

THE  
**DARKEST ENGLAND**  
**GAZETTE.**

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**FOOD FOR THE FAMISHING:**  
**WHITECHAPEL DEPOT IN WINTER.**

[See next page.]



# FOOD FOR THE FAMISHING.

## PRACTICAL HELP FOR THE POOR.

### WHITECHAPEL DEPOT IN WINTER.

"Three thousand men, women and children crossed the threshold of our Whitechapel Depot



during the late severe weather, clamouring for food, and we did have a business with them!"

Mr. Flawn, the genial manager of the depot, who made this statement, was then in the throes of business, but relaxed his efforts and went on to describe this run on his establishment.

"A surging crowd of eager, hungry men, woeful women, and cowering, stunted children," said he, "came in upon us like an avalanche every morning as soon as the doors were opened, and kept coming in a gradually diminishing stream during the day, of the morning from surrounding

#### DEPOT AND CASUAL WARDS.

Every week an average of human wretches, their coming decreased as the day mistakable commenced this brought no diminution to our troubles, the employing and our barmen and attendants were at their wits' end to supply fast enough the demands of the serried crowds who hustled each other and besieged the bar for "something warm," or find adequate eating room for them after they had been supplied. Having finished their steaming soup and felt the grateful glow of warmth from the shelter, they were loth to again expose their half-clad bodies to the piercing blasts, for they were all homeless, with no other shelter than the depot, or casual ward, which opened again for the night.

"Many of them carried under their arms small parcels loosely wrapped up in tattered paper, which had already done duty too often, containing their

stand the violence of the blast? And so they remained in possession of their present quarters as long as they could, to the detriment of their less fortunate fellows who had failed to gain an entrance. The looks of misery upon the faces of some poor creatures, who had not the necessary copper, as they stood round the door shivering, or gazed through the window at their more fortunate companions being served with basins of soup—the steam from which bedimmed the windows—and dishes of hot vegetables and stew were saddening. One of begone appearance, said he, "I have not had a life his clothes were fairly decent, and he used to seek shelter in the waiting-rooms of railway-stations, but as soon as his feet began to protrude through his boots, and his clothes betrayed his condition, these resources failed him. Now, unless he is able to pick up a penny or two to regild himself and rest somewhere during the day, he finds a tramp's life on such a day as that was almost unbearable, and he is obliged, worn-out and wet, to seek the casual ward and its

#### COLD AND COMFORTLESS

accommodation, its bread and punishing. From the time such leave the stoneyard to the time they again enter the Union gate their sole privilege is to be "moved on" by the police, although many of them have to quarrel with society to be thus branded as scoundrel Ishmaelites, except that in the eye of the law they are guilty of wandering about without any visible means of that subsistence which it is not in their power to command. The type of

our Central Food Depot during the late storms show that things are getting worse instead of better. They are more wretched looking, more emaciated, more tattered, more hopeless and more numerous than ever. In conjunction with the Labour-Bureau officers next door, who sent fifty-one poor fellows to the Elevator on the morning this was written for a day's work, with little apparent diminution, we work by day and pray by night, we plan and anticipate and prophesy and labour towards its fulfilment, but still the stream of human wretchedness flows on with increasing volume. Things are decidedly getting worse, but what would they be were it not for our Food Depots? There is

#### ONE BRIGHT SIDE

to all this deplorable misery, and that is, the education these people are getting in the value of plain, nourishing foods will be invaluable to them should things improve. It is significant that during the cold weather referred to only 800 cups of tea were asked for daily by the 3,000 customers, while soup and haricot beans have grown largely in repute. A dish of the latter is provided for a halfpenny and a basin of soup and a large piece of bread for a penny. No description of food is pressed upon the customers, and the "h'aporth of haricots" or basin of soup have gradually been found to be more nourishing and sustaining than tea and bread-and-butter or more expensive eatables.

Perhaps

#### THE MOST IMPORTANT RIGHTS

we witness are the young—with children

any of them to the Food

Depot. The latter are often ravenous, and emboldened by hunger, they scour the place, picking up and greedily eating scraps they find lying about. With these poor little ones, and indeed with many of their mothers and fathers, all their care seems to be how to get enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger and rest their tired limbs. With these hunger-baunted unfortunates, the ordinary thoughts, feelings and aspirations which move in other human hearts seem to have been crushed out of them and the whole end of their lives seems to be narrowed down to one main purpose in the attainment of which they appear to regard soul and stomach as synonymous. And yet these poor outcasts must be cared for.

#### POOREST OF THE POOR FUND.

A. A. P. Hornsey, 3s.; Mr. T. Newton, £1 10s.; Mr. Rodgers, Streatham, £1 1s.; A Working-man, Woolwich, 3s. 6d.; W. P. Newport, 6s.; Mrs. Williams, Falmouth, 2s.; Miss Williams, Falmouth, 1s.; W. A. Pizzey, Fareham, 1s.; Miss L. Johnson, 1s.

WHAT IS SOLD AT THE FOOD DEPOTS

FOR A CHILD.		FOR ADULTS.	
SOUP	1/2	COFFEE or COCOA	1/2
WITH BREAD	1/2	WITH BREAD & JAM	1/2
SOUP	1/2	MEAT PASTY & POTATOES	3
WITH BREAD	1/2	CORNUBEEF	2
Potatoes	1/2	MUTTON	2
Cabbage	1/2	COFFEE	1/2
Haricot Beans	1/2	COCOA	1/2
Beans (or Peas)	1/2	TEA	1/2
Plum	1/2	BREAD & MAR-	1/2
Baked Plum	1/2	CARAMEL JAM or	1/2
Jam Roll	1/2	MARMALADE	1/2

SOUP IN OWN JUGS 1d. PER QUART  
READY AT 10 A.M.

MR. FLAWN, MANAGER OF WHITECHAPEL DEPOT.



stock-in-trade; but what would be the use of trying to realise it on such a day? Who would

#### UNBUTTON HIS GREAT COAT

to get a penny to buy collar studs or mohair laces, even if it were possible for the ragged vendor to

#### THE WORKING MAN.

"IS NOT THIS THE CARPENTER?"—MARK VI. 3

Look up, ye toiling sons of men,  
A brighter day's ahead!  
Let hope inspire your every nerve  
Whilst lab'ring for your bread!  
The Working-Man of Nazareth  
Is with you in the fray;  
He'll glorify your menial task  
If you'll His words obey.

'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,  
That Jesus Christ was a Working-Man.

Think not that they in high estate,  
Are happier far than ye;  
God says the path of peace and joy  
Is one of purity;  
This standard you may all attain  
Through Jesus crucified;  
By seeking first His kingdom here  
Your needs shall be supplied.

Praise God for what is being done,  
The poor and lost to raise!  
Despairing hearts of sinful men  
Are being filled with praise.  
The good old Gospel of the Cross  
Still pioneers the way—  
The "way out" from the night of sin  
To realms of perfect day!

Bandsman Waller.

The Burgomaster of Amsterdam has just donated £5 towards the Army's Social Work in that city. Already there are sixty men in the new Shelter building lent us by the Burgomaster and Town Council.

Will Mr. T. J. Jones, who wrote for particulars as to rabbits, kindly favour Major Stitt, Salvation Army Farm Colony, Hadleigh, Essex, with his address, as his letter was undated, and no information was given as to his whereabouts?





"What a wonderful improvement!" was the ejaculation of the "Gazette" man as, passing Park House on his way to the Governor's offices, he paused to glance at the latest accomplishments in the way of road improving, hedge making, fruit tree raising, and market-gardening, which all added a trim and business-like appearance to the Colony approach.

Major Stitt's office, the first building, next door to the barracks, of the Colony main street, is the general resort of all who are in need of anything, and interviewing is a thing of difficulty. Things ran somewhat on these lines:—

"Gazette" man: "I understand, Major, that the Camberwell Union—"

First voice: "Ah, there's the first load of bricks bound for Chelmsford, to the new hospital that's building. Good bricks those; Colony made!"

"Gazette" man (sore of mind): "That the Camberwell Union have—"

Second voice: "Oh, you've come from Derby, and what did you work at? Grease making, eh? What do you make it of? Oh, all that, and water! Mostly water, eh? Ha, ha!"

Third voice: "He wants a new suit of clothes, Major; please sign the form."

"Gazette" man (feeling rather mixed): "I understand the Camberwell Union authorities have arranged to send—"

Fourth voice: "They're nearly out o' coals at the hospital, Major, and—"

Fifth voice: "Johns will want two labourers to start building that house, if the weather's like this to-morrow."

Here enter Mr. Matthews, Farm Colony photographer, formerly an African traveller. He was with Livingstone, and is famous for deeds of daring in the presence of lions, crocodiles, rifles, waterfalls, and what not. Brother Matthews kindly expatiates with shrewdness, and, in spite of bronchitis, with considerable eloquence, on the art of photography, and produces magic lantern slides of Colony. "Gazette" man, with an eye to illustrations, enters into the situation. Eventually we proceed with that interview.

"Camberwell Union have arranged to send you some inmates of their establishment?"

"I addressed," replied Major Stitt, "fifty-nine of the men at Camberwell Union, and explained to them the working of the Colony. Forty-three volunteered, and, after seeing each one personally, I chose twenty-five, and of these, twenty-four duly arrived on the premises. Since then five more have come, making twenty-nine in all."

"Can you tell me, Major, what these men had been? Were they genuine out-o'-works?"

"Certainly, poor fellows!" replied the Governor. "One was a bricklayer, three or four were carpenters, who had been forced to part with their tools; but strangely enough, the majority had been carmen. Anyhow, they were reduced to picking oakum and breaking stones in the workhouse. But, see yonder!"

We peered through the office windows, across the pretty country lane, to where the last red rays of the January sun lit up that long stretch of fruit trees and currant bushes, which was but a few months since the wonder of all beholders for abundance of perfect fruit. There stood, with bended backs, weeding and digging, as though their lives depended upon it, a part of that batch of men who were so recently engaged in the delights of stone-breaking.

"The others," added Major Stitt, "are fixed up in various parts of the Colony, at unloading the barges, market-gardening; indeed, they are all over the place, and getting on remarkably

well. Of course, they have signed the usual form of agreement, which runs":—

#### THE SALVATION ARMY FARM COLONY, HADLEIGH ESSEX.

##### AGREEMENT BY COLONIST.

*I, being by trade a.....but being unable to find work, now wish to go upon the Farm Colony.*

*I agree to obey all the rules and regulations made for the good conduct and management of the Colony, and to carry out all the instructions which may be given me by my officers there.*

*I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drink while resident in the Colony, and I pledge myself not to enter any premises where drink is sold, and to discourage others doing so. I understand that any departure from this rule may be followed by my instant dismissal from the Colony.*

*I understand the regulations as to grants, and am willing to work for my food and shelter only for one month upon the Colony, and after that time shall be satisfied with the grant allowed me (if any) by the Superintendent under whom I may be placed.*

Name.....

Date.....

"And their food; are they liberally supplied?"

Here the amiable Adjutant Smith, cheeriest of righthand men, breaks in with such an emphatic yes, that the "Gazette" man called for the Colony weekly food list.

"Listen!" cried the stalwart Adjutant. "To-day's list is, Breakfast, tea and coffee, bread-and-butter, and some relish, such as tinned meat, rice, fish, or cheese. Dinner, meat, vegetables, and pudding. On Tuesdays and Saturdays the dinner is stew and pudding; Wednesdays and Fridays, steak puddings, and a pudding to follow, such as college or jam. Thursdays, meat, vegetables, and pudding: Sundays, meat, vegetables, and pudding. Then there are cups of tea with dinner three days a week. For tea, they have tea, bread-and-butter, or jam."

"And the complete freedom from officialdom is, doubtless, one reason why the Colony is popular?"

"Yes," said Major Stitt, "we must have sufficient oversight to ensure the work being well done, yet we have very few officials. Here, for instance, are the time sheets of the traffic department. There are only five salaried men out of twenty-eight, and those are principally engine-drivers. There is one sectional manager, and two 'gangers,' one of whom also drives an engine."

"Then there is one overseer, and four salaried men only for the works department, which includes, in its scope, such matters as steam joinery, horse shoeing, bricklaying, wheelwrights' work and other sub-sections; now, there are forty-two men working in the department, which, by the way, also includes a chair factory."

"So that to combine economy with efficiency is your never-ending aim?" put in the "Gazette" man.

"Exactly. Yes, we are prospering in every way. You will have noticed the new greenhouse—a remarkable place, we must write it up for the "D. E. Gazette."—Cattle? Going on very well; stock is improving; whilst the whole agricultural prospects are good. We shall have considerably more land in cultivation this year than last. Some of the men are engaged now in breaking up some rough grass land, and we are bound to keep on extending on these lines. What do we want? Money, badly! If we had more capital we could have more agriculture, more men, more everything. I really scarcely know how we get through, but, by the help of God, we get through somehow. Our prospects are bright. The outlook far exceeds in promise that of any other time in the history of the Colony!"

