, to permit me to provide a shelter for such poor children, and to give me the wisdom needed to seek them out during the hours of darkness, and to bring them in to learn of God, of Christ, of heaven."

This prayer has received, and continues to receive, abundant answer from the Hearer and Answerer of prayer through the vigilance and skill, the persistence and self-sacrifice in service, of the one who offered it, and by the agency of the many helpers also, whom he has succeeded in so wonderfully imbuing with his own spirit of enterprise and philanthropy.

But we must not forget that we have not yet quite done with the Agricultural Hall meeting which this unknown young man was called upon so suddenly to address. There was present in the assembly on that occasion a young servant girl. She came to him at the close, and said that she had saved out of her small wage all she could afford, intending to contribute it to foreign mission work; but she had been so deeply impressed and moved by what she had heard him say of his own knowledge that night about the neglected state of the waif children in the East-end, and his desire to do something for them, that she resolved to give it to him. She begged him to accept it for his work, small though the gift was. She then handed him a little packet, and left; and he never saw her or heard anything about her after. Let Dr. Barnardo tell us from his journal how he felt on receiving this first public gift in aid of his Waifs:—

I felt not a little embarrassed. This was the first public money I had ever received. I know I felt myself getting red

and hot all over ! The questions rose in my mind : " Could I take it ? Was it right ? What should I do ? " It seemed ungracious to refuse the gift, yet I was in a very embarrassing position. Hitherto all expenses had been paid either by my two or three fellow-students and myself, or by a few of my private friends (I had not many, and of course to them I accounted for what I did with their money). But this was quite different, being a gift from a member of the public. So I held the little parcel in my hand, and thanked her in some awkward fashion. I know I felt as awkward in receiving it as she did in giving !

When at last I reached home I opened the packet, and found that it contained $6\frac{3}{4}d.$ in farthings ! I knew not what to do or what to think with regard to this gift. Presently, however, it came home to me that I had been asking God for guidance and help, and that this was *His* way of giving both. Here was a small gift, a humble one, and from a humble person. But it might be the seed of a great deal ! So I reverently wrapped the coins up in a paper and laid them in a drawer, where they remained some time. It was the first contribution I had ever had from the public ; yet I have never doubted since then that this was God's way of showing me that He could by humble and unexpected instruments supply all that would be needed for any work which He gave me to do for Him.

Trivial as the gift appeared to be—even ridiculously small for any appreciable aid it could afford to the costly work he was undertaking, just a poor servant's gift of $6\frac{3}{4}d.$, it nevertheless has the distinction of being the firstfruits, as it proved, of two and three-quarter millions of pounds, for that sum has passed through his hands on behalf of his Homes during the thirty-seven years that have elapsed since !

The Christ who saw the two mites cast by the widow into the treasury and took account of them, said that she had cast in more than they all according to *values* as they are fixed by the estimate of the heavenly kingdom. " He alone is able to say what the worth is of the twenty-seven farthings the poor servant maid put into Dr. Barnardo's hand ! " But we may be sure her gift is not forgotten, and that there awaits her a recognition hereafter that will make the much-belauded gift of many a well-advertised wealthy giver, who lacks her wholeheartedness and painstaking

mindfulness and *giving spirit*, to appear very small indeed.

So little are our methods of reckoning pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings competent to name the real worth of gifts of money as furnished by the money-tables of the Christ of the outcast! So little are we in a position to say what gift is small and what gift is large! So incapable are we of saying what place in lists of donations to the work of Christ and humanity our contributions have, whether at the top or bottom, in the first columns or the last! or how far they serve the work of Christ, who can make a little go a long way, and who knows that "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty"! But "servants' farthings" have a place with "widows' mites" in Christ's valuation of contributions, even where men only think it worth while to speak of pounds.

"The student moves in a world of beautiful ideals; his life is still wet with the fresh dew of youth; it is a time of poetry, of lofty thoughts, and large dreams, and indefinite capacities."

CHAPTER IV.

ONE WHO HEARD "THE CHILDREN WEEPING."

THAT Dr. Barnardo is the Founder of the Homes grouped under his name, and that he is the foster-father of the families that dwell in them, we all know. The work originated with him, and came to be his by no preconceived or prearranged plan of his own, or of others on his behalf, but by his simply doing for stray and unloved children what he had fixed his heart on. How natural and simple the beginning was we trust we have already made clear; also how gradual and connected were the incidents that slowly led him up to the great and responsible task of his life. Event followed event, all of an ordinary, almost commonplace kind, and in a beautiful and encouraging sequence that showed the incidents to be no accidents, but parts of a great plan laid down for him, as he believed, by the One presiding, all-wise, all-loving Mind.

The story is a very simple one, as we have seen. Young Barnardo is drawn to the outcast young, the victims of destitution, squalor, or vice, or all combined; and he does what he can—just the work, in fact, that any young man who has the same spirit might do. He teaches and manages classes of rough

boys no one seems to have looked after. He gives his Sundays, and frequently his evenings, to them, purely from Christian concern as he sees them growing up in want and peril ; and the work might end as it began, so far as any early idea or presentiment of his own is concerned. At the first public meeting he addresses, when called upon on the spur of the moment to speak, he talks out of the fulness of his heart on the theme that fills his mind. His words, bearing as they do on one side of our great social problem, get into the papers and lead to his meeting with prominent philanthropists, who aid his work as soon as they become acquainted with its need and claim. And the more he does, the more he finds there is to do.

This is simply a plain and unadorned account of his work. No sensational or huge dramatic occurrences call for attention. All is regular, homely, ordinary, and in line with much work done or attempted of the same kind by many a one unknown to fame. But it is healthily progressive ; and it is the massive proportions whereunto the work has since grown that give it distinction—the immense and varied group of organisations and their output in practical usefulness and success that make its fame.

The explanation of this great work is that the young man who began it and who gave his life to it, heard the cry of the children with the hearing of the heart. It was Elizabeth Barrett Browning, her soul moved to mournful song by what she knew of the condition of the unguarded children of want in England, who put the question :—

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years ?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the old man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheek of infancy.

One of the "brothers" to answer this question was this young medical student. Dr. Barnardo *heard* "the children weeping," and heeded in a very resolute and uncompromising spirit. Not waiting to ventilate his views and convictions, he put them in practice himself at once. He did not encumber himself with a Committee, or fritter away time and strength by dancing attendance on its meetings, or handicap himself with the paraphernalia of resolutions, rules and paper schemes. He simply went to work, and, after a while, a few like-minded fellow-students joined him. He left "committees" and "organisations" to come when the work should need their advantage, and should have taken shape and grown to a point at which one man can wisely and properly be aided by calling in other men. An earlier chapter has shown that this time has long since come, and that the present widespread movements and developments are under the best possible control and direction.

But what was wanted at first was one capable man to set the work a-going, and give it shape ; and that one capable man was found of God in a medical student at the London Hospital, who heard, really heard, "the children weeping," and came to them. The one strong man appeared, and the work began to be done.

It must not be supposed that our Founder took up this work lightly or without strong misgivings. To do so he felt would involve the surrender of his professional career and of his prospects as a Medical Missionary to China, not to speak of disappointing the wishes of his friends. Yet he had heard "the children weeping," and this deeply moved him as a man, and when he became assured that their tears were *God's voice to him*, his mind was made up. But let him tell us in his own words his personal experience at this time, his deep searchings of heart, his earnest seeking for Divine guidance, and of the answer that gave him peace and strength, and made

him indeed the capable and strong man that we now know him to be :—

Meanwhile, I am bound to confess that my medical studies, as may be imagined, began to suffer seriously from the absorption of my time in this new and engrossing work, which claimed my nights and so many of my days. "No man can serve *two* masters," and soon it became apparent that I had come to the parting of the ways, and that I must decide definitely what course I should ultimately take. Many of my advisers, among others Lord Shaftesbury himself, strongly urged me to give my whole life up to the Waif Children, among whom I soon became known all over the metropolis as a friend and comrade. On the other hand, I still felt under the influence of what I believed to be nothing short of a Divine call to devote myself to medical missions in China. And when I pondered on these conflicting claims the difficulties of a life-saving mission at home loomed large before me. I felt appalled as I thought of the constant and great expense, for instance, which such work must necessarily involve. *Where would the money come from?* I had none to spare, and as I have said before, I was unknown and without influence in London, and could not hope to bear the burden which rescue efforts continued among Waif Children would assuredly involve.

It had already pressed heavily upon my small resources to do even what little I had done, and I had experienced much difficulty in maintaining the few children whom I had taken under my charge, despite the help which I had received from my fellow students, as well as from my small private circle of friends. At that moment I had perhaps eighteen or twenty poor boys on my hands, sustained in various lodgings by the self-denying efforts of three or four fellow students and of a few personal friends who believed in me, even though some of them regarded my activities in the East-end as misdirected energy. But what if the number of these children was to be increased? And then, what should I do with them? It would be necessary to have some kind of a Home to put them into. They would also need training and education, as well as food and clothing, and a roof to cover them. Their future would have to be carefully thought of and provided for.

The work steadily grew upon my hands, and at length it became clearly manifest even to myself that I was acquiring a measure of real power in influencing the wild arab boys gathered from every reeking slum in the metropolis, who came under my notice. I could not conceal from myself that to many of these, neglected as they had once been and forlorn as was their lot, God had apparently blessed the Old, Old Story of Jesus and His love told out in such simple language at my meetings

with them. Nor could I deny that I never felt more at home or more singularly happy than when working among these rough lads and on their behalf. I seemed heartily to rejoice when the hour came at night when I could lay aside my studies and the professional duties that grew out of them, put on an old hat and an old coat, and go forth searching the streets and lanes of the city for homeless Waif Children. My heart indeed pulled me more and more definitely in this direction ; but the question of the "ways and means" of continuing such efforts had become too serious and too urgent to be much longer shirked, while the increasing sense of my own inexperience and want of knowledge of the subject and of the social problems involved also held me back, and united with the claims of medical missions in China (as I understood them) to awaken serious hesitation and uncertainty as to my future course and present duty.

It was at this time that I began perhaps more earnestly than heretofore to make constant and daily request for God's guidance. I often prayed that He would somehow graciously interfere, and even stop me by illness or by bringing my plans to nought if I were following mere personal liking in doing this work among the poor waifs of East London. I remember frequently in prayer arguing thus with my Heavenly Father : "Better, O God, that I should die than that I should take up and carry on this or any work against Thy will and without Thy presence and guidance." Thus, constantly seeking to realise His direction, I was led one day, after much prayer, to those remarkable words, "*I will guide thee with Mine eye.*" It seemed to me then and since that here was all I wanted. I took these words as a definite answer to prayer and as a promise given to myself. Here was a pledge of personal guidance which came to me then as if God had spoken it in my ears and to me alone, and had designed it for my peculiar circumstances. Here was a promise upon which I might rest content at all times. I remember that with this promise there seemed to me no longer room for doubt or uncertainty in my mind. The I WILL was emphatic. It was as though the words were printed in my Bible in large capitals. At last my fears were quieted, and I was at peace and rest, for had not God spoken ?

An ancient prophet of Judah lived and prophesied in the days of demand for "a man" in the city : "Wanted, a man !" (Jeremiah v. 1.) "Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and see now, and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man"—a fair-minded, right-living man—

"that doeth justly and seeketh faithfulness"—one upright and sincere. Jeremiah himself was one such man, as we are reminded by the signification of his name, a man whom "Jehovah founded," a man of foundation, a man for others to build on and rely on, a man fixed in his place as basis for other men's structural erections—a Petrine, a rock-like man.

But the prophet stood alone! There was at that time not a second to be found. Had there been, who can say how much he might have done to save the city—to "stand in the breach" and avert disaster in his day? Yet, search as the prophet might, it was difficult—it seemed, indeed, almost if not quite impossible—to find one good man in the capital. "Every aim in life found illustration in those gay, crowded streets, in the bazaars, in the palaces, in the places by the gate where law was administered, except the aim of just and righteous and merciful dealing with one's neighbour."* "They overpass in deeds of wickedness!" exclaims the prophet. God was ignored in city life, or misconceived; therefore was man wronged and oppressed. How persistent are the evils of city life! They have passed on to modern cities, and they reappear to-day right in our midst.

"'This is a Christian country.' *Why?* Because the majority are as bent on self-pleasing, as careless of God, as heartlessly and systematically forgetful of the rights and claims of others, as they would have been had Christ never been heard of? A Christian country! *WHY?*"

In this way does a present-day chaplain of Lincoln's Inn inveigh against the easy assumption that England is a Christian land, and London a Christian city, which all the facts belie. There are Christian men and Christian women in it—manly men and womanly

* C. J. Ball, M.A., on Prophecies of Jeremiah, in "Expositor's Bible" Series, pp. 144, 194.

women, who "stand in the breach," Moses-like, to turn away Jehovah's wrath, "lest He should destroy them." And but for these how much more would our slimy city life have been as Sodom and like unto Gomorrah!

We are finding "a man" here and there for the hour; he is often "a poor wise man," and helps to deliver the city; but an army of such men is needed to deal with the multifarious needs of the teeming millions of a vast city like ours. And we fear they are not forthcoming.

Meanwhile, the one "man" who stands out in his distinct personality and solitary strength in some post of heroic service in the cause of humanity is to be remembered, is to be recognised and honoured. But for him, calamity and disaster and anarchy would come as a flood.

Any one who adequately conceives how great the pending danger was, will know that it was getting time that "a man" should show himself who heard—really and truly heard—"the children" of the city "weeping." In the sixties, when Dr. Barnardo appeared, affairs were coming to a crisis; and, but for the arrest that his hand gave, who can say to what hideous proportions and overmastering terror the evil of the child-life of neglect in our East would have risen? The "man" was not found one whit too soon!

A nation that lets the children of the poor—whether of the deserving or undeserving—sink in squalor and drift into crime, saps its own life. The children are always deserving, whatever some of the parents may be. The children should all have a chance. Ordinary human instinct would concede as much as this, to say nothing of Christian and high-toned civilisation. Outcast young life is none the less imperilled and exposed because it exists hard by the pomp and circumstance of modern civilisation; perhaps we ought to admit is the more in danger. To some

extent it is the product of its seamy side, and it has surely some reason to demand from it a hand of help. As an economic question, as a question that bears on the commonweal of a people, it merits consideration ; to say nothing of the weighty motives that every one who names the Name of Christ is bound to regard. It is not common for heathen or even savage nations to abandon and expose their young. Stories of gruesome neglect and covert abandonment of the worn-out and old have come to us from travellers among low-typed tribes ; but the ordinary feeling common to human beings everywhere generally secures the preservation and perpetuation of childhood and its safe keeping in the days of immaturity. If allowed to survive birth, it is understood that they be cared for and their life fostered. Then surely a people who range in the high places of present-day national life cannot be thought of as neglecting the children of want, of crime, of idleness, of the slums, who “cannot stop their tears”!

The words of Canon Fleming, B.D., are of weight here. “It is a splendid thing for such a land as ours to possess such Christian Institutions as those of the National Incorporated Waifs’ Association. It is an incalculable blessing for the future of our land that it is so, because there is nothing better than to rescue the perishing. No ; I will not say that : there *is* something grander than that : it is a greater, grander thing to do that which Dr. Barnardo is attempting every day, that is, *to prevent them from perishing at all*. It is better to get hold of a sapling and train it, than afterwards to have to expend so much money and so much effort in trying to bend the stubborn tree of manhood or womanhood. It is better to get hold of the seed than to wait until it has gone away towards the weed. It is better to get hold of the heart of the child and to mould that heart into the love of Christ, than to wait until it is flung into the furnace of blasphemy and drink, and comes out on the other side

like a cinder that is burnt. Therefore it is that we rejoice to congratulate Dr. Barnardo and the Council of his National Waifs' Association upon the success of their great and growing organisation!"

It is indeed, as the good Canon says, "a greater and grander thing to prevent them from perishing at all." That "prevention is better than cure" is one of the maxims of practical philanthropists everywhere. "Better"—in the oft-quoted words of Ellice Hopkins—"the fence at the top of the precipice than the ambulance at the bottom." "The ambulance" at the bottom is for those who have gone over the precipice, and lie bleeding and bruised and battered; and Dr. Barnardo provides it. But "the fence" at the top he is also even more careful to erect, in order that the unwarned and ignorant little ones may not go over at all. The Barrier of the Homes is rightly a "fence," by which God in His mercy "prevents" multitudes of little feet from moving on unawares, and in darkness, to the fatal edge.

Happily, then, in this instance, "a man" was "found"; and so our modern city life has seen in him the sign of God's mercy and long-suffering. The man was found in the Founder of these Homes, T. J. Barnardo, F.R.C.S.Ed., whilom medical student at the London Hospital.

And he takes his place among the men of God's great provision for a nation's need—with William Wilberforce and Thomas Clarkson and William Lloyd Garrison, pioneers and champions of slave emancipation; with John Howard, the European philanthropist of prison reform; and with Robert Raikes, the founder of Sabbath Schools. It is said of Garrison, when a young man in a printer's office where, "friendless and unseen," he toiled, that "the place was dark, unfurnished, and mean"; yet that there "the freedom of a race began." It is equally true of the donkey-stable in Stepney, turned into a room for street waifs, where "Dr. Barnardo's Homes" began,

OUR FOUNDER THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO!



THE YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENT AS HE WAS IN 1866.



DR. BARNARDO IN 1873, THE YEAR OF HIS MARRIAGE AND OF
THE BEGINNING OF THE GIRLS' VILLAGE HOMES AT ILFORD.

that it was "dark, unfurnished, and mean," albeit the place was scrubbed clean, and walls and rafters were whitened, and a journeyman carpenter hired to put in a rough floor; but there, in that lowly, disreputable, yet consecrated spot, the young man found of God led the way of help in saving the slave children of the Nation, the offspring of its demoralisation and poverty, that bade fair to grow up to augment its crime and facilitate its overthrow.

"A man," *the* man, was found!

And what of him personally? Only little is there to tell! His name is not English, and carries on its forefront the suggestion of his at least partially foreign origin. His father was born in Germany, and was of Spanish pedigree, tracing his origin in clear ancestral lines back for more than three hundred and fifty years. His mother was of English blood, but was born in Ireland. Dr. Barnardo is therefore of mixed races. He was born in Ireland, too, and was reared to all an Irish Protestant's intensity of belief in Evangelical truth. He brought two qualifications to his life-work—one was warmth of devotion and a great love and pity on behalf of little children; the other was a rooted conviction that child-life should be led to Christ under the plain evangelical teaching of the New Testament, and guarded against being manacled and fettered by superstition.

In his boyhood he faced the problem of sin in the human heart, and felt keen conviction on account of its presence in himself. His conversion to Christ followed, and there forthwith arose in him serious desire to dedicate his life to missionary work in China. His entering the London Hospital as a medical student is explained by the fact that one of his brothers was a medical man, and he desired to go out to China as a medical practitioner. Early in his London student days, a cholera epidemic broke out and raged; and he volunteered for service among the poor of the city. His service was readily accepted,

and for the first time in his life he had the opportunity of seeing East-end poverty and its helpless suffering. Here the seed of thought for the London poor began to germinate in his mind, particularly for the many children among them whose piteous neglect cried for remedy. When the epidemic was over, the young medical student continued to visit the poor, and began to do what he could for the children of the poorest. The rest soon followed, as already narrated. Doing with his might the thing his hand found to do afforded a clue to God's will for him in his life service, and led him on securely and clearly to higher and bolder and wider plans and undertakings.

It should be here remarked in passing that Dr. Barnardo has preserved in his heart all through the years of service a warm place for missionary work in China. Looking back he now sees that "the call to Medical Missions in China had been absolutely necessary even for the work in England," his "life's work." For it thoroughly detached him from home and family claims, and left him free for prompt service as the Lord from time to time might direct. It also kept alive and fresh within him the missionary spirit which might have waned amid ordinary professional life. And without it he would never have settled in East London, and probably would never have met his first homeless child. Thus in ways unknown had his course been prepared for him, and the needed training supplied, that he might be well equipped for the work God had given him to do. If at any moment since he has lifted his eyes from London slums to the "Land of Sinim," it has been—as he has told us—to beseech the Lord that as he could not go forth himself, in fulfilment of his early hopes, he might still be instrumental in directing the steps of other servants of the Lord thitherward! And that prayer has been answered!

My original hope and purpose of going to China were indeed frustrated, but from among the children and young

people, the boys and girls, men and women, who have come under my influence in the Homes and in the varied mission work which was subsequently taken up at the Edinburgh Castle, no fewer than seventeen devoted missionaries have already joyfully gone forth to labour in the distant heathen field ! With the exception of five, who have “fallen on sleep,” twelve are to this hour seeking to spread the Gospel of the grace of God in China and other foreign fields.

In these exultant and quite recent words does Dr. Barnardo recognise the wisdom of God in the circumstances that detained him in England for his mission among children, whilst “the needs and claims of China” were all the while making a great pull at his heart. All this fell out for the furtherance of the Gospel, for, as he so modestly says, “Instead of one poor stammering tongue telling out as best it might in China the wonderful works of God, others have been led into the mission field, and so the voice of the single messenger has been multiplied exceedingly !”

As we deal later (Chapters V. and VI.) with principles that are recognised in all the Reports and accounts of the work that proceed from official sources, it may be advantageous to conclude this chapter with the mention of a few that are personal to the Founder himself, since whatever features and qualities the development of his great plan may reveal, these lay as “germ-ideas” in his mind long before the plan was wrought out, or were accepted early by reason of the teaching of experience and observation. An Institution is largely the reflection of its Founder.

We believe that the most intimate of Dr. Barnardo’s friends and confidants would be the first to recognise his love for children—his great human love—we had almost written—his *passion* for childhood. This was and is the prime motive of his work, the secret of its sustained enthusiasms and sagacious programmes. It was this that drew him to the little ones at first, and that has turned this capable medical man into the waifs’ life-friend.

This passion for the child, which permeated him

through and through from his early days, bred in him a noble discontent with things as they were in regard to the waifdom of England. Early in his life-work he grew dissatisfied with existing systems as he knew them ; they failed altogether—it seemed to him—under the touchstone of love for the child working for his best interests. Here lay the primal impulse that leaped to action, as we have seen, when poor forlorn “little Jim” touched the spring. It was this central motive which, later on, led him to apply new methods to his treatment of the waif.

Dr. Barnardo's is a love that will not even admit that there is or can be an ugly child ; that takes in childhood *as such* ; that will not see deformity, disease, or defect, but welcomes every ill-used, ill-fed, wizened little boy or girl whose existence was loveless and friendless. The Rev. Benjamin Waugh, of the N.S.P.C.C., gripped the root idea of the Homes when he described them as “an outgrowth of the most wonderful passion of love for childhood.”

It is this love that explains, or *almost* explains, everything. Perhaps if we add to this the profound belief the doctor holds that he is called of God to this work, and that therefore God would stand by him in the inevitable struggle, you have as fully as is possible the explanation of his wonderful life-mission of rescue to outcast children.

The struggle has been fierce, prolonged, and bitter, and it is by no means yet over. It has been fiercer far than the present generation conceives. The doctor had to rouse the conscience of a nation, to prick and goad the apathy of his age, on the Question of the Child ; and not merely vice and wrong, but custom and convention, and formal Christianity itself, ranged themselves against him in his onslaught upon usages hoary by lapse of ages. Think only of what was included in the legal view of “parental rights,” and of what was involved in the task of humanising, far more of Christianising, the laws that enshrined them !

And it was Love and Faith that gave the courage and brought the victory.

We make no doubt that the diffusion of the literature of Child Rescue which Dr. Barnardo created has had much to do with winning acceptance for his methods. Most of this is from his own pen, and is marked by a directness, a clearness, a vividness, a rich quality of truth that gives it a distinct place of its own. The small Cottage Home was descanted upon by him in magazines, in booklets, and in the periodical press, until his views had extensively leavened the public mind. It is always to be remembered, too, that precept was enforced by noblest example.

Whilst mentioning the methods that Dr. Barnardo was among the first in England to adopt on any considerable scale, we should not overlook the important subject of *Boarding-out*. Since to-day nearly three thousand out of his seven thousand boys and girls are boarded out, it is evident that the system has answered so well that it claims a distinct place in the recognition of every person who would know the relative importance that attaches to the different departments of his work. Adequate fulness of treatment is far beyond the space at our disposal. But points of urgent present-day interest are involved in this system; for example, the stemming in some degree of the rush to the towns of our rural population, since the money paid for boarding-out supplements rural wages; and the replanting of town children in the country, implying healthy life, knowledge of things rural, and preparation for emigration to *rural* Canada. Add to this that some child-disorders that trouble city Institutions are almost unknown among the boarded-out.

Dr. Barnardo may be said to have originated in England the *Youths' Labour House* plan. This was unique when it began. Young fellows were thus provided for who were over sixteen and under twenty-one, who had ceased to be boys and were not yet

men. These swarmed at the street corners—were the pests of their neighbourhoods—embryo tramps and, possibly, criminals. The Labour House met them with a new message of hope, and for many years it had no competitor in this over-ripe harvest-field.

His *Treatment of Cripples* further illustrates our Founder's fertility of resource and common-sense methods. His custom for years now has been *not* to aggregate the cripples. Of these, and suffering babies, and afflicted children, he has to-day under his care over thirteen hundred. These, unless when they need surgical or medical care, are placed among their hale brothers and sisters, are treated as if there were nothing the matter with them; and mutual benefit accrues. The sufferers are drawn out of themselves; they cease to brood over their troubles; they take all the share they can in the games and occupations and pursuits of the healthy; and the healthy in their turn learn sympathy and consideration. This mixing up of the cripples and the sound is now general, except where surgical treatment is needed.

To illustrate one trait that surprises everybody who comes in contact with Dr. Barnardo, namely, his great powers of organisation, his dispatch and working energy, we insert the following summary of his daily round from "Editorial Notes" in a recent issue of the quarterly magazine *Ups and Downs*, published in Toronto. The Editor is describing the daily round of our Founder at Head-quarters where he saw him :—

Telegrams, letters marked "Urgent and Immediate," public addresses, interviews of the most important character and with all sorts and conditions of men, follow each other in bewildering succession. At one moment he is instructing an architect in some highly technical detail concerning the sanitary appointments of a new Institutional building, at the next dictating an answer to some ill-informed newspaper criticism of his work; giving directions to an artist for the preparation of some sketches for publication; remonstrating with and reducing to submission some refractory girl recently admitted to one of the Receiving Houses; arranging the details for the isolation of an infectious case in a Provincial Home; holding a service in a

mission hall ; explaining to a new lady-worker the duties and responsibilities of her post ; greeting an old boy on his return to visit the Homes after doing well for many years in some distant colony ; discussing in one moment the quality of the matting to be laid down in the hall of a Home in Yorkshire ; in the next the items of a traveller's expenses in Canada ; arranging the details of a series of meetings in Ireland ; listening attentively to the complaint of a girl about the loss of her bonnet-box on her way from a situation in Scotland ; rushing off after a day's work that would have exhausted the energies of half a dozen ordinary men to address a densely crowded meeting on behalf of his Homes, and holding his audience spellbound while he pleads the cause of the children ; going from there back to his correspondence to dictate letters far into the small hours of the night ; keeping in touch with a small army of workers of all sorts and degrees, so as to have the right people at the right posts, to prevent friction or overlapping, to maintain in every department the requisite standard of activity and efficiency and to turn to the best account each one's capability ; keeping alive in a thousand different ways the public interest in his work so that people's sympathies shall not be allowed to flag or the needs of the work be forgotten. Every day repeats itself, and there seems no quiet interval or relaxation of the strain upon mind and spirit, but only, as the work grows larger, greater and still greater demands upon time and thought.

No wonder the writer speaks of "the continuous super-high pressure" at which the Founder still works ! In an article published in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, June 10th, 1903, Dr. Barnardo is spoken of as "probably

THE BUSIEST MAN IN LONDON,"

and there are many facts which serve to support this view. "He has the biggest family on earth to keep." To the question, "What are your hours?" the doctor's answer was, "I used to commence earlier, but since my serious heart attack I begin at ten o'clock every morning and seldom leave off until half-past eleven o'clock at night. But my labours do not cease at eleven by any means, for I take a bundle of papers home with me, and invariably sit up working until half-past two in the morning. Two thirty a.m.

is my hour for retiring to bed. Even then I experience the sensation that I have left a hundred things undone." "What a lot of time you must have for recreation!" "I have no recreation," said this extraordinary man, who was evidently surprised that any one could possibly think he needed any relaxation from work.

The ubiquity and versatility of the doctor are traits that all who know him observe, as well as his resourcefulness and originality. He is here, there, and everywhere; keeps touch with every one of his numerous Institutions, and is often present at the principal ones; and seems to be on the best of terms with everybody. To see him pass in and out among his boys at Stepney, with a playful pat on the back for one, and a joke for another—"This boy is a right-out good fellow—when he is asleep"—and to note how readily they smile back into his face in return and how perfectly at ease they are in his presence, is to obtain a hint of the secret of power he wields over them. The same is seen among the girls at Ilford. They all meet his open, radiant look with a spontaneous smile of their own; and the tiniest will run to touch and caress his hand. The straightforward look, the up-turned bright faces, that meet him at every turn when among his children, leave the one impression on everybody that he is on perfectly good terms with all his numerous and motley family.

Probably many persons conclude that because Dr. Barnardo is always on the rush, and is to-day in town and to-morrow at some remote part of the kingdom, that he never has the chance of looking at a book. But will such allow us to say that we speak by the card when we state that he keeps himself posted up in the most recent discoveries and theories in his profession as a medical man, and reads carefully the reports of transactions of the medical and other learned Societies to which he belongs? How he manages it all is the marvel that we fear we cannot



IN THE SHOEMAKERS' SHOP.



LEARNING A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

explain. He works at high pressure, never stops until an illness stops him, and is, we fear, wearing himself out by sheer hard work. The symptoms of heart trouble that showed themselves nine years ago and appeared in a more serious form three years ago *ought* to be a warning; though as yet they do not seem to have had much effect in diminishing the lightning speed at which he toils night and day at his life-task of love.

He himself declares that as his heart affection in some degree crippled his energies—as, for example, not permitting him to begin so early in the day as heretofore, and often causing him after some specially exhausting effort to stop and rest—there is the more need for increasing activity at other times. "My opportunities may now be fewer and my time much shorter than I thought for."

This chapter is only a meagre outline of the doctor's career of progress—but a very slender picture of the man; yet we trust it will do something to help strangers to form a worthy idea of him. Though we hold that the best way to know him is to allow his portrait to appear as it is revealed in his Homes, and to leave his works to bear witness of him. But, with a chapter given to "little Jim," it seemed to us only a becoming and fair duty to devote one also to "little Jim's" friend.

