

**Memoirs of the late Dr. Barnardo / by Mrs. Barnardo and James Marchant ;  
with an introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll.**

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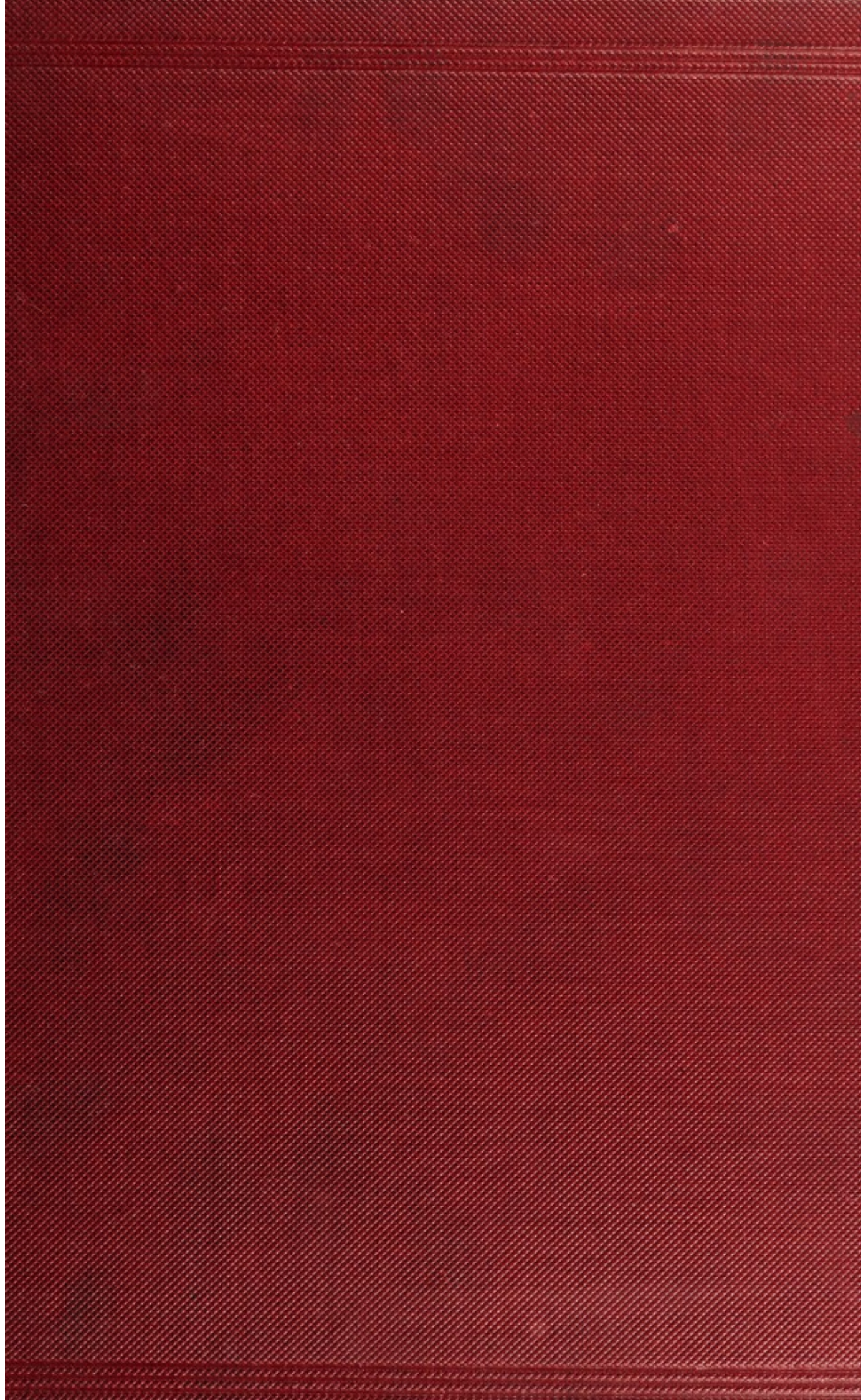
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Dear Mr. Wellcome

Let me offer you one of the first six  
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The writing of it has been a long labour  
full of peculiar difficulties. Dr. Nichol & others  
have spoken in warm terms of it, but I fear  
the book is unworthy of Dr. Barnardo. Yet  
in spite of its defects I pray that it may  
further the wonderful & beautiful work which  
he accomplished, & that it may help to keep  
sweet & green the memory of my near-to-be  
forgotten chief & friend.

Let me also offer you grateful thanks  
for your wise advice & help so generously given  
during its composition.

Believe me with much respect

Faithfully Yours,  
James Marchant.





MEMOIRS OF  
DR. BARNARDO











THE LAST PORTRAIT OF DR. BARNARDO.

*Yours in the Children's Cause*  
*W. F. Barnardo.*

MEMOIRS  
OF THE LATE  
**DR. BARNARDO**

BY  
MRS. BARNARDO

AND  
JAMES MARCHANT

SECRETARY OF THE  
NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO DR. BARNARDO

With an Introduction by  
W. ROBERTSON NICOLL

**HODDER AND STOUGHTON**  
LONDON: MCMVII





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THESE MEMOIRS ARE DEDICATED  
TO THE TRUSTEES  
THE PRESIDENTS AND VICE-PRESIDENTS  
TO THE MEMBERS OF DR. BARNARDO'S COUNCIL  
TO THE DEVOTED MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF  
AND TO HIS CHILDREN  
—THE THOUSANDS OF HIS ADOPTED CHILDREN  
IN EVERY CLIME



## P R E F A C E

NEARLY twenty years ago Dr. Barnardo wrote :—

‘I wonder will the connected history of this work for God ever be written! I am afraid not. It would almost be too large an effort for any one to attempt, for it would involve, among other tasks, the perusal of an immense correspondence received during the past twenty-one years from loving Christian friends of my waifs from all over the wide world. Sometimes I have thought that I would myself essay to record, in a connected narrative, my experience of God’s guidance and goodness during the past quarter of a century. But time, which, like the flowing tide, waits for no man, fails me.’

This volume is an attempt to write that connected narrative.

Whenever it is possible, Dr. Barnardo is allowed to speak for himself. Naturally the chief place is given to his public work, but at every point appears his attractive personality.

The work commences with an Introduction by one of Dr. Barnardo’s oldest friends — Dr. Robertson Nicoll. His brother, Dr. F. A. E. Barnardo, is largely responsible for the first chapter, and Mr. William Baker, M.A., LL.B., the Honorary Director of the Homes, contributes a chapter on the ‘Future of the Homes.’

Thanks are due and most gratefully rendered to Mrs. Howard Taylor, Dr. F. A. E. Barnardo, Dr. Mayer, and all friends who have sent letters or reminiscences, and also to Mr. William McCall, Mr. Howard Williams, Mr. H. S. Wellcome, Mr. F. M. Scoone, and Mr. Wynne Grenville, for their valuable services in preparing this work.



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## INTRODUCTION

It is more than thirty years since I first met Dr. Barnardo. He was addressing meetings in Inverness, and we were living in the same house. At that time he had begun to be famous, and was in the fullest vigour of his many-sided enthusiasm. We had endless talks at night, and I learned much from him. I conceived a strong belief in the man, and a warm regard for him. This affection and admiration continued to the end. Communication with so busy a man in London is not easy, but we managed to maintain a measure of intercourse, and I was well able to see how his life developed. It was a life of continual growth, a life that never flinched, never wavered, a life which was spent to its last drop in the labour it loved. When Dr. Barnardo died quite worn out, I was deeply touched to learn that he expressed his wish that I should have something to do with any memorial that might be written of him, and it is in obedience to his desire that these words are set down.