#### CAST-OFF CLOTHES.

##### GARMENTS TO COVER THE BODIES OF THE POOR FELLOWS

who come trooping into our Depots and Elevators. Could but one single specimen of dilapidated and emaciated humanity, such as we have to face in numbers week by week, be seen by our kind friends, we are sure that they would send us along all they

could possibly spare out of their well-stocked wardrobes.

To those who are warmly clad the inclemency of the weather at this season comes as a hardship, and how much more to those who for weeks and months have lacked sufficient food or shelter, with only the scantiest raiment to protect them from the bitter cold!

We shall be glad to receive anything in the shape of covering—old clothes, boots, underlinen, &c., which kindly address to Commissioner CADMAN, 272, Whitechapel Road. E.

#### CLAPTON BAND OF LOVE.

##### "DORCAS MEETING" AT THE CONGRESS HALL.

Dorcas at ten years of age! This reads something like romance, only not the romance of a wrong-headed, wrong-hearted, barbarous age, but the romance which forecasts that happy state of "peace on earth, goodwill to men," and which comes with hope in its utterances and the earnest of its fulfilment upon the horizon of human misery.

The Congress Hall Band of Love have pledged themselves to play their part to usher in the golden age, and how they have begun, the sequel will show.

Like a genuine Band of Love, they have forsworn sin and smoke—the former in all its departments—to cultivate its opposite virtues. And yet there is

##### NOTHING MOPISH OR MISERABLE

in these young millennialists.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Lord, the energetic Sergeant-Major of this Band of Love, has begun on the right lines. She does not believe in a negative creed for her charges, and knows how fertile are the diverse sides of these youngsters in projects and dreams of the future, which she strives to



MRS. STAFF-CAPT. LORD.

turn to good account—dreams on the one side, if uncontrolled, of orchard-wall suppers, and entertainments with tin kettles and dogs' tails; and on the other, dreams of better things which, if worked out, as all good dreams should be, will

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

The first considerable fulfilment of the dreams of these strippling Christians took place in the Congress Hall dining-room last week, and there I walked through an exhibition of good things that had been evolved in the process. On one side were displayed, on a table running the entire length of the large room, a hundred sets of winter garments that her Dorcas had made. These consisted of boys' overcoats, garibaldi, waistcoats, scarves, cuffs, socks, and girls' hats, frocks, underclothing, etc. The majority of these were made, and well made, too, by the deft little fingers of the members of the Band of Love, at their meetings, under the superintendence of Mrs. Lord; the cutting-out of the garments has been done by Mrs. Hayward.

The idea of this exhibition of work arose at the sewing-class in connection with the "Band's" meetings. It was thought that it would be a better plan to work for some definite object, and a distribution of winter clothes to needy children was fixed on. This was

##### TAKEN UP HEARTILY

by the little ones, who were forthwith supplied with woollen stuffs and remnants, out of which to make garments, by members of the corps and outside friends.

On the opposite side of the room, Mrs. Lord and her Sergeants busied themselves preparing a liberal tea for the children participating in the gifts, while Staff-Captain Lord, in his endless resource, entertained the juveniles in the centre of the room. After tea the fortunate youngsters received a package of fruit and sweets, which largely augmented their glee.

The distribution of the goods was effected by issuing one hundred tickets, varying in price from sixpence to a shilling, to friends who knew of really needy and deserving children, each of the tickets representing goods to the value of five or six shillings. Of course, the distribution was undenominational, the only condition attaching to the gift of a ticket being that the recipient should be needy. The members of the Band of Love who were present, and had tastefully decorated the room for the occasion, seemed even happier in bestowing the gifts than the needy little ones were in receiving them.



# THE FARTHING BREAKFASTS.

## DISTRESSING SCENES. FURTHER HELP NEEDED.

### HACKNEY WICK SLUMS.

"Feed My lambs," said the Saviour to His disciples, when He Who had fed the bodies, minds, and souls of so many, was withdrawing from earth, henceforth to do His blessed work through the mediumship of whosoever will accept the honour of being His servants. Every morning at Hackney Wick we are feeding upwards of a hundred hungry little bodies with lovely, six-ounce currant rolls, accompanied by



as much steaming-hot cocoa as the little stomachs can accommodate.

"Two rolls for my babies, please," pleads a shrunken, pale-faced little girl of some six bitter winters. So young, but so burdened with the cares imposed upon her, perhaps by wretched, drunken parents, or possibly by a skeleton of a mother, wearily working for sweaters, while a gaunt father vainly tramps about in search of work.

"Oh, what a good boy am I!" sings out tiny Tim, half-starved, but nevertheless comical. His mouth is full of roll, and his finger tips are decked with currants in emulation of the famous Jack Horner. When he has finished his repast, he comes pleading for a roll to take home to his poor old granny. We know the poor old soul half starves herself for the sake of her six little orphan grand-children, so we gladly grant little Tim's request.

"Is your father out of work?" we ask one of three shivering little mortals who come hand-in-hand.

"E's in the 'sylum, sister, an' ther's five on us ter keep. Mother makes match-boxes, an' we all 'elp, 'cepting baby, an' she's too small."

If you could but peep at us one morning, you would feel compelled to send some money to help us to give more meals to these poor pastureless little lambs. J. H. Fleming.

At the BATTERSEA I. barracks farthing breakfasts were commenced with an attendance of little more than 100, but the number rapidly increased to nearly 500 within a fortnight. It is expected that, if funds permit, 4,000 per week will be reached.

From around the docks at POPLAR, the children are swarming to the Salvation Army meals, and we are glad to find that plenty of poor people are showing themselves eager to help. How much more ought you to do so!

### AT KING'S CROSS

Over one hundred farthing breakfasts are served every morning, and many poor, but respectable parents are relieved of a load of anxiety, when sending their little ones to school, for now they have sweet rolls and cocoa each day. Salvation for ever, salvation, hooray!

### CAMBERWELL CURRANT ROLLS, COCOA AND CLOTHING.

In four weeks, we have fed two thousand poor boys and girls. Lots of them would otherwise have gone foodless to school. Many are very distressing cases, and very sad stories they tell.

Being especially attracted by one boy's fine, open, honest-looking face, I asked why he came,



and learned that his father was out of work, and that there were seven almost starving at home. The poor boy could hardly walk, so sore was one of his feet; my heart ached. I told him to call at the officers' quarters at half-past ten, but he was there an hour earlier. We found him boots, jacket, trousers, etc., and rigged him in such a way that he did not look like the same boy. He

soon got work as milkman's boy, and looks so happy now. It is a blessed, blessed work!

We could tell lots of stories about these little ones, they are so thankful for their breakfasts. The first morning we started with about twenty, but now we have over a hundred every morning, and expect the number will about double yet. J. Foster.

### A VISIT TO THE BURNE STREET CENTRE.

If any of our Metropolitan readers are desirous of obtaining more definite knowledge than they at present possess with regard to the usefulness of the farthing breakfast movement, let them take a journey some morning to Burne Street, Edgware Road. There they will find, in close proximity to the Metropolitan Railway Station, veritable hives of industry in connection with our Social organisation.

The writer received instructions to proceed thither on Tuesday morning last, and at twenty minutes past seven he found himself at the gates of the Salvation Army barracks. Already there were assembled a score of pale-faced juveniles, some shoeless and with no covering to the head, and all, more or less, ragged and showing outward signs of neglect and destitution; aye, and in a few cases, of slow starvation. The youngsters were beginning to block the footway, until the gruff voice of a constable bade them "move on," and scattered them in all directions, until the coat-tail of the representative of law and order disappeared round the corner, when there was a re-gathering of hungry faces, and a renewal of clatter and youthful discussion, bearing mainly upon home life in its relation to food and drink. Did space permit, what a story we could here tell as related voluntarily



and in all simplicity by some of those children as they stood shivering outside the doors of Burne Street barracks last Tuesday morning!

### "THANK GOD, FOR THE FARTHING BREAKFASTS!"

inwardly ejaculated our reporter as some tales of home misery fell upon his ear while remaining a silent listener outside that interesting ring of youngsters.

We have recommended an early morning visit to the Burne Street centre, not only because sympathisers may see for themselves some of the good work associated with these farthing breakfasts, but also that they may gather some idea of what is being done by the Army in other directions for poor, suffering humanity. Next door to the barracks they will find, any morning of the week, a comfortable building packed with men and lads busy under the discussion of bread-and-butter, cake, and the like, with mugs of steaming tea, coffee, and cocoa, all of which are dispensed at the lowest possible figure to meet the needs of the poorest of the poor. This is an establishment much appreciated by the unfortunate *habitués* of the neighbourhood, not only on account of the cheap food provided, but also for the useful information which may here be obtained in regard to situations and casual jobs. In point of fact, it may be described as the popular house of call for the unemployed—a labour bureau, the value of which

### CANNOT BE OVER-ESTIMATED.

In the immediate locality there is yet another section of Army machinery in active operation—a Night Shelter, in which the outcast and destitute may obtain a night's rest and comfort for twopenny a-head. Let the reader who has decided to adopt our advice, take his stand for a few minutes outside the Shelter in Lisson Road, say, between the hours of seven and eight o'clock in the morning, and ask any of the men, whom they will observe streaming from the doors, what is their opinion of the "doss" which they

have just patronised. Their answer, if they be at all honest, will in themselves be a sufficiently satisfactory and encouraging testimony of the Army's Social Work in this one direction.

But we must not further digress. It is with the farthing breakfasts, as they at present exist at Edgware Road, that we have now to deal. There is no doubt that Ensign Burnell and those who work under her have affected an organisation that leaves little to be desired, and it is a matter for much congratulation that they are enabled to provide weekly for the necessities of fully eight hundred children, many of whom would certainly be deprived of the warming meal but for the Army's farthing breakfasts.

That there is an

### ALARMING AMOUNT OF POVERTY

and wretchedness existing in the Edgware Road district none would

be disposed to deny after glancing at the crowds of children who morning after morning flock into the Burne Street barracks; but the fact becomes more patent as one interrogates the hungry little mortals who clutch their thick slices or rounds of bread-and-jam, and consume them with an avidity that is sometimes quite alarming, though, more frequently, truly pleasing to the eye as well as to the heart. The only regret is that the limited funds at the Ensign's disposal prevent her from distributing tickets to scores of children in needy circumstances, though every care is taken to dispense these little gifts with an even hand, and to open up new districts where poverty most abounds.

In the few weeks during which the breakfasts have been established at Edgware Road, the appetites of some thousands of children have been temporarily appeased, and their young hearts made glad by a thick hunch of bread-and-jam, and a refreshing cup of cocoa—real luxuries to hundreds of youngsters, who for days together taste nothing better than a dry crust, or, perhaps, "a bit of bread-and-dripping," at any meal, and, sad to tell, do not always get even that. This is no overdrawn picture. On Tuesday morning alone, farthing breakfasts were dispensed to 250 children at the Burne Street barracks. The "D. E. Gazette" man mixed freely with the children during the meal, dotting down their little stories of home life in various aspects. Subsequently he obtained a full confirmation of many of their statements upon visiting the addresses given, and elicited the appalling fact that out of some twenty poor families, both small and large—and only too frequently the latter—represented upon that one occasion, the "bread-winner" was, in five or six instances, out of work, and, with the wife and children, living

### A LIFE OF ABJECT MISERY

and destitution, bordering on starvation, one, or, at most, two meals provided perhaps by the parochial authorities, or some other charity, being all that they could obtain, and that after the greatest difficulty.

A girl of twelve, one of a family of seven, occupying a single room in the neighbourhood of the barracks, brought four of her wee brothers and sisters, the youngest, a very thin baby-girl of three, to the Tuesday breakfast, and told our representative a harrowing story, which he afterwards ascertained to be substantially correct. In this case, the larder on the previous day was completely empty, and that morning's farthing meal was the first that any one of the children had tasted for twenty-four hours, save a piece of bread and a mug of tea on Monday evening!

Another case was that in which a fatherless boy of eleven was daily left in charge of his younger brothers and sisters, his mother, a cook, earning nine shillings a week, leaving home early in the morning and returning late at night, each of the children being provided with three slices

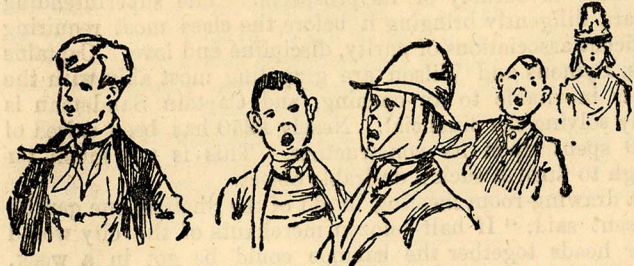
of bread and dripping with which to live upon during the day, an occasional treat being provided for them in the shape of a few bones which, scraped from the plates of customers at a restaurant, the mother sometimes received as a perquisite.