Dr. Barnardo was, from the very commencement of his student days, the observant, capable man we know him to be to-day, a man with a practical bent and a warm heart, who would start work for himself, and thus preserve his sympathies from evaporating in sentiment. Perhaps the doctor's great fund of humour is "the saving salt" of his career. He is practical rather than speculative; an omnivorous reader; keenly interested in all social schemes; an able organiser; one also who shows his faith by his works; and keeps it secure from scepticism by exercising it in unceasing service for the good of others.

" But the children were depraved, and it was a principle of FALK'S [1768-1826, Weimar] that the root of the evil had its chief source not in ignorance, but in sin; that it was not enough, therefore, to teach writing and arithmetic; that that was the least part of education; that it was more important to impart the secret of a righteous life."

CHAPTER V.

THE SPIRITUAL AND REGENERATIVE CHARACTER OF THE WORK.

WE have had occasion already to look at the business side of the work of the Homes, and to afford a summary of the chief financial and statistical returns of Dr. Barnardo's Council of Management. And we have seen that from the *humanitarian* point of view this rescue and preventive Mission to the Waif Children of the nation is worthy of the serious consideration of all Christian men and good citizens.

If, too, it were purely a question of *economy*, if it were viewed merely as an attempt to solve one part of our complex problems as they present themselves to, and press themselves on, our attention in the light of current social, political and National claims, it would merit the assistance and "God-speed" of all. The mere fact that it passes over a heavy item from the debit to the credit side of our national balance sheet, that it changes a serious liability into an ever-increasingly valuable asset, is sufficient to make good the case for the Homes. What would otherwise have been a

growing factor of pauperism and crime and misery, is transformed into a positive increment of wealth and well-being ever augmenting. To state the case thus were enough to prove the obligation that rests upon the nation to receive it with favour and lend it countenance and support.

And there are persons of influence and command who help the work only from these economic and humanitarian considerations. They are not able to go with us any farther.

But we are sure that we should very imperfectly represent the Founder's attitude toward his work were we to present it in this light *only*. There are aspects of it which he, and the vast majority of those who are its supporters, regard as of far higher worth and authority than these purely mundane and material claims, valuable as they are in themselves. And these are the aspects presented to Christian minds from the point of view of the spiritual and formative work to be carried out for the children of the slums by the power of the Gospel of Salvation and of the Life and Spirit of Christ.

Dr. Barnardo carries into all his labours a fervent, evangelical and spiritual tone. A spirit of love and faith, a habit of prayer, an element of intensity and quiet self-sacrifice, of joy and radiance and hope, pervade his work, and betoken the contact and communion it always has with the ever-fresh source of supply and strength. Prayer to God is the secret. An atmosphere of heavenly warmth and light surrounds the whole movement on all sides, and this differentiates it from all merely regulation and official and "poor law" schemes, however well meant. Love is worth more than law. Love may be trusted where "poor law" fails.

This attractive and powerful feature of Dr. Barnardo's work did not escape a late Cabinet Minister, the Right Honourable A. J. Mundella, now gone from us, but a well-known and highly respected member

of a former Government. He said, speaking a few years since :—

I presided for two years over that Departmental Inquiry which was established by the Local Government Board for investigating the condition of the Poor Law Schools of the Metropolis. In the course of that inquiry my Committee felt that it was their duty to investigate Dr. Barnardo's methods, and to inquire into his success.

I can only say to you, that, at the conclusion of our inquiry, I came to the opinion, which was shared, I think, by all my colleagues, that we could wish that in the Local Government Board there was a Department for the Poor Law children of this country, or what are called the Children of the State, and that we had a Dr. Barnardo to place at the head of them. Nothing astonished me more than the magnitude of Dr. Barnardo's undertaking, and the faith, I may say the daily Christian faith, on which that undertaking seems to be resting. He has raised these institutions till they may be regarded almost as a National Institution. We found, as our Committee went on, that Dr. Barnardo is often boarding out more children than the whole of the local authorities in this kingdom, and emigrating more to the colonies than all our Poor Law Boards taken together. It is a marvellous work that he has done in the Homes during the last thirty years, and its growth is entirely due to his wonderful energy, determination, and character.

With these weighty words before us, we are led to ask, Whence this "wonderful energy," all this store of dynamic power that he accumulated to expend in keeping the mighty machinery of his numerous Institutions going? From what source was it forthcoming? And by what unfailing sufficiency is it fed? He knows, and does not fail on proper occasions to express. He is aware, and he lets his friends be aware, too, that the answer is to be found in *prayer*. A Board of Guardians is not ordinarily a Prayer Meeting, but Dr. Barnardo's Council Meetings are. Poor-law enactments do not ensure love, but fellowship in prayer with the Christ of Love does. An "Act of Parliament" does not of necessity make Managers saintly, any more than it makes the people "sober," but a prayerful life often goes a long way towards both. And Dr. Barnardo has always sought to penetrate

and hallow all departments of his great work of philanthropy with prayer. Hence the "energy," "the wonderful energy," otherwise unaccounted for, that secures his work and gives it to overpass and outstrip all Charities and reliefs, all Reformatories and Homes that are merely the products of the machinery of the law. No clauses of a legal document ever made a reformatory a Home; but all Dr. Barnardo's houses are *homes*, and all his shelters are made warm and attractive by the sense of human and sympathetic kindness that they diffuse. Even the poor donkey-stable, with the whitewashed walls and rafters, that did duty, in the early days of his work, for the schoolroom of his ragged and unkempt little friends, drew them in because of the warm and loving heart that made it homelike and pleasant. 'Twas "foine," the boys said, many of whom had never known what it was to be loved by anybody, "to come in where you wos welcome," "and the young ge'man wor so kind, and smiled at you," and spoke such bright and happy words. They knew not the secret of all this wonderful energy of love and service for stray slum-boys; they did not know or dream of its source any more than grown-up men and women in some instances do to-day.

It was *prayer* that was the secret and source. God gave him "to drink as out of great depths," and he has, by Divine grace, so completely preserved the spiritual character of the work that its dominant note is its *spirituality* still. The spiritual has not been swallowed up of the social; nor has an act of incorporation extinguished acts of prayer; neither can it be said that he has forgotten the wants of the soul and the need of its salvation amidst the pressure of daily recurring material, commercial, and bodily demands.

In speaking in this way we are reminded of our Founder's oft-repeated avowal. In one Annual Report he tells us that he has—

Never forgotten the significant fact that the whole of the widespread work for God now in my hands took its rise, in 1866, from a Ragged School. There the seed-thought was sown, which, under the Divine smile and blessing, has sprung up into a tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the waifs and the outcasts. That tree has grown in a distinctively spiritual atmosphere. It has been watered and tended in the spirit of prayer and of love to Christ, and God has given the increase to it, not merely as a social and philanthropic institution, but as to a spiritual agency. I count it comparatively little, though it is much, to bring out the children of neglect, whose lives have been unsunny and untended, from the darkness of the slums, to save them from physical wretchedness, and to put them in the way of becoming respectable members of society. It is much that the inmates of the Homes learn to give up vicious courses, that they are taught to obey, to do their duty, and to assort with a decent and an orderly life; but it is not all, nor, indeed, more than the outward and visible sign of what I most earnestly covet and labour for—A CHANGE OF HEART. The Homes are not merely so many manufactories of young citizens to be got up for social life as if at contract price and within a fixed time. In all my work—among the little children so helpless and so pitiable, among the lads so encircled with daily temptation, among the girls for whose feet are so many pitfalls, among the sick and suffering so wearied and careworn with the fret and feebleness of life, among the adult poor whose daily round is such a cramping struggle—among all these alike I and my helpers are holding forth the Word of Life, and inciting to a real heart-trust in the finished work of the Redeemer as the one salvation, as the only solace, as the alone comfort for time and for eternity.

“A purely moral training,” he goes on to say, in words of serious and explicit fulness, that as completely as any words of Dr. Barnardo’s we have seen, set forth, once for all, his high spiritual aims and prayerful methods:—

A purely moral training would, doubtless, restore many a little vagabond as a respectable member to society; but the Christian faith desires something more than merely social or even moral reform. If nothing more than this be gained, I am sadly disappointed, and the work will fail of its most enduring harvest. My heart’s desire and prayer to God for the children is that they might be SAVED, not only for the present life, but also for the life to come; and I know not how the latter can be effected, except through such an

education, prayerful training, and example as shall connect each child's heart by faith and love with the person of Christ as a crucified and risen Saviour. Indeed, I have but little confidence in any reformation which does not *begin in the heart*, and, working outward by Divine grace, change and renew the affections and wills first, and then influence the habits and conduct.

It will be seen by this weighty averment of the objects and methods of the work that our Founder takes high ground fearlessly, openly, uncompromisingly. He knows what untended and untrained child-life is. He is only too well and painfully aware what its propensity is to evil, and how early, how distressingly early, this propensity shows itself. With the large class of neglected children who come under his charge this bias to what is wrong is nourished and encouraged by their surroundings, and by the influences brought to bear upon them from their birth ; it is the more marked by reason of their pedigree in the line of generations often of vicious parentage, and of the examples "only evil, and that continually" set before them. He holds no diletteante, or transcendental doctrine of the sweet innocence of childhood's dawn and early morning hours. This might perhaps do for æsthetic imaginings in refined homes, homes with high and proud traditions, with a jealously and scrupulously guarded moral atmosphere, and for those who dislike a hint of the thought of evil concerning early tendency.

And there is great attraction and fascination in the beauty and fresh unconscious innocence of preserved childhood ; and now and then work among the young amidst the most sordid surroundings reveals the delight and surprise of a sweet little innocent, wonderfully preserved in untarnished simplicity, as a fragrant flower in a dirty window. "Innocent childhood" is a picture no one likes to surrender, and the sight of the mothers of Salem bringing their children to the Saviour, and of the children in His arms without

fear, and the remembrance of His imperishable words about the Kingdom of Heaven made "of such," will always keep us from hard and untrue judgment concerning the natures they bring with them into the world. And it may be that in a child's face we get a passing glimpse of an innocence that belonged to the race in its first pure existence in the paradise of man's creation—a survival from the days of its untarnished splendour ere sin had dimmed and changed and debased the "fine gold," and which even sin, the great dissolvent, has not been able to wholly efface. A child's face often conveys a hint of what man was, and of what man may yet be again. A child is allied to the Christ, in what way we may not be able to fully understand, although the Incarnation affords some suggestion. There is an affinity between the Incarnation of the Christ and a child's innocence, an established and redeeming relationship between "the Holy Child Jesus" of the Incarnation, and the child naturally born in a race that has on it in every generation an entail of evil that accounts for its going "astray" and its need of a Saviour.

But if any one thinks to see, even in youthful human hearts, a vestige, without alloy, of the innocence that adumbrates the Kingdom of Heaven, he will be quickly and rudely awakened. Actual facts dissipate gossamer theories of childhood. Many an anxious parent, who is as loving as he is pure-minded, is pained and distressed by facts not to be put off that come to light, it may be, even in the nursery—as early as that—and in the playground and home. What "angry passions," and other passions, "rise"! How startled has one become who has much to do with numbers of children at the early signs of "foolishness" that "is bound up in the heart of a child"! How soon "depravity" shows itself! For it *is* that, by whatsoever name one may choose to disguise it. So that we are not thinking only of waifs and strays among children when we speak of the facts of ex-

perience that shock one, and shatter all fine-spun theories of the immaculate condition of winsome, provoking childhood in its fresh blush of bloom under the morning light. We are speaking of childhood as such, apart from environment and pedigree ; it is "born in sin." We may hold what opinion we will about the theologians ; but facts are stubborn things, and the depravity of the human heart, or something very much like it, is a doctrine needed, if we are to give an honest explanation that squares with facts.

Hence the necessity of the New Birth held by all the great creeds and confessions of the Christian Church throughout the ages. The Church may be divided in its explanation as to *how* and *when* and *wherein* regeneration is wrought ; but it is not divided on the question of its universal necessity : "Ye must be born again." Dr. Barnardo's work brings him in contact with many shocking, even revolting, facts of the moral corruption in which much of our child-life in the country welters ; and he holds that life so poisoned at its very fountain can only become clean by being purified at its source. His words, already given, are worth repeating : "I have but little confidence in any reformation which does not *begin in the heart*, and which working outward by Divine grace does not change and renew the affections and wills first, and then influence the habits and conduct."

This is the deliberate opinion formed, we must remember, by no mere theorist, no mere theologian having creeds to defend, but by one who has a great and consuming passion of love for childhood, and who is in daily contact with many of those who belong to the "largest family"—as he is fond of reminding us—"that any man has to look after."

And yet he is not unmindful of the mighty Providence which appears to have safeguarded and preserved from degradation numbers of children whom he had rescued from the vilest surroundings. Writing

of this in one of his narratives concerning a girl whom he had admitted to his Home, he says :—

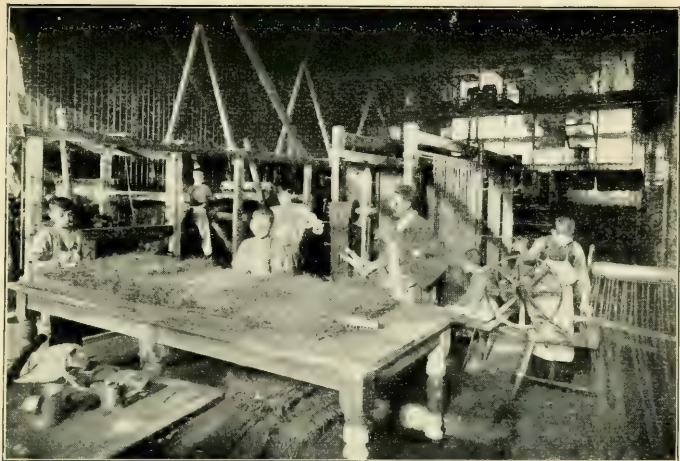
I am sure none of my readers, unless they possessed my peculiar experience, could measure the force and power of the temptations amidst which this little one had walked with innocent feet. It was a fact to fill my own heart with joy and gratitude, with firmer faith in the God of the children and in the guiding power which had enabled this child to pass harmless through the sevenfold fires of vice and corruption. Thank God that, although earthly friends have left such little ones unprotected, or even, in worse instances, sought their ill, so many of them are somehow, by the infinite goodness of our Heavenly Father, sheltered from the contagion to which they are exposed, and preserved in all the blessed innocence and purity of childhood !

But he never makes the mistake of confounding the comparative innocence of evil knowledge, in which he rejoices, of some of his children, with *conversion* and the regenerating work of the Holy Spirit.

Dr. Barnardo's experience is so large and varied, he is so incessantly and closely in contact with the conditions under which multitudes of our young people are beginning and continuing their existence, that all falsehoods promptly dissolve in thin air. He is not a man to be taken in by any visionary, or put off with any armchair theory that doctrinaires of a reputedly new age may propound. The facts of life as he knows them bear out the old position of the Great Teacher : "Make the tree good," for only when a tree is good will it bring forth good fruit. He would let all men know that he only has confidence in rescue and recovery work when it rests on regeneration. Otherwise there is always the danger of return to temporarily discontinued evil habits.

We remember some years ago a storm of unusual violence in a district well known to us. The blast swept through a wood and tore a path for itself among trees and shrubs. The line it made was marked by wreck. It had one curious effect. A huge oak that stood right in its way was snapped

TECHNICAL TRAINING !



BOY MATMAKERS AT STEPNEY.



"WE BAKE FOR ALL THE LONDON HOMES,"

midway athwart its trunk ; it broke in the strongest and thickest part. Whilst many a smaller tree had survived the tornado's work of devastation, this giant of the forest snapped in two in its stoutest part, after surviving the storms of generations. This phenomenal effect led to investigation as to the cause, when it was discovered that the mighty tree had been damaged when a sapling in the very place where it had now broken in two. The bruise had healed over, and the sapling, by that law of effort that Nature always makes to correct an injury, whether in the inanimate or animate world, had straightened up, and continued to grow, and the bark had closed over, and the tree showed no outward sign of injury. But under the strain of the storm it broke *in the old place* ! A local photographer took a view of the path of the storm, and there stood the fractured and headless trunk, and alongside lay the upper part—its stout and gnarled and far-spreading branches for ever severed from the roots. So many a life comes to ruin in later days through a long-forgotten and discontinued, but early, habit of evil. "Make the tree good," and the only One who can do that is the Teacher who used the words, and "knew what was in man" as no other teacher has ever known.

It happened that just at the time when the writer was penning this chapter he heard words confirmatory of this position from the late Dr. Parker, of the City Temple. In the course of an effective and timely sermon he referred to the Housing Problem, and said much in favour of rebuilding the city and of the advantage and necessity of providing better dwellings for the people to live in. But, remarked he further, after you have said all that can be said in favour of this proposal, you have not gone to the root and foundation and core of the question : you still have the indispensable and "primary and aboriginal" question to deal with, and that question is, *How to rebuild the citizen*. You must rebuild the citizen,

else you rebuild the city in vain. "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." In other words, only the work of God in men, the new birth unto righteousness by the Spirit of God, can create the new beginning that every life needs, out of which can alone come a new citizenship that shall "rebuild the city," and make of it a "Garden City," fruitful and fragrant of all "fruit of the Spirit." "Rebuild the citizen," said the preacher. "Exactly so," Dr. Barnardo would say; "rebuild the citizen *from the foundation*; begin at the beginning; start with child-life from its earliest, and aim at laying the first stones deep down."

"Rebuild the citizen" very truly and aptly, therefore, represents the radical and remedial test which Dr. Barnardo's Institutions exist to accomplish. This work repudiates all application of rose-water specifics to stay this plague. The outcast children in our tale of mean streets need to be met in very different fashion. Those who come in contact with the children themselves and their environment, only too well know that if "the angel has them by the hand," it is also fearfully true that in many instances "the serpent has them by the heart." Whilst the remembrance of the former consideration fills the workers oftentimes with the radiance of hope, the dread discovery that the latter is also a fact *has* to be faced, notwithstanding the violence its admission may do to fanciful theories that are sometimes woven around childhood's days, and it is this that often fills and paralyses them, in moments of acute and stubborn difficulty, with something of the grimness and blackness of numb and blank despair. A one-sided and unreal view of the conditions in which the children are placed whom this work seeks to save, and a forgetfulness of the way in which their surroundings have already, in numerous instances, cut deep into their little natures, were fatal to its success. The "serpent" has

to be thought of as well as the "angel." That the "angel" may still have them by the hand, and that the "serpent" may be got out once and for ever, is its aim. Any superficial work that left the "serpent" coiled and undisturbed underneath would be counted a failure. It were not enough to leave the "serpent" scotched merely, it must be killed; and the angels of hope and purity must take its place in the heart, fold their wings, and take up their gentle and sweet abode there. No timid notice to quit will evict the "serpent," and bring the angels in. A complete change of the tenantry of the heart can only take place when the heart itself is changed. For that change, the work, in all its departments, reverently recognises and confesses its dependence on the Holy Spirit's work of REGENERATION.

It may be well to add that Dr. Barnardo's great missionary and religious aim has been described in the following terms:—

The ideal he placed before himself in those early days has been kept to the front during the thirty-seven and a half years which have elapsed; and with this end in view he has endeavoured to engage in the service of the children and of his Institutions only those who themselves were of devoted and Christian life. Nor, apparently, have any sectarian aims been allowed to interfere with this higher one. He appears to have selected good praying men and women irrespective of the fact that they may have been Churchmen or Nonconformists. What he wanted to secure were persons of like mind to himself—who would be one with him in aims and sympathy, who would pray over their work, who would pray over their children, and whose influence would in consequence be of the very highest kind in dealing with the children. Naturally, this course brought upon him a good deal of misrepresentation. It was said by the critics, for example, in some quarters, that "all Dr. Barnardo's children are brought up Nonconformists," that Church of England children are proselytised away from the Church of their fathers; while, on the other hand, it has been as steadily maintained by others, and with as much truth, that "Dr. Barnardo's Homes have gradually become Church of England Homes," that the influence of the Established Church has been in the ascendant; and really good men and generous givers among various Nonconformist bodies have gravely inquired as to the truth of this latter

statement. The facts, however, are altogether opposed to these allegations. Dr. Barnardo's great aim is to BRING ALL HIS CHILDREN TO CHRIST, to awaken in each young heart, while as yet the children are of tender years, those feelings of love to a personal Saviour, and belief in the reality of prayer, and of the paramount authority of God's Word, which should leave a permanent and abiding mark on the children's life. He therefore seeks their conversion to God. That he believes in this conversion of the young, and that he has had numerous instances which go to prove that the young lives thus turned to Christ in early youth and, renewed by the Spirit of God, remain in the greater number of cases devoted men and women is manifest. But while he pursues this aim with all his heart, and while he is strongly evangelical in the views he has adopted of Christian truth, he has been sufficiently broad-minded to know that for an Institution like his, claiming to be of a national character, receiving not merely the children of one church or of one denomination, but the children of the nation, of every sect and denomination or of none, that it was essential he should safeguard those conditions which are regarded by others as probably more important than he himself would be disposed to regard them. Therefore, right away back in the seventies, as soon as ever the number of children under his care grew too large for one Home, and other Institutions grew as branches out of the parent Homes in Stepney and at Ilford, he began to divide all his children into two great sections; one he called the Church of England Section, and the other the Nonconformist Section. A child, on entering the Home, has the whole of its past family history searchingly elucidated. The father and mother, even if dead, are inquired about, and evidence such as would probably satisfy a court of law is obtained as to the nominal religion of such parents. If it is found that a boy's father was nominally a Churchman, that boy is at once entered on being admitted to the Homes in the Church of England Section.

But suppose application is made for a child whose parents were Wesleyans, or Baptists, or Congregationalists, or Presbyterians, or of the Salvation Army, or, as occasionally happens, of the Society of Friends, that child is not placed in the Church of England Section, but in the Nonconformist Section. Then in harmony with this division the arrangements for the education and Christian training of the child are formed. For example, a number of earnest-minded evangelical clergymen were drawn into the circle of the Homes' activities, and these became chaplains and instructors to the Homes in which the Church of England children were housed. On the other hand, godly Nonconformist ministers were also sought out who would have sympathy with the work, and they were invited to co-operate in the instruction and religious training and teaching of children

in the Nonconformist Section. And this plan has been of late years even more strenuously and faithfully carried out than in the earlier days, because in those earlier days it seemed to be enough to rescue children from destitution and the probability of crime and vice ; but within recent years the denominational cry has been uttered more vigorously, and some opposers of the work (alas ! that there should be such) thought that they had found in the system of religious training which Dr. Barnardo adopted a means by which sympathy might be lessened and sectarian feelings in some quarters aroused. It therefore behoved the Founder and Director of this work to bring more prominently before the public than he had previously thought it necessary to do, the arrangements which were made for the spiritual training and teaching of the children.

That Dr. Barnardo has been successful—that he has allayed anxieties which otherwise might have interfered with the prosperity of his work, that he has satisfied fair-minded critics who are not prejudiced, will be seen from the following testimonies by eminent Churchmen and Nonconformists, which might, if there were space, be multiplied indefinitely.

The Bishop of Hereford on a recent occasion thus referred to the religious system : “ We would do well to remember, too, that this is really a National Institution, doing a great and national work in the broadest Christian spirit, and rising above all our denominational differences and embracing all Christian sects. This Association divides its Homes into two sections : one being a Church of England Section, and the other a Nonconformist Section. The children of parents of all creeds are freely admitted to these Homes ; and, what is more, they are all placed, as far as possible, in that section of the Church to which their own parents belonged ; so, as I have said, there is no attempt to gain any denominational advantage here. The thing is done, from beginning to end, in the name and in the spirit of Christ the one Lord ! ”

The Archdeacon of London speaks with no less certain sound : “ The work of the National Waifs’ Association, more widely known as Dr. Barnardo’s Homes, is, from the religious point of view, what we may call *inter-denominational* ; that is to say, all the children belonging to the Church of England are gathered together for religious instruction by Churchmen and Churchwomen. And, on the other hand, those children belonging to the Free Churches are treated in an exactly similar way, their instructors being, of course, Nonconformists. So that this is a network of Institutions where the utmost religious equality and freedom are to be found. The method adopted might be described as the solution of many of those difficulties, I think, which are dividing and distracting Christian people at the present day.”

As to the religious character of the whole work and its deeply spiritual tone, probably nothing could be more satisfactory than the testimony of the late Bishop Billing, who, when Rector of Spitalfields, was for fifteen years on Dr. Barnardo's Committee, and, going in and out of the Homes at all hours and on all occasions, made himself personally acquainted with their spirit and aim : " Here you have not an imitation of a home, but several real homes in which you will find Christian parents endeavouring to fulfil their duty to the children whom God in His goodness has committed to their care. We ask you to watch what the future of these girls is as they go out into life, and I venture to think you will find that, by God's blessing, in after-life they do credit to the good Christian instruction and homelike life which they have here in this Home."

Nor have good and eminent representative men among Nonconformist ministers withheld their testimony to the splendid system upon which the religious teaching and training in the Homes have been carried on.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer recently wrote : " A pleasing feature of Dr. Barnardo's work is its wide catholicity. No sect has a preference here. There is no religious test in order to gain admission. Need, want, crime, misery are the only passports required. The doors of the Stepney and other Homes, like the gates of the Holy City, stand open day and night, and face each of the four quarters of the religious world. To have no religion at all is no barrier ; but, once admitted, the Management make the balance even. They take care that children are brought up in the nominal religion of their parents. Thus, a Church of England child is brought up under the care of Evangelical Churchmen ; a Nonconformist is brought up under those free and untrammelled conditions which we Free Churchmen regard as essential to the development of true religious life. But the children are all instructed in those great common principles of our Christian faith which lie at the basis of noble character. Their early conversion and careful upbringing in godly and prayerful ways is the goal kept ever in view. Dr. Barnardo and his workers openly avow that the aim which underlies all their religious work is that ' each and every child shall be taught in faith and hope to know and love the Saviour Christ Himself.' This is, as it were, the golden thread that runs through the web and woof of every part of this National and Christian undertaking."

The late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes bore a striking testimony to the same features of this work. He said : " I rejoice with the Bishop of Hereford that it is National in its Christian comprehensiveness. This Association respects the conscientious convictions of all its poor clients. A Churchman's children are brought up as their father would have brought

them up had he lived and done his duty. A Nonconformist's children are not proselytised nor made into little Churchmen, but they continue in the 'good old way' of their fathers. This is as it should be—absolutely fair to all alike. This National Association has not the monopoly of any particular branch of the Holy Catholic Church, but we are all able to sympathise with it and to co-operate with it."

So also the Rev. Dr. Monro Gibson, ex-Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod, writes: "Dr. Barnardo's Homes appeal to all that is highest in us. As a *National* work they appeal to our patriotism; as a *philanthropic* enterprise they appeal to our humanity; and they have the special merit that, while conducted on the broadest lines, they are yet distinctly *Christian*, and have for their main object the bringing of Waifs and Strays to Christ, and the training of them in the fear of the Lord, so that in the future they shall serve their generation according to the will of God. . . . The National Waifs' Association is a *striking witness to the power of the Gospel of Christ*. It has been dealing all these years with homeless Waifs and Strays, the flotsam and jetsam of society, the most unpromising specimens, one would think, cursed with a bad heredity and a still worse environment; and it has shown what the new birth of the Spirit and the environment of the Kingdom of Heaven (for such is the environment of the Homes to which they are introduced) will accomplish. We are all familiar with the companion pictures which show the boy or the girl first as they enter, and then as they appear a few years after; but the change is often only a hint of the marvellous change which has by God's grace taken place in the heart and life. For in the Homes the truths of the Gospel have been lovingly taught, and, thank God, not in vain."

As we have already pointed out, and as the foregoing testimonies give proof, Dr. Barnardo himself looks upon conversion as the great end and aim of all. Without this spiritual regeneration he feels his work is but half done, and innumerable touching instances might be given of what we may well call the *spiritual relationship* existing between him and his children—a relationship based upon the fact that in the Homes themselves the children were first brought to a knowledge of Christ, and regard the Founder as not only their best earthly friend, but also as having been in many cases their spiritual father.

"He had faith that God would refuse him nothing that was according to His will." "We began our work," wrote FALK, "in peace if we had only sufficient for the need of the current day. Our balance was, 'Take no thought for the morrow'; 'Behold, the lilies of the field.'"

CHAPTER VI.

THE PLACE OF FAITH AND PRAYER IN IT.

"IT is much to bring out the children of neglect, whose lives have been unsunny and untended, from the darkness of the slums, to save them from physical wretchedness, and to put them in the way of becoming respectable members of society." So wrote Dr. Barnardo in his Report already quoted from on page 62.

"*It is much* to bring the children of neglect" out into the sunshine of the morning of hope and opportunity; *how* much, the day will alone declare. But, as we have tried to show in the previous chapter, it is not all; far from it!

For this reason, we consider that any fair presentation of the case for the Homes should recognise the *real* place that Faith and Prayer have in their history. This feature has a deep place in the experience of the leaders and principal supporters; and though it is one about which they are naturally reticent or silent, except on suitable occasions, yet it is one of which their friends may speak, albeit in reserved tones; for the Christian Church can ill afford to spare the rich story of the way in which this

work was cradled in prayer from its birth, and has grown and become strong by the sustenance it has always received from this hidden and Divine source.

The prayer of faith gives wide scope to any work. It supplies the true perspective. It adjusts to a right relation a vast array of facts. It assigns its place in the eternal categories. It puts it where it should be put in the graduated order of "good works," and views and estimates its product in the light of the unseen and the eternal. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen." It always lifts the believer into a spacious life, into high and holy relationships, into wide vision, and a life-work that differentiates him from the throng and press of men around, and supplies sustained motive "from afar." It is the power that has energised and controlled the mightiest men of the ages, and shaped them to highest ends, as the eleventh of Hebrews so amply proves. The words "substance," "assurance," "proof," "test," "evidence," are words that in the Authorised and Revised Versions circle about the word "faith" in the first verse of the chapter, and serve to show that the real, the permanent, the certain, in present life and work, are elements that hold companionship where "faith" is.

Mrs. Browning says, in "Aurora Leigh," that

Faith sees near things as comprehensively
As if afar they took their point of sight;
And distant things as intimately near
As if they touched them. Let us strive for this!