## I

The great apparent characteristic of Dr. Barnardo was ardour. He flamed up into vehemence very easily. Love, pity, wrath, scorn manifested themselves in turn almost volcanically. These bursts soon subsided, but very readily recurred. Dr. Barnardo was a man of strong opinions on many points. Latterly he became somewhat deaf, and was wont to carry a fearful and wonderful instrument which he described as an ear trumpet. I never saw him use it for the purpose of hearing, but he employed it freely in thumping the back of his companion, whether to enforce the point of a joke or of an argument. He would run round the table pouring himself out, and then as his climax approached he seized his ear-trumpet firmly. But one soon noticed that this great effervescence was not first or last among his qualities. He had that strange tenacity possessed by a few, to which it seems as if almost everything yields at last. Dr. Barnardo had taken up his work in life, and he clung to it all the time. On general subjects he could talk very brightly. He was emphatically a gentleman, and there was a measure of justice, courtesy, and toleration in his speech which were somewhat surprising in a man so firm in his own mind. Matters of home interest to himself and his friends he would dwell upon with a genuine interest and sympathy, but

in the end he had only one subject. It was about the homes and the children that he was always thinking, and when conversing on other themes one could sometimes see that 'his eyes were with his heart, and that was far away.' His shrewdness and humour came out plainly, but he was a man who had one aim in life. In later years I came to know much of how he was regarded in his own homes by his fellow-workers and the children. It is not too much to describe the feeling as that of affectionate reverence. He was a born leader if ever there was one, and his people followed him gladly. It is of supreme importance that the life of such a man should be written if it be true, as F. W. H. Myers has said, that the record of a great and pure personality is the best bequest of time.

## II

I am anxious to emphasise the fact that Dr. Barnardo was of the old school of philanthropists. Early in his days he was able to conceive the profound influence that may be given to one life. Dr. Barnardo started with hardly any advantages. All around him was difficult and even threatening, but he resolved to see what by God's help one man could do. He did not merely make speeches about the necessity of his work, nor did he show any great interest in Parliamentary reforms. He did the work—that was all.



While others were talking and writing, he was pursuing his task of rescue. No one did more to effect the change that has come over our own nation in its view of the relative importance of political and social questions. No one did more to bring social problems to the front. But he himself was not an active politician. He would not, I am sure, have accepted the dictum that there is no obvious connection between politics and the good of society, but he would have refused to go to the other extreme. In a world of talkers Dr. Barnardo determined to do all he could for the miserable and the weak so long as he could, and that is the story of his life.

## III

It must be noticed that he started and continued as a strongly convinced Evangelical believer. Religion was always uppermost with Dr. Barnardo. He accepted with the most childlike, simple, and absolute faith the gospel of the Cross. Is it not true that so far the greatest social reforms have been effected by men who hold the same views? Dr. Barnardo was much influenced by the great Spurgeon, but it would be utterly misleading to range him in the usual way as a Churchman or a Nonconformist. I fancy he had little or no sympathy with the political aims of Nonconformity, and certainly he was a strong Protestant. He said 'Grace be with all them

that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.' Dr. Barnardo, like others of the old philanthropists, had no faith in utopias. He never ignored the great facts of life—sin and sorrow and death. All of us are under sentence of death, probably death by torture, and all of us have to fight the battle with temptations. Dr. Barnardo thought that when everything was done that could be done, much evil would remain. He did not believe that he had found Excalibur in the magic sword of democracy. He believed, however, with all his heart, that the sum of human misery could be indefinitely lessened, and also that the gospel of the grace of Christ was a sword not wielded in vain. He himself preached continually, and with extraordinary force and fervour. I have before me a sermon on the 'Cities of Refuge,' which he preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle many years ago. It is remarkable for its red-hot earnestness. So far as I have heard Dr. Barnardo was invariably an evangelist. He lived, too, a hidden life of deep, prayerful, constant devotion, and without that he never could have carried his battle through.

## IV

Dr. Barnardo gave to this service of the children what he had to give, and it was much. No one who really knew him could doubt that he was a man of



great and commanding powers. If these powers had been exercised in the world of business, or in his own profession, they would certainly have brought him to the front. He had that very rare quality, the genius of organising. Sometimes at his meetings he would suddenly change the programme to the discomfort of his associates, but generally it was found out that he had done the right thing. But what gave him his triumph was his unfeigned and passionate love for poor oppressed, neglected children. This comes back to me as I think of him as by far the most striking feature of his character. It seemed as if he loved the mass and the individuals also, and it seemed as if his love had no limits. The children from whom others would turn away, went straight into his heart as through an open door. He seemed to know every child of his multitude, or at least to know something of every one. He loved them and yearned over them as if they had been his own dear children. For nearly all his time I imagine that his working day was sixteen hours, and he seemed to hate the thought of a complete holiday. For his own family his affection was deep and tender, and particularly for his delicate child, whom he loved as John Bunyan loved his, but in the service of the outcast the full enjoyment of home life had to be largely sacrificed. Of course he was not perfect; he would have been the last to claim it. He made mistakes and suffered for them,

but he was emphatically one of the few to whom the maxim can safely be applied that the man who never makes mistakes never makes anything.

## v

It would be as far as possible from the truth to say that Dr. Barnardo missed his share of happiness. He had the fulfilment of that word of Christ, 'Whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it.' But measured by ordinary standards his life was a very hard one. This man was perhaps the best servant of the empire, but no recognition, no honours came to him. The small salary he received was hardly enough to supply his necessities. His work was incredibly wearing, and accompanied by infinite worries. He was always in need of money for his ever extending enterprises, and it had to be raised largely through his effort. Dr. Barnardo was a proud and sensitive man, but for the sake of the children he humbled himself to beg. He had experience of the somewhat bitter saying of Lord Shaftesbury, that the British people have an immense capacity for enthusiasm, and an equal incapacity for giving money. The worries he encountered would have goaded most people to madness, and it is idle to deny that they told upon him and shortened his life. But he never thought of giving up; he held on in the darkest hours to his task.



In addition, Dr. Barnardo had much obloquy to face. I will not say that he met the terrible resistance which the early philanthropists had to face. He did not suffer as the anti-slavery men, as the men who attacked the hanging laws, and as Lord Shaftesbury in his campaign for the factory hands. But there is perhaps no hostility so violent and reckless as that roused by the exposure of brutality, cruelty, and filth by which money is made. So Dr. Barnardo had his full share of violent abuse. But he was of the same breed as the philanthropists who in their struggle faced lives of insult and long-continued poverty and shameful and violent death. Lord Shaftesbury was habitually despondent, but Dr. Barnardo had a high and buoyant courage, and his sufferings seemed to anneal him like fire. The strengthenings he had acquired so painfully helped him when he was down in the thick of the fight, and he did far more to convert public opinion than he himself knew. Then his expectations were measured. He was not of those who believe that nothing but stupidity prevents universal happiness. He was one of those who recognised that when every other obstacle to progress has been removed, human nature will stand right across the road, and that only Christ can deal with it. Never even amidst his gleams of success did Dr. Barnardo expect a world at ease. Each day he rose to face the storm. He had many solaces. He had

his home. He drew to him the love and help and confidence of many among the leading men and women of his time. What he valued still more was the affection of the children, and if the mystical saying is true, that all love is returned, he must have had much of that. Anyhow he never complained and he never boasted. He belonged to the small transfigured band whose reward is with them and their work before them.