One little fellow declared that breakfast was quite a new meal to him, though it was true he had had a sip of dad's tea from the can when taking it to the stable! This urchin presented himself minus coat, boots, and hat, but with waistcoat and trousers covered with





"ventilators" and a shirt, that, according to his own admission, had been worn all the winter. Asked when he had last received a bath, he informed our representative that "he had never been washed all over!" Many of the children were not unmindful of the wants of their brothers and sisters whom they left at home; indeed quite a third of the youngsters left the barracks with some portion of their bread-and-jam in their hands, intended for the absent ones.



Two girls and a boy belonging to one family stated that they had received strict injunctions from their mother to eat only one half of their rolls, and to bring home the remainder for three other chicks, who had not received tickets.

With such a large daily attendance, Ensign Burnell is to be commended for throwing open the doors at half-past seven o'clock. This enables the distribution to be well completed before the ordinary school hour, and thus all friction with the school authorities is avoided.

#### AT ISLINGTON

the morning crowd is not nearly so large as at Edgware Road and other places, though this is accounted for partially by the fact that in the immediate neighbourhood of the barracks a free



breakfast is given daily to poor children, under the direction of a local minister, and, presumably, under the auspices of a local congregation. We are glad to make mention of this circumstance and to express our satisfaction that some churches are beginning to realise their responsibilities in this direction. The "Gazette" man paid a flying visit to the Islington centre on Monday morning, and was greatly surprised at the tidy appearance of most of the children, as compared with those at Kennington Lane and Edgware Road. But, as was pointed out to him by one of the local soldiers on duty, the respectable

exterior is not always the best evidence of the parents' means, nor of the child's home comforts. On the contrary, as our reporter subsequently ascertained, the majority of the fifty or sixty youngsters who presented themselves at the Islington barracks on Monday, were the recipients of very scanty fare at home, and had been deprived of many a meal even recently in consequence of an empty purse and an empty pocket. Undoubtedly at Islington, the farthing breakfasts

#### SUPPLY A REAL WANT,

for there is much distress in this locality, as elsewhere, and certain it is that many a poor child would experience the pinch of hunger in the morning, and be compelled to remain without food for long, weary hours but for the comforting roll and cocoa which the Army supplies at its barracks off Liverpool Road. The very faces of the children were indicative of the joy and satisfaction which these farthing breakfasts afford, and statements made by some of the boys and girls in reply to questions addressed to them by our representative, convinced him that the establishment of the movement in Islington is, indeed, a step in the right direction, and that every effort ought to be made to facilitate the working of the machinery and, if possible, of adding to it.

If only the funds would admit of it, tickets might be distributed in many a street and lane in the locality where there are lamentable cases of distress, not infrequently the result of wrongdoing on the part of parents, whose offspring are the chief sufferers, districts which yet remain untraversed, but which, it is hoped, will soon be visited by "the ministering angel."

#### BETHNAL GREEN SLUMS.

The children around here enjoy coming. The time for the breakfast is from half-past seven till half-past eight, but some are waiting at seven o'clock, and when it's time to let them in, they do ample justice to the cocoa and currant rolls that are provided for them. Several of these poor children are

#### VERY SCANTILY DRESSED;

some have no hats, nor jackets; others with scarce a bit of shoe to their feet. Yet, with all their poverty, many have such kind hearts; for, although they come to get their breakfast, they only drink the cocoa, and the roll is taken home to be divided amongst their brothers and sisters, who are not able to come. Others who are going to school, eat part of their roll, and take the other part for their dinner. This week alone we have given to these children,

#### 650 BREAKFASTS.

The parents of these children are very poor; a great number of them are out of work, and can-

not get the food to feed their little ones, but are glad to send them along to us.

One morning this week a little boy, about three years old, came with his sister to breakfast, and the way he ate his roll did us good, for he did enjoy it. Another morning there was a little girl, about the same age, but much thinner, whose sister was dipping the roll into the mug of cocoa, so that the little thing could eat it better.

But to see these sights every morning makes our hearts ache; they are in such poverty and distress, and need help. We do our best for them here, but our funds being low,



we cannot help them as much as we would like.

#### BUT YOU, DEAR READERS,

who have enough and to spare, think of these our brothers and sisters who have scarcely anything. Truly, the children bring their farthings, but each child costs a penny; so, if any kind friend who loves the children and wants to see them fed, will just save up those little pieces of money that are called farthings, and send them along to the slums of London, God will bless them abundantly. Lieut. B—, for Capt. Welbeloved.

#### CHILDREN'S BREAKFAST FUND.

M. P., 1s.; Four Children, Clapham, 2s.; K. B., Ashford, 2s. 6d.; A Soldier and Family, Clavering, 1s. 3d.; A Friend, Wouldham, 6d.; A. P. L., Beckenham, 2s.; Anon., King's Lynn, 1s. 7d.; M. B., Eastbourne, 7s. 8d.; Holloway II. Soldier, 1s. 1d.; Little Friends, Ash, 1s. 6d.; K. C. and J., 2s. 6d.; Geo. Frost, 3s.; A Little Boy, 1s. 6d.; J. H., 7d.; Mrs. Pearce, 1s.; Staines Corps, 6d.; Anon., Hammersmith, 1s.; A Primitive, Bagshot, 6d.; Members and Children of St. Heliers, Jersey, Band of Love, 300 Farthings; The Secretary of St. Heliers Corps 64 Farthings; Friends, Hanley Castle, Parcel of Goods.

## WHAT CAN I DO?

Nine persons recently committed suicide in the Metropolis in one week.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has convened a public meeting to take steps to relieve the distress of that city.

During 1893, 112,306 aliens arrived on our shores against 126,165 in 1892. 78,848 were stated to be *en route* to America.

The unemployed are troubling the New South Wales Government. There are at present thousands without shelter at night.

It is computed that over "500 children under twelve months old, were last year accidentally smothered in bed in London alone."

An aged person, on being tried for stealing, told the judge she wished they would hang her, she had previously spent thirty-three years in prison.

The Middlesex Justices passed a resolution in favour of magistrates being empowered to have boys, up to sixteen years of age, birched for all offences.

"I count that day basely passed in which no thought is given to the hard lot of garret and hovel, to forlorn children and trampled women."—John Morley.

Comrades, Try to Excel This: An Episcopal clergyman, who died some time ago, earned for himself the title among the costers of "The Poor Blokes' Parson."

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear Lord Who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

Mr. A. C. Morton, M.P., has prepared a Bill which proposes to suppress such sports as pigeon shooting, and its provisions are intended to cover the case of the Royal buckhounds, and the shooting of tame deer for "pleasure."

"Sentimentality is the bane of women, as selfishness is the curse of men. Oh, let us be practical, practical! Will you go forth in the strength of Christ and practice what you pray?"—Florence E. Booth.

Work's scarce. A secretary was, the other day, required for a children's hospital in London. There were no fewer than 496 applicants. The appointment has now been made.

"My Master, by His self-denying life

Among the poor, their faith in heaven restored;  
And I must work where poverty is rife:

"The servant is not greater than his Lord."

The Sheffield City Council, by nineteen votes to sixteen, have passed a resolution to blot all betting and gambling news from the papers taken at the various free libraries in that town. Good again!

Often our help to men is by our reminding them of higher help than ours. Often men cannot feel and believe they have a father till they find they have brothers. Believing in men they can believe in God.

Dr. R. F. Horton says, "God has provided enough for the needs and the comforts of the whole of the people of England." Or, in common parlance, the world's all right, but it's the people in it that—

By a small majority the House of Commons has rejected Mr. Tritton's motion for the insertion, in the Parish Councils Bill, of a clause providing that no parish meeting should be held on premises on which intoxicating liquor is sold or supplied.

Want converting! A donkey which was found trespassing on some fields was seized by some ruffians; they saturated the animal's head with paraffin oil, and then set fire to it. This occurred in the United Kingdom, at a place called Charlestown.

Finger-nail biting, amongst French school children, is extensively indulged in. In some of the schools a third of the pupils are addicted to the habit, which is either hereditary or due to imitation. Some children actually bite their fingers while asleep.

To-day an assurance agent has been soliciting me. In looking through his prospectus I note that an extra premium of £1 1s. per annum is charged "on the lives of publicans and their servants, and others engaged in the trade, in intoxicating liquors, or residing on licensed premises." Is the mortality caused by the drink so great, then?

A lady in Paris ended her life because her pet bull-dog had disappeared. She should have lavished her love upon some neglected child, and, if need be, adopted it.

Mrs. Longshore Potts, M.D., recently gave it as her opinion that a woman who knelt before her Creator asking for long life and health, while her vital organs were compressed by those modern abominations, stays, was guilty in so praying of something analogous to hypocrisy.

How the Poor Live: Mrs. Fear, with her three young children, became homeless, January, 1894, and had to tramp the streets of London. A Mrs. Flowers, a perfect stranger, but the owner of a bed which she already shared with her two little ones, on hearing Mrs. Fear's pitiful story, did what she could—offered sleeping accommodation to the strangers. Sequel: Seven in a bed, and one, William Fear, aged nine weeks, suffocated.

Says a "Daily Chronicle" correspondent: "The distress in Paris just now is incalculable. Several of the recent deaths from cold have been deaths from starvation. The churches to-day are hemmed round by mendicants, and some of these have a threatening look which is not pleasant. At the swell restaurants, where people dine in full view, the famished and shivering passers give a mingled look of supplication and bitter hatred. This has found vent several times in the breaking of windows." Anti-Rut.

#### IMPORTANT.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth

WILL RESUME HER WEEKLY

HOLINESS MEETINGS

On Thursday Afternoons, in

EXETER (LOWER) HALL.

Commencing February 1st, at 3 o'clock.



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## The Darkest England Gazette.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 1894.

## "A MAN OF FAITH, A MAN OF ACTION."

THE Social Scheme is a discovery, or rather a revelation, of what can be done in pacifying the disorderly, ameliorating the conditions of the misfortunate, and saving the very submerged by methods that have hitherto been dimly understood in the general discipline of the lower orders of Society. The housing, care, and government of the inmates of our Shelters night after night is a fact that attests this proposition. Accomplished, as it is, year end to year end without a disturbance necessitating the cognisance of the originator, and done by a system which is as perfect in its revolution as if it were worked by the power of double-locks, keys and iron bars, it almost amounts to the phenomenal.

An Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police only expressed the wonderment many feel, when, after inspecting one of our Shelters by night, he said, "I would be proud of the achievement if I could keep these men in order with a dozen constables." What is this all-swaying something, if you care for the word, which lodges in the management of these night-abodes of the casual, the outcast and desperate? The question is of more than local or denominational significance.

One of our correspondents not inaptly unravels the mystery by describing the Shelter officer as a "man of faith, a man of action." What General Gordon was to the Chinese, he is to the heathen of England. He has become one of them. He is for them, on their side, in all fairness, firmness and truth. In very many cases he has not had to descend to their level. He is one of their number in more senses than that of the tie of a common brotherhood.

Had it not been for the very Shelter, perhaps, over which he rules he might have been occupying a plank bed elsewhere. The men know this. Even if the Shelter officer has had to "come down," the men are sufficiently penetrative to admire the reason why. Before that reason they are as dumb and dead men. His coming down has been out of love, not out of patronage or morbid melancholy for the fallen. In short, it is the Christ-spirit, or the law of the spirit of the life, as distinguished from the spirit of law and death.

Then, he is a man of faith. He has no more abandoned faith in the eternal salvation of the worst than did Christ when He hung between two criminals without a friend to acknowledge the sovereignty of His mercy. His actions, even when involving censure and discipline, are based upon the ultimate triumph of the Divine principle which has taken possession of him.

The Social Scheme, in itself, does not earn the credit for the inculcation of this spirit. The honour belongs to God. The spirit of the Salvation Army was carried from its platform to the bunks of the Shelter, the benches of the Elevators, and the garden-fields of the Colony. A new race of moral scavengers is the result. As the weeks and months fly past, and we describe the stages of progress in this great enterprise for protecting and guiding hungry, homeless, workless multitudes up the defiles of distress, we must not forget to note that in the doing of it all we are making men for the future—men of faith and men of action, that will rise to face, maybe, even sterner problems than those upon which we are engaged.

Then, there is the reflection of the Shelter officer's administration upon the entire movement. That is of great value—not only to the leaders, but to the ordinary soldier, who is ever on the watch-tower looking for the first indications of the Divine mind. The Shelter officer is Christ's representative among the submerged, and the soldier is only too glad to follow in the footsteps of whoever, as in this case, will show him a better way of uplifting the fallen.

## THE WEEK.

## THE EDINBURGH SHELTER.

The editor of the "Gazette, who has just come from a careful inspection of this long-needed institution, and whose impressions will be given in our next issue, reports most favourably of its prospects. The superintending officers are diligently bringing it before the class most requiring its beneficent associations of purity, discipline and love. Captains Sharples, Symons and Wilson are grappling most ably with the difficulties inevitable to an opening, and Captain Sandeman is heroically solving the financial. Nearly £250 has been raised of the £800 spent upon its construction. This is not much for Edinburgh to furnish such a desirable object.