It is for this we "strive." Faith transports us to the point of view we shall occupy in eternity, under the light of the everlasting throne and the judgment of God, and reckons earthly values as they are seen there, dwarfed to their true proportions and intrinsic insignificance. It also brings things that are at a distance "intimately near," as if "we touched them." So that "the unseen" and "hoped-for" become

tangible to us now, substantial and solid realities, and lend the weight of their presence as determining factors in character and formative motives in the conduct and service of life. This is "the double vision" of faith; and is indispensable to-day as in other days if men are to see their own life and work aright, and are to put themselves in a position to estimate correctly the life-work of other men.

The workers in this movement for "children of neglect"—from the chief Director downward through all ranks of officers, "mothers" and teachers—avow that they "strive" for this "faith," this "double vision"—that they may view their work and fulfil it, as in the great perspective of the ages.

This endeavour to keep the work before their minds under this vast range of view, never makes them visionaries, or exposes them to the danger of becoming visionaries. The palpable and rude realities of ever-recurring practical duties and homely claims would be sufficient to guard them here, were there not in the vision of faith itself a truth and saving health that, more than any other thing, helps to guarantee the sanity and good sense of what they do. Faith is not to be confounded with credulity. It is not allied in any way with fanaticism. It is the highest reason, for it has the highest motive and justification for itself, namely, the promises of God. It rests and builds on "the substance" of the things it hopes for, the reality that *stands under* and warrants and hereafter vindicates its venture.

The present age is not an age of faith, we are well aware, any more than any other has been; and there is much in it that makes our words, to many, we fear, words spoken in an unknown tongue. Yet are there men and women living whose activity is at the foundation of great forward movements of philanthropy and Christian service throughout the world, who represent in an unbelieving age the power of faith which originates good work of man for man, and of

man for God. Among these a high place must be found for the Founder and Director of the Homes, and for those who stand with him under their burden and demand.

Nearly allied to Faith is Prayer. So nearly allied to each other are prayer and faith that they may be spoken of as activities of one life. Prayer is faith's pulsation and throb ; faith is the pulsation and throb of prayer. Each feeds the other ; and the two are fruits of one union in the Spirit by Jesus Christ our Lord. So that to speak of prayer and faith as forces combined in Dr. Barnardo's work, as in all movements of the same class, as currents that unite and run together in one vital ministry, is to speak according to the fitness of things within the consciousness of the Christian Church and in what Christians know to be true in their own experience.

And when we come to the Doctor's and his fellow-workers' experience of the power and immediacy of prayer, we enter upon a wealth of fact that substantiates—that proves up to the hilt—the truth of the testimony of the Lord's people throughout the universal Church, and in all ages from the beginning, that there exists a vital connection between prayer and provision, supplication at the Throne of Grace and supply at the feet of want. The connection is one of life and heart-beat, of terms and dependence, of co-ordination and pre-supposition, of knowledge and event. His people pray, and He provides ; His children cry, and He hears and delivers ; they ask and receive ; they knock, and the door is opened ; they seek and find. What they need they get : let all persons able to offer "the prayer of faith" bear witness. The way out is shown that was shut in, by the throwing open of the door that was closed : let every one delivered out of all his distresses, when all hope or chance of escape seemed cut off, testify.

But *instances* to support and clinch this Christian view of "the prayer of faith" are at hand in abundance,

instances well attested and recorded straight out of the rich repertory of his own experience, by Dr. Barnardo himself.

A few of these we must seek to summarise, asking at the same time how we are to account for them unless by the admission that there does exist an established relationship—vital, unerring, uniform—between the prayer of faith and the answer and provision of the Father: a communication, instant and direct, between earth and heaven, between the cry of need and the Source of supply, the hearts of His children and His heart of Love. In a word, that God hears prayer, really *hears* prayer, is “attentive” to its cry, and *sends a reply*.

For example, Dr. Barnardo found himself at the beginning of an unusually severe spell of cold one winter early in the history of his mission of love to the waifs, with his children shivering around him, and at night chilled in their cots and suddenly needing an extra supply of warm blankets. His heart ached for them. He knew what they needed, but he had no money. He spread the needs of those little ones before his Heavenly Father and theirs, in prayer and supplication. The day passed, and there was no answer. Next morning, when he found that the post brought no remittance, he went off to a wholesale City house, not being able to bear the delay any longer, and selected the supply of blankets he wanted for the children, which came to nearly £100; but he did not buy, for he had no money, and he would not incur debt. There the blankets remained, and he went his way again to importune God in prayer that He would send relief. He uttered to Him his cry for his charge of children who were so cold: that He would interpose in His own way—temper the wind to the shorn lamb, or cover and shelter the lamb from the wind. Next morning the post brought a letter from a clergyman somewhere in the South, enclosing a

cheque for £100, "to pay the cost of additional warm clothing most certainly needed in this inclement weather" they were then having.

Who sent the answer by that clergyman in the South of England? Our Founder knew! The blankets were needed for poor little children in London, and they would cost £100. Who influenced the good clergyman in his home away in the provinces to fill in his cheque for that amount, and to say in his letter that the money was for more warm things for the children during that time of severe cold? Our Founder had only one explanation of this circumstance to give. It was not a coincidence—one of those occurrences that sometimes happen fortuitously: no, it was not this; but a direct consequence of his cry to God for the children. There was co-ordination between the prayer and the answer, the faith of his heart and the response of the Father, the preparation and the loving obedience to God of the Christian clergyman, so that he was a fit vehicle for God's use in the supply of the provision by which the children's need was met. To us prayer is begotten of the sense of want and of dependence for supply on God, and is brought into exercise by the spirit of faith through our Lord's intercession and advocacy. This links the human will to the Divine will, and thus obtains its quest.

Many other and different kinds of people in a wide variety of places and circumstances have also been raised up for gifts and support, for ministry and co-operation in this movement of God for the children. How otherwise could the work have been sustained, which began without any outfit save that which a poor hospital student, with no friends or influential connections, could furnish; which commenced "without a penny in the bank," and without the "promise of a shilling"; and was started "in defiance of all rules of worldly prudence"? How otherwise could it have been sustained ever since? How otherwise could it be kept going to-day? So that its thirty-seven years'

record reaches such immense proportions as these—the rescue, namely, of 52,302 boys and girls from “the burning fiery furnace of temptation in the streets of London”; the establishment of over one hundred separate Homes; the sending out of nearly fifteen thousand emigrants; the regular maintenance to-day of over seven thousand children, who, in addition, are being educated and fitted for useful positions in life in this and other lands.

Dr. Barnardo speaks pathetically, yet triumphantly, of times when “the last shilling” is spent; but the coffers are “always replenished from our Lord’s own inexhaustible treasury” :—

Thus it has been even unto this day; and now my large family of over seven thousand children, saved by God’s help from the direst evils, is still, as ever, dependent upon supplies sent down from heaven, as literally as if an angel brought them, in direct response to the petitions of Christian helpers, which ascend as daily incense to our Father’s footstool from every country throughout the world. The fact that our extremity has been God’s opportunity is well fitted to stimulate every Christian’s faith in the gracious promises and providential guidance of our Father. . . .

There have been times when I have had literally not one shilling in the bank—no, not one—and when the daily receipts were so low that if I had expended everything received in food alone it would not have sufficed to supply a single meal for all my large family. To make the cloud of these dark days darker still, sickness broke out among my little ones in several Homes, that involved the immediate hire of fresh nurses, the use of expensive medicines, and the employment of curative agencies, which at once doubled the cost of living. These things might well dismay the heart of any one whose shoulders bore his own burden.

In such straits Dr. Barnardo’s resort is prayer; and he hastens to explain that “it has never failed him yet.” And he ought to know! Indeed, he gives his records of answered prayer a prominent place in the “Evidences of Christianity.” “I think I may humbly claim for my Homes a high place on the list of Christian evidences, as I am sure that it is unto *the*



SOME OF DR. BARNARDO'S SMALL WAIFS ON THE LAWN
AT HAWKHURST, KENT.



AFTERNOON TEA IN THE STEPNEY CRËCHE.
"PLEASE PAY US A VISIT!"

answered prayer of faith that all their real progress is to be ascribed."

"A high place on the list of Christian evidences"! Indeed, we should think so! On "the list," both of *external* and *internal* "evidences": external, as an object-lesson of what Christianity does in self-sacrificing, genuine work for the most helpless and tender elements of human life when carried out on its own terms of loyalty to Christ; internal, inasmuch as it supplies "the test of things not seen" (Heb. xi. 1, R.V. margin), from the power of prayer to win answers and provide supplies as the need is. The former all the world is beginning to learn how to value. The latter appeals to Christians who put the power of prayer to proof in their own life and work. They have first-hand knowledge and personal certitude of the Christian Faith by their own fulfilment of its terms. Thus any fair and full record of the work done in Dr. Barnardo's Children's Homes is a good book on Christian evidences to put into anybody's hands; as, indeed, this National Association is itself a good and effective Christian Evidence Society! The existence of these Homes is an impregnable defence of Christianity; their multiplication an increase of its strongholds and bulwarks. And those who originate and maintain them are the best defenders of the Faith.

Whilst speaking of this we may refer for a moment, in passing, to the preservation of *their* faith that the workers in this movement enjoy by the use and exercise of it in the service of self-sacrifice. We have observed the bright, confident tone of them all, as far as we have had opportunity of conversing with them; the ringing note of trust and certainty, of hope and conquest that runs through all their words. The written statements of their reports, papers and periodicals are pitched in the same vein. And this is the explanation: their faith is kept wholesome by works; their "evidences" preserve their clearness

and their note of conviction by movement and action in ministry for others. This is the surest way to keep the faith. Doubt, uncertainty, perplexity, agnosticism, are oftener the product of student's work in the study than of student's work in the slums! As malarial infection is bred in stagnant marshes, so the stagnation of Christ-like work for others, of self-sacrifice for the suffering, in a Church or a Christian, means that the opportunity is afforded for the *bacteria* of all kinds of infidelities to breed, to the interruption, even to the ruin, of all Christian health. A sagacious Christian minister whom we could name one day advised some people of his "who had lost their evidence," and were troubled what to do, and troubled him as well, to "take a turn in the New Cut," put in a spell of Christian work there that would cost them something in money, in personal inconvenience and discomfort, and possibly in reputation; and he thought he could promise that they would soon clear up their evidences and recover their faith and joy and hope. The counsel given was well chosen!

What is wanted is a little more Christlike sacrifice of self, and a little less stagnation and ease. Most maladies in the experience of the spiritual life yield to *ethical* treatment. The healthy glow of active and loving Christian service is the best disinfectant, and ordinarily kills microbes before they reach the blood. Healthy and useful Christian life is the best preservative. Our prescription for most spiritual ailments would be, *more work* for the most needy nearest at hand; thought for others rather than for ourselves; effort to save the lost and care for other souls and bodies, instead of analysis of the symptoms of one's own soul, which may soon become morbid. In a word, as no one finds happiness who makes his own happiness his only quest, but attains it by doing his duty well and efficiently without thinking about it; so a Christian only enjoys

and retains a satisfactory spiritual experience by turning away from personal introspection, and lending a hand to "rescue the perishing and care for the dying." It is rather by a great ethical renunciation than by a process of intellectual investigation that certitude is reached in the Christian life. A stout campaign in the field of evil, of conflict, and victory for others' salvation, gives the grip of certainty to one's own "evidences" more surely than any amount of customary and recognised Church parade, given up to thoughts and remarks on how we look ourselves and how others look.

This is why our Founder, the young medical student, away back in the sixties, kept, and has ever since kept, his "title clear," and has been all along able to read out to a dyspeptic and agnostic age a distinct first-hand witness for Christ.

This is the reason why the most robust types of the Christian life and the clearest and least hesitant among believers are found to-day in the van of all works for the amelioration of suffering, and for the rescue of men, women, and children from sin!

*"Dear children, the times are hard,
but I will send none of you away, and
I will take the stranger from far
off in."*

CHAPTER VII.

"ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE."

ABOUT twenty years ago our Founder was on one memorable occasion placed in great financial straits. Any reader who imagines that in the story of the Homes expenditure is met by income day by day, with no "trial of faith" or need of "importunity" in prayer, or that every outlay is regularly balanced by money gifts, promptly forthcoming, and always precisely equal to need—in short, that the whole business side of the Homes moves like clockwork—would wholly misconceive Dr. Barnardo's experience of it. Affairs do not work out that way. Sometimes, in point of fact, the contributions sent in fall off for weeks together, so that a deficiency may occur running into three figures, or even into four. The cost of the work goes on steadily every day; the expenses in food and equally necessary provision are inevitable, and the daily bill for daily bread alone is no small item ("£200 every twenty-four hours," says Dr. Barnardo). Week after week remittances may amount to only an eighth of the requirements, and then it is that the pressure of want and the urgency of the situation drive him and his fellow-workers with more than ordinary earnestness to their knees.

At the particular time we refer to funds were low, and had been so for a long while. The summer months

were within sight, when supplies always slacken. Dr. Barnardo found himself in a tight place! In one sense, he was not anxious; in another sense, he was. If he could say, "Careless through outward cares I go," he was not, we may be sure, at the same time prayerless; indeed, his situation made him quite anxiously prayerful and importunate before God.

For many days prayer was made unceasingly that the God and Father of the fatherless would graciously supply His servant's need. For a time there was apparently no response. And then the answer came in the most unlooked-for fashion. But how? One day, at the beginning of May, when he was more than usually busy, and was vainly trying to obtain a few quiet moments in his room in order to get through some writing that needed to be done at once, a visitor was announced, who said that the doctor did not know her, but that it was very important that he should grant her a personal interview. It is, of course, the rule at Dr. Barnardo's, as in all establishments on a large scale, with which managers are not able to dispense, that assistants relieve the head by attending to all business and calls that can be dealt with equally well by them as by him. And our Founder has kind and competent co-workers who relieve him as much as possible. In this instance, however, no one would do but Dr. Barnardo himself. "I must see him," the good woman said. He left his room to pass through the hall entrance where his visitor sat, amid the coming and going of messengers and porters, and the arrival and dispatch of packing-cases and goods, to go into an apartment beyond to see other persons who were also waiting to see him, when this visitor accosted him: "You are difficult to approach, sir." "Not exactly," said the doctor, kindly and gently; and then he hurriedly explained that his assistants, who were friendly and attentive, took off his hands all the calls they could; but as she was very anxious

and particular to see him he would speak to her presently.

In a few minutes he had finished with the other callers, and this good woman, a perfect stranger, came in. She had the appearance of being a person in quite a humble rank in life, but did not delay in unfolding her business. "I have some money for you," said she, and she forthwith opened a small handbag and took out and handed him a £1,000 Bank of England note, with the remark that she gave that sum because he never turned away a destitute child. She then took out a second Bank of England note for the same amount, and presently a *third*, stating that she was familiar with every detail of his work, and that she admired his cottages at Ilford, and the rule not to dress his children there in uniform, thus avoiding the workhouse taint and badge! In breathless wonder and amazement Dr. Barnardo held those three £1,000 notes in his hand, and he found it difficult to speak. Would the good unknown donor give him her name and take a receipt? "No," she said, "she would not"; her knowledge of the whole work satisfied her. She would neither give name nor address, and she excused herself, and at once went away, leaving our Founder to his bewilderment of joy and gratitude. He never knew who his visitor was. The whole interview was an affair of only a few minutes, and took place amidst the rush of ordinary business. It seemed a romance, a dream. He had heard of such things, but till now he had never had the delight of experiencing them. The first moments of surprise over, other persons were awaiting him. Two were well-known workers in the Lord's vineyard, whom he called into his room. To them he related the brief story of what had just happened, and they with him knelt in thanksgiving and prayer to the Father of all mercies, who hears when His children cry, and knows when and what His children need.

The foregoing remarkable narrative reveals our Father answering His servant's cry and appearing on

his behalf in the midst of great extremity. But Dr. Barnardo's journal is full of experience showing that he has been continually sustained, even in circumstances calculated to awaken great anxiety. He has not been made anxious. Nor did he ever suffer himself to remain idle. If he could not tell the story of his work to others to elicit their sympathy, if there was neither time nor opportunity to do this, then he waited upon the Lord, and was kept in peace. If, on the other hand, he could lay his children's needs before his fellow Christians he felt it to be his duty to do so, and then, committing all to God, had no doubt of the result.

This is how our Founder deals with the subject :—

At a period of almost unexampled necessity quite lately, and while passing through an experience of peculiar pressure, I was immensely encouraged and stimulated by the unexpected receipt of a letter from a correspondent in a far-off heathen land, containing his own cheque for £1,000 for my bairns, with the request that it should be acknowledged only as from the hands of "A Little Brother." Only those who know what it is day by day to depend upon God for the supply of a great family like mine, now numbering thousands of individuals, can realise the gracious refreshment of heart and strengthening of purpose which such a message and gift were the means of conveying.

I fear that some of my correspondents occasionally imagine that my work has by this time become so mechanical, and that support from the large circle of friends who sympathise with it is so assured, that there is but little need for the exercise of faith or patience, or perhaps even for waiting upon God in prayer for its furtherance. Ah, little do such kind friends know the real facts ! Never, perhaps, more than to-day have I had cause, on the one hand, to acknowledge the goodness of God in direct guidance and in the most blessed establishment of His own work in my charge, or, on the other hand, to seek it. Were not His loving arms felt beneath me, I must long ago have been crushed under the weight of the heavy burdens I have had to carry ; but deliverances fresh every morning and new every evening manifest the faithfulness of that covenant-keeping God who has said, "Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass" ; and "In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make your requests known unto God, and the peace of God shall *garrison* your hearts."

I rejoice in being able to say that I have not a carking care in the world—no, not one ! Once upon a time I feared lest the whole work might come to nought if *this* fell out or *that* ; lest this friend or the other donor should give up helping, and so our resources be straitened. But I have learnt out of the very trials and sorrows of recent years to know how good a thing it is to have to do with God Himself. I have also seen clearly that it would be in my case great presumption merely to pray and to believe, and not likewise to labour. No ! for *me* the command is clearly “Go, work” ; this I felt I must do in every field lying out before me. But while I worked I knew also that God worked with me, that He was pleased to hear and answer prayer, and that a few of His people committing to Him daily the increasing burdens of a work, which, if borne alone by any human heart, would be insupportable, must find, as indeed I have ever done, that it is no vain thing to wait upon the Lord. The very poorest donors have been the most liberal of helpers ; mechanics, artisans, day labourers, factory girls, and even poor servants cast in their offerings into the treasury day by day. They are doubtless moved to do this, first, by the recital of our necessities and by descriptions of the work God has given me to do ; but secondly, and above all, by that Providential direction of human hearts which comes in answer to personal and believing prayer. Here is, I believe, a solid resting-place on which intellect, conscience, and heart may find repose in service the most arduous and the most engrossing.

Take yet another instance, connected with the *fons et origo* of the Girls' Village Home. The fact was revealed to our Founder, under the stress of that dire rude awakening of his, that for girls no better system could be devised than that of the small separate family. This may not to-day seem much of a discovery. But that is simply because his plan has quietly proved its merits and worked its own way into men's minds. It seems natural, simple, eminently sane ; but it should not be forgotten that when the Girls' Village Home was first mooted, the notion was derided and scouted as a madman's freak. If now it is a commonplace and is widely accepted, and other methods are almost apologised for, it is because “Love had found out the way.” At the time when Dr. Barnardo was contemplating building these cottage Homes at Ilford he inserted a letter in *The Christian*, explaining the

step he intended to take, and the reason why he considered it imperative that he should have small separate Cottage Homes where girls could be reared in gentle surroundings and in small family groups instead of the “Barrack” Institute, which was then generally adopted. He had moments of misgiving, much as all men have when trying to feel their way to new and untried responsibilities and duties. It happened that just at this period of suspense he paid a visit to Oxford with a friend. To him he stated his plan, and explained his present uncertainty of mind about it. And while in the railway carriage they both afresh committed the whole undertaking to God and besought His aid. His friend counselled him to expect confidently an answer from God during his visit. If no answer came, he might conclude that God’s time for the doing of this work had not come, or that *he* was not the man to do it. The very next morning whilst in Oxford, a gentleman, a complete stranger, noticed Dr. Barnardo’s name in the visitors’ list at a hotel, and called on him, asking whether he did not intend to build cottages in the country for the purpose of founding Village Homes for girls. “If so, put me down for the first,” said the stranger, who then gave his name and address, and went into further explanations. He had lost a daughter, he said, and seeing the letter in *The Christian*, had long since formed the purpose of building a cottage as a memorial of her, but was intending first to visit London and submit his proposal to the doctor. Observing, however, his name in the hotel list, he resolved to call at once and state his intention. We need not say that Dr. Barnardo and his friend received this as an answer to prayer, doubting not that the hand of God was in it. Who, we ask, moved this gentleman thus appropriately to perpetuate the loved memory of a deceased daughter by providing the cost of the first cottage home for girls that bears and embalms the child’s name for ever? What that one

cottage has grown to since, all persons interested in the Homes well know. The Girls' Village at Ilford, with its detached sweet cottages, embowered in rural loveliness, and numbering now fifty-six, deserves, however, more extended notice than is possible here, and claims a chapter to itself.

This was over a quarter of a century ago. But "coincidences" of this kind continually recur. It was not, we may be sure, on a mere "coincidence" that the great work of the Ilford Village was founded, but on the certainty of a Providential arrangement in answer to prayer, which also entered into the plan present to the Divine mind. The meeting between Dr. Barnardo and the donor of the first cottage, in the nick of time, in an Oxford hotel, was not accidental—not a purely fortuitous occurrence that might just as likely not have happened. For the cause we must look both deeper and higher. We must look higher, even to the will of God, who works out His plans of mercy by human and sometimes other agencies that reckon not the use they are put to, nor the place assigned them in the wide scheme framed by Another Mind. We must also look deeper, and pass underneath the surface of the seemingly accidental to a great purpose that is only completely understood by the First Mind that moves in it. Thus it is that the tendrils of living prayer are entwined in the delicate interlacings of the plan of Providence, the one the human, the other the Divine side of one inseparable unity of service.

On another memorable occasion funds were lowest when they are now usually highest, namely, in the last month of the year. Depending on the average amount which experience had taught the doctor he might expect, he had engaged to settle at the Christmas quarter-day certain heavy accounts that had fallen due. But the money did *not* come in freely, and within a few days the accounts had to be paid. The bankers would not increase his overdraft. In four days he would have to pay out large sums in

settlement of payments due. There was no time even to appeal to friends. And if he could not meet his bills to date very serious inconvenience would be suffered all round. "I could only cry to God for help," he says. And he did not cry in vain. A legacy he had not thought yet due was unexpectedly paid him by the executors; and in addition, a lady who had intended bequeathing a sum of money by will wrote offering to make payment of the amount at once. As a consequence, Dr. Barnardo was enabled to make prompt payment in the case of the more heavy and urgent demands, leaving only comparatively small and inconsiderable sums to be paid later on. Thus suddenly did the receipts leap up to the need of the present distress, and the burden was lifted.

A very remarkable instance of deliverance almost in the moment of greatest extremity, told by Dr. Barnardo in one of his journals, should also be related in this connection. Some years ago, when his work was much smaller and his annual income very much less than at present, he was unexpectedly called upon to pay a sum of £500 at midsummer, or a mortgage would be foreclosed. Funds were again low, not sufficient, in fact, to meet daily need. Each day's post was a disappointment. Nothing to relieve the situation came in. Morning after morning of the last week passed, and there was no money, or only very little. And it was the same right up to Midsummer Day, when, after the morning delivery, which brought in only fifteen shillings, he started off to meet the solicitor in the West-end, with the intention of preferring the request that he would consent to postpone the payment. Meanwhile, the prayer of faith went up, although there appeared "nothing before, nothing behind" that held out the faintest hope of relief, and he stepped on "the seeming void" utterly unprovided for. But God held him to the "test" or "proof" of "things not seen"

right up to the hour, and then made a way, or, rather, revealed to him a way, of escape already made.

As Dr. Barnardo passed along Pall Mall, a military-looking gentleman, standing on the steps of one of the large clubs, attracted his attention for a moment, because he was looking hard at him. He glanced at this gentleman in return and then resumed his course. Presently a hand gently patted him on the shoulder, and, turning, he saw this same gentleman, who lifted his hat, and with an apology for stopping him, asked whether he were not Dr. Barnardo. On learning that he was, this gentleman—quite a stranger—begged him to step back with him a moment as he had something to give him. Dr. Barnardo did so with instant and curious interest, when the new acquaintance explained that a friend of his, a colonel in India, had two or three months before entrusted him with a small package, with the request that on arrival in England he would hand it to Dr. Barnardo for his Homes. This friend's wife had held a bazaar at their station in India, and he had himself collected a large amount among his friends as well, and this sum he had now remitted through the speaker who was narrating the incident. "Would Dr. Barnardo mind waiting a moment whilst he ran upstairs to fetch the packet?" He didn't mind waiting. Returning, the gentleman from India gave him a large envelope tied in silk and sealed. On opening it Dr. Barnardo found that it contained a bank draft for £650! In further explanation he said he had only been a day or two in London, and had not had time to go down to Dr. Barnardo's office to discharge his commission. But only that very morning he had been thinking that he must go that day, when, seeing a gentleman pass whom he felt sure, from having often seen his photograph, was Dr. Barnardo, he ventured to speak to him. Overjoyed, and with a rush of remembrance of the Lord's faithfulness, the doctor now resumed his journey with elastic step to

the solicitor's. Instead of allowing the mortgage to be foreclosed or entreating that payment be deferred, he now redeemed it. On arriving at home he was able to make up all arrears that had been daily accumulating through meagre remittances, and found himself with £90 in hand!

This circumstance is a remarkable and a striking instance of the far-reaching plans of Providence as they are fulfilled unto the faithful through prayer. It is written: “Thus saith the Lord, Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.” There is this wonderful feature about the prayer of faith, that the *habit* keeps communication open with the wide ministry of Providential activity, so that arrangements are made of God beforehand for the answer, and long ere the emergency has arisen that calls for His gracious interposition, or the actual prayer has been put up to which the answer is given. In this case it was more than two months since God had moved the colonel and his wife to provide for Dr. Barnardo's need on Midsummer Day; and they and he knew it not. On Midsummer morning Dr. Barnardo set out, not seeing ahead a single step. But the “coincidence” occurred by which, “strangely and fortunately,” the military gentleman was on the steps of the Pall Mall club just as our Founder was passing, and the two men met! And the debt was met! Dr. Barnardo cried and the Lord heard him; indeed, *had* heard him “before he called,” had answered him before he asked, and whilst his prayer was “yet” on his lips had heard!

The great system laid down by the commerce and economy of prayer and Providence is very wide. It communicates with all parts, with an Indian military station as with an English home, and with all people and agencies everywhere, with military families abroad, with quiet country parsonages, with meetings of executors, with persons known and persons who remain unknown and unidentified, with strangers and friends

alike. What agency cannot God use when provision is needed for men who live a life of obedient faith and do a work of sacrifice and service, whose very breath is prayer, and who are surrounded by an atmosphere of high and holy ministry! Who employed the Pall Mall club military friend on that midsummer morning at the right moment for him to be of service? Who prepared two months previously the Indian colonel and his wife that they might provide beforehand for that Midsummer morning in London? What angels were the "ministering spirits" sent forth to "minister to" Dr. Barnardo's children—"heirs" of the "salvation" of God? Who can say? Or, what other agency of the Lord and Proprietor of all may have been employed at that summer-tide when Dr. Barnardo's need was acute? Who is able to tell?

Again we say that prayer has its place in the great economy of redemption: it stands in living and sensitive, in immediate and permanent, union with unseen agencies in the great provision.

Browning, in *Paracelsus*, says, that "he who tastes a crust of bread tastes all the stars and all the heaven." There exist silent forces in moisture and light in the ample and distant spaces of our solar system that hold direct relation to our harvests and supply of daily bread. Science teaches the interdependence and relationship of all departments of the material creation with each other. The corn of one year's supply is not the product of one year only; it is not to be thought of as sufficient and separate, completely contained in itself, but is connected with other harvests, and with forces that have taken long to reach the earth from remote distances in sun and stars, in atmospheric and electric currents, in clouds and moisture, in light and temperature, in seasons of natural order. So that a taste of daily bread is a taste of "all the stars and all the heaven." But it is well to remember that



BABIES' CASTLE, HAWKHURST, KENT.



SOME OF THE BABIES.

there is a still greater world around us, of which the vast material world of "compact harmonies" is but the suggestion, "the pattern of things in the heavens, not the heavenly things themselves." Does our corn sprout in direct dependence on a world distant from ours by tens of millions of miles? Does water run and does wind blow under the influence of the sun and moon in immediate relation to the daily renewed hunger of fragile children of earthly mould? Are we forced by a simple question of bread "to confess that the wheels which grind for the children of men their corn are all turning in silence outside the human sphere"? * Sciences says so. But this is only one-half of the truth concerning our intimacy with an order that is unseen; the other half is that which recognises the place of the spiritual agency of faith and prayer in the order maintained between the Father in heaven and His children on earth. The one half is the science of the material order, the other the knowledge in Christ Jesus of the spiritual relationships of God and man. Neither may be divorced from the other without stinting life. The spiritual truth is needed as the complement of the truth of physical science, or our life were stunted by an impoverishing materialism. Prayer keeps touch with God, who has at hand agencies, both material and immaterial, that "do His pleasure, hearkening diligently unto the voice of His word." Prayer, through the mediatorship of Christ Jesus, reaches the centre and source of all supply and all sufficiency. Who can say that if we knew all we should not learn that prayer is the "reasonable service" of man to God for man?

Yet another example of the Prayer of Faith is taken from a class of cases represented by the Lord's poor, whom it is the delight of the Homes to aid and relieve. We have seen what prayer does in the

* See the late Rev. William Arthur's Fernley Lecture on "The Difference between Physical and Moral Law."

emergencies of the work of the Homes, and also that the record of Dr. Barnardo's experiences is full of instances of providences perfectly coincident with the cry and urgent needs of the hour. We are now to show that this privilege of prevailing prayer is not limited to the leaders of the Homes, but includes within its scope, with the same complete freedom of grace, members of the "Household of Faith," who, elbowed out of the struggling throng of indigent poor that, at best, toil for a bare pittance, and are ruthlessly pressed aside, and lose their feeble chance the moment sickness disqualifies them from making any headway in the contest for existence, nevertheless keep their place in the van of faith and prayer, with a fortitude that rebukes multitudes of the Christian Church who are better placed.