## VI

Many who loved him were moved to tears at the tributes rendered him after his death. The gracious messages of the King and Queen, the noble leading article in the *Times*, Mr. Owen Seaman's verses in *Punch*—these and many other things showed that the world had not been so blind to the greatness of his achievement as he himself supposed. It was instinctively felt even among those who had reviled him that a man who had done the work of reclamation on so great a scale was on a different level of nobility, independence, and clear-sightedness from the mass of his generation. Dr. Barnardo had entered into the mind of Christ by his practical service more deeply than almost any other, and men knew it. There must be few indeed who have done the work given them more diligently, more bravely, or with a more simple heart.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.





## CHAPTER I

### BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

THOMAS JOHN BARNARDO was born at Dublin on July 4, 1845. As the name indicates, his family was of Spanish origin, and traces of it can also be found in Venice, where the Palazzo Bernardo still stands on the Grand Canal. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the family migrated, under pressure of religious difficulties, and eventually established themselves in Hamburg. And there in 1800 was born John Michaelis Barnardo, Dr. Barnardo's father. The latter spent some years in travelling before he finally emigrated to Dublin, and became a naturalised British subject. Dr. Barnardo's mother belonged to an old Quaker family—the Drinkwaters—who had settled in Ireland. She was a woman of great strength of character and deep religious convictions, which exercised a marked influence over her children.

Of such parentage was born Thomas John Barnardo. It did not appear likely that either he or his mother would have lived long. In the goodness of God both ultimately recovered, but as a child young Barnardo was very delicate, and passed through several severe illnesses before he was ten years old.

He was baptized in St. Andrew's Church, Dublin,

by the Rev. Mr. Slater, his god-parents being his half-sister, Sophie, who was at that time about seventeen years of age, his father, and Mr. Macguire, an old friend of the family.

When old enough, he attended St. Ann's Sunday-school, of which Dean Dickinson was rector. Writing in St. Ann's Parish Magazine, immediately after Dr. Barnardo's death, a former fellow-scholar said :—

‘It is not too much to suggest that the serene and sympathetic demeanour of Mr. Sanders, the curate, and the good-humoured, active vivacity of Mr. Dickinson, may have, in some way, tended to mould the character, when most impressionable, of young Barnardo. The instruction and the quiet orderliness which prevailed during the hour of class were the beginning of the deep religious tone which seemed to permeate throughout the whole life of the great philanthropist.

‘He seems to have had a very vivid and happy recollection of his Sunday-school days, as we find him when on a deputation to Dublin, seeking aid for his waifs, in the earlier period of his philanthropic labours, claiming to be a former Sunday-school scholar of the Dean's in St. Ann's, and securing him as chairman at a public meeting held in the Merrion Hall.

‘Our children ought to feel proud at the thought that the well-behaved, well-mannered little Barnardo received his first Sunday-school instruction in the old, well-conducted, carefully-looked-after Sunday-school of St. Ann's.’

Probably at this church, and whilst (according to his expressed views later), he was unconverted, he was confirmed by the Archbishop of Dublin in 1860-61.

When about ten years old he was sent to school. He had a fund of wit, was affectionate and studious, and like every other healthy and high-spirited boy, occasionally got into scrapes. One of his brothers says :—

‘He never was one of those very “goody-goody boys,” of whom you read in story-books, who die early and go to Heaven. There



never was any cant about him. He was full of fun and mischief, thoughtless and careless. Do not suppose that he was born a saint and always a saint. He gave a good deal of trouble at home, and he had a very strong and determined self-will. His father he always respected, and to his beloved mother he was deeply attached with very true affection even from his earliest days. He was full of the exuberance of life, and got as much enjoyment out of it as he could for one of his years. He never was very fond of sports, not making his mark in either the cricket or football field; but his hobby was chiefly reading, and he read everything he could lay his hands upon, and not always the best or most suitable of books for his years. At his first school, which was kept by the Rev. Mr. Andrews, he gave no end of trouble to his teachers, and subsequently, when at the Rev. J. Dundas' school (where he was for some years) he was no better. To learn his lessons gave him very little trouble; he was very intelligent, and had plenty of brains, and very readily mastered anything he set his mind to; so that he had more time for reading books to which his sentiments inclined; much more so than other boys of his age.'

At the usual age he finished the usual course with the usual distinction. But he made a mark with his tongue, and gave the name of 'Prater's Row' to his Form. The memory of his schooldays was clouded by the wanton brutality of his master and some of his schoolmates. Thirty-five years later, he vividly recalled the cruelties and indignities which he and others suffered:—

'As I look back upon my own schooldays, I cannot but wonder at the marvellous change which has come over boys and their treatment since that time. I remember one school that I went to (and indeed it would be impossible to forget it) where we were under the thralldom of one of the biggest and most brutal of bullies. The Principal was a clergyman and a Doctor of Divinity, possessing many claims to consideration and distinction; he was, nevertheless, the most *cruel* man as well as the most *mendacious* that I have ever in all my life met. He seemed to take a savage delight in beating his boys, and there were two or three unfortunate lads in the school who were the special subjects of his unceasing persecution.



‘Public schools were not the fashion in Ireland then, and mine was a great day-school, from which most of the scholars went direct to the University, or to the various Queen’s Colleges. But I often wondered why these unhappy lads, having an opportunity to go home, ever had the courage to return day after day. I am sure if I had been one of his victims (which happily I was not) I never could have returned to school and awaited the torture which he was so ready to apply.

‘I have often wondered concerning myself why it was that such cruelty did not beget in me a similar passion, as was, I know, the result with some of my companions, for cruelty begets cruelty. But I think I can understand now the reason. The fact was that such intense loathing and disgust for his brutality were awakened in my heart and in the hearts of many others that we went to the very opposite extreme in our detestation of anything having the least appearance of cruelty or harshness. This, however, was not so in all cases. A few of the older boys imitated their master, and I happen to know that in their subsequent careers some of my school-fellows have suffered from the terrible example which our pedagogue set us.’

Thus his early days at school were not the happiest ; for, though very bright and intelligent, he was not over-studious. He was an omnivorous reader, and spent his spare time in reading any book on which he could lay his hands. At this time, though he went to church regularly with the other members of his family, and observed all the outward forms of religion, yet nothing seemed to have touched his innermost heart as to the real significance of Christianity. But at the age of sixteen the light of God’s grace shone upon him, and he verily became a ‘new man.’ The wonderful change which was wrought in him was of such a decided character as to give fresh colour to his subsequent life, which now began to be marked by faith and prayer. And it was not very long before he felt constrained, no doubt under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to take up a special line in life,



in which he could serve God with his whole heart. However, there was then no thought in his mind as to rescue work among children, or of the Homes which in subsequent years so wonderfully developed. He was at first greatly impressed with the needs of China and her teeming millions, and longed with a great earnestness to fit himself as a missionary to that land and her people. He was brought into touch with the Rev. Hudson Taylor, who was then visiting this country; and he determined to study medicine, knowing what a help it would be in the missionary work.

The wonderful change which grace had wrought in him, had succeeded a time of very great exercise of conscience, in which he had learned what it was to be a sinner in his sins and unfit for the presence of a holy God. Though he was but a youth, and had been outwardly preserved from a path into which many had turned, nevertheless he had to find out the secret springs of evil within, and the real state of one who, as the Psalmist says, had been 'born in sin and shapen in iniquity.' When the work of conviction and repentance had produced their wholesome effect, then the light of free grace and forgiveness brought peace to his conscience, and the Spirit made known to him the love of God, flooding his heart with joy and newness of life and power.