At a drawing-room meeting in aid of the Shelter, one gentleman present said, "If half-a-dozen merchants of the city would put their heads together the balance could be got in a week. They only want to know the good work that is being accomplished." We shall tell them next week, then.

A Manchester evening paper says the transfer of the able-bodied unemployed from the Camberwell Guardians to our Farm Colony "will prove nothing." Indeed! The Whitechapel Guardians have already followed the example by sending a number of their poor to another colony.

## THE CARMEN.

"The majority of the men handed over to us by the Camberwell Union were carmen," so remarked Major Stitt to our interviewer, at the Farm Colony. The long hours and exacting regulations imposed upon this class of worker are responsible, there can be no question, for either the discharge or dismissal of a large number who swell the ranks of the unemployed. It is the old story: the weakest going to the wall, and only one chance out of a hundred of getting the assistance that prevents his social destruction. If the experiment begun with these carmen but shows the way to catching the falling in their battle for bread in the war of competition, a national boon will be conferred upon the community. We bid our readers follow its development.

Have the dynamitards gone to sea? The formidable and fatal explosion on board the "Equateur" must be disheartening to the French. They will have to appeal to another force beside that of the law.

## MORE CRAM.

It is interesting to observe the increased importance that is attached to the spread of education as an antidote to anarchy. We are promised, for instance, more scientific teaching in this country. "The best educational forces are to be brought to bear upon the lower classes." "There are to be considerable changes in scientific teaching," and every school is to have a proper playground. But how is it, we keep asking, that that which has most to do in the making of a nation—a good conscience and good character—are practically ignored? More cram, and still more cram, is the cry of the educationist, and all the time the nation is groaning under the burdens of selfishness, sensuality and dishonest dealing.

A more practical way is that which is foreshadowed by the plebiscite just taken in Ontario. By more than two to one the province decided in favour of the "immediate prohibition by law of the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

## THE FAMISHING AND STARVING.

A Parliamentary Return, just published, fixes the deaths from starvation in London, during 1892 at thirty-one, the bitterness of whose lives before death is made tragic by the fact that, in the majority of cases, no previous applications were made to the Guardians for relief. This number would be multiplied again and again if the actual circumstances attending the death of the poorest of the poor were related. That the number of certified cases is so comparatively small is due, in no small measure, to the vast food-supplying depots and industries of the Social Scheme. The girl of twelve, who brought four of her wee brothers and sisters to one of our farthing breakfasts, had not had a meal for twenty-four hours. With such, "soul and stomach are," as our correspondent puts it, "synonymous. And yet these outcasts must be cared for." And caring for them we are. Beside the tens of thousands meals supplied daily at our chief Food Depots, the London corps alone are providing twenty-two thousand farthing breakfasts per week. In some of the provincial cities the distress is equally alarming, and the Army Captain and his soup-kitchen are well to the front. Subscriptions are badly needed.

One of the little chaps who was asked at a farthing breakfast gathering if he ever had a bath, replied, "I never been washed all over."



**A CORNER OF HORRORS.**

The Coroner of North-East London has submitted the annual return of inquests held by him, from which we gather that out of the 1,130 cases, 701 were natural. There were 3 cases of murder and 46 suicides, of whom 91 were males. The females mostly committed suicide by drowning. There were 27 cases of drowning in which no evidence could be produced, and 172 cases of accidental death occurred, while 113 children were suffocated in bed with their parents. Want and neglect accounted for 9, and drink for 19, in the latter case the males being 15, to 4 females. 28 bodies of newly-born children were found in the street, but in only one case was a verdict of wilful murder returned.

Fifteen brewers and wine merchants who died last year left between them £6,165,700. It is not recorded how many of their alcohol victims they left in unions, prisons, condemned cells and paupers' graves.

**COLONISATION.**

The Jewish Colony in Argentina is of profound interest to all believers in the third section of the Social Scheme. The colony at present consists of about twenty-five thousand acres. As showing the confidence in its future, it is intended during the coming spring to send four thousand persons from Russia to the Argentine colony. This is certainly wiser than transporting its moral imbeciles to the contemplated new Siberia in the icy Pacific. Well-directed colonisation is the safety-valve of our social life as at present organised.

"I reckon when the books of God are balanced up above,  
Where angel hands the records keep of deeds of hate and love;  
When from the Past's great sepulchre the stones are rolled away  
And every deed accomplished here stands out as clear as day,  
You'll find her standing near the Throne inside the gates of pearl,  
With harp in hand and crown of gold, the 'Sweet Salvation Girl.'"

**CITY PURITY.**

An American newspaper has been airing the views of public notabilities as to how to make New York City better. Mrs. Ballington Booth, the wife of the American leader of the Salvation Army, in the United States, made the following sensible contribution:—

Bring religion down to an everyday business standard, instead of allowing it, for selfish reasons, to be shelved away up in the regions of sentimentality, which God never intended it should inhabit.

The religion of Jesus Christ as set forth and lived out by Himself is the only hope for humanity either in the individual or community, and it is the most sincere, unselfish and transforming influence on earth.

If every Christian in name lived so in truth in this great city there would very soon be found ways and means to make New York's hell-holes pure.

It should not be forgotten that Society is made up of individuals, and that you cannot better it by one sweep, but that patient, untiring, personal work must be done with each member before the whole can be improved.

As the poverty, fraud, keeping of disreputable houses, paying of starvation wages, committing of crimes against the innocent, &c., are all committed by the individual, and are the outcome of the wicked heart of the individual, the only way to solve the problem of "How to Make New York Better" is to strike at the root and bring to bear upon the individual an influence sufficiently powerful to change the heart.

Every reader of the "Gazette" should use none but Darkest England Matches.

**A NEW BILL.**

That vigorous and enterprising member of Parliament, Mr. A. C. Morton, has made a distinct mark by introducing a Bill which will, if passed, completely put a stop to several cruelties which have been repeatedly denounced in our columns, viz., rabbit-coursing, pigeon-shooting and tame deer hunting. It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Morton's efforts will not be blocked by any of the members who are votaries of the "sports" in question, for not only will the humanitarian feeling of the nation be vindicated but an enormous amount of gambling, with all the miseries that follow in its train, will be swept away. The pigeon-shooting contests that disgrace our London sporting centres and the north of England coursing matches are alike in this particular, that they are supported mainly by a miserable riff-raff, whose principal idea is to get their neighbour's money without working for it.

"Each year," says the Chairman of the Mile End Guardians, "the distress amongst the unemployed is becoming keener, by reason of the fact that work grows scarcer. In the Mile End Workhouse alone there are upwards of one hundred persons above the certificated number, and outdoor relief cases have grown to an equally alarming extent.

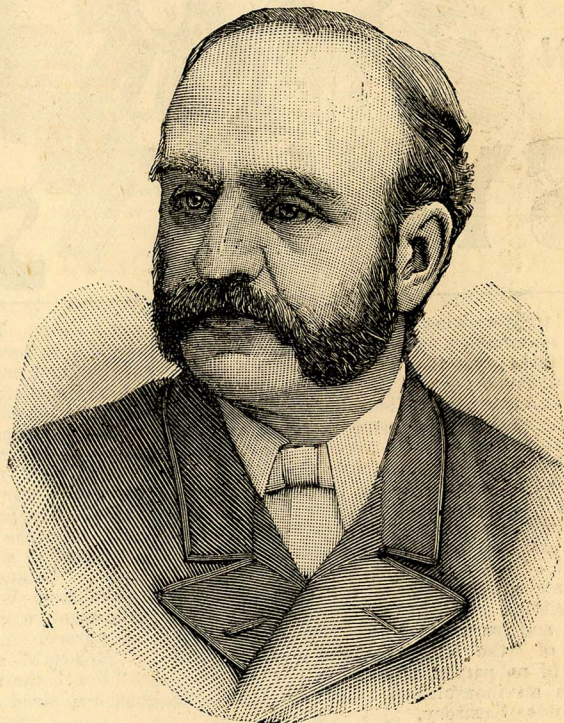
**BERLIN RIOTS.**

The unemployed problem is forcing itself to the front in Prussia, in a way the sturdiness of which may be judged from the fact that five hundred police were engaged in preserving order and dispersing an agitated crowd. The miserable war spirit is to blame for an enormous amount of the sorrows of the great Continental nations; how much longer will they continue to groan and sweat under this weary life, reeling beneath the ever-increasing burdens of taxation necessary to support and increase the swelling proportions of cut-throat armaments, and wasting the best years of their lives in the barrack-room and the drill ground?

**DARKEST ENGLAND HELPERS.**

**JAMES WOOD, ESQ., LL.D., J.P., MAYOR OF SOUTHPORT.**

1894 has come, but what will it bring with it—war, civil commotion, or industrial strife? Or shall it, by careful and godly



**JAMES WOOD, ESQ., LL.D., J.P.**

living, bring "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men"?

There are many secondary questions before us at the present time. There is, in my opinion, only one *Primary Question*, i.e., the condition of the masses.

Will anything be done this year to assuage their hunger or to lighten their burdens? Will anything be done to check the improvidence and waste, the extravagance and vice, the betting and gambling, and the reckless speculation which are so rife among us? God never intended men and women to starve. He has provided plenty, enough and to spare! Jesus "had compassion" on the multitude fainting with hunger, and said to His disciples, "Give ye them to eat!"

We are told that, even with our present manufacturing powers, if the work and the wealth were justly distributed there would be enough to feed and clothe the people of England four times over; that, if commerce were fostered, and if brotherly love prevailed, the countries of the earth could produce fifty times as much food and clothing as would keep the various populations in peace and plenty.

How is it, then, that there are millions in the vortex of degradation and despair? How is it that our public men cannot hear the wail of women and children cast into the streets, while the drink fiend stalks the land? How is it they cannot hear the groans of those slaving in the sweater's den without hope of escape? How is it they cannot hear the shriek of those who, caught between the upper and the lower millstones of a remorseless competition, are being slowly ground to death? God hears it, and, unless we take an entirely wrong view of the situation, our public men will hear it and have to answer for it before very long. The last return I have seen of the pauperism in London, shows that the total number receiving parish relief has risen from 93,000 to 106,000, and the pauperism in Liverpool is worse now than it has been for ten years past.

There always has been and always will be "sides" and "parties." It is necessary that each "party" should put forth its strongest arguments, and that both "sides" should be heard; but we seem to have over-leaped the limits of fair debate, and, as things are now, we can only say, "Perish faction and internecine strife!" I claim priority and urgency for all matters affecting the morality and well-being of the masses! And, again I assert there is only one great all-absorbing question before the country at the present time, and that is, *The redemption of the people.*

What are the churches doing in the name of Him Who died—not for one nation only, but to save mankind? Some, much; some, little. Grand work is being done by different denominations in various places to rescue the perishing, but I am bound to say that, on the whole, I know of no church or association of men that is doing so much for the redemption of the people as the Salvation Army. God bless them in their efforts to save!

JAMES WOOD.





Voluntarily visiting the webs of Spider Vice might reasonably be supposed to indicate vitiated taste; yet the writer can assure readers that it was not for the pleasure of viewing the Chinese at close and evil-smelling quarters, nor of making more intimate acquaintance with sin in all its branches, that recently brought the party, of whom he was one, into the questionable locality of Wexford Street, Sydney. The fact was that the Spider had caught and bound only too securely several, and one in particular, of our own sisters, and this was a Rescue party. At the head of the expedition was Mrs. Rothwell, bravery and gentleness being equally her knightly characteristics. With her were two lady esquires, and for a henchman, "Jeff," a stalwart member of "the force," besides a war correspondent of no particular account.

It was an inauspicious night for one thing, for it was Saturday, and at almost every house we called we found the girls were away "looking for money." Then, while everyone was excessively polite—that is, when you take into account that we invited ourselves into their houses without knocking—no one seemed to know any thing as to the whereabouts of the girl we enquired for.

#### WE GAIN A CLUE.

One said she had left the neighbourhood three weeks before, which the officers knew to be a lie; another, who mauled about her wickedness, added thereto the crammer that the girl was in jail; another, that she had been seen that day helplessly drunk, and was now in a house which we had already visited. Then, Mrs. Rothwell and her comrades ceased questioning any further, and it was whispered round that there was no need to bother any more, for "we have been told where she is."

The discovery made, however, necessitated the giving up of the search for that night, so, with the intention of seeing if anyone else could be rescued from this horrible neighbourhood, a return was made to Wexford Street. Earlier in the evening, a young woman, strikingly neat in her appearance, had accosted "Jeff," asking protection against another girl who had annoyed her with insults and abuse. As we now passed up the street, the constable having left us, we noticed her standing on the lower verandah of a two-storeyed house, and Mrs. Rothwell went up and spoke to her.

It was a shock to learn that she was the "wife" of a Chinaman who at this particular moment was smoking opium inside the house. The girl herself had, she told us, after kind words had removed her reluctance to talk, been an

#### OPIMUM SMOKER FOR SEVEN YEARS,

but for ten months, she had been weaning herself from the habit, not from religious scruples, but because her common sense had shown her its folly and inevitable result if continued in.