The story is that of a widow, Mrs. Ryan by name, and her little boy and girl, Billy and Bessie.*

There lay in a little room—a top-back in a miserable wreck of a house, one of several, jerry-built years before, and now falling into ruin from neglect, that formed a filthy court in the most slimy and unsavoury region of St. Luke's parish—a decent, working widow of about forty-five, who was helplessly ill and could barely move hand or foot. At a glance a visitor could see that the room, though devoid of every comfort, was neat and kept scrupulously clean. The woman lay on a bed on the floor, no longer able to go out to work to earn "a living" for herself and her two tiny children. She had struck her leg, and the blow had caused a wound which had formed into an ugly and festering ulcer. As long as she was able to walk she had gone as an out-patient to the nearest hospital. There she lay in the dripping, dreary days of the late autumn months of the year unhelped and helpless.

But her chief care was about her little Billy and

* See "Of the Household of Faith," by T. J. Barnardo, F.R.C.S.Ed., 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

Bessie. She would go into the hospital if it were not for them. But how could she leave them? She could not bear the thought of her Billy and Bessie drifting out into the streets. And she prayed to God for them. She had under her pillow a leaf of a well-known weekly Christian paper containing an account of one of Dr. Barnardo's cases of rescue, which concluded with the statement he is careful to repeat in every narrative and Report he issues, that *No destitute child is ever turned away from his door*; and the poor soul in her distress took this leaf from under her pillow, read it over and over again, and asked the Lord that her little ones might be taken in there. How she came by this story nobody knew. "I have," she said, when the hour of deliverance came, "been praying to the Lord all the time I have been here to take care of the children, and to keep our Bess from the streets."

Thus this brave, lone sufferer "kept the faith" in the op-back of a house in a tumble-down court of one of the most squalid and foetid regions of the East-end. She "believed God." She fulfilled the requirement of prayer: "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Could anything be more sublime or noble and ennobling for her and hers? This poor widow believed "out of the depths" of an outcast slum court!

How much should her faith arrest and rebuke well-to-do fellow-members of "the household of faith," and give them pause, and lead them to think of what the Saviour saith of this modern instance of a Syro-Phœnician woman's faith who lay outside the companionship of well-ordered and recognised Church life! The word "Syro-Phœnician" is high-sounding, and rather obscures the idea that the woman of that part who had "so great faith" for her daughter, lived altogether beyond the boundary of the man-drawn line of regulation Church relationship. "No. 13,

Plough Court, Banner Street, St. Luke's," is low-sounding in the ears of those who have known the poor places of London eastwards ; but that was the address of poor stricken widow Ryan at the time to which our story takes us. And it does not seem like an address that Christ Jesus our Lord would send us to if we would find a faith that rebukes and confounds the whole generation of contemporary life in Christian Church communion. Yet is it too much to conclude that were He with us to-day He would tell us who are of the "Israel" of this twentieth century to go to that address—to that clean, bare top-back—or to some similar unheard-of place, to learn what "so great faith" is? As our Lord said of the centurion, "I have not found so great faith ; no, not in Israel." "*Israel*," indeed ! "A prince with God" : the word has no place in much of modern Church life ; its very use is felt to be awkward and far-fetched and anachronous ; because the privileged power of prevailing prayer, as of a royal and ennobling prerogative in the household and family of God's Church on earth, "through their unbelief," either does not exist or is not exercised ; or, if "found" to exist and to be in exercise, as, after all, it happily is, is found of Him over the frontier line of jealously guarded sectarian limits in some unthought-of, hidden place, screened by decent poverty from "Israel's" discernment !

And of Mrs. Ryan's little ones, Billy and Bessie—what of them? Well, Bessie stays close to her mother ; her mother only feels sure that her little thing is safe when she has her by her side ; she is the younger of the two, and "littler than me—lots littler," said Billy in describing her ; and "she don't count," he said further when his mother's illness made him feel that he stood alone as the responsible breadwinner of the family *pro tem*. Billy himself is not very big, and is only nine. But it devolves on him to keep the wolf of hunger from the door—tha one door of the

clean top-back. Billy, however, is a brave boy ; and he sallies forth day by day to sell matches outside Moorgate Street station, a ten minutes' run from his mother in Plough Court. His mind is set on earning sixpence before he goes home as the least he can do with.

This is the little citizen of the greatest and wealthiest commercial city in the world, who goes forth in his small but sublime way of business to earn bread for his mother and "little Bess." Readers will exclaim, Oh, the pity of it, that such should be ! That it should be possible that the dire pressure of hunger should make it necessary that a child of nine, naked and hungry, should stand in chill streets, to earn a crust to keep mother and sister from starving ! Yet surely such deed of brave endurance and enterprise, however much it may reflect on a "Christian" city that allows it, has a place, and a very high place, in the goodly merchandise of the kingdom of heaven ! On that Stock Exchange where ministry counts and mere millions do not, Billy Ryan surely has his place as one of the merchant princes of the city of God—a very prince indeed—an "Israel" in those transactions in the business of the kingdom where only moral values count.

There is no mistaking that he gets his quality from his mother. She can only pray ; but she *can* pray, and believe. "No. 13, Plough Court, Banner Street, St. Luke's,"—the clean top-back is the room—is her "ford Jabbok," where in the dark night of her suspense she wrestles in prayer, "halting" on her injury until the day breaks and the blessing comes. She has in her the "Israel" quality—the "centurion" and the "Syro-Phœnician" quality ; the power of prayer and the power of "so great faith." These two energies unite in her, and vibrate in her little boy. But let us see how this little partner in the merchandise of the kingdom fares on the first night of our story.

"Matches, sir?" said a piping, timid voice to a gentleman who hurries out of Moorgate Street station, thinking of the business transacted at a board meeting of a society in which he was interested. And he glanced down at the shoeless feet of the little fellow who stood by in the murky fitful light of that damp night. "Matches, sir?" he repeated, making bold because the gentleman had turned and looked at him. "Two a ha'-penny! Two boxes a ha'penny, sir. Buy 'em, sir!" persisted the diminutive seller, as he kept beside the gentleman who was hurrying home. Then he added, in order to make the more sure of doing business, "Could give yer three, but there ain't much profit!"

At this the gentleman paused, and took a good look at the little street merchant. But the gentleman must himself tell us what further took place in this interview; and what it led to.

I saw a sight, common enough, alas! in London: a little street vendor, shoeless and stockingless, his bare feet well muddied, his trousers ragged, his jacket torn. Trousers and jacket were all he had to cover him from the drizzling rain and the shivering fog. A queer little old patched cap was perched on one side of his head in a knowing fashion, pathetically at variance with the sad lines of his face. The child looked to me about eight years of age; but I guessed him to be about nine, for he was of stunted growth.

"Sold much to day?" I inquired. He shook his head.

"Six boxes ain't much; only t'ree a'-pence for the lot."

"Who sent you out?"

"Mother."

"And why does mother send out a little chap like you?"

"She can't help it; she's werry bad."

"Where is she?"

"Home."

"Anybody else there?"

"Sissy."

"Do you make much money?"

"Sometimes, if I'm lucky?"

"Are you often lucky?"

"Not 'xactly often; I wor in real luck yesterday."

"How's that?"

"Such a nice gemman kem along, and says he, 'You are a pore little chap,' and he gave me a bob. Oh! he wor a nice gemman, he wor!"

My young companion had wasted no words, and now, when such emphasis was laid upon this particular gentleman, I felt sure he was being held up for imitation!

"Why dont you go home with your three ha'pence?" I continued.

"'Taint no use," said the boy. "'Taint no use going home with littler nor a tanner, sir."

"Must you always have a tanner?"

The little head was nodded quickly and emphatically. Clearly sixpence was the irreducible minimum!

At this gentleman's request the little fellow told him where he lived in St. Luke's parish. "Come on with me," the gentleman said, "and I will see your mother. I am a doctor, you know, and perhaps I can do her some good."

By this time our readers will have divined who this gentleman was. He said he was "a doctor"; and who could this be, this medical man hastening out of Moorgate Street station from a Board meeting, but our Founder now hurrying on his errand of mercy, guided by the pattering feet of Billy, our little friend?

On reaching "No. 13, Plough Court, St. Luke's," where the mother and two children dwelt, the little fellow led his visitor up a flight of creaky and filthy stairs, holding him tightly with his own small thin hand; and then on reaching the back room on the top floor ran in first. The doctor waited outside. In a few moments the door was thrown open, and a weak voice said, "Come in, sir." Dr. Barnardo found everything as we have described it. "The room was literally devoid of furniture. There was no chair to sit down on; no table to fill up the bare floor-space. Yet there was a marvellous air of peace and even of comfort in that empty garret! All, for instance, was wondrously *clean*. And one felt that there was a decent and gracious air about the place that spoke well for its human occupants." A poor, decent-looking woman lay on a heap of rags on the floor. A few words of sympathy and explanation led to the telling of her simple story. But the doctor did not, as yet, say who he was; neither had the mother and children any idea. Her work as charwoman had perforce been

given up, and there she lay. "By her side stood a little girl of about six years of age—'our Bess,' she called her, a bright-eyed, winsome little lassie."

Deeply affected, I listened to the simple, homely, heroic story. Men are inclined to the belief that heroes are only made on special occasions. Yet in truth the finest heroes are homespun, and are often hidden in obscurity. Billy—the breadwinner—was of the true stuff, and his modest struggle might have made an epic!

When the suffering woman was asked why she did not go into a hospital, the answer she gave made the visitor regret that he should have made the suggestion. "What would become of the children?" said the poor woman. "Billy might do for a bit by himself—he is a brave lad! But our Bess——" And then the poor mother broke down in tears, but in a moment she had recovered herself, and her then calm and resolute face revealed where Billy got his bravery.

"Well, then, why not try to get the children into some Home or Refuge, while you are taken to the hospital and properly treated?"

"Ah, yes, sir!" she replied eagerly. "That's what I *would* like; but then I don't know how to set about it.

"Look here, sir," continued the woman, and she took the leaf about one of Dr. Barnardo's own rescues from under her pillow, and, putting it in his hand said, "Read that, sir!" not knowing in the least to whom she spoke. "I have been hoping and praying that God would let Billy and Bess get in *there*. I know they'd be safe, and they'd both be together, and *then* I'd go in cheerful to the 'ospital!"

Her visitor felt with deep emotion that he could not keep her longer without telling her who he was. "My name is Barnardo," he said; and forthwith informed her that he had a great many boys and girls like hers in his charge, and that was why he had asked her little boy to bring him to her; and now, if she was



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willing, he would take Billy and Bessie and keep them while she was away.

With wonder and amazement and tears the poor mother called her children. "Billy!" and he was promptly at her side. "Bess, dear!" and then, holding the two children in her trembling hands, she said, "This is the gentleman that has all the little boys and girls. I *told* you God would hear me, and now He's just sent him here to take and keep you both until I am well again."

What the sequel was need not be told; every reader can guess. There promptly followed notes of various names and addresses the woman supplied that the doctor might verify the facts and assure himself that she was without friends who would help her, and that her case was entirely genuine, though the air of truth her whole story wore made inquiry almost a formality in this instance. He saw to the immediate needs of the family, and left, but not until he had got Billy to tell again the story of the "nice gemman."

"Now, Billy, what shall I do to be like the nice gentleman? Shall I give you a shilling now? or shall I take both you and Bessie into my Home and send your mother to the hospital?"

Billy hesitated; but not so Bessie. The words were hardly out of the doctor's mouth when little Bessie sidled shyly up to the doctor and placed her tiny hand confidently in his. Billy said slowly, yet firmly, after some thought, "If mother wor well, I think it would be nicer to have the shilling; but I'll go with you, sir, all right."

Ere much time had passed, one of the doctor's good women helpers was in the room seeing to the wants of the patient, and providing food and fuel and a few needed garments for the children, whilst he was obtaining an order of admission to the hospital for the poor sufferer herself, who, he felt sure, belonged truly to the "household of faith."

That is how Billy and Bessie came to be added to

Dr. Barnardo's family of over seven thousand boys and girls, who look to him as their father and friend.

Who shall say after this that God, our Father, is not in communication with a top room back in a slum court equally with an Indian military station or a Pall Mall club, an hotel in Oxford, a South of England parsonage, or an unknown and untraceable lady who can give to the work three thousand pound Bank of England notes and then disappears, or, a "Little Brother" in China who can send home to England in a time of great need his cheque for £1000? And who shall say that the poorest of the Lord's people, albeit they live beyond the lines of demarcation of our present day *Israels*, may not be heard in the wide system of the prayer of faith, and ensure reply to their "call," and all provision and "very present help" in their time of need? Surely to such is the literal fulfilment of the gracious promise—"Call upon ME in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify ME."

"And from morning prayer till evening the household of each cottage was ruled with a silent and easy order."

CHAPTER VIII.

A VISIT TO THE GIRLS' VILLAGE HOMES.

WE have seen in the last chapter that the preparatory step was taken in founding the Cottage Homes for girls, through evident answer to prayer that was given after Dr. Barnardo, by the advice of his friend, had waited for it; and he could not doubt that God had given him a token that it was His will that the plan he had formed in his mind should be carried out then, and carried out by him. He had prayed and looked for guidance, his scheme in his thoughts all the time—not, however, unmixed with doubt and hesitation as to whether he should embark in it. He wanted to feel a little surer about it.

It was a very modest plan at first, his chief idea being that he would build a few cottages in the country where he could send his girls, providing homelike residences under the charge of kind women who should be as "mothers" to them. And he waited for an indication of Providential guidance. He was not required to wait long, as we have seen. Just at this juncture, when on a brief visit to Oxford, a stranger unexpectedly called on him at his hotel, seeing his name on the visitors' list, and having seen also the letter he had written to *The Christian*, in which he had taken the public into his confidence on

the subject that was filling his thoughts. "Put me down for the first cottage," said the stranger, who stated that he wished the cottage to be a memorial to a deceased daughter of his (see p. 89). There was no longer any suspense of mind on the part of Dr. Barnardo as to what the will of God for him in this was. Not more sure was Gideon in the days of the Judges of Israel, that the dual sign of the fleece in the floor—now with the dew lying on it and the ground dry all around, then dry and the earth around wet—betokened of a surety that God would save Israel by his hand, than was Dr. Barnardo that the interview at Oxford with a gentleman he had not known before was an outward and visible sign that God would have him go forward in the project he had formed for a place in the country for his girls.

Little, however, we imagine, could the doctor thus early have conceived whereunto this noble work, so modestly begun, would grow, and that in about a quarter of a century he would have nearly twelve hundred girls in residence in separate cottages that had grown to quite a village, under one general plan, and with a simplicity and beauty of arrangement that make it a village far superior in appearance to most villages in the land. Yet so it is. And still Dr. Barnardo is adding new cottages and other improvements to the village.

A run down to Barkingside, Ilford, from Liverpool Street station, brings with it a revelation of the noble proportions whereunto the work has attained, and the business-like commonsense and reasonableness that mark its management and directorship. Barkingside station, within a hundred yards of the village gates, is reached in less than thirty minutes. The old-time hamlet is fast becoming under the builder's busy hands another suburb of our vast and overgrown Metropolis. Electric cars from Ilford also stop close to the village gates. The Girls' Village Homes are built on a serene and silent spot, level, as all the country

around for miles is. The soil is gravel and dry. The stranger who has taken note of the photographs of the buildings, some of which we are permitted to reproduce in these pages, will at once recognise the Children's Church and the tower of Cairns Cottage, the School, and the lines of detached Cottage Homes, all at an ample distance from each other, and the spacious walks and ornamental beds of flowers, the lawns, and the profusion of shrubs and trees that serve to give the dear girls an ideal rural life. A Girls' Garden City of a truth!

You are admitted at the lodge gates, and you are led to a fair-sized room, well lighted and comfortable, which suggests sitting-room, work-room and office, as well as a place utilised on visiting days as waiting-room, where you find a bright and hearty welcome from ladies in charge, one of whom subsequently conducts you round the village, that you may see and learn all that there is to know concerning this far-famed enterprise of Christian philanthropy. Ladies are seated with correspondence and accounts before them; a young woman is at a typewriter busy with copy; she has an intelligent face, and it is only when she rises and moves away that you learn that she is deformed. She is one of the older of the befriended girls, and in this way finds employment, and works for the Homes that have done so much for her. The Visitors' Book rests on a table for signatures, and on opening it to record your own name you notice from how wide a radius visitors are drawn. Addresses here indicate visits from all over the United Kingdom and far beyond it. A recent visitor, we observe, is from Germany, that land of Christian Institutions sustained by faith and prayer, under deaconesses and pastors of the type of George Müller, of the Ashley Down Orphanage, whom Germany gave to England.

And now your party sallies forth with interest quickened by the pleasant and wholesome things already seen, and the glimpse you have had of the

girls who are arriving at the servant-maid stage of their training. These latter open hall and corridor doors as you pass, and are in attendance generally at this busy house.

You are first conducted to the Children's Church, a fine building with sitting accommodation for twelve hundred children, plain and unadorned, yet beautiful in its simplicity—an ideal place of worship for its purpose. It is seated throughout with comfortable children's pews, so distributed that each "mother" sits with her own family during Divine worship. The church is the gift of a lady; and in the porch of the main entrance under the tower is the following inscription:—

THIS CHURCH IS DEDICATED
TO THE GLORY OF GOD IN LOVING MEMORY
OF HER FATHER AND MOTHER,
BY THEIR DAUGHTER, 25TH JUNE, 1892.

Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord, for His name alone is excellent, His glory is above the earth and heaven.

What this magnificent gift cost, and who the donor is, are facts only privately known; for the lady who made the gift to the Village Home for ever has desired nothing to be made public concerning it that can be kept secret. The use of it is under the control of Dr. Barnardo. It is an "unconsecrated" church by preference, in order that Dr. Barnardo may be free to invite ministers other than the clergy of the Church of England to conduct services, or Christian men to do so who are not ministers. A godly Chaplain, an earnest-minded evangelical man, is in charge, who holds his "license" under the Bishop of the Diocese, and is responsible for the conduct of the ordinary services. A door against the main road is opened at the time of worship when the children are all in their places, to admit the public who desire to attend, as far as accommodation can be found for them. The voices of a thousand young people joining in a

simply conducted service must create a desire in many persons to enjoy the privilege of being present. Dr. Barnardo holds from conviction the Evangelical position in doctrine and ritual; and the unadorned simplicity of the children's services is preserved and guarded in harmony with deeply cherished Protestant principles. The utmost is done to maintain the spiritual tone of these services, in the prayerful hope that through them the children may be led to Christ Himself, and the workers stimulated to a truer discipleship and following of their Lord. There is no uncertain sound in the simple message of the great Evangel set forth here. Not sacraments, but Christ; not the Church, but the Saviour, the great Head of the Church, is preached by the Chaplain, by the Governor (who, we understand, is a Nonconformist), and by Dr. Barnardo himself, when he occasionally gives the address. Nor are there wanting "signs following"; for this unconsecrated Church has had the diviner consecration put on it which Heaven bestows on places where souls are led into the New Life, and enabled to "behold" with the eye of faith "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

Thus the great purpose is maintained in public worship that characterises the work of the Institutions throughout, and that is, the spiritual and eternal welfare of all who enter.

We next visit the Day School, also a large building, and the gift of friends. During class work, sections are separated by partitions, but when required these sections can be all thrown into the central area, when an auditorium is formed that will seat upwards of a thousand persons. Here the children enjoy their daily drill, are put through gymnastic exercises and games, and are practised in those delightful entertainments which culminate in the Albert Hall Annual Meeting, when a crowd representing all classes, from Royalty downward, yearly assemble to bid the work God-speed. The School is under the Education

Department just as Elementary Schools are ; it works under the Code, undergoes examinations, is visited by inspectors, and receives grants in the usual way.

Visitors are always desirous of knowing how the children do under the standards. Do they do as well as children in Elementary Schools generally ? The teachers, who are certificated as in public elementary schools, must have a fearfully hard task before them to bring under educational training such intractable and undisciplined material as the Institution provides—so it is assumed. And no doubt, wild and unaccustomed to obedience as many or even most of them have been, the task of bringing them under discipline is arduous enough. Yet even here the results are highly creditable. The children do excellently, and the report of the Government Inspectors shows that the school is by no means low down on the list. That the school should do so well shows that many of the children rescued from the slums and from ruinous influences are naturally quick and intelligent. Among the “infants” are some bright and winsome faces, and one would not be able to distinguish this class from an average “infants’” class in a village or a London Elementary School. One thing characterises all the children of this school alike, and that is—they are all scrupulously clean and neat, and warmly and tidily dressed. No uniform is worn by any of the girls.

We said that this spacious and airy schoolroom was the gift of friends. A tablet at the principal doorway reads thus :—

GIVEN BY MR. AND MRS. J. NEWBERRY,
IN MEMORY OF THEIR LITTLE SON,
JOHN EDGAR,
AGED NINE YEARS.

This building, therefore, like the beautiful Church, and the first cottage, and many cottages since, is the tender and generous memorial of buried affections. What more seemly and satisfactory monument to

sleeping loved ones could surviving, sorrowing hearts raise than such buildings as these, that perpetuate treasured names in this Girls' Village Home?

We are then admitted to the School of Cookery, where a class of girls are receiving their usual lesson under a qualified cook. It happened that at the time when we called the lesson was one on how to make and bake cakes of various kinds. Some cakes were already turned out done; they looked very appetising, and nice enough for a confectioner's window. The cook, evidently a very competent person, informed us that other dishes took their turn on other days; sometimes it happened that they were preparing vegetables and various meats when visitors came. The dishes day by day were sent in rotation to the cottages, and were very popular and eagerly welcomed—as they would be, it seemed to us, at any table. The Government Code is also followed in these kitchen cooking lessons. This work in the kitchen was very interesting to watch. Here, too, the Instructress informed us, girls differ in quickness extremely. “Some take to the work as young ducklings take to the water; others require to be told forty times, and then have not learnt.” An experience, most ladies will probably observe, that is by no means confined to *this* kitchen!

We were then led along a passage to a very different place: the Workrooms first, and then the residence of deformed young people. The sight we saw moved us deeply. With the beautiful considerateness of Christian love and the mindfulness of a tender mercy, these dear girls, having reached womanhood, although they mingle freely in the village life and share its activities, have a separate and very charming Home of their own. As regards crippled and deformed *boys* and *younger* girls, they are, as we have pointed out elsewhere, distributed among various Homes according to age or intelligence and they live with their hale and healthy compeers.

This is a little Home, the lady who was showing us round assured us, of many close attachments and much affection and mutual help. When together a little while these afflicted girls are usually found to form friendships among themselves which bid fair to become lifelong and imperishable. They are allowed to live according to these friendships—as, for instance, in the airy and cosy cubicles upstairs, in each of which are two single beds, they are permitted, as far as possible, to group themselves according to their own preferences. So every two friends have a separate cubicle. And very neat these cubicles are! They are adorned with pictures; the toilet-tables are arranged with nicknacks that belong to the girls, and there are signs all round that neatness and taste are cultivated, and that the occupants take pride in making their rooms look comfortable and attractive. The dining-room and the sitting-room were the same. Some girls had a little shelf of books, and other possessions that gladden growing girls' hearts everywhere.

In the Workroom here girls were making dresses and garments. Sewing-machines were busy; every seat seemed occupied, for are there not more than a thousand girls to be provided for? A great deal of clothing is given to the Homes, and the girls appear in all kinds of garb. There is no difficulty in receiving and turning to account all manner of clothing, since no uniform is worn, and no badge whatever to distinguish them from other girls. With the exception of what is given them "they make all their own," our lady conductor informed us. "And it is a large order to execute! The outfits for parties of girl-emigrants are made here; and every girl is supplied with four dresses and an equally good stock of other things. These girls are mostly able to earn their cost to the establishment after they have arrived at an age when, had they been eligible, they would have been taking situations as servants. As there is no

prospect that they will ever be able to do this, they remain where they are and are convenient work-women for the Homes. If any of them should be able to get employment on account of their efficiency at their needle, they are free to accept it and leave. But, alas, there are some of them who will never be wanted anywhere on account of the form of their affliction ; and we believe that a problem is beginning to present itself to Dr. Barnardo's fertile mind which will presently need to be faced, and which even now is calling for solution, and that problem is—What provision shall be made for these permanently dependent girls when they have arrived at mature age, and will require to be cared for as long as they live ? As, however, a way has been opened up for every new requirement of the work as it has presented itself from time to time, so, doubtless, this problem, which will be shortly pressing on the kind heart of Dr. Barnardo, will have a providential solution, and some friend will be found to help to solve it. What appears to be wanted is a large building, adequately fitted, furnished, and endowed, where these poor girls may be provided for for life, and allowed to occupy themselves as they are able.

We expect to hear some day that a wealthy Christian has consecrated his money to this use, and once for all taken this burden off Dr. Barnardo's shoulders, which he could not very well avoid taking in the first instance on his own, when, in the kindness of his heart, he received little deformed wretches into his Homes whom he knew he could never send out again. There is surely a rich Christian somewhere looking round to see what use he shall make of his wealth, who will be led to do what an anonymous lady has done already in providing the Church, and what Mr. and Mrs. Newberry have done in supplying the School premises, *to begin with*, and *then* invest in the best securities a sufficient sum to provide an endowment that will yield permanently an annual income

equal to the needs of this *Home for the Helpless*. What a work of acceptance with the Christ of Compassion, who healed the halt and maimed and sick, would such gift be! If we are not able, as He was, to heal and restore them to soundness and symmetry of physical health, or to mental balance and clearness, vigour and control, may not some one amongst us do the next best thing for them by lovingly and amply providing for them for the remainder of their lives?

Hard by the Home of the deformed is the residence of lady-officers and teachers, who are of necessity many in number, and a very beautiful and complete residence it is. It is the far-famed Mossford Lodge, the gift of a city merchant, who had come thus early to value Dr. Barnardo's work among the waifs, at the time of the doctor's marriage thirty years ago. It is a beautiful building, since enlarged. It was here that the Girls' Village began to be. It stands on the village estate which has been since added to, by purchase of adjoining properties, until the area is about fifty acres. It was here that the newly married pair gained their first experience in befriending waif girls, and, as the doctor often reminds us, "learnt by his mistakes and failures." Soon after he had begun his work for boys, he saw the necessity of doing something for girls. He was led to desire to start a work for girls by the oft-repeated request of befriended boys, "But can't you, sir, do something too for my little sister?" It was not, however, until his marriage that he felt free to undertake this branch of work. Now that he was settled in a home of his own in the country that had come so wonderfully into his hands, he was able to commence to carry out his wishes. Coach-houses and stabling were enlarged into dormitories and living-rooms, and waif girls taken in, until Dr. and Mrs. Barnardo had sixty in residence and training. But circumstances which cut them to the heart revealed to them as with a flashlight that

to herd together sixty slum-girls was only to fret and spread the festering wound they strove to heal. They learnt that even one really bad girl was sufficient to infect the rest. "We must give it up," they exclaimed in despair, "and admit our failure to all our kind friends and supporters." But just then, "as in a vision of the night," when the sorely distressed and disappointed young doctor lay awake thinking of his failure to do these girls good—indeed, of his unwittingly doing them harm instead—it suddenly occurred to him that the *family* plan—the "setting of the solitary in families"—was God's arrangement; and, after much and earnest prayer, the resolution came that he would adopt it instead of disbanding his herded group of Orphan and Waif girls. The rest followed after a time. Neat cottages were built, each placed under a "mother," and family life copied in the homes as far as could be, as we have described. Mossford Lodge, therefore, is a residence rendered famous by the fact that it is the spot where the Cottage Homes of Dr. Barnardo's System, as applied by our Founder to solve a difficult problem, originated, and that has in the progress of the years given the cue to methods to be observed in Children's Institutions in all parts of the world. At Mossford Lodge now dwell a large number of his lady-workers engaged in various departments, such as Secretaries, School-teachers, Visitors, etc. Here also special guests are entertained, and rooms are reserved for our Founder's own use.

Near at hand is a magnificent cedar, with which we are told an interesting history stands connected. Under its deep shade on those garden seats we felt how delightful it must be to while away an hour in summer when tired workers' toil is done, and to rest the eye on trees and lawns and fields around. But there is no time to muse. We have been taking the principal part of the afternoon in going round, and there is a good deal more to see yet.

We were now conducted to two of the cottages on

opposite sides of the village. The first was one of the more recent erections, where twenty-five girls reside with a "mother." The lady was matronly and active and of a bright and pleasant countenance. She courteously took us all over her cottage—into the sitting-room, dining-room, and kitchen, and bedrooms. Single beds are here, as everywhere, and there is plenty of light and air. A cat was sitting by the kitchen fire, the usual picture of contentment. The good lady explained that the cottage had just been painted throughout, and everything was now looking spick and span ; but so far as we could see, everywhere we went looked just the same—cheerful, orderly, very clean, and well-managed. The children are allowed to keep a few pets. We saw a canary in a cage hanging in a window ; and there were several well-favoured cats about ; while three beautiful doves stand in the village grounds. Everything is done to make each cottage as much like a home with children in it as possible. The children in each home are graduated as in the family ; all ages are there, from little things of a few weeks or months old up to the big eldest girl, who is nearly ready to go out into service.

All the work of the cottage is done by those who live in it—upstairs work, cleaning, scrubbing, dusting, cooking. The "mother" keeps things going, with the aid of her family, quite independently of other cottages. They have their own little troubles and pleasures and interests all to themselves. Sometimes the children are naughty and have to be shown how to behave. Sometimes there is sickness, and it is good to have a neighbour run in. And there are suitable seasons for little parties, and fun and merriment. There are, we were informed, nineteen detached cottages like this one, that accommodate the "mother" and twenty-five children—eight which hold twenty inmates, and twenty-nine which hold sixteen each : in all, fifty-six separate Homes to accommodate 909 children, to which must be added 69 others living

at Queen Victoria House, Mossford Lodge, the Laundry, and the Infirmary, yielding a total of 978 girl residents on the occasion of our visit. Of course the number continually fluctuates. One had only to look around to see that an unconstrained air of happy freedom reigns throughout the village, together with order, peace, obedience, and kindness.

We now made our way over lawns and ornamental walks to another part of the village, where are the older cottages, which were among the first built. We called at one in charge of a North of Ireland instructress, who hailed from sweet Donegal, and here growing girls were being taught art needlework. All of these were unfitted by physical or mental infirmity for training as domestic servants. But some of them had already made much progress, as the exquisite samples of their needlework shown us proved. Some girls were clever, others not too sharp; but their teacher hastened to explain that dull, even deficient, girls could be got to do regular stitches well when put in the way of their task and allowed to take their own time. The ladies who called with us were evidently very much interested in the delicate art work in hand, and learnt that it was the teacher's ambition to found in the village an art school in needlework, where costly articles and fabrics should be produced to sell for the good of the Homes. There is always demand for *the best*; and judging from the patronage given during the season in London to art needlework sales, a sale of this kind supplied by the girls of Dr. Barnardo's Village Homes would be sure to answer, under the ægis of one or more of the kind ladies in Society who would doubtless be only too pleased to give their support to a movement of this nature. This attempt at ornamental needlework has only recently been made, but the progress is already sufficiently marked to warrant the expectation that important results will accrue from it in due time.