This new life soon began to manifest itself, and to give colour and character to his whole moral being. All his spare time was devoted to either reading the Scriptures in his own room, or to visiting among the sick and poor, to whom he sought to bring the message of the glad tidings of God's grace which



had filled his own heart. Christ became increasingly precious to him, and he desired to find in Him his life, his all.

Of course, he had his ups and downs, his failures, his seasons for humiliation and confession, but in turning afresh to God and in confession to Him, he received the sense of that forgiveness, as from a father to his children.

There is no doubt that all the deep exercises through which he had passed, together with the light and joy and blessing which filled his heart at that time, greatly characterised his whole Christian life during the forty-four succeeding years in which he was left in the Master's Vineyard.

When he left school, he went into a merchant's office for some time, where he learned business habits and ways. He never really liked the work, though he was much respected, and great confidence was reposed in him. So, in spite of a most tempting offer to remain with the firm, he was glad to sever his connection from that which he had never felt to be his true calling. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the business habits and tact, and the knowledge which he acquired there, greatly helped him in after years, when through force of circumstances he found himself, little by little, the central figure in so mighty an undertaking.

But to return. It was rather remarkable that, as a lad, he never joined with others in singing, or in anything musical; indeed, he never appeared to have any ear for music, and seemed almost unable to distinguish one tune from another. But after he became engaged in taking meetings, which involved the singing of hymns, he seemed to develop quite a taste for



THOMAS J. BARNARDO  
At the age of eleven



At the age of fourteen



THOMAS J. BARNARDO  
At the age of twenty-one





music, and quickly learned the different and suitable tunes for each hymn.

When time permitted, he much enjoyed either going to Bible readings, which were frequently held in the houses of many Christian friends, or undertaking meetings of an evangelical character among the poor. In these he had much to encourage him, if much to test his faith.

In character he was always self-reliant and determined, and when he saw a thing to be right for him to do, and, as he believed, according to Scripture, then no amount of argument or opposition would cause him to alter his course. It was not that he was stubborn or self-willed, or that he refused to hear what another had to say on the subject. On the contrary he was always open to receive instruction; but where all the arguments were exhausted, and after quiet premeditation he arrived at what he believed to be the right and proper course of action, he was not easily moved from his purpose.

It was this trait in his character, coupled with his constant faith and prayer, which, no doubt through the grace of God, helped to sustain him through the many difficulties of his public life.

It was not a question with him of seeking fame, or of making a renowned name for himself. His object and the purpose of his heart from the day in which the grace of God had reached him, was that he might have guidance and grace to be a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to work in His Vineyard for His glory. Whatever his natural or personal gifts might have been, nobody perhaps knew better than he that they could avail him but little in such a work, where Christ must be everything. Far more

likely would it have been to him, to lay all his natural abilities at the Master's feet, lest, as a weight or snare they might hinder him in the race in which he desired, by faith and patience, to be a runner.

The children in his large family were made a subject of daily prayer by him and his faithful co-workers, and he longed to see every child really brought home to God.



## CHAPTER II

### REBIRTH AND BAPTISM

Unless the Almighty had been under me, I think I should have been overwhelmed with joy. My eyes filled with tears and my voice choked with transport. I could only look up to Heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder.—COWPER.

THE real starting-point of this biography is not his birth but his rebirth. According to an entry in a Bible, which was given to him by his beloved friend Miss Stacey, this occurred on the 26th May 1862. All events result from that event. Had it not happened there would have been no story like this to tell. The youth, if challenged, would have explained the great change in the very words which, years later, were most frequently upon his lips. He was 'born again.' 'I have found Christ,' he fervently exclaimed. The light which reveals the hidden processes of conversion falls slowly from above. To Barnardo the meaning and the process were from the first clearly seen, and he never doubted that he was born again of God. It was this change, explain it how we will, which wrought the work he had been appointed to do and which he did with splendour. The reader who rejects his explanation of his conversion must not miss the fact that there was a turning-point at this juncture from which the river of his life found a new channel running through pastures fertilised by waters which have their source in the mountains of God.

His conversion was the great event of his life. On some scrap leaves of a dilapidated home-made notebook he wrote a letter, dated 24th November 1862, to his sister, in which he refers to his rebirth :—

‘You now desire me to give you the particulars of the Lord’s dealing with me. I will endeavour to do so, and I pray the Lord that my example may be blessed to your soul. G.F., C.H. and Mother had found peace a long time before I ever knew a word of the change the Lord had wrought in them. They used to go to the Metropolitan Hall and used to entreat me to go. After the meeting they always remained, and then some Christians would come up to me and ask me if I had found Jesus. I used to think the people were mad. I had then, you see, no desire to find Him, but at last a gleaming of the truth came across my mind, and I began to see there was some reality in the Revival movement, but individually all was dark. At last I got interested, but Satan was determined not to lose a soul without a severe struggle, and he roused doubts in my mind of the inspiration of God’s Holy Word, the only means whereby we receive any knowledge of God’s dealings with man. This struggle was kept up in my mind for at least a month ; but one night, after coming in from prayer-meeting, still dark and cold and dead within myself, F. asked me to go into his room after he went to bed. I went in and he was in bed. He caught hold of me and remained in earnest entreaty with me for about an hour. He showed me the “Love of Jesus,” told me of all He had suffered that I might live.

‘It pleased the Almighty there and then to remove every doubt and difficulty. I felt that Jesus had indeed died for me, and I had to exclaim :

“I do believe, I will believe,  
That Jesus died for me  
That on the Cross He shed His blood—  
From sin to set me free,”

and ’twas thus the Lord gave peace and comfort to my soul.’

His surviving brothers remember more of the circumstances. It appears that a very remarkable Revival passed over parts of Ireland in the years



1859-61, and many young men turned to God. It began in the north, and soon spread to many towns in Ulster, to Belfast, to Dublin, and further south. As the Revival wave retreated, 'dear Tom,' as his brothers called him, was 'brought in.' One of his brothers, a medical student, had been the subject of the Holy Spirit's striving a few months previously, through the fervent conversation of a doctor, and having learned what it meant to be 'a sinner before God' (though scarcely seventeen years of age and outwardly all that was right) he passed through a time of deep and bitter exercise of soul. In a remarkable way, about the same time, his eldest brother, then a divinity student in Trinity College, had been brought, chiefly through a fellow-student speaking to him, to know what it was to be a Christian. The two brothers became equally concerned about 'dear Tom.' The Revival meetings at this time were being held in Dublin, conducted by Richard Weaver, then in the heyday of his Gospel work. Thousands came night after night to hear him preach in the old Metropolitan Hall, once a circus, but then a hall where evangelistic meetings were constantly held. To these meetings young Barnardo was persuaded to go. At first he was indifferent. Though not much over fifteen, he had always been a great reader. Everything he could capture, including the works of Voltaire, Tom Paine, and many another sceptic, was read. Their arguments captivated him, and he drank deeply of their still waters. So with reluctance he was induced to hear Richard Weaver. He might have been a little impressed with the earnestness of the preacher, but to all appearance nothing more. He grew more captious, and many of the things advanced became mere matters of



criticism. About this time John Hambleton, the converted tragedian, appeared upon the scene, and held meetings in public and private. One evening, after a meeting in the house of some Christian friends, where John Hambleton gave a particularly solemn address, young Barnardo was deeply impressed, and all the way home, which was more than a mile in distance, he scarcely said a word.