She was telling of the ties which hindered her altering her mode of life, when the silent, shambling figure of a Chinaman passed us quickly as we stood outside the railings, and would have entered the open gate. In a moment the whole aspect of the girl changed, and standing in front of the intruder, her dark eyes flashing fire, she demanded in a hard voice, "What do you want here?" Hardly giving him time to answer, she continued, "I know what you want, you want to square it with my husband for her, but you

won't do it. There, go and try!" making room for him to pass, but John shuffled off, evidently having had enough of his mission. Turning to us, she explained that he had come as an ambassador for the girl who had insulted her earlier in the evening. This girl had been the Chinaman's paramour, but the speaker had gone "one better," and married him, and now naturally there was war between them, and for days the ousted party had insulted her whenever she went away from the house.

"I feel it so," said she, still quivering with anger, "because I have always tried to keep others from knowing what I am, and the day may come when I may want to—" and then she paused.

"Reform?" suggests Captain Donohue.

"Yes!" she replied, in a low, thoughtful tone, but explained it could not be yet, for her



"COME HOME!"

"husband" was kind to her, and was delicate in health, and she must look after him and his home.

We had not gone many paces from the house, when a joyful "Here she is!" proclaimed that the girl on whose behalf the expedition had been originally planned, was found. One of the lassie officers threw her arm round the girl's neck, and then came loving entreaties to "Come home with us; let us help you!"

The scene was a heart-breaking one, and the hopeless misery on the poor girl's face was dreadful to look on, rendered more so by the ghastly attempts at gaiety and finery in her costume. Her hat was decked with ribbons and flowers; she wore a pink jacket over a darker dress, and a long fur boa hung from her neck, but

#### HER FACE WAS ASHY PALE,

and it was evident she was really ill from the effects of opium, while every movement and expression as the officers, like very sisters of mercy, pleaded with and entreated her to come to the Home, only said the one thing, "It's no use; there is no hope."

It was with almost a wail that Mrs. Rothwell said, "Oh, have we found you only to part with you again like this?" as the girl tried to say good-night.

"There's room for her in the Home, is there not?" asked the writer, in his utter stupidity, as though either of them would not have given up her bed for this poor sister who had once been a happy Salvationist like themselves.

"Oh, yes!" was the reply; "she knows we would always find room for her."

"Yes; and we'll get medicine and help you conquer the opium!" says Captain Donohue, turning to the girl, but she only weeps hopelessly, and then, with a husky "Good-night!" breaks away.

## GRACE - BEFORE - MEAT BOXES.

### HINTS FROM LOCAL AGENTS.

Major Lewis has supplied us with the accompanying extracts of letters addressed to Commissioner Higgins:—

AGENT RANKINE, OF GLASGOW.—"I sincerely thank you for the very encouraging letter you have sent me, and desire to join hands with you in the desire that God will make us more useful and more active in His service. It is wonderful how easily one can interest box-holders, for instance, by telling them about the Shelters, Elevators and Colony, and letting them know of our productive department. The posting of a "Gazette" weekly to box-holders in turn has done much for my agency. When I afterwards call they will say, 'Oh, I got the "Gazette"!' and they thank me. This opens up conversation. I ask how they liked it, and so the conversation goes on. This, of course, occupies much time, but then it is time well spent, and I get to know my box-holders. Some have wanted to pay for the "Gazette," but I tell them that if they want to pay for it, just to put the penny in their box, and in it goes at once. In this way some of my box-holders have become just as safe as the bank—they can be reckoned upon."

AGENT SIMON, OF ALDERNEY.—"I am very glad to hear the boxes have proved so successful, and believe this year will be better still. Times are very poor here now, but we are believing for something better, and several people will take boxes as soon as something turns up."

AGENT HANCOCK, OF CASTLEFORD.—"I am so thankful to think that God in His mercy has bestowed upon me the responsibility, through you, of becoming a local agent to help in a little way to carry on this noble and blessed Scheme. I am also glad to hear of the present success, but with you, and all of our comrades interested in the great Scheme, I am believing for greater and more blessed results this year. I intend by the help of God to make an effort to push on, to get my boxes extended and so do my little to help the dear General and his staff lift up the down-trodden children of men. It is most cheering amidst the little difficulties, to hear such remarks as the following: A dear woman met me one day last week, and said, 'Mr. Hancock, I shall want another box, mine is almost full.' 'Oh, praise God,' I said, 'you shall have one.' This is only a poor woman. God bless her! Others have shook theirs and told me how heavy they were; some have a competition with each other, to see which will beat at the end of the quarter, one saying 'I will put ten shillings in before I'll be beat.'

## CRUMBS FROM THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

The returns already to hand from Wales cheerfully remind us that the miners are *not* on strike.

The two agents, "Chief" Edward Gore and "Sub" Eli Smart, of Blaina, sacrificed their day's work on Tuesday last, January 9th, to get in all the boxes by the time of Mrs. Darracott's visit. The "Chief" made a raid upon The General at Newport in the ante-room, and introduced himself as the Light Brigade agent, and secured a promise for The General to visit Blaina.

A doctor at this same town (Blaina) first refused to help Self-Denial on the grounds that he had a box, but subsequently handed the Captain 10s. for Self-Denial; then the agent above calls for the box, and the doctor again refuses on the grounds that he helped Self-Denial. The agent's persistence and perseverance subsequently led the doctor to settle once and for all a promise of five shillings per quarter as his crumb.

The latest is an interview with Major Gay, who gives us the following:—"At Cwmbran an old, unsaved man, who lives up in the mountains, came to the meeting, with his Grace-before-meat box full of cash. The meaning of same was this: In Self-Denial Week our old friend had gone around with his box. The Captain, in her visits with collecting-cards, found that everywhere she went the old man had been, the friends all assuring her they had given sixpence, or a shilling, to a man who called with his box. The Major finally ends the dispute, that the Grace-before-meat box be opened, and the corps take half, Lazarus ditto; verdict, corps, 8s. 9d., Light Brigade, 8s. 9d. Go-ahead, old friend, only keep within the boundary-line."

A postman in Swanage, Dorset, believes so much in The General's novel idea, Light Brigade, that his box last quarter contained 16s. 2½d. This quarter it contains £1. The corps is praying and believing for his salvation.

At Norton Fitzwarren (the place noted for railway accidents), one lady's box contained £1 6s. 11½d.

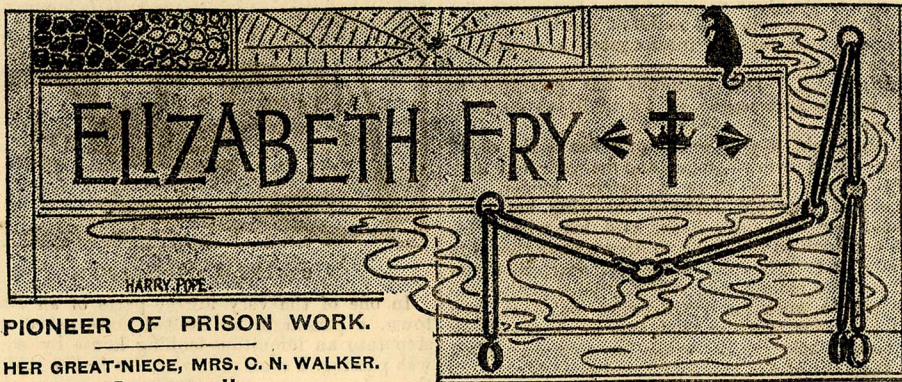
The Western district's mail brings us reports that in this territory the box is both use and ornament in 6,700 homes. We aim at 10,000. More steam is needed in North Devon.

W. R. DARRACOTT, Staff-Captain.

### NOTE.

Commissioner Carleton's series of articles on the Over-Sea Colony will be continued next week.





## A PIONEER OF PRISON WORK.

BY HER GREAT-NIECE, MRS. C. N. WALKER.  
CHAPTER II.

Soon after Elizabeth Gurney's awakening to God, her father took her up to London, and in the society of highly-cultivated and attractive people, she was exposed to the full enchantment of the most refined, thoroughgoing worldliness. Everything was charming and seductive, and the half-awakened girl, so alive to intellect and art, was exactly fitted to shine in this kind of life. She was in imminent danger; but God, Who was preparing work for her, which wanted deep conviction and unflinching courage, kept His hand upon her through the furnace. There was something aroused in that nature that could not be satisfied with the delights of the world—a nobler prize attracted her eyes, and, though in actual contact with all the fascination of high life, bewitching operas, etc., etc., unaided by human counsel, she deliberately chose the way of the Cross.

"It must have seemed a pity, then, that Society should lose one so fitted to influence all around her for good, by her earnest purity and elevated mind, and that she should withdraw into the comparative obscurity and peculiarity of plain Quakerism.

"Had, however, Elizabeth Gurney chosen differently, she might have lived a beautiful and useful life, but the work that Elizabeth Fry accomplished could not have been done, and never here can we tell to how many perishing souls this one woman's *via crucis* proved the *via lucis*.

"After this, as she wrote thirty years later, she gave up going to all places of public amusement, because she saw that even if they did not hurt her personally, they tended to promote evil, and behind the scenes led many from the paths of right and chastity; so, henceforth, she turned to give her mind wholly to seeking God and His will.

"She returned home full of this determination. Her choice was made, but the struggle was not over.

"We cannot kindle when we will  
The fire that in the heart resides;  
The spirit bloweth and is still,  
In mystery our soul abides.  
But tasks in hours of insight will'd  
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled."

And it was through months of silent self-repression and painful questionings that Elizabeth became a plain Friend.

"It was a time of real conflict. Night after night she dreamed that she was being washed away by a dark rough sea, with no help near, till one night, as she dreamed the same terrifying dream, she thought she was lifted on to a rock far beyond the reach of the hungry waves.

"From this she took some comfort, though greatly afraid of superstition."

Distressed by various fears, by the opposition of her family to strict, or "plain"

Quakerism, and by the pain of having to annoy her father, "for whom she would have sacrificed anything," she yet followed the leading of her great Shepherd, and resolutely, outwardly and inwardly, cast in her lot with those whom, to her knowledge, were the most earnest and open adherents of the Lord.

Amongst other changes, she took up what was a great cross to her sensitive nature, that of saying "thee" and "thou." She describes with some humour how she ran away on catching sight of one of her fashionable friends, because she dared not say "thou" to him.

"That these peculiarities were unnecessary and absurd is the verdict of many in these days, but looking over the finished life, we can see that without the self-government and self-control which were the outcome of these minutiae of Elizabeth's discipline of herself, the work she had afterwards to perform could not have been done nearly so effectively, if at all.

"A man in training for rowing or running needs to give up many things it would be meaningless for those not entering the contest to abandon, but no one thinks the trainer has made a mistake when he insists on these sacrifices. Nor has God: He knows the future of every life, and the circumstances in which every human being will be placed, and He knows what He is about when He prepares them for those circumstances. Yet when He trains His people for a particular purpose, the world jeers at the obedience shown to what they believe to be His will."

We must pass over several years of the training time, including her marriage and domestic trials; but through everything, her desires and efforts to attack and remedy evil, constantly increased, yet in such a quiet way, that as our before-quoted authoress says, "No one who watched the 'care-worn wife and mother,' as, at twenty-seven, Elizabeth described herself, making the wheels of an ordinary household run smoothly, cheering her husband's life as a real helpmate, and training her little children, would have dreamed of the strange and stirring future in store for her; nor how that one weak woman-hand should, by the strength of indignation and love, shake the iniquitous prison system of that day to its foundations, and be the main instrument in introducing an entirely new order of things."

(To be continued.)

"The fashion of this world passeth away," and the latest that will have to go is the one of wearing spotted veils over the face and eyes. Oculists are stating that scores of women who have never had the slightest trouble with their eyesight are, as a result of this habit, finding it necessary to take regular medical treatment.

## REVIEWS.

"Imago Christi." By Rev. James Stalker, M.A. Second Edition. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The book is practically an effort to "go one better" than the "Imitation of Christ." In the introduction Dr. Stalker indicates the points in which he considers a Kempis' celebrated book to be defective, and makes in "Imago Christi" an honest effort to avoid those weaknesses.

"The plan of this book," says the author, "is to divide the circle of human life into segments, each of which represents an extensive sphere of experience and duty, and then to follow our Lord through them one after another in order to see how He conducted Himself in each, and thereby learn how to conduct ourselves in the same."