And now we step forth from the beginnings of art needlework to the Laundry: a short walk only; but we find ourselves in another atmosphere. Here the machinery of an extensive business is kept going. The girls at work are strong, and grown up for the most part, and are qualifying for all the laundry work of big houses, where presently they hope to find employment. All stages of washing, drying, starching, and ironing are in progress; and many healthy-looking and well-favoured young women are merrily engaged. All family work usually done in this line is thoroughly taught the girls before they leave. Machinery has had to be introduced to assist the work, otherwise it would not be got through for so large a household—or rather, group of households, for nearly all the London Branches, as well as the Village itself, are “washed for” in this large establishment. If it were not for this necessity, machinery, it is thought, would not be used, as it would be better to teach girls laundry work on the scale they would find in use in ordinary homes and families. As we came away we saw laid out ready to be sent home delicate and gossamer articles of wear, which showed that among those girls some were to be found who are capable of getting up the finest fabrics beautifully. So the ladies agreed. The output of the Laundry is over 120,000 articles per annum.

Among the bigger girls whom we see walking about and gossiping eagerly in groups and greatly enjoying themselves on the Village lawns (it being now after school hours) is a young Salvation Army officer in uniform, who has come down to see her old companions. She is a girl who left the Homes some little time since, and is now engaged in the Salvation Army. She has run down in her new outfit to say good-bye to her friends in the Homes before starting on her work in “the field.”

Girls ready for service are provided for at once easily. Indeed, so great is the demand for them that

they are usually engaged long beforehand. If any mistress in a house thinks to send to Dr. Barnardo for a servant out of consideration for his praiseworthy work, and that one from this class who had such a bad beginning in life can be engaged at low wages, she will find herself woefully mistaken. They easily obtain good wages, and the best among them get the highest wages at once. Where one is sent out to service, fifty could be easily found situations if there only were the girls to send. It is not anybody who can engage a servant from the Homes. [Dr. Barnardo is very particular where he lets the girls go, and uses the utmost care to allow them only to enter families where there is every probability that the influences brought to bear on them in their first situation will be favourable and contributory to their happiness and welfare. So much depends on the opportunity of a good start !

After the girls have entered situations the old connection with the Homes is kept up by letters and occasional visits, and these girls almost invariably write to say how they would like to be back in the old Village again, living with the "cottage mothers." The ties of friendship with this sweet village life are often even strengthened on removal, and many a gift of a young wage-earner is sent to the funds of the Institution to which, under God, they owed their rescue and chance in life.

So ingenuous and cordial are the various ladies in charge of the village that one leaves it with the agreeable feeling that there is nothing whatever to conceal. Everything in connection with the Homes is honest and above-board. You had been, perhaps, informed of this before, but now you know it to be true, for you have found it out for yourself.

On inquiry you learn that there are no highly paid officials : indeed, many of those in charge receive no salary at all, only board and residence. A small allowance is of course made in case of necessity ;

but, in many instances, those who serve do so with little or no remuneration, and purely from love of the work. It is always well when the "cottage mothers" and others have an annuity of their own, and can give service entirely without reward, and are able to provide for themselves when they leave. It is not easy, however, to get into the Village as a "mother," or in any other capacity. A period of probation is exacted, and care is taken that only truly Christian persons, well adapted to the arduous yet blessed work to be done, are engaged. The period of probation usually eliminates all false sentiment as to this work of charity, and those only stay who are able to take up the self-sacrificing and responsible duties involved from some high principle or conviction.

They get a great many Boards of Guardians or deputations from Boards of Guardians among the visitors, who come to make note of the Cottage System. (On a subsequent visit of ours we found the Village overrun with the members of a large Committee from Berlin, who were diligently packing information into their busy note-books.) Dr. Barnardo, indeed, has given a helpful lead to many persons from far and near who have charge of children dependent on public care. The "Cottage Home" arrangement is gaining favour, and is proving to be a much more satisfactory and kindly method than the old barrack-room life of the workhouse. "The big house" is repellent, whereas a neat cottage residence is attractive.

The Ilford Village, too, gives hints that natural beauty is an educational factor, and a source of pleasure, in the life of the poor as it is of the rich. Flowers and trees and shrubs, ornamental walks and lawns, garden-seats and groves, with spacious and restful surroundings, form no mean moral element in the Christian treatment of waif and pauper children. Here as elsewhere our Founder has moved



A VIEW IN THE GIRLS' VILLAGE HOMES, BARKINGSIDE, ILFORD.



NATIVES OF WEST AFRICA, NOW INMATES OF THE VILLAGE HOMES, BARKINGSIDE.

in advance of his times, for surely this is a Garden City, and the Garden City movement is as yet only in its infancy!

Poor Law representatives may get many a wholesome hint from what is to be seen at Ilford. These things are there, and they are valued and uncostly sources of delight in country life, and they make to an untold extent for physical and moral well-being. If the hard and traditional methods of the treatment of the homeless and indigent that brought discredit on the old workhouse system are dying, and more humane and considerate schemes are being substituted, our country will have, in no small measure, to thank Dr. Barnardo and kindred spirits, who have introduced a "better way."

Yet ancient prejudices die hard, and one of the most stubborn is the notion that poor children who are at our mercy do not require to be favoured with the appeal of beauty, or "sweetness and light," or the surroundings of good taste—as though they were little criminals to be punished for their poverty, or beings essentially different from those who are reputedly formed of finer clay! We are acquainted with the Board Room of a Union in a remote part of the country, where an incident occurred well within the last quarter of a century that serves to illustrate this traditional treatment of the poor. The wife of the workhouse master, a woman of intelligent and refined spirit, and, we believe, a newcomer, had brought in a pretty arrangement of flowers for the table, and the chairman, on taking his place at the Guardians' meeting, rang hastily and told the good woman to take those flowers out. She learnt that the Board did not appreciate flowers—anyway, in that room!

A lady of our little party at the Ilford Village gave one of the children, whose face she fancied, a bunch of sweet violets, and the smile and "Thank you, ma'am," of the child was her reward, and the little ones in the

play-yard crowded round her to smell and see and touch. We shall yet learn, we doubt not, to give of our best to those who have not any other chance of the best! And so we shall join hands with democratic Nature, which reflects our Heavenly Father's intention for all His family, and provides that the spacious wealth of her gifts in blue sky and clouds, in sun and stars, in balmy and serene air, in profusion of flowers, in the ripple of laughing waters, and in trees and shrubs and mosses, should be for all the children. If it should be said that the poor have no eye for beauty, we resent the impeachment: they *have*. But it may need educating. And Dame Nature, if you give her a chance, will train them to her code, and in the most wholesome and stealthy way whisper the secrets of her beauty into their ears, and make them the familiar things of their life—"a joy for ever."

Happily, we are learning!

"But they would say, Let us have something practical. It is a true instinct; let us at least have nothing impracticable; sin is too real, and time is too short, and men's hands are too full for that. But what is 'practical'? Prayer and faith are practical—walking by faith and not by sight; and the difference between the world and the Christian is just here—that the one reckons only upon visible influences, and the other reckons also upon influences that are invisible."

CHAPTER IX.

OTHER DEPARTMENTS OF THE ASSOCIATION. THE EMIGRATION SYSTEM.

IF ever a new Bunyan appears in the Christian Church, with a genius equal to John Bunyan's, and an equal fidelity in its use, he will depict in any allegory he may write the outward work of the Church, as the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" did, from his point of view, the experiences of its inward life.

And we may be sure that a large place will be given to *the children* in it. Our century and a quarter of Sunday schools will be found there; and scenes as well to represent the prominence that the modern work of Christians gives to institutions of child-philanthropy. There will be an Interpreter's House with "chambers of imagery" assigned to the children, and an Interpreter's Garden with much to be seen in it as informing as it is beautiful. Bunyan gave but scant place to children in his "Pilgrim"; but, we suppose, the

place given was proportionate to the place they held in the Church in his day.

A new allegory, however, of the ripe harvest into which the spiritual experience of the Christian Church issues to-day would have to assign a relatively large place to the children, and to the service and attention given by the Church to them. Dr. Barnardo's Homes would be one of the children's institutions like unto "the diverse flowers" in the Interpreter's Garden, that are content to grow where they are rooted, and "quarrel not." This work of his goes on, absorbed in its own demands and opportunities.

We have come away, it will be remembered, at the end of the last chapter, from the Village Homes, with their serenities and pleasant air of peace and beauty. As we mused on leaving, it seemed as though we had been taken through an Interpreter's House and Garden, and had seen, not an allegory in this instance, but an actual and objective reality. When the allegory comes to be written, such Homes as these must be allowed to do something to give colour and verisimilitude to the imagery.

From Ilford to Stepney is a great change—from sunshine to chill and damp fog, from free and open country life to the density and misery of congested slum haunts. Stepney Causeway is a very different place from the walks in the Girls' Village. Yet here too, on different lines, there is much, very much, of interest. If it were only that the headquarters of all Dr. Barnardo's Institutions are here, the spot would be endeared to untold thousands! If anything can redeem a neighbourhood like this in any degree to fame, it is the fact that the Homes had their origin here, and that it is here also that they still find their principal centre. Improvements—sanitary and otherwise—are constantly taking place from time to time which are rendering it more wholesome and open than its traditional associations would suggest. An aggregation of departments of the Institution is

found in this neighbourhood. Here are located many of the chief and most important of the over one hundred branches into which the Homes have now multiplied. The Home for Destitute Boys (Nos. 18 to 26) is in Stepney Causeway, and the Open-all-night Refuges (Nos. 6, 8, and 10) for Homeless Boys and Girls. Here, too, is Her Majesty's Hospital for Waif Children (Nos. 13 to 19),—"The Palace of Pain," whose wards are models of cosy arrangement for the relief and comfort of little patients, and whose medical and surgical departments and entire management, under skilled and kindly nurses, are as nearly perfect as can be. Here likewise is the Crèche founded by the late Mrs. Hilton, but now under Dr. Barnardo's care. The Leopold House Orphan Home for Little Boys and the Burdett Dormitory, and a small Service House for older girls, are in Burdett Road. In the Commercial Road is situated the Labour House for Destitute Youths; and the Rescue Home for Young Girls in Special Danger, the exact whereabouts of which, for obvious reasons, is kept private, is not far away. Within a mile or so is "The Beehive," an Industrial Home for Older Girls, in Mare Street, Hackney; and in the same thoroughfare the deeply interesting Branch for Deaf and Dumb and Afflicted Girls. The Union Jack Shoeblack Brigade and Home has its headquarters at Three Colt Street, Limehouse. The Children's Free Lodging Houses are at Commercial Street and Dock Street, Leman Street, Whitechapel (with a third out in the West-end at St. John's Place, Notting Hill). Nearer home, at Grove Road, Victoria Park, is the Children's Fold for Very Small Boys. All these departments of The National Incorporated Waifs' Association stud one quarter of our teeming East-end, and represent centres of light, ministry, and aid of an altogether well-considered and wholesome character.

Numerous as these are, they only touch the London section of the work. Out of London there is the

Nursery Home for Very Little Boys, Gorey, Jersey ; the Convalescent Seaside Home, Felixstowe, Suffolk ; the Jones Memorial Home for Incurables, Birkdale ; the Orphan Home for Girl Waifs, Exeter ; the Mitten-dorff Home for Girl Waifs, Epsom, and for Boys, Norwood and the Castilian Orphanage, Northampton ; while other Homes are at Stockton-on-Tees, Cambridge, Shirley, Middlesbrough, Tunbridge Wells, Bradford, Brighton, etc., etc. Then there is a Boarding-out Branch with upwards of one hundred local centres ; Shipping Agencies in two of our ports, through which lads are placed out at sea ; and thirteen Ever-Open Doors in our provincial cities, of which a list has already been given. There is also the newly provided Watts Naval Training School in Norfolk, of which a fuller separate description appears elsewhere. If one looks across the Atlantic, one finds Emigration Depôts and Distributing Homes in Peterborough, Ontario, for girls ; and in Farley Avenue, Toronto, and Pacific Avenue, Winnipeg, for boys ; and in the far North-West, one comes to the large Industrial Farm in Manitoba for Older Youths, with nearly eight thousand acres of fertile soil under process of development.

This is a sufficiently imposing array of Institutions grouped in one Association. What must one think of the burden of their support or the permanent demand of daily labour and heavy responsibility they involve, or the glorious opportunity of "doing good" which they present ? A few of the Institutions now mentioned must be spoken of a little more in detail, especially those that belong to the boys' side, we having already given a good deal of attention to those that belong to the girls. The variety of trades and employments represented among the Stepney boys appears only when a detailed list is given. It is as follows : Bakers, Blacksmiths, Boot-makers, Brushmakers, Carpenters, Engineers, Harness-makers and Saddlers, Matmakers, Mineral Water

Makers, Printers, Tailors, Tinsmiths, Wheelwrights, and Woodchoppers—some fourteen in all.

A brief paragraph in this place may be suitably introduced, summarising the totals of this large family, or of these numerous families, as Dr. Barnardo presents them in his journals. In the long stretch of years from 1866 to 1903, *fifty-two thousand three hundred and two* boys and girls have passed in through his open doors and out again, of whom the great majority have done well in their after-lives. Of these, 14,894 have been emigrated, 1,237 having gone out to Canada during the present year. Every day sees *eleven* additions to Dr. Barnardo's rescues. What wonder that the doctor considers that he has an abiding claim on the public "to remember my great family of orphan bairns who, but for the wonderful sympathy shown them, would have been homeless, foodless, and friendless"! What wonder that he should be cheered and strengthened by innumerable commendations from influential public men, of which it will not be amiss to give in brief one or two examples!

His Most Gracious Majesty the King (then Prince of Wales), after stating that these Homes have reclaimed thousands of children from the slums, said, "It must be our great wish that continually increased success may attend the operations of this beneficent and National work." The Right Rev. the Bishop of Manchester wrote a few months ago as follows: "I do not think that there is a single Society in England which is doing so valuable a work amongst the children of the more neglected classes as Dr. Barnardo's Homes are doing." The late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., made a large, but not, we believe, an exaggerated claim when he said: "Never in the history of Christian civilisation did any human being in any land establish such an Institution, so vast and so many-sided, as Dr. Barnardo's

Homes." And these testimonies might be indefinitely multiplied.

One of Dr. Barnardo's announcements to the public, given above, shows that he had emigrated to Canada upwards of one thousand boys and girls during the year 1902. As we have already pointed out, during the present year, 1903, his young emigrants have numbered twelve hundred and thirty-seven! It takes time to realise adequately what this fact means, both for Canada as a country, and for the fortunate young people who are given this new and exhilarating chance in life at the commencement of the new century. Taking this emigration enterprise at any point, it must commend itself to all friends of the Association both in England and the Dominion. Canada has room for, and can receive, any number of healthy youths and girls who are trained to use their hands and to face hard work. It has practically inexhaustible resources in agriculture, minerals and fisheries. It can take all our surplus industrial population for generations to come, and find them room, and find them food. It needs them. It needs men with capital, it is true; but it needs, too, strong hands to labour. The lads and lasses Dr. Barnardo selects to send to Canada constitute an increment of industrial wealth wherein are stored interminable possibilities of augmentation and National and Imperial advantage.

Speaking out of the fulness of exceptional experience, Dr. Barnardo says: "More and more as the years roll on, and as the work under my care strikes its roots deeper into the life of the social 'drifts' and the little 'destitutes' of our large cities, do I discover that emigration is *the* word of practical power." Emigration has long since ceased to be experimental with him; it has become a primary factor of success, and even a necessity; and it is a system whose wisdom and justification are no longer open to dispute. It is a system, moreover, that greatly takes the fancy of the healthy young, for they see that it gives

them "a chance"—to use the expression the doctor most frequently hears on their lips. It is one of value to the family at home ; for what outlet for the many children equipped and ready for life is so wide and reliable and promising ? The means to place them out when they are fit to fend for themselves are as important as the means to provide for and educate them during the years of their training, and to admit them in the first instance. The question of turning a crying source of weakness in England into an invaluable factor of wealth in Canada is one that is of imperial proportions and urgency. And it is this question that Dr. Barnardo's emigration scheme is satisfactorily answering. *Not two per cent. of his emigrant boys and girls turn out unsatisfactorily.* This is a result, we believe, that no returns of similar emigrating Institutions show. He and his vigilant agents follow with unceasingly watchful care the future of these young emigrants. They are guarded and watched over as far as altered circumstances permit ; with the result that over ninety-eight in a hundred of them do well. This speaks volumes for the character of the work itself throughout all its stages, and for the soundness of the doctrine that, if a fair chance be given to children who have started in life under even the worst possible conditions, life will become to them a success instead of a failure or worse.

Emigration thus meets the need of the situation at all points. By means of it Dr. Barnardo finds larger and safer opportunities than heretofore for dealing satisfactorily with great numbers of children who could only be placed out in England with very considerable risk to themselves. So many of his children come from evil environments, or possess, to say the least, undesirable relatives, that if when trained they were put into situations whence they could again be got at and evilly influenced, very much of the good work already done in them and for them would be effaced, and their "last state would be" almost

"worse than the first." Instead, therefore, of having to look round for the chance of putting such heavily handicapped children of both sexes out one by one in safe situations at home—a tedious process that the increase of numbers has long since rendered obsolete and inadequate—Dr. Barnardo has before him in his emigration scheme a means of satisfactorily disposing of any number, in parties of any size, large or small, during an indefinite number of years in the future. This is a great relief. Of course, "Ever-Open Door" admission means "Ever-Open Door" *exits*, or soon the work would become congested and cease, or be overtaken by the evils it is maintained to remedy or prevent. Tributaries involve outflow for an inland sheet of water, if it is to be kept pure by running; or there must be speedy flood, overflow and disaster. His Orphan Waifs "are ever growing up" and have to be disposed of carefully, and "new generations of equal misery" take their places, and have to be admitted and ministered to tenderly. The "Ever-Open Door" means the entrance of these young waifs to new life and hope: an emigrant's outfit meets many of them at the door of exit to further new life and to a practical certainty of success. Instead of throwing them back in the heartless struggle for existence at home, where they would assuredly be dragged down into degrading associations, and where at best penury snatches at morsels from famished lips, they are now placed out abroad in robust labour and healthy competition for a competence, where every one who toils may make sure of having enough and to spare.

In dealing with hundreds where formerly he dealt with units and tens, Dr. Barnardo finds possible developments before him that will perhaps go farther than is yet dreamt of in the solution of the pressing problem, How are we to relieve our congested city populations? Canada, with an acreage almost equal to the whole of Europe, has a population spread over it only equal to that of London! Virtually one city

is set down in Canada! The burning question—one of a large class of questions—is, How shall we draft off the surplus young life of the city and distribute it in the insufficiently peopled parts of an area that reaches the dimensions of a continent? *Here* the supply of situations for these boys and girls is restricted: *there* it is practically unlimited! *Here*, as we have shown, they would be encompassed with danger: *there* they would be practically safe! Here, too, they are mostly “out of the running,” having been pushed out; there they recover the opportunity they had missed through no fault of their own, and get “in the running” again, and often very much so!

This emigration of waifs made ready for life is by no means confined to Canada. Dr. Barnardo's children have gone, and in the near future may be expected to go, in increasing numbers in some instances, to the countries of the Australasian Commonwealth, to New Zealand, and to South Africa. According to a statement which recently appeared in the daily press influential representations have been and are being made to the Council of the Homes to send more of the young people at their disposal to the vast spaces of South Africa—desolated and depopulated, but yet fertile—as that country may be able to receive them.

It should be borne in mind that in all cases the emigrant boys and girls are “of good physique”—we quote from a Report issued by the Council—“of tested moral character, of upright habits, able to make trained use of their hands, with few ties to bind them to the mother country, and at an age when they are easily adaptable to almost any climatic extremes.” The attempt has never been made to saddle other lands with the disabilities, physical and moral, of the debilitated and vicious class amongst our own outcast poor. If it were, they would have themselves something to say, without doubt. The selected are the best that the supply affords and to them is presented

in the provision of situations and homes abroad, the prized birthright in the world of an opportunity that we should like every boy and girl living to enjoy.

But Canada has been from the first, and it is still, the *principal* field of emigration. It is the Colony nearest to hand, and has a good climate. The voyage is short and inexpensive ; and, above all, the country *wants* settlers, and, as we have seen, can absorb thousands of well chosen boys and girls such as those that the Homes send out. One stipulation practically affording a guarantee for the emigrants is that Dr. Barnardo engages to give them constant and careful supervision for many years after their settlement in their adopted home. This supervision is maintained by *systematic visitation* and *regular correspondence*. Dr. Barnardo regards this regulation as of vital importance, if the system of sending these young people to our colonies is to maintain public confidence. "Emigrants, particularly *young* emigrants, must not be cut adrift." This is the rock on which many emigration schemes have split. The late Bishop of East London once emphasised this principle at a conference on emigration. On the subject of child emigration his Lordship said :—

I am sure that we ought not to facilitate the emigration of our poor children unless we are assured that there are arrangements made on the other side for giving, from time to time, information in regard to them. In the last three years about *five hundred* children have been sent out to Canada by the Board of Guardians. How many of these poor little atoms of mortality do we know anything of now from information supplied on the other side? Only *twenty-six* ! That fact speaks for itself. In facilitating the emigration of children, let us take care that there is somebody who will take these poor little things by the hand, look after them on the other side, and then from time to time tell us how they fare.

Dr. Barnardo ensures that "somebody" is "on the other side" to welcome his little emigrants, to place them out, and to follow them afterwards by keeping in kindly touch with them for years. This important

work is discharged by experienced assistants, gentlemen and ladies, and is so carried out that whilst the young people's steps are safeguarded and friendship with old associations is kept alive, no undue or embarrassing restraint is put upon their personal freedom. These young people all know that when ill or in trouble, or if any need whatever arises, they may turn to the Homes in Canada that are receiving centres in the first instance, and then distributing centres for the interesting young immigrants. In case they lose their situations, others are found for them; or they are taken into residence again until they are provided for. "In distress they find a home there; in sickness a hospital; in injustice a shelter; and at all times sympathy, loving care and wisely administered help."

And, further, Dr. Barnardo guarantees, in case of absolute moral failure, which is not followed by repentance and restoration, to bring the child back again to the mother country. Cases of this kind are comparatively infrequent, but there have been instances. And thus the country where the children settle holds a pledge that they shall only remain on condition that they are a productive element in its social and commercial economy. Before leaving England the young people of every party of emigrants are required to pass one by one an inspection by the Canadian Agent over here. Thus an additional security is provided that the selections made shall be satisfactory.

Readers of an earlier chapter of this book (Chapter II.: "The Initial Idea of the Work") will remember that it was there stated that Jim Jarvis (Dr. Barnardo's first arab rescued) was also his *first* emigrant. Jim thus led the way to the Homes, and then to the emigration scheme. He was a pioneer in two plans of relief and work that have become world-wide in their fame and utility—and that are, doubtless, destined to hold a permanent place in the great philanthropies of our country. It is also

gratifying to be informed that Jim Jarvis turned out well. The lively little "Don't-live-nowhere" of the Stepney disused donkey-stable became the successful settler in far-off Canadian fields. Many thousands of children, both boys and girls, who had no chance whatever here until Dr. Barnardo befriended them, have followed that boy-herald since; and have, with few exceptions, been as successful as he. That considerably under two per cent. have turned out failures we cannot too often repeat; a fact all the more striking when it is remembered that over one-half of them lived on the streets and by the streets until the Homes opened their arms and took them in. Sources of danger were thus transformed into healthy forces of society.

If we were to classify these youthful settlers according to birthplace, it would be discovered that they came originally from nearly every county in England, from parts of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and, in some instances, from foreign countries. Some of them keep their first situation for years; others bid fair to do so for life. With the confidence warranted by results, Dr. Barnardo has thus spoken on his emigration work:—

The emigrant ship is becoming more and more the goal of all that is best in our populous hives of youthful life. In its precious cargo are bound up hopes and prayers for the untried future of hundreds, the very flower of my flock. I have now, however, passed beyond the stage of experiment in these emigration efforts, and have a firm structure of past experience on which to lay, broad and deep, the foundations of an enduring fabric. Thus I can point backwards with thankfulness to God for the success vouchsafed, while I look forward, with His blessing, in confidence and hope.

Some records of these children are very bright. A small proportion of them are very young (under ten), and they are adopted in not a few instances into childless homes all over the Dominion. In this way, some have the prospect of wealth, and are reared in

comfort and even luxury. The doctor in his occasional Canadian visits meets with young men who appear to be gentlemen ; they have been well educated, and are refined in their bearing. He has found it hard work to realise that they were once Waif Children of his ! And the girls' record is quite as good as that of the boys. "The careful and thorough training which is supplied at Ilford bears good fruit in Canadian soil."

Before we pass from the Emigration Department a little fuller and more detailed account should be given of the Industrial Farm founded at "Barnardo," near Russell, Manitoba. This is a great acquisition to the work. When undertaken it was quite a new departure, and, seemingly, quite a risk. The area of the farm is nearly 8,000 acres, or about thirteen square miles. This estate was acquired in 1884-8, partly by grant from the Canadian Government, and partly by purchase, at different times and in distinct sections. It does not grow much large timber, but there is enough for fuel and fencing for years. It is hardly three miles from a branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is in easy communication with the outer world. The house erected is a commodious centre, and is fairly comfortable ; and affords from the upper windows as charming a view as any in the North-West.

A visitor to this Farm in winter has given the following description of the prospect :—

It was pleasant to stand at the upper windows and try to imagine what the view would be when the trees and all the valley should be green with the spring of the year ; when, instead of unbroken snow, the eye could range over miles of golden wheat, and then turn for rest from this splendour to the natural prairie carpeted with its multitude of wild flowers, and wonder what these boys from black courts and squalid alleys would think of their new home in the New World.

To this farm only satisfactorily tested and trustworthy lads are ever sent out : all of these are over

seventeen years old. They enter into a bond, which the Canadian law recognises, to serve for one year in part payment and acknowledgment of the benefit received. After a year they become eligible to take situations as farm labourers and to receive free a conditional grant of 160 acres of land from the Government, and on these allotments they are encouraged to settle by assistance given them in capital, stock and implements. Thus the farm becomes a colonising centre for a wide neighbouring district. Industries have been started here—a cheese factory and a creamery, for instance; and the wheat crop the lads produce and the stock they raise are highly creditable to both their industry and skill. Tens of thousands of bushels of various produce are put upon the market after providing for their own needs; and thousands of dollars are brought in this wholesome way into the treasury. The more these lads of the Industrial Farm do, the more they are able to do; and thus their power to earn money and increase the wealth of the estate grows from year to year. To put a lad in this hive of industry and opportunity from the London Homes costs but £12, outfit, fares and all other outlay included. Thus is he placed to best advantage for getting on, right away from the midst of circumstances of the very worst kind, at the price of one small initial outlay. Could £12 be better spent? (£10 only is necessary for the expenses of an emigrant lad or lass to Ontario.) Photographs sent home of scenes and places on the farm make it clear that a great industry has been developed, and wealth created, first in the formation of habits of skill in agriculture on the part of the lads themselves, and next in the substantial returns in manifold yield of produce in fruit and crops. A view of the Assiniboine valley and river running through the farm affords a charming prospect, as even a picture is sufficient to show. The lads out in the vast fields at work are shown in other views. One in particular we have seen, entitled, "Hoe your own

row," gives about a score of these young farmers in summer attire and looking the very pink of perfection in health and merriment, with hoe in hand, working along the lengthy rows of promising and prolific crops. These picked youthful farm hands bid fair to rise to positions of competence and even wealth in the near future, and to take their place in the front rank of the stout sons of the King's Dominion of Canada.

"And he kept up an unflagging correspondence with those at a distance; cheering them, helping them with loving words and sage counsels, as much interested in their progress as if they were children of his own."

CHAPTER X.

EMIGRATION TRAINING EXPERIENCES.

TO watch a detachment of lads drawn up at Euston or St. Pancras station for Liverpool, *en route* for Manitoba, is to see a good object-lesson in the possibilities that open up before the worst-placed children in the land, if only an enlightened philanthropy lift them up and give them a fair start in the ample field of promise that Canada affords. Neat in appearance, and with a trim outfit, they start with the pledge of prosperity already given in skill of hand and dowry of natural energy, that needs only to be directed aright in order to form a valuable factor in building up the peoples of the future. A greater contrast than is presented by the transference of all this young life from the slums of over-crowded cities to the prairies of the great North-West cannot well be.

As instances illustrative of this are more impressive than bare description, we cull a few from the Case-Books of the Home, premising simply that behind each little life lies an early tragedy of woe. These are merely "samples of bulk"; they could be multiplied a hundredfold.

N. J——, 19, a Zulu. Worked his way over to this country to get an English education; destitute; admitted to the Youths' Labour House. "Placed under a kind farmer in Canada,

The lad's aim in life is to return to his native land as a missionary. Is now being instructed by a missionary, and is about to enter a training college, through his master's instrumentality. A well-grown, fine lad."

O. N—, 11. Both parents died of consumption within a few weeks, the mother's death being hastened by hardship and privation consequent on her husband's illness. He with two sisters (also admitted) left utterly destitute. Adopted on arrival in Canada. Wrote quite recently that he was happy and comfortable.

B. R—, 13. Admitted at the age of five with a brother. Mother living, but in the direst poverty, being only just able to support herself by match-box making. The children were starving and skeleton-like in appearance. Placed with a Christian family in Canada. Has lately been visited, and report says "doing well."

I. V—, 12. One of six miserable children who were "constantly in the streets, utterly neglected, half-naked, and quite destitute." Surrounding influences were of the most degrading kind. Father paralysed. Mother works at the needle when sober, which is seldom. Boy writes: "I mean to stay where I am. I like my situation, and feel happier here in Canada than I did in the old country."

W. R. D—, 18. His father died when he was a child, and his mother, a charwoman, turned him out of her room three years ago. Had since been living on the streets, sleeping in common lodging-houses when he could pay for a bed, and getting a bare living by holding horses and doing other odd jobs. He is now in Canada conducting himself in a creditable manner and earning good wages. Has grown a fine, strong fellow.