‘I do think’ (says his brother) ‘that was really the turning-point, for after we had all gone to bed he came in great distress of soul to the room of one of his brothers and said how greatly the meeting had affected him, and that he could not rest. Many tears did he shed at that moment, and in great sorrow and agony of heart, and the three brothers knelt together and cried to God especially for the one in distress, and He graciously heard, and light and joy and peace there and then in that very night, and in his brother’s bedroom, filled his heart, and we all rose from our knees rejoicing and thanking God.’

Forty-two years after this event Dr. Barnardo, writing to William Fry, who remained a steadfast supporter of the Homes to the end of his long life, touched upon his conversion, and referred to the uncertainty of his own days, which ended a year later :—

‘I can never,’ he says, ‘think of you without feelings of gratitude to God. As I look back these forty-two years, I recall when I first met you. I think it was Rocheford Hunt who urged that I should attend a meeting at your house. I did not half like to go, but I went there, and in that meeting, Rocheford spoke to me and so did you. I know I behaved very badly. I was just as cheeky as a young fellow can be, and I thought you looked at me as if you would say : “If I had that young fellow alone for five minutes, I would take down his conceit, I’d give him a good hiding.” But somehow your words were very *kind* and not in harmony with what I thought your *looks* meant, and that was the beginning. A few weeks after that I was led into the light, and during all these years, the beginning of which established a kindly friendship between you and myself and the dear members



of your family, we have been able to preserve our mutual esteem and regard for each other. And now you write and tell me that you are over eighty, and your dear wife is getting to her ninetieth year! How good God has been to you both, and even to me who am so unworthy! I love to think that you sometimes pray for us, and that, spite of all my blunders and failures, your large heart and loving sympathy embrace both me and the work God has given me to do. I shall never reach your age, dear friend. I suppose I have been burning the candle at both ends, and have suddenly come to realise my limitations. I look all right; in fact, no one could *look* better than I do; but very little exertion now brings on feelings of prostration, and the heart, made so much feebler by the last attack, warns me that "here we have no continuing city."

There is no need to reconcile these accounts after many days. Immediately after his conversion, he commenced to 'evangelise.' He held a class in the Ragged Schools on Sunday mornings, and began visiting the sick in some of the poorest districts, the soldiers in the different barracks and the policemen. In addition, he wanted to take Revival meetings himself. The work and faith of George Müller of Bristol had attracted him, and perhaps with a faint desire to do something similar, he wrote to Müller a touching letter, in which, after referring to the conversion of 'seven members of my own family and myself within the last five months,' he says:—

'I have for some time endeavoured to put by a little weekly out of my pocket-money for the Lord, and I am now desirous of your advice and counsel. Living in the heart of the city of Dublin, I see daily around me numbers in a dying state, dying because they have not life eternal, and I am anxious, with God's help, to do something to arrest them on the brink of ruin, but I am so very young, being a lad of only seventeen years; but I have been thinking lately that if I, in connection with young Christian friends, were to hire a room for one night in the week and there with those friends hold a revival prayer-meeting the Lord would



bless us. I have been bringing the matter for some time back before the Lord, and to-day after rising from my knees the finger of the Lord appeared to point me to you and to abide by your advice. Now, dear friend, I am very anxious to know the Lord's mind on this subject, and 'tis therefore I have taken the liberty of writing to you, and if you would kindly give me your advice I shall be infinitely indebted to you.'

Müller replied coolly, recommending one so young to study the Word of God in private. But he was not to be discouraged. He straightway obtained a couple of rooms in Aungier Street, where he and his brothers held evangelistic meetings once or twice a week. Then he began work in the 'Liberties,' a very poor and thickly populated neighbourhood in which there were some Protestants, but the majority were more affected by 'superstition, ignorance and whisky.' Here another hall was taken and gospel meetings were carried on for a considerable time. It was uphill work and opposition was great, but there were several who co-operated with him, and some good was done.

At this time he was brought in touch with the Open Brethren, whose meetings he attended for some years, and when Merrion Hall was opened by the munificence of Henry Bewley and William Fry and became the great sphere of the labour of the Rev. Joseph Denham Smith, young Barnardo entered as a Sunday-school teacher and worker. On one occasion he spoke to the young lads with such earnestness that one who was present remembers to this day how one lad was converted whilst Barnardo was addressing them. The books on Bible matters which he obtained among the Brethren, and the Christian fellowship he enjoyed with them, largely helped in building up his faith. Many of them were deeply



interested in the work he was doing, and not a few of them co-operated. A catalogue in his own handwriting of his library at this period does not contain a single book on any subject but Brethrenism and the Bible. But Merrion Hall did not exhaust his energy. He also joined the Dublin Young Men's Christian Association in Sackville Street, and gave many evangelistic addresses. A story illustrating his religious enthusiasm<sup>1</sup> is told by a friend. She mentions that her brother (already called away) and Thomas John Barnardo were close friends in their student days in Dublin. Both were well-inclined, and attended various religious meetings held in the city. Their first acquaintance came about in a curious way. 'While both were taking a bath at the "Mendicity," Usher's Island, her brother—a good whistler—began a hymn tune, the youth (Thos. J.) out of sight in the next compartment joined in concert, and then came another and another tune whistled together. They came out friends, and were afterwards constant companions at the Y.M.C.A.'

Swift's Alley Mission also claimed him. Joseph Potter was leader with Joseph James, then Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., and Samuel Little, who took charge

<sup>1</sup> Mr. John Johnston, in a letter (October 1905) to Mrs. Barnardo, speaks of his brief friendship with young Barnardo at this time: '... The brief friendship is vividly present to my mind, and so great is the power of association that I seldom pass certain spots in the City without thinking of your late husband, as I then knew him.'

'I was not long in his company (no one could be) before I was struck with the strongly-marked and aggressive quality of his religious life. I do not mean offensively aggressive, but such as would not suffer him to palter or compromise with what he considered wrong-doing. In those days, when as yet the influence of the "Great Revival" of 1859-61 had not spent itself, and when *personal* dealing with souls was more followed among Christian workers than in their later days, Mr. B. was not inactive. Like many earnest devout spirits he had attached himself to the "Open Brethren" who afterwards worshipped at Merrion Hall, yet he worked, for a time at least, in conjunction with the members of other communities. I presume his subsequent career and the nature of his after-life's work, constrained him to leave behind the prejudice and limitations of "Brethrenism."'



of the districts for visitation. Usually two young women went together, the young men alone, excepting when an older member went to break the younger into the work. Barnardo was assigned to Richard Owens.

‘I well remember’ (says Owens) ‘how impressed I was with his reality. When I called to go with him the first time on Sunday afternoon, he took me to a room in his father’s house, and having talked with me, he knelt and prayed earnestly, not only for those we were to visit but for wisdom and grace for ourselves. Our district was Marrowbone Lane, a long winding lane in the ‘Liberties’ of Dublin. There we went from house to house and from room to room as we got access, spoke, read and prayed with each family and left a tract. At the end of the lane was a widow’s almshouse; there he loved to go. He often gave the old women tea, and helped others in extreme cases of sickness and poverty.’

One day he asked Mr. Owens why he had a walking-stick. ‘Habit,’ he replied; ‘I always like a cane or an umbrella in my hand.’ ‘So used I, but I had to give it up, because one day when I began to come here the boys so annoyed me, gathering round me in the street, that I lost patience, and I had all I could do to keep myself from striking them with the walking-stick. If I had, it would have killed my work for the Lord, so I left it at home after that.’ He always had with him a square glazed leather parcel which he carried under his arm. Many would say, ‘What has the little fellow in the parcel he always carries?’ What he had was a choice selection of tracts and small booklets which he always gave after personal conversations. In this work he saw much poverty. ‘Had I a dog,’ he said in one address, ‘I would not kennel him in the place where I found a soul destined to share the glories of eter-



nity.’<sup>1</sup> On one occasion a fellow tract-distributor called at a house after him, and was told that a young man had called who wet the floor with his tears as he prayed by the bedside of the invalid.