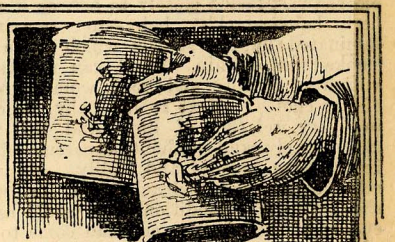
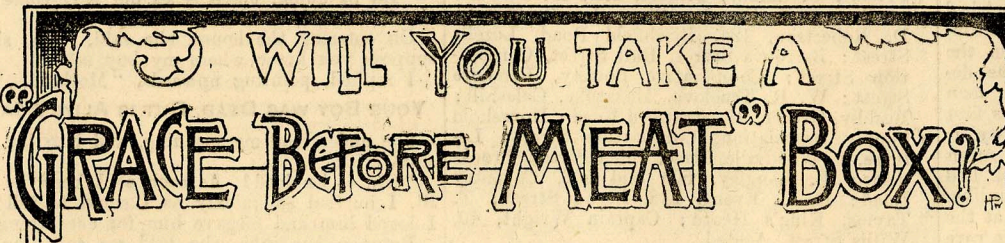
Dr. Stalker set himself a very difficult task, if only for the reason that it would be impossible to avoid a continual comparison with a Kempis. Dr. Stalker would, no doubt, dispute the need for such a comparison, and yet it cannot well be avoided.

And it is no easy matter to come after a Kempis, for the burning fervour and living spirit of devotion that breathes in every page of the "Imitation" renders it one of the most precious of devotional books, and, albeit, as Dr. Stalker truly remarks, that "its author was a monk and needed a rule only for the little monotonous world of the cloister," and "Monasticism was a confession on the part of Christianity of being beaten by the world; but to-day Christianity is planting its standard on every shore," yet the rush of Divine ideas, the depth of spiritual insight, and the vividness of expression, are all so great in a Kempis, that the sweet, calm style of Dr. Stalker comes as a strange contrast. The popularity of "Imago Christi" is shown by the fact that twenty-four thousand copies have now been published, and, without a doubt, its influence must have the result of spreading abroad a greater admiration for the principles of true religion, and a more earnest effort to be like Christ.

"Madras Rescue Home" (Madras: The Salvation Army).

This is the title of the second annual report of the Army Rescue Work in Madras. It is a small pamphlet in which the writer has endeavoured to compress, in twenty-four pages, not a complete record of the year's work, but rather a few leading notes and jottings that have been set down from time to time as the work progressed, the whole being woven together in a light, sketchy style, and set out with accounts of a number of interesting cases of social reformation. The writer of the report makes an interesting feature of the gratitude expressed by girls who have passed through the Home, and been helped to find work. Many of these regard the Home and its associations with peculiar affection. As opportunity permits, they visit it and our officers find as one of their greatest encouragements the grateful spirit manifested by these women, who, through our Rescue agency, have had a fresh start in life. Although the work is still comparatively new, during the past twelve months, thirty-three women passed under our care, most of whom have either obtained situations or been restored to their friends. Another aspect of the work deserving of notice is the economy exercised in its management. The report states:—

"When it is considered that from fourteen to eighteen persons, with about seven children, are supported week by week, the average outlay, including rent and every charge, of 190 rupees per mensem, cannot be considered a heavy one."



We are anxious that all our readers should kindly remember to place their Grace-before-meat boxes on their dinner-table and drop a halfpenny therein regularly. It is so difficult to realise the awful conditions under which many of our fellow-creatures live, unless in some way one is amongst them. However, the fact remains that masses of poor creatures, many of whom have never had the right-hand of fellowship held out to them, are struggling from hour to hour for a bit of bread and some kind of roof to shelter them. You cannot, perhaps, send along a large donation, but you may take a Grace-before-meat box into which yourself and friends, from time to time, can drop a coin, so that when, in conjunction with many others, your box is opened at the end of three months by an authorised agent, these small sums put together will prove a substantial increase to the funds of the Darkest England Social Scheme. It is so hard, through lack of funds, to have to curtail work, or to have to refuse the sorrowful strugglers who clamour for admission to Shelter and Factories. Oh, do help us! If you have not already got one of these little boxes, kindly drop a post-card to Major LEWIS, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., when one shall be immediately supplied you.

To BOX-HOLDERS!—If your box is overdue, and has not been opened, please send a post-card and it shall be attended to.

## LIGHT BRIGADE DISTRICT AGENTS' TOURS, FROM JAN. 27TH TO FEB. 4TH.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GAPE.—Croft, Mon., Jan. 29th; Barwell, Hinckley, Tues., 30th; Shepshed, Coalville, Wed., 31st; Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Castle Donington, Thurs., Feb. 1st.

ENSIGN ELLIS.—Kilmarnock, Sun., Jan. 28th; Blantyre, Motherwell, Mon. 29th; Pollockshaws and Whiteinch, Tues., 30th; Port Glasgow and Greenock, Wed., 31st; Gourrock and Rothesay, Thurs., Feb. 1st; Dunoon and Saltcoats, Fri., 2nd; Coatbridge and Govan, Sat. 3rd.

ENSIGN PLAYLE.—Hexham, Sat., Jan. 27th; Byker, Sun., 28th; South Shields (Lantern Exhibition), Mon., 29th; Byker, Tues., 30th; Bedlington (Lantern Exhibition), Thurs., Feb. 1st; West Cornforth, Fri., 2nd.

STAFF-CAPTAIN DARRACOTT.—Bristol IV., Mon., Jan. 29th; Bristol V., Tues., 30th; Fishponds, Sat., Feb. 3rd.

CAPTAIN TRENHAIL.—Whitchurch, Sat., Jan. 27th; Aylesbury, Sun., 28th; Berkhamstead, Mon., 29th; Hemel Hempstead, Tues., 30th; Tring, Wed., 31st; Ivinghoe, Thurs., Feb. 1st.

CAPTAIN WILSHAW.—Bolton I. and II., Mon., Jan. 29th; Ashton - under - Lyne and Droydsden, Tues., 30th; Chorley and Horwich, Wed. 31st; Liverpool VI., Thurs., Feb. 1st; Liverpool VIII, Fri. 2nd; Liverpool IX., Sat. 3rd.

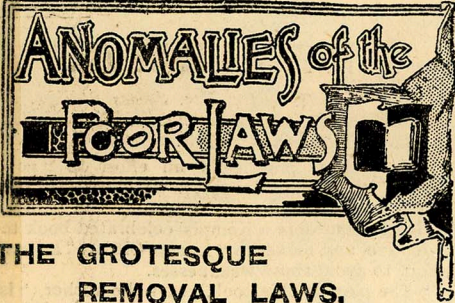
ENSIGN STREETON.—Evesham, Mon., Jan. 29th; Bournville and Coventry, Tues., 30th; Wednesfield, Great Bridge and Walsall, Wed., 31st; Blackheath and Halesowen, Thurs., Feb. 1st; Lye, Fri., 2nd; Prince's End, Sat., 3rd; Cradley Heath, Sun., 4th.

CAPTAIN BOUNDS.—Wisbech, Mon., Jan. 29th; Chatteris, Tues., 30th; Godmanchester, Wed., 31st; St. Neot's, Thurs., Feb. 1st.

CAPTAIN OSBORNE.—Sheffield, Mon., Jan. 29th; Sheffield II. and III., Tues., 30th; Sheffield IV. and V., Wed., 31st; Attercliffe and Heely, Thurs., Feb. 1st.

MR. FOOKS.—Hastings III., Fri., Jan. 26th; Hastings I., Sat. and Sun., 27th and 28th; Bexhill and Ninfield, Mon., 29th; Eastbourne, Tues., 30th; Rye, Peasmarsh and Dungeness, Wed. and Thurs., 31st and Feb. 1st; Ashford, Fri., 2nd; Sandwich, Sat. 3rd; Wingham, Sun. 4th.





## THE GROTESQUE REMOVAL LAWS.

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

BY MR. H. R. GOGAY, GUARDIAN OF ST.  
SAVIOUR'S UNION.

### CHAPTER II.—"THE JOLLY WAGONERS."

"Jack, don't go to-night!" pleaded his wife; "if they are in earnest," continued she, "in desiring to give you 'a fresh start,' not one of your friends will like to see you running into temptation; for, Jack dear, you cannot attend the meeting at the 'Wagoners' without drinking; and you know what you promised me, Jack—me, and the children," and at the mention of the children, the slightest suspicion of a tear might have been discerned glistening in the corner of one of Mrs. Jack's eyes.

"But, Lil," answered her husband, "it is necessary I should be at this concert; it has been got up for our benefit, and if I am there to meet 'em, there will probably be a 'bigger plate'—that is, there will be more money for my Lil. Eh?" queried Jack.

But his wife shook her head. "If your so-called friends, Jack, want to give you 'a fresh start,' why couldn't they have given you the money here, at your house, away from the hateful 'Wagoners,' which, as much almost as anything, has contributed to our miserable state?"

"Never fear, old girl; I'll come back all right, with the money, too, that'll take us back to Sobertown."

Those of my readers who, at some period of their lives, have visited a country town, and very few people have not, will know "The Jolly Wagoners." This hostelry stands in a central part of the town, mostly in the market-place. It was in "The Jolly Wagoners," Market Place, Helpall, that "a friendly lead, for the benefit of Jack Wheelwright and family, recently ruined by unfortunate speculation in the Clear-em-all-out and Gobble-em-all-up Mining Company"—so ran the invitation card—was taking place to-night.

Let us go inside! Can we see Jack? Yes; at the table beside the chairman, who is a big, burly, prosperous-looking cheesemonger, surrounded by many brother-tradesmen and others, who had come to give poor Jack "a fresh start." It is near eleven. The ribaldry and nonsense which the singers called "songs" were at their height. A large sum, by this time, had been spent in drinks and cigars, which would have been more useful to Jack and his family than to mine host of "The Jolly Wagoners." But your average Briton can do nothing without either eating or drinking. Let us go! We have had enough of the stupid "harmony," the smoke and the drinks. Let us seek the fresh air, but before we go, look at Jack! Poor Jack! Poor indeed! Poor in pocket, in heart, in will! A glance suffices to show us he is drunk. Who is this we meet as we pass out? Not Mrs. Jack? We look again. Yes; it is Lillie, with her youngest-born, wrapped in an old shawl, pressed closely to her, as if she wished her baby—Jack's baby—to remain uncontaminated by the sounds which came from the smoke-room within. What can surpass the devotion of a pure and good woman to the man of her choice? Next to her baby, he comes first in every relation of life. And this service is given freely and without apparent effort, often in suffering, mental and bodily. Mrs. Jack had come to see her husband home, for, womanlike, she divined the condition Jack would be in at the ending of the concert, and had come to take care of him and the proceeds of "the friendly lead."

"Well, lass, it won't happen again," pleaded her husband next morning; "we've got £35 and we'll toddle back to Sobertown, and try our luck there. We shall be near the old folks, and our other relations who, if poor themselves, may, if not in money, render us services valuable in themselves, but which we cannot ask of strangers."

### A BITTER MARCH NIGHT.

March had come in like a lion that year, and it was acting very much like an infuriated beast of that name in Sobertown, when Jack and his family returned to their native town very late in the evening. For, be it remembered, Helpall was 280 miles away. Jack was poor when he left Sobertown; he was poorer still now. Alas! we should have to say it! Poor in spirit, pocket and will, self-respect and manhood; he was still poorer—he had lost his "settlement." But Jack was not conscious of this part of his misfortunes. He had never thought of the Poor Laws. Poor Laws were not for such as he when he lived in Sobertown. To

hint to Jack that he should seek the tender mercies of the stone-yard to obtain the necessities of life for his wife and children would probably have obtained for his interrogator a settlement in the gutter.

"Well, Lil," Old Grumpus has promised to take me on next week; so we shall yet do well, old girl."

"Ah, Jack, if you would only leave the drink—the cursed drink—alone, and be your old dear self! Where was there a better, kinder, the dearest of dear old Jacks?" throwing her arms around her husband's neck, said his wife, "before you took to the drink to drown your thoughts as you said? What did it matter, dear, that you had lost the money, you still had your health and strength to work for us? Promise me, Jack, you will put your trust in God and touch the drink no more, Jack, for my sake, for your own sake, for the sake of the children," and poor Mrs. Jack broke down here and would have fallen to the ground in a fit of hysterical sobbing had not her husband's arms supported her.

Jack was almost unmanned. It flashed across his mind that he had been utterly selfish in his grief at his ruin; that his noble wife had had to bear a double load of sorrow.

(To be continued.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR "D. E. GAZETTE."

Hampstead.

Sir,—In reading "Revival and Revival Work," by Rev. John Macpherson, of Dundee, I came upon a passage which struck me as worthy of being brought under the eyes of some who are not likely to read it in its setting. I accordingly append it, that you may make what use of it you think proper.

"But, all the while, where is your Christianity? Why, it is sitting in its cushioned pew in your fashionable church, with its handsomely-bound Bible and Psalm-book in its gloved hand, listening devoutly to a neatly-composed essay on faith, hope and charity, and is in the full enjoyment of the rounded periods, the rounded prayers, the rounded everything, for Christian gentility can endure no angles and no points; and, afterwards, when the benediction is pronounced—a blessing as hollow as the thing blessed—Christianity goes home to dine and rest and be thankful. All the time, and within stone-throw, there is a hell of misery, ignorance and sin. If the windows were not filled with stained glass you would see the pandemonium from your pew. But you are wise in your generation to paint your windows, and so conceal from view the nearer hells, even as the further hell is not seen through your painted Gospel. But, has not Christianity built her poor-house and bestowed her donation on the home mission? Yes, and that is so far well. But, is it not written, 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world'? (James i. 27.) Alas! how many thousands there are within the Christian pale who never speak one word for Christ, never shed one tear of sympathy, never put forth one serious, personal effort to save a soul, or lessen by a single unit the terrible sum of ignorance and sin. Surely such Christianity needs to be Christianised, to be baptised into Christ and made worthy to bear that blessed name."