D. J—, 16. A raw country lad who worked on a canal barge, but who lost his employment and took to a wandering life, finally making his way to London, where for a time he lived on the streets. Both parents dead. Is now in a comfortable farm-home in Canada, giving his master every satisfaction.

C. L. L—, 10. Mother, a very respectable woman, was left a widow with five little ones, whom she supported by washing and charing till the eldest fell ill. She was then obliged to give up her work, and the family were reduced to the greatest poverty. Sent to Canada. Is treated by employer as his own son.

E. F—, 16. Applied for admission, ragged and shoeless. Mother left a widow with six children. Two of the little girls sold matches in the streets, and the boy carried parcels. The mother got an occasional day's charing. Family in a state of the most pitiful poverty, and often on the brink of starvation. Is now doing well in Canada.

Louisa J——, 14. “Rescued from a wretched mother, one of the vilest characters on the streets of East London. This girl and her younger sister had already had their young lives scorched, and were veritably ‘saved as by fire.’ Is now doing well in the family of a Methodist minister in Ontario, and writes now and again bright little letters to her unhappy mother. Younger girl in the Village Home, and eagerly looking forward to joining her sister in Canada.”

Maria and Anna W——, 13 and 12. Mother, a young Jewess, a widow in deepest poverty, died of consumption, “having the most restful confidence in the thought of her girls being thus provided for. Bright, attractive children, and likely to make their way in their new surroundings. Live close to each other and attend Sunday school, and for some months of the winter a day school.”

Ruth M——, 18, had given trouble during her five years’ residence in the Village Home by an ungoverned temper and low habits; eventually yielded to religious influences, and showed marked improvement. “Since her transfer to our Canadian Home, has made steady progress as a good, respectable young servant, and, I trust, a true Christian.”

Jane E——, 10, was rescued from the bad influences of a motherless home, from which the elder sister had already been driven by the evil designs of the girl’s own father. This little girl, pure and unsuspecting, improved quickly at the Village Home, and was sent out with as little delay as possible. “Now doing well in a good farm-home, with English people, in Canada. The elder sister, also in respectable service, exercises a watchful oversight of Jane.”

A few extracts from letters received by Dr. Barnardo from his protégés out in the midst of the great world must suffice. These are from *lads* making their way in Canada:—

W. R. C. R—— (North-West Territory): “This year I shall break fifteen acres, and next year I shall back-set ten, and harrow and seed it, and if I get a good crop, I shall have about 800 dollars, and then I shall be able to have a look at the dear old Youths’ Labour House once more. I never touch beer and tobacco, and what I earn is my own.”

J. E—— (Ontario): “I am happy. I am getting sixty dollars for my first year. I can do my work as well as any lad of my own size in the neighbourhood. I can plough and look after my horse well; and my boss said he never knew a lad like me to learn the work so quick. Tell the lads not to be afraid of hard work when they come out here, because there is plenty of

it to do. I have worked with my shirt off this summer in the barns, forking wheat and peas and oats and barley, from five in the morning till dark at night, and hard work, too."

F. A——: "My master has 180 acres. . . . I was at school eight months last year, and I entered the Sabbath school. I am glad to say that God has turned up a good home to me, and a kind father and mother. I have plenty of the very best clothes, suited for both winter and summer, and a good comfortable bed, and plenty of meat and drink; and I get a lot of presents from my brothers and sisters when they come home to see us; but there is no family at home but me, and I always get a little pocket money as I go along. Father says, if I am a good boy and learn to be a good scholar, he will make me a farmer; so with God's help I will do my best. We have plenty of eggs and milk and butter. I can milk a cow as fast as mother, and I can help father to do the cheese."

H. P—— (Ontario): "I have now been here in this place nearly four years, and you will be glad to hear that I have saved 200 dollars. I have sent a little money each year to the Home, and I will always try to send some. I would be very glad to hear how the Band is getting on, as I used to play the first trombone when I was in the Home. I was in the carpenter's shop. I am getting used to the country, and can plough well and do farm work in general. My wages for this year is 110 dollars, board and washing."

P. S—— (Dumville, Ontario): "I feel very grateful to you for sending me out to this country, for although people in this country are very busy and work hard, almost every one has got a home of their own, which poor people cannot have in England. The man I am working for was raised like I was; but he saved his wages and bought a place, and will soon have it cleared and paid for. This summer I drive a milk wagon to a cheese factory every morning. I go to school every winter."

F. C—— (Fenlon, Canada): "I have been in my place two years this June. I like this country very well. I am getting very well on with farming. I can plough and drive a team of horses. I can mow the hay, bind the sheaves, harrow the ground, chop the wood, milk the cows, churn the butter. I would not wish for any better people to live with than what I am living with now; they are good Christian people. I go to Sunday school and prayer meeting every Sunday. I get plenty to eat, and lots of good clothes to wear, and there is plenty of work to do. I would have wrote you before, but we have been very busy putting in our spring crop."

G. T. H. T—— (Ontario): "I have been in Canada since April last, and I like the country very well. I am with nice, kind people. I could not be treated better if I were their own son. It is a hundred-acre farm I am working on, and I rather

prefer farm work than any work in England. I advise all boys and lads to come to Canada, which they would like, I know."

J. K—— (Lincoln Co., Ontario): "I am very glad that I came out to Canada. I have got a very good place and a good master. He is as good as a father to me. I go to church every Sunday, and I stay for Sunday school after church. The church is a mile from where I live. You can come to my church when you come out here. I should like to see you. I should like to have the *Night and Day* for one year. I enclose one dollar for the *Night and Day*, and one dollar for the Homes."

S. R—— (Bowsville, Ontario): "We are very busy; but we shall have about five months' rest now, as the ground will be freezed by the middle of the month. I will then have the cows and to saw wood, which will not be hard work. I am getting on very well in my place, and I could not wish for a better one. I am such a big lad that my clothes which I brought from the Home are all too tight for me."

J. A—— (Pilkington, Ontario): "I am well pleased you sent me out here. I have been three years at my place last May. I like working on the farm. I have got a good home, and am well taken care of. I am well clothed and well fed. I have had good health since I came to Canada. I have been happy since I came here, and can never thank you enough for your kindness to me."

F. C—— (Smith's Falls, Ontario): "I made it a rule never to drink liquors, nor smoke, chew, or do any such dirty, filthy habits, but to serve God, and to live a righteous and sober life. I thank you for your kindness to me for sending me in such a free country."

F. H—— (Parry Sound, Ontario): "I have been sent to Muskoka, two hundred miles off Toronto. I do a little of everything. . . . I have plenty to eat, and in the winter I went to the school until spring, and then it was time to put in the crop, and we have in the oats, peas, potatoes, and we have to put in the turnips, and then we are done. We have twenty acres cleared, and about 170 acres of bush to clear yet. It is on a lake. We are fishing sometimes. It was very cold when I came here, and there was lots of snow. I am glad I was sent over here. I am thankful to you. By-and-by, if the Lord keeps me alive, I will pay you back for what you have done for me."

J. D—— (Franktown, Ontario): "We have lots of fruit of all kinds, and they grow wild just like the grass. There are lots of farmers in this country. When they want a building put up, they all meet together about twenty-five or so, and will put up a large building in a few hours. I had the pleasure of working with the threshing mill last fall. I picked up the grain in the mill all day, and did not stop till noon. I can milk cows all

right. Mistress and I have ten to milk before breakfast. The milk drawer calls before six in the morning for the milk. It was very cold last winter. I got my ears frozen, but, thanks be to God, they got all right. I have lots of cattle to take care of in the winter. . . . I have got very stout, and I don't look the same fellow. I should like to know about the dear old Home."

A few sentences may be added, culled from different communications published, that afford further hints on the life of a boy settler in the North-West. One boy says that it is of no use sending lazy boys there :—

"I am very glad you sent me out here, for anybody that likes to work hard can get a living here first-rate, but a skulker cannot. Dear sir, I advise you not to send out any that are not hard-working lads, for after they have been here a few days it brings *the lazy streak* out of them."

Another youngster writes :—

"There are lots of work, lots of money, lots of apples and berries. . . . I go to church and Sunday school every Sunday ; and I have been at a nice picnic and had some nice swings."

One writes to say that he has grown out of knowledge :—

"I have grown quite a bit ; I don't expect you would know me ; my own brother did not know me."

And, in the confidence born of conscious increase of strength and skill, the same lad winds up by saying :—

"I will soon be able to work a farm myself."

One lad shows that he had not lost the old affections that had thriven in days of poverty :—

"Please write to my mother and tell her I am getting along very well. Please send word to me when you write, telling me how my dear little sister is getting along."

The note of one letter is common to many letters. "Lots of work and good nealthn." One more extract

to finish with shows that one boy had little prospect of ever changing his situation :—

“ I am going to stay till I am twenty-one ; and my master said he would keep me as long as I will stay with him, and I will stay as long as he will keep me.”

These genuine self-drawn pictures of lads' life in Canada carry their own conviction with them, and afford a more correct idea of young settlers' experiences in getting a foothold there than is conveyed by many a more pretentious description. We can easily believe that what one boy says of himself, in his hearty and brusque way, holds good of the majority who start anew in that country of hard, yet happy, industry : “ I don't look like the same fellow.” No, indeed ! It requires no effort of imagination to realise what a favourable contrast, looked at from *any* standpoint, those young settlers must now present to their appearance and circumstances in the old country. Their letters afford ample material for accurate judgment on the wisdom, helpfulness and success of the Emigration System carried out by Dr. Barnardo in giving trained and promising lads and girls a start in life.

We append a similar set of extracts from letters written from Canada by *girl* emigrants, showing that to these also, as to their brothers, the lines have fallen in pleasant places beyond the seas :—

Jane W— (Bradford, Ontario) : “ There are girls living round here who come from other Homes, but they do not have so much attention given them as the girls from our Home. I should love to see the dear old Home again, and all the old faces, and I hope that I shall do so some day. I am trying to save up all the money I can, but it won't be much, for I do not get very high wages. I like being in Canada very well, but I love dear Old England far better. Dear sir, I can now tell you that I love the Lord, and that I joined the Church last July. We are going to have our Sunday-school picnic next Saturday. There are quite a number of girls and boys from our Home living round here now, and I think they are all well. I hope that my sister Nellie will get a medal soon. *I don't want to tell my friends at home that I have a present until*

Nellie gets one, and I hope she will this year. I have quite a lot of milking and churning to do, for we have six cows. I milk them at night."

Ella M—— (Frankfort, Ontario): "It is a very long time since I wrote to you. I have not been a very good girl, I think, since last I wrote, but I am trying, with the dear Lord's help, to do better. I have had a very nice visit at 'Hazelbrae,' and I think that has made me see how much they all there wish me to get on for my own good, and I am going to try my very best, so that I may be a credit to the Home, instead of a disgrace, for I think I ought to be, after all the care and trouble I have been to them since I have been out here. I have a very good place here. My mistress is a very nice lady, and I like her so much. There are five children. The baby is seven months old, such a merry dear little thing; she is so full of fun. I love her very much, and I do not know of anybody who could help loving her. I like Canada very much, and I do not think I would come back to stay in England for anything."

Rosa A—— (Toronto): "I now write to thank you for the very nice watch which I received at Christmas time. I was very much pleased with it, and am very proud of it, and am trying how long I can keep it from needing to have anything done to it, which I hope will be for a very long time. Mrs. D—— is very good and kind to me, and takes as much care of me as if I was her own daughter. Mr. D—— is very good to me also."

Annie E. C—— (Thorold, Ontario): "I received your kind and welcome letter, and the medal. I showed my medal to my mistress' friends. They said it was a very nice thing to have, and my master made me a present of a lovely Bible, with psalms and paraphrases at the end. We have lovely sleighing. We have not had a very cold winter yet. It has been very healthy weather."

Emma M—— (Belleville): "I like it out here very much, especially in the summer, when everything looks so beautiful out in the country. I live on a farm, and we have seven cows to milk in the summer. We make quite a lot of butter then. Just now we are only milking two cows, but we will soon have more in. We do not have much spare time in the summer, when the men are so busy ploughing and sowing and reaping, and the women churning and baking, washing and ironing; for we always have enough of that to do with two children. They are such dear little things. One of them is a boy going on three years old, and the other is a sweet little girl going on two years. We call the girl Pearl. She just suits her name. She can say and do almost everything in her own way. She calls me Emmy. I do not know when I shall be able to post this letter. We live quite a long piece from the post-office,

but if anybody is going down that way I will get them to take it. We had a fearful wind-storm last week. It drifted the snow in piles higher than the fences, and we were blocked in on Sunday."

Joanna B—— (Peterboro'): "I know you like to have all your little girls in good homes and happy. I am eighteen now, and I have been out here four years this July, and I like Canada splendid. The air agrees with me too; for I have hardly been sick at all since I have been out here."

Mary A. W—— (Castleton): "I go to school every day; and I am now preparing for an examination, which I hope to pass. There are about a hundred pupils in our school, and we have large grounds to play in. There are two churches in Castleton. I go to the Methodist church and Sabbath school. The Sabbath school scholars are to have a picnic next Saturday, and I hope it won't rain as it is doing to-day. I like my new home very well, and am getting along splendid."

Charlotte L—— (Ontario): "I have got a calf of my very own. Papa gave it me. And I have a black cat. I can sing 'Sweet by-and-by' and 'Jesus loves me.' Father is going to buy me an organ; and I am very happy. From your little girl, Lottie."

Henrietta B—— (one of three sisters) (Bourneville, Ontario): "I am glad to tell you I am still in the same place, and am quite at home, and well and happy. I received your Christmas present. I am just delighted with it. I am sure I shall ever be grateful for your great care and kindness to us three orphan children. Miss Joyce was here to see me last week. I was real glad to see her again. I still attend Bible Class, and go to church every Sunday evening. I have joined the Young People's Association of our Church. I gave a reading at one of the meetings, entitled 'The Orphans.' I wish you could come here in the summer, and see what a lot of fruit we have. We sold last year about seven hundred barrels of apples, and some of them went to London."

Annie O—— (Picton, Ontario): "I am glad the opportunity has come for me to write to you, as I cannot help thinking of old times gone by in the dear Bible Class. I think of you as each Sunday comes round, and guess you have very different girls now to what you have had. I am sure your old Bible Class girls often think of old times, especially us that used to have those quiet evenings of prayer. I used to love those times, and always looked forward to them; but now they have all gone, and all the happy times spent in the dear old Home. I cannot go to any Bible Class now, as I cannot get away; but as soon as I have finished my duties, perhaps I have an hour or half, or perhaps only twenty minutes of quiet thought and study alone in my own room, and pray for you and also for

your Bible Class, that the seed you sow may spring up and bear good fruit. I cannot tell you how I miss the Mossford meetings. I go to Church once a day, but once in a way I might be able to go twice. I often think of the last Sunday I spent in the Village, and do not think I shall forget it ever. I found it very hard when I first came here. As I have said before, my master and mistress are such nice people. Mrs. C—— has taught me a great deal since my short stay here, and I feel most grateful towards her for it, and she is so patient too. Of course the Canadian ways are very different to the English and to the Village Home ways too."

The above paragraphs and sentences from letters of the young settlers are taken from the exceedingly interesting and informative publication, "Something Attempted, Something Done," previously referred to. The wonderful record the work itself presents has passed into the category of ascertained and indisputable fact, and takes its place permanently as the type of institutions that must be more and more followed in the future for the rescue and salvation of the deserted and friendless young of our land. It cuts at the root of the old pauper system of this country, and is destined, we believe, to attain permanent recognition as at once more radical, humane and sensible—more radical, since it acts upon the principle that "Prevention is better than cure"; more humane and sensible, since it recognises the latent capabilities of the waif child, and gives him a chance in the market of labour that respects his freedom and educates his self-respect.

It may be well here to name an objection urged by some persons to sending girls and boys out of the country at all, seeing there is a great need of girls for service and boys for farm work at home. This objection has grown louder with the years ever since the first organised party of emigrants was sent out from the Homes in 1882. It has been thus recognised and met by Dr. Barnardo himself:—

It is a complete misconception of my work to suppose that send all or even the greater part of my children abroad. I

do nothing of the kind. As a matter of fact, the larger number of my children are placed out *at home*. I sent out to Canada and the Colonies in two years 1,578 boys and girls. But I placed out in the same period in England, Scotland, and Wales, and sent to sea from English ports, a total of 3,048 boys and girls! Thus it will be seen that of the total number which have left our Institution in two years, 3,048 (or sixty-six per cent.) were placed out in Great Britain, and only 1,578 (or thirty-four per cent.) emigrated. That is, for every child emigrated *two* children are placed out in situations at home! Secondly, in a very large proportion of cases, *the future of the children whom I emigrate is much more carefully safeguarded by emigration* than it could possibly be by placing out the same young people in England. Those who have personally engaged in this work will know what dangers lie before a young girl or boy placed out in her or his first situation from the influence of unworthy relatives or degraded associates of former days. How often it is that these get hold of the young people and induce them to leave their situations and go back to old paths! Let me assure my readers that this is no hypothetical danger. I could supply from my records the most deplorable illustrations of its reality. Thirdly, there is yet another argument, that of *relative cost*, which must not be overlooked. The cost of maintaining a child in the Homes, taken on an average all round, is £16 per annum. At this rate a girl of ten years of age, who was first admitted to the Home at the age of eight, has cost us £32 for food, clothes, education, training, oversight, and her share of all the other expenses of the establishment. If she remains until she is fourteen, which is the school age, that will involve a further expenditure on that girl of $£16 \times 4 = £64$. Few girls, however, are fit to go to service at fourteen, and, as a rule, I do not like to send them out until they are at least sixteen. That involves a further addition of $£16 \times 2 = £32$. Hence, therefore, a girl admitted to the Homes at the age of eight, who is kept until she is sixteen and then sent out to service, has cost us $£64 + £32 + £32 = £128$. To this we have to add a further cost of £5 for her outfit, and a yet further charge of say £2 for her oversight during the next three or four years. So that the total cost of every girl admitted to the Homes at eight years of age, and placed out in service at sixteen, is not less than $£128 + £5 + £2 = £135$. Meanwhile she has occupied a place in the Homes for years which no one else could occupy while she was there.

But what if at ten or eleven years of age I send such a girl to Canada? There she is boarded out perhaps for a year, and then adopted or kept free of charge for two or three years. The people with whom she lives meanwhile become attached to her. She begins to do little "chores" (as they are called)

on the farm or in the house. As she grows older she gets a small wage which is increased from year to year. See what an economy is involved! Let us imagine the girl is three years with us. By that time she has cost us £48. Her outfit and other emigration expenses come to £10. To this let us add £12 for boarding out in Canada. This makes a total of £70 *just about half of what she would have cost in England!*

But the great saving as regards emigration is not so much in money, although that is considerable, as in *time*, and in consequent *opportunity to save others!* If I keep a girl of eight years of age only three years in the Homes instead of eight years, I am able to take in *two other girls* and pass them similarly through the mill during the time which it would have been necessary to retain the first in the Homes had she remained for service in England.

We believe it will be seen from the foregoing extract that our Founder's argument in favour of the emigration of suitable children of the class whom he sends to Canada is practically unanswerable. The danger to the child of being placed out in England where it can again be subjected to evil influences, the cost to the Association of keeping that child until it is fit to go to service instead of emigrating it, the immense difference to the child in the greater and larger opportunities say of Canada, and the immense benefit conferred upon our Colonies by such a scheme of well-organised child emigration—all these are brought before us and pressed home with a force due to experience, and with results which have amply justified themselves in the 37 years' history of the Homes.

"Brought into close contact with disorganised social life, he soon discovered a class of children more pitiable and neglected than any; pests of their neighbourhoods, never hearing a kind word, shunned, and cast out by all. And as he grew better acquainted with this singular understratum of society, his pity deepened, and the conviction grew up that these children might be brought round; and that it was not all their fault."

CHAPTER XI.

SOME HOME NOTES.

ANYTHING like a full and detailed account of the innumerable Institutions of Dr. Barnardo's vast rescue work¹ must of necessity lie beyond the range of our plan. Suffice it that we here attempt simply to sketch some of the more important among the many busy places that are grouped chiefly round the East-end centre, which was the cradle of the work. Stepney is the "hub" of the Boys' Home; and in many a boy's estimation it remains so for him as long as he lives, for it was here that he had his first real "home." The building, at first relatively small, has grown by successive additions erected on sites adjoining, which have been purchased as they have come into the market. The elevation of this Home, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, E., as seen from the playground, presents to view a huge plain block, perhaps not architecturally striking, but certainly economically convenient. On its western side a large addition to it has been made on a site originally occupied by a number of small houses in Bower Street. The whole composite pile was practically completed fifteen years ago, and it is now a very hive of industry in the manifold activities of the Waifs' Association. On the ground floor is the



YOUNG EMIGRANTS—CANADIAN CITIZENS OF THE FUTURE.

1. Boys marching to the tender. 2. Boys on board the tender. 3. Boys going up the ship's side. 4. Girls on the tender. 5. The good ship *Dominion* under way.

lavatory, a large swimming-bath, a library and play-room, the boys' dining-hall, commodious kitchen, one or two of the trades shops, a store, and other offices. On the first floor are well-ventilated school and class-rooms, besides the Director's office and Council room; and also the boys' chapel, where family worship and the Sunday services are conducted. The playground, constricted though it be by the railway arches which bound it, affords the room for recreation the boys need; and an excellent structural arrangement supplies a corridor for the boys in wet weather. New trades are added to the extensive list from time to time, as necessity suggests; workshops are provided for Bakers, Blacksmiths, Bootmakers, Brushmakers, Carpenters, Engineers, Harness-makers, Mat-makers, Printers, Tailors, Tinsmiths, and Wheelwrights. This block of buildings is the largest of its kind in East London. Owing to the site having been acquired piecemeal, it perhaps lacks the unity and simplicity of design desirable for an Industrial Home; yet, as it is, its utility is very great. The chief office adjoins and faces the Causeway, and is the busy centre of the world-wide work of the Homes in general. Here are waiting-rooms for child applicants for admission, sales'-room, and visitors' waiting-room, where jewellery and other articles given for the benefit of the Homes are shown for sale. Here, too, are Director's, Governor's, Secretaries', Cashier's and Accountants' offices; rooms for Masters and others on the staff; Matron's rooms; dining-rooms and kitchen; besides various other offices.

Here the routine work of the admission and assignment of child applicants goes on incessantly. Any child may come in; but it would be a mistake to conclude that any child will necessarily be received. The popular notion used to be, though it is by this time thoroughly dissipated, we doubt not, that the "Ever-Open Door" means instant disposal of the welcomed one to a clean and well-fed life in a degree

of comfort that must appear quite luxurious to the one who enjoys it. But such is by no means the case. The most strict and searching investigation is at once instituted; and a lie is detected and exposed as surely and quickly at Stepney Causeway as it would be at Scotland Yard. Many a fabricated story, many an attempt at imposition dissolves under the touch of close inquiry; and the parties have to learn that Dr. Barnardo—kind and well-disposed toward all poor children as he is—is not to be easily taken in. He is extremely careful of one thing—that boys shall be admitted on the spot who are absolutely destitute, and girls in all cases where there exists grave and imminent moral danger. Pending inquiry, applicants who wear a *primâ facie* air of destitution are detained. On their story being verified, they are admitted on probation, and placed where their condition and age require. School work comes first with those who are of suitable age; and then probably a trade, which is decided on according to the abilities and inclination of the lad in question.

We are able to follow a boy in the steps of his career from his first experiences on being received. He is photographed, in the first instance, just as he is on admission; and a history-book contains his number and a full and careful digest of every fact brought to light by full inquiry as to his origin, relationships, and condition, while his physical and other characteristics are also noted. His next visit is to the lavatory, where he gets a thorough bath, his hair is cut, he refits in the suit furnished him, and he gets a bed and locker to himself. The bugle arouses him in the morning at 5.30, and he has half an hour's drill and "set-up" in the yard before breakfast. Three times a day he takes a turn in the drill-yard, and a month tells on many a lad, and quickly turns a shambling, hulking, splay-footed newcomer into a smart, straight, quick-stepping lad, who is dapper and eager for both healthy work and play. Boys are mustered in the

common hall or boys' chapel at breakfast-time for family prayer. School begins at 9 o'clock, and continues, with an interval of two hours for dinner, drill and play until 4.30. Work begins at 8.30, and with the same intervals continues till 5.45. Tea is at 6. Then drill again, an hour's play, and evening prayers, bed and "lights out" at 9.

A peep at the workrooms of the apprentice boys is an animating scene. Brushmakers, tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, and the rest are diligently plying their tasks under the eyes of experienced masters who know the crafts. Trace this part of their career through, and you witness the lad as he stands equipped for an independent part in the outer world, either in England or one of her colonies. "To master his tools is to master himself," is a maxim valued here. The primary object is the training of the boys to handicrafts for their own advantage throughout life ; but of course they do much work for the Homes and effect a considerable saving in the cost of their maintenance. A boy who proves that he possesses special aptitude for the trade he is put to, receives a *bonâ-fide* apprenticeship, and at the end of three to five years often takes a good place among skilled hands in his line of business. "*Arma virumque*"—"Tools and a man to use them"—is the workshop motto of the Homes, and, so far as material and circumstances admit, the boy is trained to become a *man*, skilful in the use of the tools of his craft, and fitted to take a creditable part in the competition of life. The success of this arrangement is the sign-manual of its wisdom.

It goes without saying that the boys do their own household work. They cook and wait at table ; they black boots, scrub floors, make their own beds, and do other upstairs work, act as messengers, and attend to the thousand and one requirements of the general establishment. That they are as good and active in these as in the gymnasium and the play-yards may

be taken for granted. They are each encouraged, too, to become master of some musical instrument in one of the bands, of which there are several. This gives new zest to their life, and adds to the liveliness and pleasure of their pastimes, while it tends to fill spare hours with a delightful and ennobling interest. Dr. Barnardo firmly believes that what a boy does with his leisure time is apt to determine his destiny! After they have been living in this way for a while, no one would take them to be boys lifted out of the gutters.

It will be understood that this description of a lad's routine life applies to boys just entering or already entered on their teens. The allocation of those of other ages is different. Babies, for the most part, are boarded out. Children of from three to five years of age usually go to "Babies' Castle," Hawkhurst, Kent, or to Queen Victoria House, Ilford, while boarding-out homes are being sought for them. Other little boys under ten years of age are sent to Teighmore, Gorey, Jersey, or are boarded out; boys of ten to twelve or thirteen, to Leopold House, Burdett Road, or to Epsom or Norwood. This is the customary arrangement; but exigencies may arise, as any one may easily see, when routine has to be broken through—and in the Barnardo *régime* routine is not too greatly revered! Whatever may be deemed best for the individual boy or girl is the rule most generally observed.

The Leopold House for little boys of ten and upwards is said to be the *homeliest* of the larger Institutions founded for boys. Here, under motherly control, they soon get to feel at home, and grow into the merriest and most natural boys imaginable. Their former life as wastrels on the streets does not seem to come into mind any more. They are much attracted by the musical training they receive. The little handbell ringers, familiar at public entertainments, are from this Home, as are the kilted bagpipers; while there are also performers on other musical instruments, such as the ocarina and the

xylophone, whose very names are somewhat unfamiliar, though the results are delightful.

The Home for Little Boys, Gorey, Jersey, is a residence capable of accommodating over a hundred little fellows of five or six to ten. "Teighmore" is regarded as one of the healthiest of the many Homes, and enjoys a remarkable immunity from sickness, especially when the susceptible ages (six to twelve) of its inmates are taken into account.

The Labour House for Destitute Youths is situated in Commercial Road, E., and is an Industrial Home sufficiently large to accommodate two hundred youths, whose ages may range from sixteen or seventeen to twenty. This place is, or was at its start, quite unique in its character. It is a Voluntary Home for big lads, who prior to admission have simply perhaps been loafers, or "corner" boys or "drifts" on the streets of London or some large provincial city. The lads usually stay six or eight months, working at wood-chopping, box-making, and the manufacture of aerated waters. After this test, they are, on approval, sent out to situations in England or at sea, or emigrated to Canada. When received, they bade fair to become paupers or criminals; when sent out, they have the chance of becoming *men* and good citizens. Uneducated, untrained, and without friends or advisers, they would quickly develop into unmanageable and law-breaking nuisances, a menace to the public safety. But with a shift of the points to a new line of rails just at this time, they pass on to opportunities of industry and honesty. Such youths are often found on city streets, and when Dr. Barnardo began his work they were regarded both as too young and too old for rescue operations. But by means of the channel of relief opened up in the Labour House, over three thousand have been and are being snatched from ruin. The firewood, packing-boxes, mineral waters, and other commodities of an heterogeneous nature that they turn out, keep vans busy delivering,

and go a long way toward the expenses of the House. But from the nature of its material this Home *tests* rather than *trains*; yet its proteges do excellently as a rule in their after-lives!

"Babies' Castle," as it was appropriately named at first, is at Hawkhurst, Kent, and provides for a need that began to meet Dr. Barnardo at every turn quite early in his work. The rescue of a little boy or girl brought him face to face with the question: But how about the babies? These tiny and often pinched and pallid infants, treated and placed as they were, made their mute appeal to his kind heart. Should he take the boys and girls in who were older and leave the baby brothers or sisters to the tender mercies of a callous or cruel world? He could not well refuse the babies; but just then it *did* seem as though his principle of action, never to refuse admission to any destitute child, were about to break down at the line drawn by the babies. He did not know where to put them all, for the Cottage Homes of Ilford could at most only receive one each, and in those early days he had not learned the great value of boarding-out as applied to infants.