He was a devout and diligent student. When he attended the preaching in Merrion Hall, he had a notebook and pencil in hand. At that time he wore blue glasses which looked very odd and made him somewhat marked. The elder brethren of the Mission, William Stokes, Francis Castle, H. Grattan Guinness (then residing in Dublin) took a great interest in him, and to the latter’s house he used to go for systematic study.

Amidst this work, undertaken straightway after his conversion, he was dwelling upon the question of Believers’ Baptism and his personal call to be baptized. Amongst thousands of letters and papers, the only personal diary, save a few scraps, is a small memorandum-book in which this youth of seventeen recorded day by day his spiritual experiences leading up to his baptism. He opens with a prayer:—

‘O Lord God! Grant that nought but the word of TRUTH may be written in these pages, and that therein I may seek THY GLORY rather than my own, THY PRAISE rather than the praises of men. I ask it for Jesus’ sake. Amen.

‘*Thursday, 16th October 1862.*—“Blessed is he that considereth

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<sup>1</sup> Twelve years later, on revisiting these haunts in Dublin, he bore testimony to the good work done: ‘For unswerving faithfulness, real loyalty to Christ and earnest aggressive philanthropic effort, perhaps few cities in the world are to be compared with Dublin, when its size and the small number of its Protestant population are considered. The fact is, however, that whisky-drinking added to the vicious tendencies of the people who dwell in these wretched hovels, have demoralised them to the lowest degree. The Corporation of Dublin have reason to be utterly ashamed that such fever dens and loathsome sources of moral contagion are allowed to remain in a city which boasts of so many noble streets and imposing public buildings.’



the poor."—Psa. xli. 1. O Almighty Father, I praise Thee for all Thy mercies of the past night, and O God, make me ever grateful to Thee for Thy continued kindnesses and care of this Thy servant.

'11 o'clock.—This day I have earnestly prayed to the Lord to permit me to *feel* His presence with me in everything I shall do, and praised be His Holy Name. Up to this hour He has answered me abundantly.

'I feel a holy calm as if the Lord Himself were speaking with me. I feel as if I could fall asleep with Jesus, resting on His arm of love: Oh! what a blessed thing to know He will never leave me nor forsake me; sweet thought! If one could but always remember that He who never slumbers nor sleeps watches over us, it would reconcile us to every trial and trouble, and make us anxious to take up our cross and follow Him. O blessed Jesus, may this ever be my state of mind, and welcome death or welcome life (in this world) so long as I feel Thy presence. Now, Almighty Father, preserve me all this day from mingling in the levity of my thoughtless companions, who know Thee not, and grant that this day I may by my walk and conversation testify Christ to all around me, and that I, Thy humble servant, may be a living epistle to be read and known *of all men for Thy glory*.

'6 o'clock.—On coming home from business I could not help feeling grateful to Thee, O my Father, for having sustained me so graciously throughout this day.

'8 o'clock.—I went with my dear brother G. this evening to a prayer meeting, held in the Baptists' chapel in Abbey Street, and the Lord permitted me to enjoy the prayer very much; on the whole my soul was very much refreshed. After the meeting, Dr. Hunt, dear F., and G. and I had some conversation with dear Mr. Giles in the vestry on the subject of baptism, and (this being a subject about which it has pleased God to interest me very much lately) I listened attentively, and having previously entreated the Lord to give me an answer as to whether I ought to be baptized on the coming Lord's Day evening, I thought I had received a full answer in what I heard him say, and this fully concurring with what I had previously thought on the subject, I have determined, with God's blessing, to be baptized on Sunday next: may the Lord strengthen me in my resolve!



'On coming home and taking tea, I retired earlier than usual to my room, that I might have a little sweet communion with the Lord in prayer. On rising from my knees I found that G. and F. had gone into the latter's room, and I followed them. We all sat down, and they read about the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of St. John's Gospel. Truly there is nothing so comforting and soul-refreshing as reading the "*Word*" after prayer. Blessed be God for having placed such ample means at our disposal.

'12½ o'clock p.m.—I at last got into bed in the most happy frame of mind imaginable, happy that I am able to say with David, at least for one day: "That I have kept God alway before me."

'Friday, 17th October 1862.—Thanks be to God for having spared me to see the light of another day, O Lord, grant that it may be spent in Thy service and for Thy glory. The text for the day is:—"The needy shall not always be forgotten."—Psa. ix. 18.

'In consequence of rising late I was not able to devote a proper length of time in prayer to the Lord, and to this I attribute my want of vigour throughout the day, for though I was neither miserable nor unhappy to-day, yet I did not experience that degree of happiness which I did yesterday. However, praised be His Name, the Lord has ordered all things for the best.

'6 o'clock.—Home at last, after all the trials and difficulties of the day, which the Lord has so graciously enabled me to pass through.

'O Lord! I can never thank Thee enough for all Thy kindness and mercy to me, who am so unworthy to receive the very least of them; oh! the unsurpassable and unfathomable love Thou must have had for *me* to give Thy *only* begotten Son, that I, by believing, might not perish but have everlasting life.

'11 o'clock.—I have passed a most delightful evening at home, reading the word of God. My Heavenly Father has indeed been with me whilst reading the sacred volume, for my soul is as a giant refreshed with wine.

'Hearing that dear Dr. Hunt was ill, I wrote him a few lines and have just posted them. O blessed Father, do look down upon this Thy suffering child, and recover him of his illness, and O Spirit of the living God, wilt Thou guide him unto all truth, that he may know Thy mind on the subjects whereon he is concerned; and



now, O dear Father, O Thou mighty One, Thou prayer-hearing God, I beseech Thee for my dear earthly parent, and also for my dear brothers and sisters who know Thee not; O Father, Thou seest their terrible condition, wilt Thou have mercy upon them, and by the effectual application of Thy Holy Spirit wilt Thou prepare their minds to receive with meekness Thy word? O Lord, grant that in that last and terrible day when Thou wilt judge all the earth, that Thou mayest not say to them, my dear relatives, "Depart, thou cursed, unto the place prepared for the devil and his angels," but that Thou mayest turn to them and say, "Come, thou blessed of My Father, into thy rest." Lord, this is the prayer of my heart, wilt Thou grant it for Thy dear Son's sake? Amen.

'*Saturday, 18th October 1862; 9 o'clock.*—This day I woke with the most lively feeling of God's presence with me. May this continue throughout the day, for Jesus' sake.

'In consequence of getting up earlier this day, I had more time to spend in sweet communion with the Lord. I also was enabled to read a little of God's Word, and it gave me a great feeling of calmness and contentment.