Yours, sincerely,

A CONSTANT READER.

## DARKEST ENGLAND MATCH AGENTS.

### FURTHER LIST.

BIRMINGHAM.—James Turnbull, 11, Princess Road; Southall Brothers and Barclay, Lower Priory; C. Cadley, Oilman, etc., 82, Parade; E. Brewer, 6, Drayton Place, Lozells Street; D. Robertson, 124, Birchfield Road, Lozells Street; Barrow's Stores, Bull Street, Corporation Street; Co-operative Society, Pershore Street; W. R. Truelove, Maxstoke, Coleshill; Bushby, Grocer, 93, Stratford Road; Household Supply Association, Corporation Street; Le-fevre, 1, Woodville Place, Ellen Street, Brookfields; F. Langley, 506 and 508, Coventry Road; R. C. Evans, 125, Broad Street; T. Taylor, King's Heath; Captain Wright, 40, Willis Street, Ashted.

BLANDFORD.—J. Riggs, Grocer; J. W. Blandford, 45, Salisbury Street; M. Hayward, Post Office, Darweston.

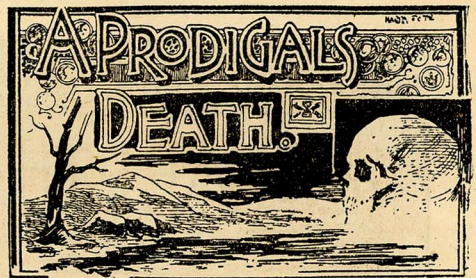
BEACONSFIELD.—W. Day, General Dealer; W. Harding, Chair Maker; E. Morford, Grocer.

BLACKBURN.—Mr. Roberts, 9, Watson's Buildings.

BRIGHTON.—Brighton and Preston Industrial Co-operative Society, Limited; James Miles, Trafalgar Court; J. M. Fowler, Oilman; A. Girling, Grocer; A. C. Woodruff, 23, Cheapside; Co-operative Society, 32, North Road; J. E. Stafford, 166, Western Road; Mr. Rich, Congress Coffee House; Mrs. Richardson, 34, Edward Street.

NOTE.—Additional names next week.

Christmas Dinners were given by the Army to 2,000 of the "poorest of the poor" at Chicago, where, following on the great exhibition of last year, 100,000 persons are said to be out of work; 500 were fed in New York City; 300 in Seattle Wash.; and 200 at Denver, Col.



BY MAJOR HINCHCLIFFE.

In one of the very lowest parts of an English town, a person in an excited state asked me to step into an iniquitous-looking house by which I was passing. I soon saw why, for in the middle of the room a young man, twenty-one years of age, sat on a chair, resting his elbows upon his knees, and coughing and spitting into a spittoon on the floor.

Standing closely around him was a group of bad women and men, to whom I said,

"Will some of you kindly call me a cab?"

The vehicle soon arrived, and I said to the sick man,

"PUT ON YOUR THINGS, MY BOY,

and come with me."

We helped him to the door, and I told the cabman to drive us to the workhouse infirmary. On our arrival, an official and I helped him into the nearest room, and placed him in an arm-chair by the door. He had a taking appearance, a pale, intelligent face, and raising his soft eyes, full of gratitude, he said, "God bless you!" I felt I would rather have that poor, homeless lad's grateful "God bless you," than all the Queen's empire.

We took him upstairs, and when he was nicely settled in bed, asked,

"Have you got a mother?"

Tears filled his eyes, and looking at me, he said,

"Indeed I have got a mother—a good mother—but I have broken her heart."

I said, "What is her address, that I may write and tell her about you, for you will not be long in this world, and she ought to know."

He burst into tears and said, "No, no; she shall never know that I am dying in the workhouse. I will add no more to her sorrow."

I found out where his brother lived, however, and wrote.

This was Monday afternoon. I scarcely left his bedside till Wednesday, and during this time, I did my very best to point him to the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sin of the world. But I did not feel satisfied that he had really undergone a change of heart, without which, as the Bible says, "Ye cannot enter the Kingdom of heaven."

However, on the Wednesday after speaking with my young friend, I stood up with my Bible in my hand and addressed all the inmates in the ward. As I was speaking, I repeated the verse,

"Just as I am Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!"

I heard the young man, by whose bedside I was standing, repeating the verse. I turned to him and said,

"JAMES, SAY IT AGAIN."

And as he repeated it over and over, it seemed as if a light from heaven shone on his countenance.

The following Sunday night, about half-past nine, as I approached my house, one hastened to meet me saying,

"Do be quick, there is an old lady come and she is in such distress about her son."

On entering the house, she said, "Oh, sir, I suppose you know where my boy is?"

I replied, pointing upwards, "Mother,

YOUR BOY WAS DEAD, BUT IS ALIVE AGAIN."

She understood my meaning, and bursting into sobs, cried,

"Oh, is he dead? As soon as I knew he was ill, I hurried as quickly as I could to tell him I loved him and forgave him for everything."

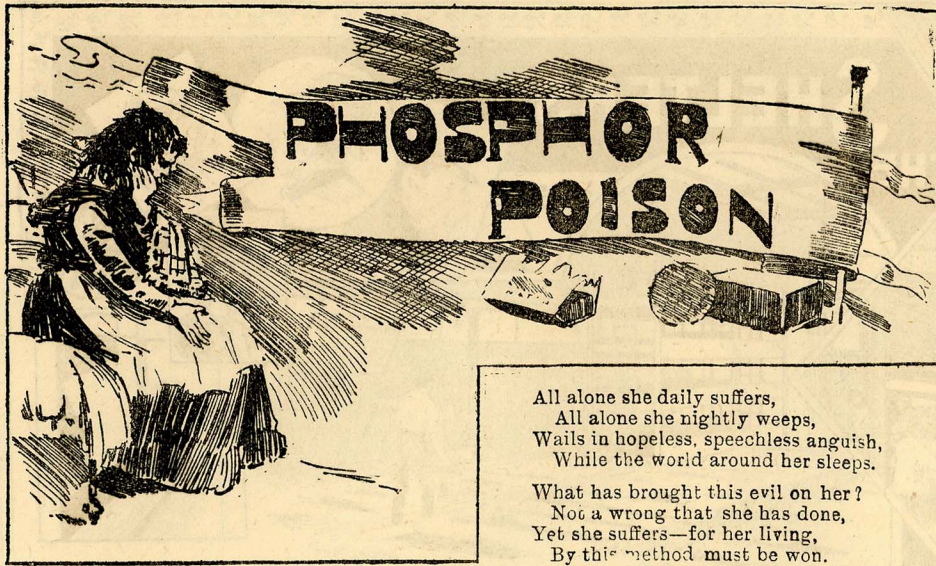
Between her sobs, she told me something of his history. It appeared, from what she said, that when in business, his master was fond of him. He attended Sunday-school, was a good musician, but had been led away from home by bad companions.

Next day, I took the distressed mother to fetch her boy from the dead-house. Her poor heart was "nigh unto breaking," as she leant over his cold body and passionately kissed his emaciated face. Presently, the mortuary keepers put the lad into a common deal box, stained black, and then four men in workhouse dress of a rough, dark grey material, bore him away on their shoulders. The mother and I followed behind. She leaned hard on me, and with the little strength she had, sobbed her way to the grave close by.

The dear mother looked down into that open grave and wailed the loss of her prodigal son. But I looked from that graveside, right out on the world and saw thousands of young men, who, with prospects as bright as this young man's, through yielding to similar temptations are making havoc of their life's interest.

Depend upon it, the next awful thing to a lost soul is a lost life.





Underneath the shallow glitter  
Of our busy London life,  
There's a story sad and bitter  
With a gross injustice rife.  
While the crowds pass by unheeding,  
Still goes on this woeful tale,  
Starting with a burning pleading,  
Ending with a hopeless wail.

Making matches was her calling—  
There are thousands such as she  
Dragging out a bare existence  
By the closest industry.  
Bending o'er the fumes of phosph'rus,  
Daily breathing poison in;  
Weary hours at sweater's wages,  
Ever paler and more thin.

Soon the girl becomes a woman,  
Bloomless, charmless, seared and grey,  
Aging quickly, growing weaker  
And more helpless every day.  
Toiling through the painful duty,  
Creeping to the cheerless bed,  
In her life there's nought of beauty,  
Hope for better days has fled.

Then one day she feels with horror  
Pains commencing in her jaw—  
'Tis necrosis, people tell her,  
A disease with scarce a cure.  
It will slowly eat its passage  
Through the portion it has seized,  
Ever spreading till it kills her,  
Now the bone is once diseased.

No one near to care or suffer,  
No one near to sympathise;  
All alone she bears her burden,  
Hidden yet from mortal eyes.

All alone she daily suffers,  
All alone she nightly weeps,  
Wails in hopeless, speechless anguish,  
While the world around her sleeps.

What has brought this evil on her?  
Not a wrong that she has done,  
Yet she suffers—for her living,  
By this method must be won.  
In the work her mother laboured,  
Through the same disease to fall;  
Nothing else to her was offered,  
So she risked it—that was all.

Women, men, in Christian England,  
Shall this burning shame exist?  
Let us, in the cause of mercy,  
On a change at once insist.  
Shall our sisters—girls and women—  
Who have feelings like our own,  
Shall they live and die uncared for?  
Shall they suffer, fall alone?

To the rescue, we must help them,  
Let us boldly take a stand  
To abolish, once and ever,  
This dishonour from our land.  
Matches can be manufactured  
Without risk to life or health,  
Wages can be fairly given,  
Surely! in this age of wealth!

Buy the Darkest England Matches,  
Made from "phossy" dangers free;  
Just a little more expensive,  
But that's what they ought to be!  
Why should human lives be given  
Untold tortures daily borne,  
Just to save a paltry penny?—  
Scout the mean idea with scorn!

Pay the price, and use your matches  
With a conscience free from sin;  
"Do to others"—'tis far kinder,  
On the golden rule begin.  
There's a day of justice coming:  
If you'd then from guilt be free,  
Buy the well-paid, healthy matches,  
And your sisters' keeper be.

RUTH TRACY.

## POOR MAN'S LAWYER.

### ANSWERS TO QUERIES. NOTICE.

*Legal questions, addressed to the "D. E. Gazette," 94-102, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.—NOT to Queen Victoria Street, Whitechapel, or Hackney—will be answered in this column free of charge.*

*Useful advice cannot possibly be given in answer to vague enquiries. In your first communication, please briefly give full particulars of your trouble.*

**STEREO-BET.**—It certainly is a pity that the firm cannot do their advertising without stimulating foolish people to bet upon their productions. If we knew of any specific cases where their ill-exhortation has been followed, we should inform the Public Prosecutor. Write him if you know of any.

**POOR WIDOW.**—Your particulars are too scant. However early you vacate it you are liable to a year's rent for a house taken by the year, unless you can prove an agreement to the contrary. But if you are not now in the house the landlord cannot distrain upon your goods. He will have to sue you in the county court.

**WELSH STRIKER.**—Apply to judge quickly to vary the order, or you will certainly lose your furniture.

**MAN-SERVANT.**—You must surrender the livery; but you have a right to the boots, although, perhaps, they are hardly worth fighting for. It seems to us from what you say that you have no further claim on your late master. This is a point where, as yet, the servant cannot compel full justice from his master.

**INCOME TAX.**—No, yours is not, properly speaking, a case for this column, but the Poor Man's Lawyer gives his advice on your terms of donation to the Social funds. Your net income appears to be £151 10s., viz., £158, less £6 10s. All incomes above £150 are liable to taxation, but those under £400 may, under circumstances, be allowed £120 free of taxation. Apply for this remission, and if it is refused, then claim to pay only on the £69 rent of cottages, exempting your wages, £78, and your gas dividends, £11.

## A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

### CHAPTER IV.

"This is Mr. Rawson, of the trade union," explained Mrs. Saunders.

Adam glanced at Rawson, and was immediately interested in his appearance. There was a nervous energy about Rawson that bespoke a man far above the level of the ordinary eating and drinking biped. He had the rapid look and calm precision of a man accustomed to control numbers, and his collarless neck was confined by a common blue cotton handkerchief tied in such an effectively careless knot as to add a dash of the picturesque to the vigorous figure of the labour agitator.

"Well, young fellow," said Rawson, eyeing Adam closely, "if you've come to London to make a fortune you'll find all your work is cut out."

"I've no such vain-glorious ideas," retorted Adam. "A fortune is not my ambition; give me some higher aim in life than that, or else let me be buried in the nearest pauper's grave."