Then, as so noticeably and frequently in the growth of this work, a friend stepped in at the right moment—Mr. Theodore Moilliet—who offered Dr. Barnardo his villa at Hillside, Hawkhurst, with land adjoining, as an entirely free gift for the use of the Homes. How thankful our Founder was to accept this timely gift may be well imagined! Soon after, a family of thirty babies was established in the midst of these pleasant Kentish meadows. But very soon there was a demand for more than thirty. At that time not less than seven thousand child-applicants in one year came under investigation at the headquarters, and many more than thirty babies were amongst the number. Hence it became imperative that further accommodation should be provided. It was decided, therefore, to erect further buildings on the land given, and in

the course of the year 1886 a handsome two-storeyed structure in red brick presented a new landmark in the fair landscape. This became known as "Babies' Castle," and it was opened by Her Royal Highness the late Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, in August of that year. Here babies were dealt with in an independent organisation which is one of the most complete in the entire number of the Institutions. The original villa became the infirmary. Within the newer building are all arrangements that are needed for the purpose of its erection—nurseries, dormitories, play-rooms, dispensary, dining-rooms, kitchen, laundry, drying-room, bath-room, stores, etc. A baby is born in London every five minutes, and, despite the high death-rate of infants under one year, babies swarm in the poorer streets in helpless shoals. "Babies' Castle" was the breath of life to them. The matron and staff and resident lady-doctor nursed the feeble spark of infant life into healthy glow in many a cast-out little mite. Upwards of a hundred at a time were sheltered within the walls of this "castle" to be nursed back to happiness and health. Who were these babies, and from what sources did they come? Orphans they were often: worse than orphans in some instances. One girl-mother would "drown the little beast" if they brought it to her. One tiny mite was sent to Stepney as a parcel in a Nestlé's Milk case without any external sign of the fragile contents. Happily the child was received uninjured, and is now a sturdy and healthy youngster. Frequently they were discovered in a starving condition, or placed amid all the perils and wretchedness of drunkenness and debauchery. "Poor little Billy" was a baby with a tragic history. His mother in a drunken fit had walked into the sea with him and another baby in her arms, intending to drown them both with herself. The mother and Billy were rescued, but the other baby perished. The sentence of death passed on her was commuted to penal servi-

tude, and Billy was safely housed within "Babies' Castle," to be, by-and-by, boarded out under a new name, in the hope that he will never know his connection with his mother's crime. Thus was "Babies' Castle" a place of safety for outcast infant life, bright with a high and tender ministry, a spot that "their angels" must love to hover over and visit.

Since "Babies' Castle" came into being, Dr. Barnardo has, however, somewhat modified his treatment of the baby lives entrusted to his care. He has found by experience that, even better than the well-equipped Castle for his *youngest* babies, is the plan of boarding-out. The Castle, therefore, within the past year or two, has become peopled by little folks of four or five or six years of age, and gradually the "infants of days" have been withdrawn from Hawkhurst to be placed out under the care of motherly working women in the cottages of rural districts. Dr. Barnardo's plans are always open to revision, and in this instance the revised scheme is, according to his account, working excellently, the chief result reaped from the change being an enormous salvage of infant life.

Within a mile or so of Stepney will be found the Children's Fold in Grove Road, where for long the *Cripples* of Dr. Barnardo's family were sheltered. But that policy of aggregation has now also been abandoned: the cripples and deformed, unless actually needing surgical or medical care, are mixed with their healthy compeers in the various separate Homes, and the Children's Fold has its task confined to the up-bringing of about one hundred boys of the age of eight or ten, who from various causes cannot be boarded out.

A mile farther north will be found a pair of interesting Institutions in Mare Street, Hackney. One of these, known as the "Beehive," deals with girls admitted when in their teens (fourteen to seventeen)—girls who, as a rule, are regarded as too old on admission for Ilford. Here they are carefully and

wisely trained, and given industrial instruction with domestic service as their goal. Between fifty and sixty are usually in residence. Quite near the "Beehive" is a small branch for older girls who are Deaf and Dumb or Blind, or otherwise seriously Afflicted. One of the most remarkable points in the whole round of the Institutional life of Dr. Barnardo's Homes is the extremely skilful work in the way of weaving and art needlework, which these girls turn out as part of their daily task. Many of them seem to have a distinct genius for the needle, and wonderful aptitude in designing.

Returning to Stepney Causeway, and turning our back upon the Boys' Home and central offices, we find ourselves confronted by "Her Majesty's Hospital for Sick Waifs." This "Palace of Pain" occupies the site of some five or six of the very small houses, of which, once upon a time, that side of the Causeway consisted. It possesses a beautiful frontage, in which the decorative frieze is well worth attention. It must be remembered that no destitute child is ever refused by Dr. Barnardo on the ground that it is diseased, or deformed, or hopelessly suffering from sickness. And the consequence is that many children are admitted who from the first are known to be fated to enter only to die! The original Hospital here erected was soon outgrown, and about £8,000 was expended in the new structure, which was opened as a Jubilee Memorial to the late Queen. Here the entire arrangement is after the order of the best managed Institutions of this kind everywhere. Many hundreds of diseased and suffering children find sanctuary here every year. It contains eighty-four beds.

The Boarding-Out System, under which children reside in humble homes with good working-class families in country villages, who are paid for looking after them, has answered admirably. Visits are paid by competent persons to the homes where the children live, and the utmost is done to secure proper over-

sight and care for them. A local committee is always formed in the neighbourhood where the children are placed, to undertake this inspection and report to headquarters from time to time. "Trusty agents pay surprise visits at irregular intervals, and institute thorough investigations" into the children's progress and welfare. Cottages are selected in the remotest rural districts, where the sanitary arrangements are satisfactory, and where, moreover, it is likely that the children will live under loving and Christian influence. Medical reports, specially drawn up after the most careful observation, are highly favourable to the system. Nearly 3,000 boys and girls are now boarded out by the Homes.

In addition to their multifarious efforts in the direction of child-rescue, Dr. Barnardo's Homes maintain numerous flourishing outside Mission off-shoots for the special benefit of the East-end. In the main, these centre around the Edinburgh Castle, of which anon. But it may come as something of a surprise to an outsider to know that, since before the Education Bill of 1870 was passed, a numerously attended set of Free Day Schools have been carried on, as a by-product of Dr. Barnardo's many activities, in Copperfield Road, in the very heart of the East-end, in Limehouse. This district is thickly populated with the docker and unskilled labour class, and it swarms with children of the poor, who live, day in and day out, on the very borders of destitution. These schools have steadily expanded and now educate close upon two thousand boys and girls year in and year out. An extensive Sunday-school system has been grafted on to these day schools, and thus Copperfield Road has become a "light shining in a dark place," both Sunday and week day, to thousands of the rising generation. This effort is, of course, wholly outside the scope of the Homes, as such, for none of these children are in the Institutions or are regarded as destitute. They are the children

of the toiling poor, as distinguished from the merely thriftless and idle of the lodging-houses, or the homeless and destitute of the slums. The poverty of the district is shown by the fact that a large percentage of the pupils come to school without breakfast, and still more without any prospect of a dinner! To supplement the educational efforts of the teachers, therefore, a careful system of free, hot meals is carried on. Last year 49,468 such free meals were provided for these Copperfield Road school children alone.

Also outside the Institutions, as such, comes the interesting and important centre of adult mission work known as the "Edinburgh Castle," whose story is one of the romances of modern missions. Dr. Barnardo would, we imagine, disallow the statement that the Edinburgh Castle stands apart: he would probably rather maintain that it is the throbbing heart of all his agencies. This well-known Limehouse Hall provides sitting accommodation for three thousand people, and is the scene of innumerable mission activities throughout the year. It reaches a vast and needy population, and is the rallying-place of thousands of the very poor every week, who hear the Gospel of Christ preached and sung, and are brought into direct contact with prayerful Christian influences. In this way a ray of purifying light reaches the family life of many a humble East-end home. The resident Christian poor who live on the thin black line that just separates them from the "submerged tenth" here find comfort and strength in the numerous services for Christian teaching, worship, and fellowship; and many a casual hearer, not Christian, is drawn by what is told him into the nearer ministry of further help and sympathy.

First and last, a great many of the best known and most influential evangelists and ministers in the country have taken mission services at the Edinburgh Castle, men of every degree and variety of gift, from Ned Wright, the converted prize-fighter, to

University graduates and dignitaries of well-nigh all denominations of the Christian Church.

No spot of moral waste and ruin in London has been more completely transformed into a garden of the Lord by the ministry of Christian love than has the site of the Edinburgh Castle. The old gin palace, degraded and degrading, has become a Coffee Palace (the first "Coffee Palace" in the kingdom to rejoice in this title); the Mission Hall the centre of a vast network of activities promoted and maintained for the rescue and salvation of the outcast and needy poor. The workers go out into the "highways" of various degree in East London—courts, alleys, lanes, yards, passages—and seek to compel them to come in to partake of the good things the Master and Lord has provided for the pinched and hungry poor. It is called the "People's Mission Church"; and the adjoining Coffee Palace is a bold and resolute bid for the cause of temperance and sober, decent living, in the very midst of what was once a stronghold of drinkdom.

Time would fail us to tell of all the agencies which Dr. Barnardo's Homes have similarly set on foot with the one supreme end in view of "rescuing the perishing." The educational work of the Edinburgh Castle, the deaconess system, the "relief" work in free meals and waifs' suppers, and Dorcas societies: are not the names of these and innumerable other Institutions writ large on the forefront of Dr. Barnardo's National work?

TECHNICAL TRAINING !



YOUNG TINSMITHS AT WORK.



YOUTHFUL CARPENTERS.

"The true and only remedy was enlargement of his plan."

CHAPTER XII.

THE WATTS NAVAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

WE have, so far, in the wonderful story of the National Waifs' Association moved amid scenes of rescued young life sent on its new career of hope in commercial, agricultural and domestic industries. We now have to relate briefly a recent succession of events by which Dr. Barnardo has been led to inaugurate a great and splendid scheme for the selection and adequate training from an early age for the Navy and Mercantile Marines of suitable boys from among the hundreds of waifs of our city and town populations that have come for refuge to the doctor's Homes.

No subject of the Empire can be other than aware of the immense value of our Navy, and the necessity that exists in the nation for the maintenance of its efficiency. Our Navy constitutes Britain's "first line of defence," so far as armaments are concerned, and it is of utmost importance that the replenishment of her supply of youths, both for the Navy and Mercantile Marines should be sustained, and be of the best available material. There is steady demand for youths of good physical and moral qualities. As far back as thirty years ago Dr. Barnardo saw the value of the training-ship for the discipline of the unprovided and neglected youths of our congested towns and cities. But all these years, by a singular train

of events which he now regards as providential, he was kept waiting, and still waiting, until this important adjunct to his great Institutional agencies should be placed in his hand. And now at length this has happened, during the last two years, in an altogether unexpected and striking fashion.

It was on this wise. The Norfolk County School, situate at North Elmham, sixteen miles from Norwich, notwithstanding the high social position of its originators and supporters, had not proved a success, and had come into the market. For three or four years it had been closed, and still awaited a purchaser. It is an imposing pile of buildings, erected in 1871 under the highest auspices. This departure in county school educational provision was regarded as so important that our King, Edward VII., then the Prince of Wales, whose Sandringham estate is about nineteen miles off, laid the foundation-stone. The situation is ideal, on elevated ground, with a dry, gravelly soil. The sea-coast is within twelve miles. The site is considered one of the healthiest in England. It is said that the property cost the large sum of £30,000. But the school did not answer. There followed close upon its commencement the years of agricultural depression and disaster and change which set in toward the end of the 'seventies, and the place was closed. And there the fine building stood, a sad sight, unused, and fast going out of repair.

The splendid block consists of a central building, capable of accommodating three hundred lads, adjoining a noble principal's house on the north end, a laundry on the south, and a beautiful chapel close to the main building, handsomely fitted. In the grounds is a gardener's cottage. The river Wensum forms the western boundary, with an extensive Swimming Bath and a Boat-house close at hand, while a capital cricket ground and three fives courts face the eastern front of the main building. The charming grounds are fifty-

four acres in extent. A railway station, called the County School station, adjoins the estate. The property is freehold ; its distance from London one hundred and thirty miles.

In 1899 overtures for the purchase of the estate were made to Dr. Barnardo by the vendors. But as he did not consider himself in a position to acquire so valuable a property, he was obliged, after carefully weighing the subject, to decline the tempting offer. A little later an estate-agent on the south coast, who takes a deep interest in the work of the Homes, wrote to the doctor that, with his sanction, he would like to make the attempt to obtain the purchase-money among wealthy people he knew : indeed, he was acquainted with a friend already who would be prepared to give a thousand or even two towards that object. Whilst grateful for the interest in the work thus shown, Dr. Barnardo did not feel free to allow a public appeal to be made under his name. One reason was the fact that the General Fund was in very low waters just at that time, and he feared lest a fresh appeal might serve to divert money from this very needy channel. But, notwithstanding this, his correspondent went to work in his own name, and placed the affair before a number of wealthy people, quoting Dr. Barnardo's letter to him expressive of his views.

For some time the doctor scarcely heard anything further on the matter. Then he was informed that the gentleman who had previously intimated that he was prepared to give a thousand pounds or two thousand pounds towards the purchase of the property said that he would be prepared to do more still if he could be assured that Dr. Barnardo really desired to obtain possession of it for the benefit of his waifs. This led the doctor to turn again to the subject. Taking his surveyor with him, he ran down to see the place. He arrived on a glorious summer day. A good deal of time was spent in careful survey of the estate. That the buildings were simply splendid and excellently—in

the main, almost ideally—adapted to the purposes of his work, there could be no manner of doubt. The place abounded in game, and as it rose in the air or scuttled through the bracken, the doctor thought of the exuberant new life and buoyant health that would come to his dear East-end boys, could they be transported thither! “How the pale cheeks would be suffused with colour, and how eyes would sparkle with delight at all the novel sights and sounds of such a place!” he exclaimed. One only serious drawback was that the buildings had got a good deal out of repair; and he and his surveyor roughly estimated the cost of putting them in repair for the purposes of his work, and found that it ran to a large amount. On his return to London, he sent a message to the as yet unknown donor, of whom he had learnt the further fact that he would, perhaps, in the event be prepared to bear a still more considerable part of the outlay in acquiring the property.

This led to an interview, and the hitherto unknown benevolent friend proved to be the merchant after whom the new Institution is now named—E. H. Watts, Esq., of the well-known shipping firm Messrs. Watts, Watts & Co., Leadenhall Street, E.C. Eventually this noble and generous donor decided to purchase the property out-and-out and convey it to the National Waifs’ Association, leaving Dr. Barnardo and his friends to carry out their plans as they saw fit.

Then followed Dr. Barnardo’s prolonged absence through serious illness, when little could be done to mature and complete his scheme. The delay was not altogether lost, however, for in convalescent days many an hour was passed by the doctor in thinking out his plans. His hope was that the property would be adapted to the requirements of a Naval Training School for the United Kingdom, and that picked boys might be sent there for three or four years’ careful training for a seafaring life and the acquisition of suitable education and the perfecting of their physical

development. In order to do this, the place would have to be fitted up like a great ship and a competent Naval commander put in charge, and suitable Naval instructors secured. Much importance would be attached to having Christian men for these responsible posts. The boys would be dressed in Navy fashion ; and the whole life, discipline, and order of things would be after the manner of a first-class training-ship. Then he might hope to secure a convenient ship at Lynn or Yarmouth, where the boys might, in turn, spend the fine weather of each year, and take short voyages to gain practical experience in actual seafaring life. Such was the outline that he sketched and which he hoped to fill in as time went on.

In the month of June, 1901, the property was conveyed by Mr. E. H. Watts to the Council of the Association. So far so good. Encouraged by this exceedingly handsome gift, Dr. Barnardo appointed a more careful and detailed survey of the buildings than had hitherto been possible with a view to their actual adaptation to practical requirements. In due time specifications were prepared and tenders advertised for and received ; and then it was found that, with an addition of items which could not at first be included, the tender of the firm to which preference was given amounted to the sum of £9,200 ! This quite startled the doctor ; it seemed at first almost a knock-down blow to his deeply cherished hopes ! Where was he to get that amount, or anything like it ? And the noble and generous donor in the first instance, Mr. Watts, seems to have shared the surprise and dismay that had overtaken the doctor and others of the Council.

Mr. Watts, however, was not the man to allow these circumstances of new difficulty and discouragement to thwart his high purpose. So he, after a little time, stepped forward into the breach by promising at first £3,000 towards the needed amount, which he quickly supplemented with £1,600 more ; thus under-

taking one-half of the large sum that would have to be spent on the buildings he had already given.

Dr. Barnardo then proceeded to prepare a statement of his scheme and an appeal for funds to be published in his Magazine. Here, again, before anything was done, much prayer was made unto God that in His own way and time this new enterprise might be successful. On the very day the Magazine containing his appeal was going to press, Dr. Barnardo received an urgent summons to call on Mr. Watts at his city office. Thither he hastened, not without anxiety and some amount of perturbation, he admits. But the extreme kindness of the welcome Mr. Watts extended to him reassured him at once, as he proceeded to place a copy of his appeal before him for his approval.

What followed had better be told in his own words:—

“But you could change part of this article, couldn’t you?” Mr. Watts inquired. “Not very well,” Dr. Barnardo replied; “we have practically dismissed the pages to the press.” “But”—and he hesitated—“*suppose all the money were supplied*; you would not need an appeal, would you?” I looked up quickly, and though his face was very quiet and firm, there was a benevolent twinkle in his eye. “Oh! that would be *splendid*, and what I never even dreamed of!” I uttered. Then, reading his intention and anticipating what he was going to say, I ventured to add, “But are you going to tell me that you will supply the whole?” “Well,” he said smilingly, “that is just about it! My eldest son and I have been discussing the matter, and he virtually suggests that I should complete the whole thing out-and-out. So I have now decided to become responsible for the £9,200 needed, and I think my son, Mr. Fenwick S. Watts, a member of our firm, will supply what may be needed for the furnishing and fittings when all the repairs and other works are done!”

We do not wonder that what Dr. Barnardo heard in those moments from those generous lips fairly took his breath away, and that he expressed his gratitude only in a few broken words as he grasped the hand of the generous donor and hastened away with the

brief explanation that he must get the announcement into his pages without a moment's delay if he were to publish the good tidings before the machines started working.

Thus another great romance of giving has followed upon multitudes more in the history and experience of this great philanthropist, Dr. Barnardo, the waifs' friend and helper ; and a branch of his work altogether new has been set on foot, on which his heart had been set for thirty years, but which he would not start until Providential direction had made it clear for him that the set time had come.

And thus Mr. Watts and his son have given form and actuality to a work which fulfils in the most perfect way imaginable their idea of a fitting memorial to the great and good Queen Victoria, the beloved of her people, and which provides an outlet for the energies and skill of numbers of carefully chosen boys among Dr. Barnardo's waifs, of a kind that is of value to the service of the nation on the high seas. Here we must add that Mr. Fenwick S. Watts nobly fulfilled the promise made by his father on his behalf at a cost of nearly £5,000 in addition to the sum of £11,000 spent by his father in repairs and improvements.

The incentive given by these princely gifts to the doctor's plan for the Naval School led to its rapid practical development. Already the fields ring once more with the merry shouts of boys, and the long untenanted, silent house is alive again with the animation of young life rendered the more hilarious and joyous by the excitement of novel surroundings. If the class is hardly that represented by the sons of county families and East Anglian agriculturists, it is nevertheless one that needs training, and that furnishes in abundance the raw material for valuable service to the nation. Even the enterprising gentlemen in the county who were disappointed in their educational venture thirty years ago must be gratified at seeing

the place brought into use again, and for so splendid a purpose.

Mr. Watts, the noble first donor, had knowledge, as head of a firm of shipowners, of the dearth of lads from the home country that exists for seafaring requirements, and the consequent large employment of foreign sailors that had taken place; and he had come to see that this school would do something to supply the lack. The place was got ready at once, and by the spring of 1903 was in fair working order. A Commander of the Royal Navy who had had considerable experience on a Training Ship became the first or temporary Commander of the Watts Naval Training School. His word is the word of authority from one end of the building to another. Under his command there are some fifteen assistants, men and women, all deeply interested in this important work, and ready heartily to help to do the part that this Naval School sets itself to do—"to clean up," as the *Eastern Daily Press* has recently so aptly said, "the mess of nineteenth-century civilisation."

At present there are "aboard" just over one hundred and fifty boys. These are supplied from the Stepney and Leopold House Homes from among those who appear to be fitted for a seafaring life. The final decision as to this responsible step rests, of course, with Dr. Barnardo. All a boy's circumstances are taken into account. Ten years of age is an early period at which to make the selection; but having regard to the number of years of training needed, and the time at which it will be necessary for the boys to go out into life, the age of choice could not well be later. Four or five years' training at North Elmham will fit the boys either to enter the Navy or the Mercantile Marine. When the "crew" is fully made up, there will be in residence three hundred to three hundred and fifty lads qualifying for the service. For education they will take ordinary elementary subjects up to the seventh standard; then will come

technical training under Naval instructors ; and, in addition, daily drill and discipline in the routine specially required for their vocation.

The reader accustomed to the sea may ask, What provision is made or to be made when the scheme is well afloat to secure this routine of marine training, discipline and experience ? The main building is to remain as before to all outward appearance ; but internally it is to be fitted up for all practical purposes of naval instruction as a training ship. Besides which a ship on land will probably be erected close to the School ; while, as has already been indicated, a suitable vessel stationed at some East Coast port fifteen or twenty miles off will eventually be acquired, aboard which boys will get a month or two at sea before they are drafted off to one of the two services. Before this their training will have already made them more than half sailors. All arrangements, down to keeping time by ship's "bells," instead of the clock, are to conform as completely as is possible to recognised Naval School methods. A local medical man drives over twice a week to see that the "ship" keeps a clean bill of health—an end he will not find it difficult to achieve aided by the salubrious air of one of the healthiest sites in England, and by the cricket pitch, which is reviving its old animated associations.

The one point where there will be some deviation from the regulations customary to Naval Training Schools is, that the whole school will assemble as one family, night and morning, and the spirit of good-will fostered at family prayer will, it is expected, do much to promote the comradeship that the doctor desires to preserve and augment throughout all his Institutions.

It requires but little imagination to picture the future of these rescued lads, disciplined to the standard of the Navy and Mercantile Marine of our shores, as they come to be scattered over the seas and oceans of the world, and yet held together in

sympathy by the good comradeship that the Naval School will have inspired in them.

Thus is it coming to pass in the Providential leading of God's hand in all these Homes that just as Dr. Barnardo's boys and girls are already spreading out all over the great North-West and doing something by their industry and their own home life to lessen the idea that it is a "Lone Land"; so in a few years we may confidently expect that there will be no "isle so little" or "sea so lone," but that some of the "Barnardo Boys" will have been there in the interests of "Our Flag" and the service of commercial enterprise, and these will, of course as long as they go to sea, find their centre of attraction in the doctor's magnetic name.

We regret to close this chapter with a note of sorrow, particularly a note so sad as that which is struck when we announce that no sooner had the benevolent donor of this school, Mr. E. H. Watts, completed the great work he had taken upon himself to do, than he was called away by death. His memory will ever be enshrined in this Institution, and in the minds of the lads who, from time to time, will receive the advantage that the good merchant-shipowner put in their way in "The Watts Naval Training School," the gift of which to the National Waifs' Association was the culmination and the crowning act of a beautiful career.

"The work has a high place in the world, draws visitors from every country, thousands in a year; is studied by wise and thoughtful men; and names of note and wide respect are associated with many of its quiet activities."

CHAPTER XIII.

"RAISING UP THE FOUNDATIONS OF MANY GENERATIONS."

THE title of this chapter is taken from the fifty-eighth chapter of the Prophecies of Isaiah, and we use it here because the phrase with so perfect aptitude describes the far-reaching foundation work of Dr. Barnardo's numerous and powerful Agencies and Institutions.

The series of proclamations of which this utterance is one has been significantly labelled by one of our most brilliant and recent interpreters,* "The Rekindling of the Civic Conscience." On the return of the Jews from exile the messenger-prophet appealed to the public conscience on those social claims and duties, the neglect of which had done so much to weaken city life in Jerusalem and hasten the captivity and humiliation of the nation. They were to give God His place in civic life and administration, and the social service of man its place in their religious acts. They might long for, and think only, of a restored ritual of worship and a rebuilt Temple, but

* Rev. George Adam Smith, M.A. "The Book of Isaiah," vol. ii., p. 408.

this were not enough, even if obtained at much cost. *Fasts* did not mean to God what *feeding the hungry* meant.

They might practice a self-denial that was essentially but a selfish penance after all, carrying with it no true love or real self-sacrifice. "Is such the fast that I choose—a day for a man to afflict himself? Is it to droop his head like a rush, and grovel in sack-cloth and ashes? Is it *this* that thou wilt call a fast? *Is not this the fast that I choose*: to loosen the bonds of tyranny, to shatter the joints of the yoke, to let the crushed go free, and that ye burst every yoke? Is it not to break to the hungry thy bread, and that thou bring home the wandering poor? When thou seest one naked that thou cover him, and that from thine own flesh thou hide not thyself? Then shall break forth like the morning thy light, and thy health shall immediately spring. Yea, go before thee shall thy righteousness, the glory of Jehovah shall sweep thee on."

With deep penetration Dr. George Adam Smith observes that "Self-denial without love is self-indulgence." There was danger on the return of the people from the Land of Exile—notwithstanding all the hard and afflictive teaching behind their history—lest they should fall into the common and fatal evil of uniting "formal religion" with an "unlovely life."

This is the rock of catastrophe on which so much national worship has been wrecked. Strict religious observance only too often consorts with neglect of social relations. The service of God and the service of Man are frequently divorced from each other; whereas they are the two sides of one unity of spiritual life, and either fades and dies when severed from the other, as does a sensitive vital organism when cut in twain. The highest, the costliest, and most elaborate outward worship of God is rendered of no effect if it exist apart from, and does not lead to, this social and kindly service of the needy. Where

TECHNICAL TRAINING!



HARNESS-MAKERS AND SADDLERS.



BOY BRUSHMAKERS.



these two indispensable parts of life—the worship of God and the service of man—co-exist; where men, in the expressive phrase of the prophet's lips, “draw out their soul to the hungry,” and “satisfy the soul that is afflicted,” there all manner of blessings come to the city and land of the people and nation. The nights of “gloom shall be as noonday.” The haunting sense of calamity and national decay shall yield to the light of hope and prosperity. “Thou shalt be like a spring of water whose waters fail not.” “And they that are of thee shall build the ancient ruins; the foundations of generation upon generation thou shalt raise up, and they shall be calling thee the Repairer-of-the-Breach, Restorer-of-Paths-for-Habitation.”

Among the great Christian philanthropies of this country is the National Waifs' Association; and right truly does Dr. Barnardo belong to the noble band of love and self-sacrifice that may most fittingly be called Twentieth Century “Restorers of Paths for Habitation,” and “Repairers of the Breach.” Is he not “raising up the foundations of many generations”? Have not many who were sinking obtained through him a sure footing in honest and happy life? Multitudes have been established and put in the way of a useful and prosperous career who would otherwise have assuredly “gone down.”

Neither is the gain for the present only: “many generations” have received the upward turn, direction and impulse for “the life that now is” and for the Better Life beyond from many a befriended child who will prove to be the ancestor of a better race than would otherwise have descended from him. The promise and sure foundation of the work extend outward and upward encircling the present and far-off generations.

Thus Dr. Barnardo's work stands out prominently among the building and uplifting forces of an Imperial race. Did not Lord Rosebery say not long since that “it was of no use to have an Empire unless we could

have an Imperial race"? Dr. Barnardo's agencies are among the best means to secure it; and thus, from the standpoint of patriotism and the national welfare of our people, is his work invaluable and imperishable. He seeks "to let the crushed go free" and "to shatter the joints of the yoke" that oppresses the outcast and unbefriended poor. He "breaks his bread to the hungry," and "brings home the wandering poor," if ever man did. "Seeing one naked he covers him," and he has "An Ever-Open Door" for every really destitute child in the land. If it were merely a question of the well-being of the nation—its earthly and material preservation and credit—this work would have the greatest of all claims upon us. For Dr. Barnardo's work is a force of righteousness and love that stands behind the prophetic promise to the people, that "the glory of Jehovah shall sweep thee on." To be swept and borne along by the greatness and glory of a righteousness that seeks to restore to the poorest and most forlorn their rights, and teaches them to value and retain them, is the only true method of Imperial growth and splendour.

"And so concludes a passage," says Dr. George Adam Smith, "which fills the earliest, if not the highest, place in the glorious succession of Scriptures of Practical Love, to which belong the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah, the twenty-fifth of Matthew, and the thirteenth of First Corinthians." It creates confidence and satisfaction, in these days of keen and often adverse criticism of philanthropic institutions belonging to the Christian Church, to become familiar with a *Work* of Practical Love which so completely embodies and illustrates the "*Scriptures* of Practical Love."

One or two illustrated instances of this work taken from among hundreds may be briefly recapitulated. The story of "Arthur and little Bobbie" will bear retelling for an indefinite number of times. The writer who first related it sought to hide his identity

under the designation, "A labourer, by God's grace, among the homeless children of the greatest city in the world"; but as that labourer cannot be hid, it is as well to begin by saying that it is Dr. Barnardo himself who tells the tale. The story of the rescue from starvation and homelessness of the two little brothers, shows what heroic and redeeming qualities frequently underlie the rags of street wasters.

One night—a chill, dark November night—Dr. Barnardo, the good guardian of our city's outcast childhood, sallied forth to hunt for the "lost" lambs of "the flock" of the "Good Shepherd," to seek them out until he found them, and, with a share in the "joy" of the Good Shepherd Himself, to carry them in his bosom home. His joy was the sense of success and triumph that comes from having found that which was "lost," or gone astray. He was accompanied by a guide in the person of a boy who in his own experience had only too sad reason for knowing every den, haunt, and hiding-place of the district. The district was that of St. Luke's, already known to our readers from the story of Mrs. Ryan, told in an earlier chapter of this book; the immediate part to be carefully investigated was the unsavoury region of low lodging houses that rejoiced in the euphonious name of "Golden Lane." Dr. Barnardo's deputies were also abroad that night, many children were spoken to, and if these used the cards of invitation to the Homes given them they would have the chance of being rescued for life.

In the small hours of the morning Dr. Barnardo and his guide reached Hotwater Court, and began a careful house-to-house search. All the houses here were let out in tenements of the most squalid and foetid order imaginable, and the very passages and stairways, reeking with filth and odour, were occupied as sleeping-places at night and as lounging-places by day. In these passages and stairs it was a little easier to run to earth in their mission of mercy the wild

and uncared-for children of the slums than it was out of doors, with "hide-and-seek" corners and outlets in every direction. Give street boys of the "arab" class a start in a neighbourhood crowded with tumble-down buildings and baffling hiding-places, and the attempt to catch them if they do not intend to be caught is a hopeless task: much good will you get for your pains! Dr. Barnardo and his little keen-eyed guide had set out on a quest which was as difficult as it was compassionate.

On this particular night they had by two o'clock in the morning reached Hotwater Court. The door of entrance to the miserable houses from the streets was never fastened at night, as it was the common property of all the tenants.* Pushing one of these doors open, they began their search, holding a lantern low down. They were not long in finding sleepers lying or crouching in passages and stairs. These are "down on their luck," and are not able to pay for a "doss" in a fourpenny lodging-house, a "doss" being the slum word for "bed." Had they been able to afford this they had not been here. Fearful to think of as a "doss" is to the sensitive, ordinary civilian, to this order of our fellow-creatures—children, women, men—it represents the only level above stairways and passages for rest at night that thousands of them ever aspire to; and they consider it one slight upward remove from the luckless shelter of these and similar places.