'*3 o'clock.*—This being Saturday, I got from business at 3 o'clock, and after concluding some little matters which required my attention, I went up to my dearest friend Dr. Hunt, and found him, by the grace of God, much better, and entirely reliant on the arm of Jesus. We then had some conversation on the most charming and inexhaustible of subjects, the *Love of Jesus*, and surely we felt Him with us then as well as when we were praying. In our petitions before the Throne of Grace we asked the Lord to bless the ceremony of Baptism, which I was to undergo to-morrow, in token of my willingness to bury the old body of my sins in my Saviour's grave, and rise therefrom in newness of life: and now, O holy and blessed God, wilt Thou answer this prayer of these Thy children, wilt Thou indeed bless me and give me strength and courage to declare before all worlds my resolution of putting on Christ, and O Father, I will require Thy aid to carry forth my resolutions. Almighty Father, wilt Thou make me more cheerful and willing to do Thy work, which I have been very neglectful of of late? Wilt Thou enable me in my whole walk and conversation to testify Christ? And, O dear Father, wilt Thou give me strength and courage to declare to my father my determination of being baptized, and wilt Thou soften his heart and influence it so that he may not merely give his consent but accompany me to Thy



house when it is being accomplished? Dear Father, I prefer all these requests in the name and through the mediation of Thine only Son our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

'8 o'clock.—After tea dear George and I brought down to the Baptist Chapel my grave clothes, in readiness for the morrow. We then went home, and I went up to speak to that poor suffering child of the Lord, Mrs. Genise, and truly I was refreshed by seeing her simple trust in the Lord when she is in such deep distress. First of all, I asked her how she was, and she told me God was good. I then contrived to get from her that she was in great distress, but that by abjuring her religion and becoming a Jewess she would be placed in comfortable circumstances. I was very much distressed at hearing this, and I tried to strengthen her by telling her all that sweet Jesus had suffered for her, and that He would repay an hundredfold any sufferings she had undergone for His sake. She, however, relieved my mind by telling me that she *felt* it all, and that she was fully aware it was all in the bank for her, and that at God's appointed time she would draw it all.

'Oh! what a sweet thought for all dear suffering saints, to know that Jesus has each of their pains, each of their self-denials in His bank, and that finally He will repay them all out of the goodness of His richness and mercy.

'Yes, I to the end shall endure, as sure as the earnest is given, more happy but not more secure than the glorified spirits in heaven.

'Now, O Lord, into Thy hand we commit all in this house to-night. Wilt Thou watch over and guard us for Jesus' sake. Amen.

'Sunday, 19th October 1862.—"Neither pray I for these alone, but *for them* also which *shall believe* on Me through their word." John xvii. 20.

"Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death?"

"Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."—Rom. vi. 3, 4.

'Dear Father, Thou hast indeed kindly and graciously answered my prayer of last evening in thus allowing myself and all in this house to see the light of another day in safety; grant, O Lord, that it may entirely be spent in Thy service.

'10½ o'clock.—Breakfast being over, I went to St. Ann's Sunday-



school, but though Mr. —, who is my teacher, is a Christian, yet the entire inquiries into the Scriptures are very cold, and little comfort is consequently derived—the noise from the other classes and the tumult caused by the Charity boys, who are taught in the same room, forms on the whole a bedlam-like scene only to be described by those who have been in the midst and, like myself, disturbed by it. It destroyed my entire calmness and peace for the time, but, thanks be to the Lord, He never deserts His chosen, but always strengthens and builds them up—for before I had gone as far as Carlisle Bridge on my way to the Baptist Chapel, peace had again visited my troubled soul. Jesus said, “Be still,” and immediately the disturbance and tumult raised by Satan in my mind was quelled. On the Bridge I met dear Mr. Ricky, and I asked him to try and be present in the evening at my baptism. I then went to the Baptist Chapel and heard a beautiful sermon from dear Mr. Giles on the necessity of Believers’ Baptism. During the sermon Satan troubled me very much, but I called on the Lord in my trouble, and He heard me and delivered me out of my distress.

‘O dear Jesus, how I thank Thee for thus sustaining Thy servant. Satan tempted me to look at myself. Within I saw all corruption and evil, and my heart sank, but Jesus knocked, and said be not afraid, look not at thyself, in whom there is no good thing, but look at Me, look at Me, who am all perfection.

‘I looked, and was comforted. Oh! if we could but always look to Jesus in our troubles, they would flee away or sink into nothing in comparison with what He has borne for us.

“Why should I ever careful be when such a God is mine?

He watches o’er me night and day, and tells me Mine is thine.”

‘After the sermon I partook of the Lord’s Supper, and truly I felt what a privilege it was for me, who am not worthy to partake of the very crumbs which fall from my Lord’s Table, thus to be graciously provided with the very best and choicest.

‘Precious Jesus, when permitted thus to meet round Thy Table, may I always keep in remembrance Thy Cross and Passion, remembering all that Thou hast suffered for me, may I endeavour to please Thee in everything I do, and, O Lord, accept my rejection of the world this night as the commencement of these doings.

‘3 o’clock.—After luncheon, I went to the Ragged School in Fishamble Street, and truly I never was in such an uproarious



scene before in my life ; the calling of men and women, the bawling of the babies, and nearly every one of the women had a baby in her arms (some indeed had two), the hooting and hurraing of the boys and girls was indeed much more like bedlam than that of the morning, so amidst all this noise and uproar I had need of Jesus' presence to comfort me.

'It was, however, all over at 4½ o'clock, and indeed I was not sorry, for though on another day I might not have minded it at all, yet to-day, when I needed much calmness and quietness to prepare me for the evening, I felt very distressed.

'6 o'clock.—I am now done dinner and am going to the Baptist Chapel. May the Lord keep me and comfort me

'12 o'clock p.m.—And now to relate how the Lord has blessed me. On leaving home I fell into a very happy state of mind, my thoughts being on Jesus, remembering how He loves me and how He calls upon me to declare Him before all the world, comforting me with the assurance, "He who declares Me before men, him will I confess before the Father." Blessed Saviour, I will declare Thee before the world, and, O Lord, do aid me to keep this solemn vow made in the presence of the assembled multitude, that the unbelievers may have no cause to scoff and revile Thy Name, but rather to fear it. Lord Jesus, be with me in my daily avocations, that I may testify Thee in my walk and conversation.

'At length on reaching the vestry, I found neither Dr. Hunt nor Mr. Giles had arrived, so I opened the large Bible on the table and the following words met my eye:—

'O Blessed words of truth. O Father how can we ever thank Thee enough for the blessed privilege of going to this Thy written Word and finding comfort.

'Mr. Hunt has just arrived, and after a little conversation we prayed together that the Lord might give me strength to undergo the ordinance, and when undergone that He might aid me in its fulfilment: we then remembered our absent dear ones, and surely when we come before Him pleading His dear Son's promise that "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name He will give it you," surely then I say He will answer our petitions?

'After some time Mr. Giles came in, and spoke to us both, to me particularly about the importance of the ordinance which I was going to fulfil.

'We then went into church (M., G., C., and F., having come



in a little before). As I sat in a pew apart from the rest I asked Fred to come with me, which he, like the dear fellow he is, immediately did; the service then commenced, and I gave up my entire soul in praise and prayer to God.

'Dear Mr. Giles then preached in a most earnest manner a most impressive sermon, taking for his text Peter's words in the second chapter of Acts and the thirty-eighth verse: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Oh! how earnestly he exhorted any unbeliever that might be present to turn to the Lord and listen to His gracious word, and cast his heavy load upon Jesus.

'O Holy Spirit, cause this Thy word to find its way to the hearts of many, and grant that this night angels may rejoice over some poor sinner brought to Thee.

'Dear Mr. Giles then alluded to the baptism about to take place, and asked the Lord to strengthen me in my resolve.

'He then descended the pulpit and went into the vestry, into which I had preceded him. We then both undressed, and I put on my grave clothes, and Mr. Giles went into the church, I following. The people were singing that beautiful and appropriate hymn "Ashamed of Jesus," and being in time we joined in the last verse, which ran as follows:—

"Ashamed of Jesus; yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away—  
No tear to wipe—no good to crave—  
No fears to quell—no soul to save."