Rawson smiled, half wonderingly and half incredulously.

"Well," he cried at length, "you are a queer fish, a young man from the country I expect. Ah, I thought so. You must excuse my putting you down as a fortune-hunter; but the fact is, most people who come up raw reckon to come into London à la Dick Whittington, Johnson or Garrick, with twopenny in their pockets. A friend of mine once emptied his pockets, and walked out as far as Highgate; then turning and re-entering London on the off chance of the usual experience coming off. But it never did. But you're a noble exception to the rule; your soul soars above the paltriness of £ s. d. and bank balances."

"Don't laugh at me, please," replied Adam; "kindly allow me to be —"

"Genuine, if quixotic? Certainly, but if you want to live you must work, and where will you find

it? It's no easy matter to get into a decent job, I can assure you. Here have I spent twelve mortal hours to-day interviewing big men of all parties, to see if I could get no better arrangements made for the employment of the four thousand odd men who are 'out' in my union, and what's the result? An utter waste of time! 'No!' in a score of ways, varying from the oily, unctuous, deprecatory to the surly, wolfish blank denial. I begin to despair!

"Mrs. Saunders," continued Rawson, turning to her, "the perpetual grind of selfishness against a fellow's spirit is galling in its very monotony. The frigid hatred of the high-and-dry aristocrat, the amused contempt of the dull, average party man, the dreadful horror of the sleek professional classes at any matters that concern starving people, are enough to change a man's energy on behalf of the wretched into a downright war with Society. And yet, the merest word one may let slip, that can be construed into an incentive to action, is seized on by every well-dressed, luxuriously-fed member of the classes, as a sweet morsel, and you have pars in the evening papers about this uncalled-for language of the notorious Rawson."

"Never mind," replied Mrs. Saunders, "get some stew. I've warmed a little for you, and you'll feel better. Men get on better terms with the world when they have something to eat. It's only a woman that's always consistent and sees things as they really are, I fancy."

"Ah, Mrs. Saunders," cried Rawson, "have mercy on us, we get uncommonly tried sometimes, and you must forgive us being a little wild occasionally. And yet there is a better time coming for the poor; one can, as it were, sniff it in the very air as a hound scents his quarry. Did you ever cross the sea sands on a dark night and bend down to hear the ripple of the rising tide murmur through the darkness? Quite a slight noise, no more pronounced than the rustling of the first falling leaves that speak of departing summer, and yet the sweep of the great Atlantic is behind it."

"So it is with the cause of the workless toilers. In the dense darkness of crass ignorance and prejudice, over the shifting sands of public opinion, the tide is gently trickling in and must eventually sweep all before it."

Adam drank it all in with avidity. How thankful he was that at the very start of life he had chanced on a high-souled man who was in for putting the world right! And yet there was the starving family at home, they must be helped; he must not sacrifice at the very start the aim that had brought him to his Ultima Thule, where so much work and wealth was to have been found, so, confiding in Steven Rawson, he told his whole history.

"What am I to do?" he continued, "I can see already that even to support myself will mean a stern struggle, but retreat means death. I have burned my bridges and must needs advance."

Rawson listened sympathetically to the recital, and shaking Adam warmly by the hand, bade him "fight the battle through. I must be going now," he added, "for it's late, and you're all tired, I know. We've a big affair on to-morrow, however, if you like to come, young man. Very possibly there will be a bit of difficulty with the police. I warn you of that in advance!"

Adam inwardly resolved to be there, but made no reply. One thing, however, had forced itself on his mind, that Rawson might be a very good humanitarian, but yet did not manifest much personal reliance on God. So quietly, and before Rawson had time to say good-night and withdraw, Adam had drawn a little leather-covered book from his pocket and was reading from it.

It was an old edition of the Psalms, marked with many a stain and pencil mark, and inscribed within the cover with the name of Adam's grandmother, a worthy old soul, who, in the teeth of prejudice and intolerance, had defied all the powers that would have interfered with those little meetings with neighbours by her own fireside, when she was wont to expound the Scriptures with such zest and fervour that many were converted by the old ingle nook.

"My heart is sore pained within me, and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. And I said, Oh that I had wings as a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

Rawson bowed his head. The experience of the old Psalmist was up-to-date history.

"As for me, I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me."

"Amen," said Adam, "let us pray."

(To be continued.)

### PARCELS OF CLOTHING RECEIVED.

Commissioner Cadman acknowledges, with many thanks, the receipt of parcels, &c., from the following:—Anon., Wimborne, Parcel of Clothing; Mrs. Gurley, New Cross, Parcel of Clothing; C. S. de S., St. Leonards-on-Sea, some Children's Clothing; Anon., Clothing; Anon., Clothing; F. T., Parcel of Old Clothes; Garner, Hull, Clothing; A. B. C., Woolford, Parcel of Clothing and Men's Shoes; S. G. Marshall, Baeup, Four Women's Jackets; J. G. Ventnor, per Chaplin and Co., Sack of Old Clothes; Mrs. Burton, Tuffnell Park, Parcel of Clothing; H. C., Wimborne, Parcel of Shirts and 170 Farthings for Children's Breakfasts; E. R. Adams, Wyndham, Nantymoel, Few Articles of Clothing.

All parcels should be addressed to Salvage Wharf, Wellington Road, Battersea, 150, Hanbury Street, London, E., or 172, Whitechapel Road, E., carriage paid. In London we will collect friends' gifts by our own conveyances on receipt of post-card addressed to Commissioner Cadman, 272, Whitechapel Road, London, E.

### RESCUE WORK.

Lily's New Year gift to the Babies—Rattles, Sweets and Swing.





BY OUR  
SOCIAL ENQUIRER.

Progress at the Shelters! What has been its nature, and what its extent, were the two main points in the catechism with which I plied the officers of our Metropolitan Shelters at the close of the past year's labour. Their answers to the dual enquiry as it stands were varied, and in some cases indefinite; it was too inclusive to be answered in a breath, and consequently had to be tapped all round, before the matter began to divide, sub-divide, and ramified itself in almost every direction, touching the temporal and eternal welfare of outcast humanity.

There is no misunderstanding a Shelter officer on Shelter matters. He cannot effectually do his work by deputy; his hand touches everything, and when he speaks, he declares what he sees and hears. He is a man of faith; a man of action. He looks for signs and wonders, and beholds them. Every week—often every night—the

#### DEW FALLS ON HIS FLEECE.

Every week an indent is made in the quagmire of human wretchedness. He tells you, with unmistakable confidence of the results which follow the employment of divinely-appointed agencies in reclaiming the outcast. He has faith in God, faith in man, faith to work when flesh and blood seem to faint and fail, and faith in the desired result following even when everything has been brought to a dead-lock externally. And one feels at first, when brought face to face with an assemblage of six or eight hundred men of the most hopeless aspect that possibly could be found on the face of the earth—and such a gathering can be seen almost nightly at our Blackfriars Shelter—that to attempt their partial reformation, far less their complete regeneration, without supernatural power, would be like trying to drain a sour, fermenting,

#### PESTILENTIAL SWAMP,

with apparently no outfall. But there is an outfall, the Shelter officer has discovered it, and



THE SHELTER  
BARBER.

through it he drains the morass, the stagnant waters of which, quickened into life and action, become a clear, healthy, irrigating stream. And the most obtuse sceptic, if he will only take the trouble to look for himself, instead of taking his opinions at third-hand, from antagonistic newspapers, which write a lot of nonsense on the subject, cannot fail to be convinced of the presence of a Divine element which makes the work possible. Our Shelters are always open; we court inspection; have nothing to gain by secrecy, but everything by declaring ourselves. But for

the supernatural, on which our officers rely, we would require at least

#### HALF-A-DOZEN POLICEMEN

at each Shelter to keep order. An Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, after inspecting our Burne Street Shelter, and looking at the four hundred men we had just admitted from the streets, said,

"I would be proud of the achievement, if I could keep these men in order with a dozen constables."

Our officer answered, "We go on a different tack; we try kindness instead of kicks, and extend to every man who comes to us love and courtesy, whatever his appearance or disposition may be. And should a man create a disturbance, the 'soft answer' generally takes the wind out of his sails."

Another Shelter officer told me that in his absence, a notorious boxing character, in drink, passed the orderly, and created a disturbance. When he returned, this man was defying three policemen to put him out, but immediately took up his cap, and disappeared at the request of the Captain, remarking, as he went, "All right, governor, I'LL GO FOR YOU!"

Thus the most crooked are effectually dealt with without handcuffs or physical force. The Shelter officer believes in the principles upon which he is sent to govern the most ungovernable classes, and he accepts his commission somewhat in the spirit of the Spartan youth on receiving his shield from his mother, "with it or upon it."

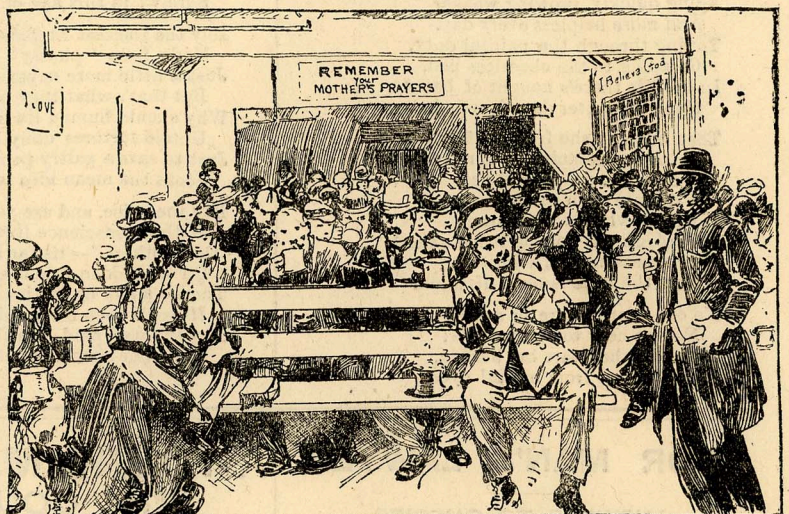
Notwithstanding the number of free Shelters that have been opened lately, we generally get as many men as we can accommodate. Those especially who have been wandering about all day—aimlessly it may have been—trying to pick up a few pence, prefer the Shelters to lodging-houses, because it is quiet, and they practically get their Shelter for nothing as they receive on presenting their penny token at the food bar, a large piece of bread.

The principles upon which the Shelters were started, we have not been able to improve upon; in fact, we cannot see how they can be improved upon, is the testimony of all our officers. Our greatest need is the lack of means to find employment for those men who are saved at our meetings, and in many cases our efforts fail on this account. As an officer put it to me: "A man is converted at one of our meetings. Next morning, he starts out with new hope to seek for work, but can find none. His outcast appearance is against him, and he is regarded with suspicion. As the pangs of hunger take hold of him, and the cold numbs his half-starved body,

#### HIS HOPE DIES,

the temptation to believe that nobody cares for him, overcomes him, his old troubles confront him, and he takes the readiest means he can find to supply his wants." If we had only something at which we could employ such men it would make all the difference. Those whom we are fortunate enough to find work for, as a rule, do well and rise. "There, for instance," said the Captain at Burne Street, pointing out a happy-faced man,

who was washing up in the kitchen, "that man came here utterly destitute. We happened to have some scrubbing to do; it was not much, but it was something at which he could earn his board and lodging, and have a few pence over. He was glad of the offer, has proved himself steady and conscientious, and is likely to rise." His promotion came quicker than the Captain expected, however, for before I left the Shelter, an officer called from the Salvation Army Bakery for a man to do a round. Our friend was a baker, it was just the place for him, and when he was told about his "rise," he was profound in his gratitude, and as he left to finish his washing-up, he looked happier than ever. "I don't want to lose him," said the Captain as he disappeared, "but it's a good chance for him. If we could only find work for such men as that!"



#### SUPPER-TIME.

As I said before, we get them repentant to-day, to-morrow they have to face their old difficulties, and as they wander about the streets, hungry and disheartened, their spirit sours and they take to the readiest means to escape their troubles.

Statistics which we are every now and then publishing, and a summary of some of which was given in the review of the year in our Christmas number, give a faint idea of the work that has been done.

There is much meaning in the statement that during the past month, 22,295 men have been sheltered and 24,743 meals dispensed. These facts stand out on the surface and can be set down, but no figures can express, no grunter's line compass the good accomplished by the sowing of seeds of hope and truth in these Shelters, which spring up at other times and in other circumstances.

#### FROM EVERY STAIN.

TUNE—"From every stain." ("B.J.," No. 81.)

From every stain made clean,  
From every sin set free;  
Oh, blessed Lord, this is the gift  
That Thou hast promised me.  
And pressing through the past  
Of failure, fault, and fear;  
Before Thy cross my all I cast,  
And dare to leave it there.

Upon the altar here,  
I lay my treasure down;  
I only want to have Thee near,  
King of my heart to crown.  
The fire doth surely burn  
My every selfish claim;  
And while from them to Thee I turn,  
I trust in Thy great name. H. H. B.

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