Dr. Barnardo's arrangement for this night-hunt of rescue was to open a street door and remain standing by it, throwing the light of the bull's-eye lantern he carried along the passage inside, whilst his little explorer stealthily went in. Only occasionally did any of the sleepers the boy-searcher alighted on excite any particular remark. But one group evidently moved him, for he exclaimed on retreating towards the door, "Four in there, sir, *all women!*"

* Most of the slums of Golden Lane are now cleared and city warehouses occupy the ground.

Farther down the court, the little fellow presently came out and asked the doctor to follow him. Dr. Barnardo entered, to find his guide's object of interest huddled in an angle of a steep staircase at the further end of a passage. Turning the light on the spot, he could at first only discern what looked like a bundle of old rags in the corner. By experience he had, however, learnt that appearances are deceptive in this as in other things. Stooping down to that evil-smelling bundle he presently touched a child's thin arm. The child was mercifully fast asleep. Gently arousing him, he drew the little fellow out. Still half-asleep, the child blurted out—"I'm t'irteen, I'm t'irteen!" and then made as though he would lie down again. "I'm t'irteen, sir ; I ain't been doin' nothin' wrong!" The explanation of his words is that the little fellow had heard that thirteen marked the limit of compulsory attendance at school ; and he imagined that the police or School Board Inspector had at last hunted him out—officers of the law whose spectres visited even his child-dreams. His unexpected visitor was not to be so easily put off ; for the little lad, as he stood out in the light of the lantern, could not have been thirteen, and was probably not more than eleven. His appearance was pitiable in the extreme. His few wretched rags were tied round him ; he had neither shoes nor stockings ; and hunger gleamed in his eye. He held back close to the corner and defiantly resisted all attempts to lure him outside, and savagely protested that he shouldn't be interfered with. "He wished 'I'd let be' ; couldn't I leave him alone ? He'd done nothink to me. What was I a-goin' about a-disturbin' of him for at that time o' night ?" But the doctor's little guide presently whispered, "Look behind him, sir, quick !" when he observed another little bundle of rags, and this proved to be another boy two or three years younger still. On seeing that the discovery had been made which he had endeavoured to prevent, the elder boy yielded and avowed his willingness to go,

begging not to be given in charge and protesting that "they weren't doin' nothin' wrong, only sleepin'."

These two little half-naked and famished boys—say nine and eleven years of age respectively—were utterly friendless, not having a relative in the world except one older brother, who was a thief and a jail-bird. This young man had exploited these two little brothers of his for his own low purposes. He had made them do his cruel and wicked bidding, holding them under threat and terror. They had wandered about with him as he pursued his evil and wretched courses, until one morning, to escape from their tyrant's thrall, they had in the very early hours crept forth stealthily from a tramps' kitchen in Brighton and trudged by themselves all the way to London. Here they famished and led the most forlorn and miserable life conceivable. They begged as they had opportunity, and tried to appease the gnawings of hunger on garbage picked up in the streets when all other methods failed. They slept in a "doss-house" when sufficient coppers were tossed to them to pay for it; and when not "in luck" crept for the night together into any shelter they could find.

The doctor soon discovered, on taking these two little brothers to the Stepney Home, that they dreaded nothing so much as the risk of being discovered by their own brother. The utmost terror was depicted on their faces when they thought that they might again some day be in his power. The elder boy's name was "Arthur," and he called his younger brother "little Bobbie." They both agreed that, whatever happened, they must keep away from their "big brother." Arthur soon showed that he was a noble fellow, and everybody in the Home admired his unselfish protection of his little brother. This protection did not begin when they were admitted to the Homes. It slowly leaked out that it was Arthur who begged and fought in the street struggle for existence that these two maintained,

"little Bobbie" being held exempt from the obligation of standing in "the fighting line." If food was given them, Arthur always saw that "little Bobbie" got the best bits; or he would let "little Bobbie" take as much as he wanted, and contented himself with what was left. If anybody gave them clothing, the soundest garment always went to cover and keep warm the younger boy, never mind how dire the need of the elder boy might be!

On the night of their rescue, it was four o'clock in the morning before Dr. Barnardo got them safe within the shelter of the Homes. The first thing on their arrival was to let them sleep, after giving them warm food. They crept into old hammocks in the Receiving-room just as they were and were allowed to sleep as long as they would. They slept till about noon next day, and then awoke to find a new life of hope and love and opportunity before them. First came the indispensable bath and thorough cleansing; next the rehabilitation in clean and warm garments from head to foot, giving the little fellows a new sensation. Then followed their formal reception among the inmates of the Home of hospitable love.

Two years passed in happy interest and training. During that time Arthur showed that he possessed more than ordinary qualities of mind, Nature's rich dowry, despite his origin and first experiences of life. He quickly mastered the rudimentary subjects taught in the school, and evinced an inclination to carry his lessons further. "Little Bobbie" was hardly his equal here, but was a very lovable boy. "His fair, innocent face, roguish eyes, and dimpled, rounded chin were beautiful to behold," wrote Dr. Barnardo, the little fellow's rescuer. Some good protective influence—some guardian angel-spirit—some silent prevenient grace of the Spirit of God—had preserved the innocence to his face untarnished amidst the harsh, the bad and blasting demon-agencies of a tramps' den or thieves' kitchen. It was a delight

to see the boys in their free frolic and unconstrained enjoyment of playground sport. How often must our Founder's joy have overflowed as he contrasted this sight with the scene when he first came upon them in Hotwater Court!

But one day a sudden and distressing change came over the scene. Arthur ran to Dr. Barnardo in consternation, livid with terror, with beads of perspiration standing out on his temples, saying that he and "little Bobbie" must leave at once. They were both thankful for all that the kind doctor had done for them, but they must be allowed to go at once. This surprise of fear and dread filled their friends with concern until they learnt the cause. The boys had just been told that for the last day or two an ill-favoured, horrible-looking young fellow had been seen hanging about the top of the street, and the description given answered to the appearance of Arthur and Bobbie's big brother. Whether it were he or whether a false alarm had been raised, no one ever knew; but for the time being the dread tidings had a most distressing effect upon these two little brothers. Of course, the doctor knew how to make sure that the awful grown-up brother should not get hold of them, if it should turn out that he was making evil efforts in that direction. For the time being they were cautioned not to appear at the door, or at a window, or go out into the street, and all would be well.

"I'm much obliged to you, sir; it isn't any use. I couldn't stay and be happy any more," exclaimed the boy between his sobs and tears. "You've been a good, kind friend to me—the best I ever had; but if 'Bad Bill'—as the 'big brother' was called—'was only to get me and 'little Bobbie' once more, he'd make us as bad as himself; and now I feel I'd rather starve than steal."

His words moved the doctor deeply by their manifest sincerity and the stout and high moral purpose they disclosed. By one of those happy

"coincidences"—as some would, perhaps, be content to style them, but which, as we have seen earlier in this record, are to be regarded rather as providences brought about in answer to prayer—Dr. Barnardo thought he could see a bright light in the storm cloud that suddenly gathered and threatened to burst over the heads of these hapless boys. Only the day before he had held an interview with a Canadian gentleman, who said he was prepared to see to the care of any boys the doctor might entrust to him, and do what he could for them out there. Immediately he thought of a plan by which Arthur and Bobbie might escape the "bad brother" for ever and be saved from the risk of again wandering in the streets cold and hungry, homeless and friendless. Would they go to Canada? When Arthur was told what was in store for him and Bobbie and things were explained to him, he wept tears of joy and gratitude, and as he left the doctor's room, even kissed his hand.

Satisfactory arrangements were made with the gentleman in question, and the compact was promptly carried out. Dr. Barnardo himself took the boys to Liverpool, whence they sailed for Montreal. Soon after they landed they were both adopted by a well-to-do farmer who had no children of his own, and they gave him great satisfaction.

Some time after Dr. Barnardo received from Arthur a letter which read as follows:—

We are very happy here ; father and mother love us ever so much, and say we are never to go away from them again. I can ride a pony now, and I go to school every day by myself. Mother says Bobbie need not go yet awhile. We do not forget you, dear sir, and your great kindness to us when we were so unhappy and so poor.

A new and better life had indeed opened up for the erstwhile street waifs!—Five years more pass ; and many similar acts of rescue have filled in the busy

eventful interval. Then further bright news reaches Stepney concerning these boys, and Arthur in particular, after occasional tidings of their welfare in the usual way. Arthur now writes:—

You will, I think, be surprised at what I have to tell you. You know I took three of the best prizes given last year by Mr. White. Well, father and he have talked the matter over, and they asked me if I would like to enter the University. . . . That evening dear mother came to my room and cried, and said she hoped the Lord would guide me; and then I told her that I had been praying that I might some day be permitted to preach the Gospel, and that I thought the offer I had had to-day was an answer, and then she cried again and kissed me and went and told father. . . . So I am to go next term!

Thus the noble boy who would “rather starve than steal,” faithful in “little,” is entrusted with “much.” The self-sacrificing protector and provider for “little Bobbie” first and always before he thought of himself becomes the promising University student; and the Head of the Church, the Christ Himself, who, through the instrumentality of the good angel of the night in the two little brothers’ child-history, recovered them to Himself and separated them from their slum life, counted the heroic Arthur “faithful” and “put him into the ministry”!*

The history of Harry Gossage is deeply interesting from another point of view. Its far-reaching influence upon similar cases in which depraved relatives may seek to set the law in motion against benevolent people having custody of their children cannot be easily estimated. The tragedy of Harry’s early days is equally dark with that of Arthur and Bobbie. Many readers will have heard his name before, from the fact that he was the child on behalf of whom his mother was able, under external direction, to put the law in force against Dr. Barnardo, and about whom certain organs of the Press disguising the real issue, uttered

* From “Taken out of the Gutter: A True Incident of Child-Life in the Streets of London.” By T. J. Barnardo, F.R.C.S. Ed.

shrieks of make-believe horror at the "arch-proselytiser," as the Romish priests alleged Dr. Barnardo to be. At ten years of age little Harry had been twice abandoned on the high-road by his mother. Eventually she sold him for a trifle to an Italian organ-grinder. Lord Esher, who sat in the Court of Appeal, characterised her as "an unnatural brute." Yet it was to assert the "legal rights" of this mother over her child that every court in the realm, not excepting the House of Lords, was appealed to against Dr. Barnardo, his would-be rescuer! Happily, Dr. Barnardo was successful in his stout contention for the rights of childhood in the person of Harry Gossage, and the public attention aroused by the case led to the passage of the Custody of Children's Act, of which it will be enough to say that it rendered such a case as *The Queen v. Barnardo in re Harry Gossage* impossible for all time to come.

There is before us, too, the grim story of little eleven-year-old John Somers, whose red hair won for him his street name, "Carrots." He had never known his father, and it would have been better had he never known his mother, who turned him adrift on the streets at seven years of age. The boy from that time to his death was, by turns, newsboy, shoeblack, vendor of cigar-lights, and anything else that might turn up if it only gave him the promise of a living. His appearance made against him, for he was an ungainly and unprepossessing child. From all that the street boys who knew him could tell, he slept out for the most part, not earning enough after buying food to pay for a "doss" in a lodging-house. His favourite places for "sleeping-out" were Covent Garden Market and the Billingsgate Market Shades. When his mother caught him, as she occasionally did, she asserted her maternal rights by fixing him on the ground with her knees, rapidly rifling his pockets of whatever coins he possessed, and making off with them to the nearest ginshop. Should he have none

on him, a kick, a blow, an oath, expressed her disappointment and disgust at her offspring's uselessness. Poor little "Carrots" pleaded to be taken into the Homes. He was promised admission that day week, and he gratefully accepted the offer. It was in days before the "Ever-Open Door" plan came into existence; and, indeed, we learn that his case had much to do with its formation. A few mornings after some men went to move a large sugar cask lying with its open end toward the wall, when they awakened a sleeping boy, and found another apparently still asleep at his side. When touched, that other child moved not; when spoken to, he answered not. Then a kind porter stooped down and lifted the form of the little lad in his arms, only to find that he was dead. This was "Carrots." At the inquest the evidence of the medical man showed that he had died from the effects of hunger and exposure; and the jurymen who looked on his pinched face and fleshless body found a verdict of "Death from exhaustion, the result of frequent exposure and want of food." The good-natured policeman who bore the little body to an adjoining public-house said that most of the boys who came round "began to blubber" as soon as they saw the body. So this early wrecked little frailty—poor, friendless, and forsaken "Carrots"—was missed in his little street circle!

"Poor forlorn little lad!" And we cannot withhold Dr. Barnardo's own words, so tender are they:—

I think I see him on that sad, sad evening . . . creeping supperless into the empty cask, his heart crushed with its sense of loneliness and dire need. I wonder whether "Carrots" cried as most children do when distressed? Or had the feeling of a child been long banished from that young breast in its grim struggle for life? Or did he pray to the Great Father as he nestled down for the last time beside his little mate? "Did poor 'Carrots' love Jesus?" I asked a tiny boy, who knew him well, and had formed one of the crowd of mourners who dropped a few real tears to his memory. "Law, sir, we never hears of *Him*, nor of nuffin' good—nuffin' except cussin' and swearin' down here," was the reply.

How long, we wonder, will England allow this pagan tragedy in outcast child-life to be? *How long?*

Another incident from real life; this time from Liverpool. Two boys, six and eight years of age, so ill-treated that when found they appeared to be more like wild creatures than human beings. Habitually and of set purpose cruelly used and half-starved, kept indoors out of sight by a drunkard, they were never seen, and when found they were discovered huddled together under a filthy bed. Brought out, they blinked in the light like owls, and struggled like mad things when an attempt was made to take them away. At first they appeared to improve under the influences of cleanliness and careful nursing; but in a few months they both sank from disease whose seeds were sown early in their frail frames. In this case, too, the good doctor was too late; and the little fellows were only rescued just in time to be gently nursed in death by loving arms.

The story of Timothy, Bessie and Jack Regan in the early days of the work serves to illustrate other phases and developments of it. Dr. Barnardo was able at that time to devote more time to personal lodging-house visitation than, on account of the enormous growth of the Homes, has been possible in more recent years. He tells us that one Sunday night he visited a lodging-house in Flower and Dean Street. With a nod to the deputy, as the overlooker is called, he made his way to the kitchen, as was his custom. Here sat Old Peter, maker of mouse- and rat-traps, busy at his trade, a familiar frequenter of this place, and at his side a young man who seemed purposely to keep apart from the rest. This young man Dr. Barnardo had often seen before. Now he noticed him more particularly as he sat by the side of Old Peter and helped him at his work. He looked pale and thin. Yet there was about him an air that seemed to mark him off from most of the other

degraded frequenters of this place. The doctor had learnt that he did not live in the lodging-house, but that he managed to keep a room of his own where his young brother and sister Bessie lived with him. He was understood to be able to do pretty well for one in his station in life. He was a casual porter at Leadenhall Market, and could often earn eightpence or a shilling in the morning early. He was known in this lodging-house as "Swell Tim." This distinction had been bestowed on him in recognition of the obvious fact that he was a shade superior to his acquaintances around him. But latterly he had not got on well. He had met with an accident at the Market and injured his left foot. In consequence of this he had been confined to bed in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and should have remained much longer; but at his earnest entreaty he was allowed to leave because, as he said, "the little 'uns couldn't get on" without him.

When Dr. Barnardo saw him on that Sunday night with Old Peter he was still a cripple, and only able to get about with pain. Out of sympathy for his misfortune, Old Peter had promised that he would teach the lad how to make traps, and ply the trade for a livelihood. This particular evening was the time of the first lesson. On going out the doctor spoke to the deputy about "Swell Tim."

"Honest Tim, that's wot I calls 'im," said the deputy. "There ain't a straighter young feller comes into this 'ere 'ouse, nary one. Why, sir," he continued, "nobody 'ud ever think that that 'ere young chap wor father and mother and all to them two kids he's got at 'ome. And he's such a civil-spoken lad. There ain't no larks in 'Swell Tim.' He's the werry bestest young feller as ever kem into the kitchen. I only wish there wor more like 'im. And I wish you could see 'is sister Bessie, and little Jack—why, there ain't such children anywheres round. No one wits 'em, 'cos Tim is afeared they 'ud be interferin'. Onst, I heerd, them 'ere Sisters o' Mussy, as they ca' theirselves, got hold o' Bess, and made a pretty fuss over 'er, and was a-goin' to take her off to one o' them there schools; but Tim, he kem

'ome, and turned 'em out double quick, a-sayin' as he worn't Papish 'isself, an' no more wor Bess nor Jack. Now they all leave 'em alone, but I've heerd lately as they've bin werry nigh starvin' since Tim's bin in the 'orspital. If you could only see 'em yerself, sir, you'd 'elp Bessie somehow, I'm sure ; for, anyways you take it, it ain't a good thing for her, poor gal, to be brought up as she is."

This voluntary testimonial to Tim's merits increased Dr. Barnardo's desire to learn more of him. Presently the opportunity presented itself. Most of those present in the kitchen had left or gone to bed ; but Old Peter and Tim still plied "the wires." On approaching, Tim told the doctor quite artlessly a story that greatly moved him—a story of a brave struggle to shelter a younger brother and sister and fence them off from the baneful influences of the lodging-houses :—

"I promised mother afore she died I'd take care o' Bessie, and I'd keep straight myself, and send little Jack to school."

In fulfilment of this promise he had rented a room in the neighbourhood ; and he had done fairly well for them up to the time when he was "'urt" ; but all three had found it difficult to get on since, and if it had not been for Bess, "I dunno what we'd a-done."

"What does she do ?" inquired the eager doctor.

"Why, since I've bin bad she picks up a bit of work from the Jews livin' about 'ere—she cleans the steps, and fetches things, and washes up, and that like, mostly on Thursdays and Fridays, and sometimes she lends a 'and at washin' on Mondays and Tuesdays. But she's a lot littler than me, and she can't do's much as a big gal."

"How much does she earn every week at that work ?"

"Well, sir, mostly she gets sixpence a day and her grub. Sometimes they gives her a lot of broken wittles, and she brings 'em 'ome for little Jack and me."

"Well, and what about little Jack ?"

"He's werry little, he is, sir ; he goes to school, mostly to George Yard. Mr. 'Olland, he's so kind to 'im. He's a real nice old gent. Many's the blow-out the little chap's got from 'im—ay, an' he's give 'im shoes and bits of togs. Oh, he's been werry kind, 'as Mr. 'Olland, and Jack's gettin' on fust rate. He reads fine, but 'e don't do much writin' yet."

It is pleasant to get a glimpse here of the late

George Holland, who ranks with men of the Dr. Barnardo type, as one of the apostles of the East-end.

The above conversation, begun in the lodging house, was continued on the way to Tim's room, for the doctor was anxious, late as it was, to see "little Jack," and that "real good 'un," the sister "Bess." Piloted by Tim, the doctor made his way by various streets, whose names have long been familiar in East-end mission work, through a narrow opening into a court—filthy, ill-smelling—with about a dozen of the most wretched tumble-down houses one could see, even in that quarter. Garbage had accumulated in the middle of the court, for it was the common refuse-heap of the tenants, and it reeked and steamed horribly as the doctor passed. Up a flight of rotten stairs, Tim led the way into a miserable room, with a broken door, a half-fallen cupboard door, and a window frame with almost as many squares stuffed with rags and paper as were filled with panes of glass. A packing-case served as table; there were three low, three-legged stools, and two heaps of well-used materials that served as beds. A tired-looking girl, just entering on her teens, rose as the doctor entered, and this girl was "Bess." There lay on one of the heaps a small boy sleeping, who looked better fed than Tim or Bess: this was "little Jack." "Bess" had been at work for a Jew's family, but her employer had not paid her that day, and promised he would to-morrow. A glance at the cupboard showed that there were in it only a few pieces of ware, not a particle of food. Bessie had not long returned from her work, and had just given Jack his supper and put him to bed. It was clear that Tim and Bessie would have to go to sleep that night without a supper.

In explanation of her inability to go to school any longer, Bessie said that she had to look after Jack and go to work herself since Tim had been bad. "But I used to go round on Sunday nights to George Yard, or to a mission lady as sometimes 'as a meeting

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in 'Arvey's 'Ouse. Sometimes the lady comes round hereabouts and sings 'ymns, and tells such lovely stories. Onst she came down the alley on a fine arternoon, and 'ad a meetin' outdoors. Jack and me sat up at the winder, and could 'ear it all; but Tim, he went down and kep' the boys off."

On leaving the room, Tim offered to accompany the doctor down the street, and the latter used the opportunity to take Tim into one of the cheap cookshops that were just, in that evening hour, in full swing with serving out savoury viands to customers. Boiled beef and other joints and vegetables of various kinds steamed invitingly in the window; and presently Tim returned home with a goodly supply of beef, cabbage and bread, and with candles, firewood and soap. Tim's good Samaritan parted company with him with the promise that he would see him again shortly.

The doctor went home with heart full and brain busy on methods to give this heroic elder brother, the equally heroic sister, and "little Jack" a chance, so that their noble qualities might be drawn out, and bring them a merited reward. One thing evident and unmistakable was that it was not desirable to leave them where they were. But any suggestion that they should be parted met with a stout refusal—Tim had "promised mother." In vain was it suggested that Bessie should go away and be looked after by a kind lady. Tim was terribly afraid that then he should never see her again. So for the time being there was nothing for it but to leave them where they were, and get them to the ragged school classes, where, in those early days of the work, Dr. Barnardo and so fellow students were wont to gather in and instruct of neglected and friendless child-life of the streets as Stepney and Limehouse.

When the doctor visited him again, in response to Tim's anxious message that his little brother was "werry bad," "Little Jack" was found to be down

DR. BARNARDO

Geor

with scarlet fever. The poor child had to be sent away to the Fever Hospital, and the doctor saw to the disinfecting of the room, and again tried to persuade them to leave it, but without effect. Jack recovered satisfactorily; then the doctor sent him into the country for three weeks. He came back with wonderful tales of country sights and sounds. But he returned to his brother and sister, and they were overjoyed in getting him back. Now, however, the day of deliverance for them all was happily at hand.

Among Dr. Barnardo's early friends and supporters—few, indeed, then, compared with the number he has now—were two well-to-do Australian correspondents—Mr. and Mrs. Horace Stephens. These friends became deeply interested through him in schemes for the rescue of the squalid poor, and on paying a visit to England took apartments, at his suggestion, in East London, in order, by personal observation and visits, to gain a first-hand knowledge of the facts. They spent a winter in this work. Dr. Barnardo convoyed these friends in many directions through lodging-house quarters, and they often visited the rooms, attics and cellars of the poor by themselves. What they saw appalled them! The magnitude and apparent hopelessness of the problem of the poor grew upon them and overwhelmed them. They were dismayed at the nameless horrors amid which tens of thousands live. The utmost that they and others could do seemed but to touch the fringe of the evil on one side. On one thing, however, they were of one mind with Dr. Barnardo and others—that the only hope was to stretch out a hand to the children and snatch them amid better and brighter surroundings.

One day, when having one of many interviews with Dr. Barnardo, the doctor told them the story of Tim, and Jessie and Jack, and the brave fight they were making to keep decent, and to preserve a home for themselves against desperate odds. Mr. and Mrs. Stephens became interested. It was not long before

they paid a visit to Tim's room in the grimy court. The visits of these good and delightful people were repeated, and gradually Mrs. Stephens and Bessie became fast friends. Bessie now visited Mrs. Stephens in turn, and was found more and more frequently at their apartments. Stories of open and free life in Australia were told her and her brothers, of the spacious country, the climate, and products of the soil, and what room there was for more people there ; and, to briefly state all that there is to say of this romance of East-end life, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens finally offered to take *all three* out with them and give them a start. It was clear that the young people would not hear of any separation from each other ; and so all three must go together, or none of them would go. The Australian friends insisted, however, that Bessie should go for a few months into the country, where she might unlearn, to such extent as was possible, her slum life. Provision was made for her with a kind lady in a Sussex farmhouse, and once a month Tim and Jack were to spend the week-end there with her. This was done, and all three grew fast and healthily, and were radiant with happiness. The rest of Tim's and Jack's time was spent under Dr. Barnardo's care. At length the day came, and they all left England with Mr. and Mrs. Stephens.

The years had passed when Dr. Barnardo committed the story to writing. Meanwhile, in far-away Australia, Tim had grown to a prosperous man of thirty-two years, and was about to marry. Jack had shot up into a fine and strong young fellow. Bessie—the child with the wealth of fair hair, whom Mrs. Stephens had learnt to love—had become a fine woman, had married, and was now a mother.

At this point we are able to reproduce a letter of Tim's addressed to Dr. Barnardo, which explains itself. It accompanied a consignment of twelve carcasses of sheep—the fourth annual gift from the same source to the hungry children of the East-end ;

and the present is from Tim, who is now a successful sheep-farmer :—

DEAR SIR,—I am sending from Sydney by McDiarmid's ss. *Longfellow*, bound for London, one dozen carcasses of frozen sheep, which I beg you will accept for the benefit of your Homes. This is the fourth lot I have sent you, and I hope to be able to send you many more. When I wrote my last letter, ten months ago, I told you of the birth of my sister's second baby, and that Mrs. Stephens was dangerously ill. Now I have to tell you of Mrs. Stephens' death, which took place only one week after the mail went out. She had been ailing a long time, and was in much suffering, but at the close all was peace. You can hardly imagine what a loss has been mine, and Bessie's, and Jack's, although Bessie, being married, and having a family of her own, cannot feel it as we do. For to me and Jack she was everything—more than a mother—and we love to think of all her goodness and kindness to us for these many years. There never was anybody like her. Mr. Stephens hasn't been the same man since her death, and though he is as kind and good as ever, yet we all see a great difference in him. He says he will send you a lot of frozen mutton himself shortly, and I know he means to send you some more money. We often talk of the old days—well do I remember that first night you spoke to me in the lodging-house, when I took you home to see Bessie. I often read about you, and am glad to read *Night and Day* and your other books when they come. How the Homes have grown, to be sure ! I see you have a thousand boys and girls now where you used to have a hundred. And I see you send quite a number to Canada, and they do well there. So they would do here ; but I suppose the journey is too long and too expensive. I hope, dear sir, you keep well yourself. I am sure there's many who'll say with me, "God bless your family and yourself !" Some day I hope to see you again, please God, and what a long talk we'll have over old times ! It's likely I may get married in the spring, but I'll write you more about this in my next letter. Bessie says she'll write next mail, and so will Jack, who is grown to a fine young man. But they both send their love and best respects. Please accept the same, from yours ever gratefully,

TIMOTHY REGAN.*

Such is the strange and eventful history of the three waifs who battled successfully with the waves that threatened to swallow them up and engulf them

* "Twelve Sheep from Australia." By T. J. Barnardo F.R.C.S.Ed. (Offices: 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, Ed.)

among "the submerged tenth" of our slum areas. Tim, the whilom Leadenhall Market labourer, and, when disabled, the mouse-trap maker; the brave sister, Bessie, "the real good 'un"; and "little Jack," whom they managed to keep well nourished, though half-starved themselves, passed out of the slums to Sydney, to sunshine, to a land of plenty, to prosperity, that early placed it in their power to remit assistance to feed a new generation of Tims, Bessies, and Jacks, growing up in our city of mean streets. And those good angels, the young medical student—as he then was—and Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, of Australia, were "the ministering spirits" of God's providence in working out their deliverance.

So is it that the ever-ready and meet servants of the Christ of little children are used of Him as "vessels unto honour" in the service of distinction that pertains to the humane and Christ-like work of child-rescue. To them may well go the award and honour of the "Victoria Cross" for conspicuous and heroic deeds of self-sacrifice!

* * * * *

It remains only that, in concluding our history of the Homes and their network of agencies, and of their Founder, we express the extreme gratification it would afford both the writer and publishers were it to awaken still further interest in the National and Christly work established and still carried on with undiminished enthusiasm and ceaseless energy by Dr. Barnardo.

And when the day of reckoning comes, and recompence of reward is meted out, according to the value of work done on earth, well will it be for all who hear and receive the recognition of the children's Christ given in that "Scripture of Practical Love," the twenty-fifth of St. Matthew:—

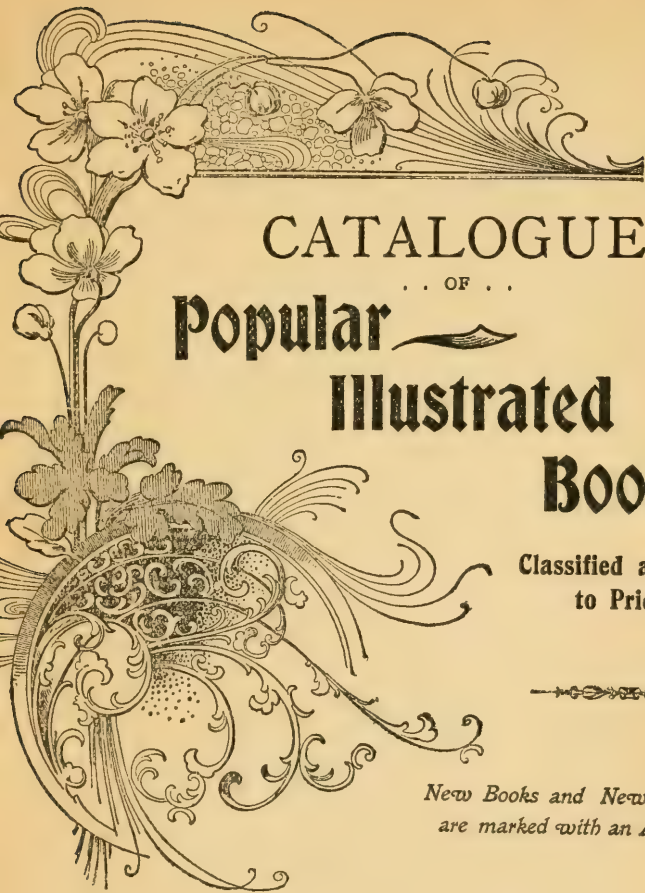
"For I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat:
I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink:

I was a stranger, and ye took Me in :
Naked, and ye clothed Me :
I was sick, and ye visited Me :
I was in prison, and ye came unto Me."

"Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have
done it unto one of the least of these My brethren,
Ye have done it unto Me."

Then shall the King say unto them :
"Come, ye blessed of My Father,
Inherit the kingdom prepared for you,
From the foundation of the world."

THE END.



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