'As we sang this we were standing by the side of the fount, I being dressed, as I said before, in my grave clothes. Oh! I felt so happy! I cannot describe the joy which pervaded my heart at thus being enabled to testify Christ before all here. God grant that my example may have been blessed to some one there.

'Dear Mr. Giles then went down into the water, and stretching out his hands to me, I joined him, he then prayed the Lord again for me, then taking the thumbs of both my hands in his right, and clasping the back of my collar with his left, he said these words:—

"I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

'I then surrendered myself passively to him, and he immersed me completely in the water.



‘I never moved, I felt as if I was in the arms of Jesus, and, as I said before, I surrendered myself passively to him; he then drew me up, and we both went dripping into the vestry. Oh! the joy and happiness I felt at thus obeying my Saviour.

‘And now, O gracious Father, help me to keep in remembrance that I have now buried the body of my sin in my Saviour’s grave, and that I am risen to a newness of life, and that I must endeavour in everything to please Thee, and with Thy aid to remember that now I am dead to all the world and all the world is dead to me, and, O Lord, grant that I may indeed have no part in the world at all, but that I may live for Thy glory and service alone.

‘Whilst dressing, they offered me a glass of wine to prevent my taking cold, but I felt that if the Lord had so strengthened me as to allow me to go through the ordinance, surely He would be with me to the end, and prevent any evil consequences from taking place.

‘We then all went home, Dr. Hunt coming up to tea with us, and we had a very happy time after in singing hymns. After a little prayer, Dr. Hunt went home; we then read a little of the Word, and then separated for the night; and I, after enjoying some sweet communion with the Lord in prayer, retired to rest, to think and dream of Jesus.

‘*Monday, 20th October 1862.*—O my heavenly Father, be with me and bless me this day, that I may never forget the solemn promise I made last night before all in that Chapel; aid me, O Lord, in its fulfilment, and, gracious Father, permit me to speak to some poor perishing soul to-day. O my dear Father, I ask Thee to bless all my dear family this day, and those who know Thee not, and whose faces are turned from Thee. Wilt Thou graciously reveal Thyself to them, and send home the arrow of conviction to their hearts so as to make them exclaim, “I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for me,” and wilt thou strengthen and support all Thy dear children wherever they are, that they may always bear in mind that they have no more connection with the world, and that their sole object in life may be the advancement of Thy glory! Dear Father, I ask it all for Jesus’ sake. Amen.

‘6 o’clock.—This day I was very happy, not a cloud till after 2 o’clock, when Satan disturbed me a little, but I found peace in Jesus. I find, whenever I am troubled, I must look to the dear Lamb of God, and instantly I obtain peace.

‘The Lord answered my prayer of the morning by enabling me



to speak to young —. After quietly asking the Lord to give me some words to speak to him, I went up to him and entered into conversation. I placed before him as clearly as I could his present position, I showed him the love of Jesus, the great love of the precious Saviour who bore our sins in His own body on the tree, but alas! to no apparent purpose; he could not wait very long, so off he went. May my words cleave to him, and give no rest either day or night till the matter is finally settled between him and his God.

‘10 o’clock.—Nothing particular has occurred since; I have myself been quite happy; if a cloud arose, Jesus quickly dispelled it. Now, O Lord, watch and guard all in this house to-night for Jesus’ sake.

‘Tuesday, 21st October 1862; 9 o’clock p.m.—I have unfortunately forgotten to keep any account of this day’s proceedings, but I can remember that I have been undisturbed by a single cloud.

‘12 o’clock p.m.—I went this evening to Townsend Street with G. and F., and though in general the proceedings there are very dry, to-night they were very interesting, and I derived a great deal of comfort from it.

‘We then went at 9 o’clock to dear Dr. Hunt’s, to read a portion of the Holy Scriptures, and truly we had a happy time.

‘Oh! what a blessed privilege it is for some of the Lord’s people to meet thus together and have a little conversation and prayer; it is always a time of refreshing for me.’

Here the confession closes. A pencil note at the end of the book adds:—

‘Fellowship, as mentioned in the N. T. Scriptures, means partnership. Fellowship between A, B, and C denotes that there must be a fourth object outside of themselves, and of which they are in the common enjoyment.

‘A, B, and C may worship God in three different forms or manners, and yet they may have fellowship with God the Father in the fact that they may possess in common with Him and one another eternal life.’

His sister, hearing of his baptism, thought that he had become a Baptist.

‘Now, dearest sister, you wish to know if I have become a Baptist.

‘No, I have not. I have been shown by the Holy Spirit that a Christian, one who wishes in all points, as far as in him lies, to take the meek and lowly Jesus for an example and pattern, ought to be baptized, and consequently relying upon God for strength, I underwent the ordinance, and I may truly say that I was much blessed in my own soul during the performance.’



## CHAPTER III

### THE MISSIONARY MEDICAL STUDENT

‘ O Lord ! that I could waste my life for others,  
With no ends of my own ;  
That I could pour myself into my brothers,  
And live for them alone.’

FABER.

THERE lived in Dublin, at this time, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Grattan Guinness, honoured servants of God. Mr. Guinness conducted a theological class for the preparation of young men for Christian work, and young Barnardo joined. This class was attended by several who afterwards gave themselves to missionary work. Mr. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, who went to China in 1853, was home on furlough, and engaged in the revision of the Ningpo New Testament for publication. Up to the time of his leaving again, he addressed meetings in various parts of the country, and was speaking in Liverpool on the subject of his Mission when he met Mr. Guinness.

Mr. Guinness, greatly impressed with the man and with his message, pressed Mr. Taylor to return with him to Dublin, and there to represent the needs of that great and neglected field. On Monday, 19th February 1866, Mr. Taylor left London by the Irish Express and reached Dublin the same evening. The young men of Mr. Guinness’s theological class were

all assembled to meet him in the house in Bagot Street, full of expectation and interest, having heard from Mr. Guinness all he could tell them of the new enterprise and its leader. Barnardo was there, and John Macarthy, now in Western China, who for thirty-eight years has been a most valued member of the China Inland Mission, also Charles and Edward Fiske, who both went subsequently to China, and others. They were all young men and full of enthusiasm. They had been reading Mr. Taylor's remarkable pamphlet, *China's Spiritual Needs and Claims*, and, deeply impressed by it, were on the tip-toe of expectation. At last the door of the room opened and Mr. Guinness came in apparently alone. 'Where is the great man?' exclaimed Barnardo in an undertone to John Macarthy. A moment later Mr. Guinness stepped aside to introduce his guest, and they saw the small, unassuming stranger, the power of whose true greatness they had already felt. Taken quite by surprise, and greatly interested, Barnardo turned to his companion and whispered in his bright, incisive fashion, 'Why, there is hope for me!'

Mr. Taylor talked to the young men that night in his quiet, simple way, accompanied with so much power of the Spirit of God that the time they spent together became a crisis in several lives. Barnardo stayed behind to talk with him, as did Macarthy and others. Several of them that night volunteered for China, and it is said that Barnardo was of the number. This is the authentic origin of his desire to go to China.

His heart, on whose altars the fires flamed steadfastly after meeting with Hudson Taylor, went out to



the vast uncounted population in heathen China. 'The all-absorbing theme,' says Mr. Johnston, the companion of his youth, 'served to inspire his muse, for I clearly recollect that it took shape in a little poem which he composed and printed, a copy of which he gave me at the time, entitled "God's Call to China."' The inner voice bade him 'Speed away, speed away! to the lands that are lying in darkness and night,' and within three months we find him settled as a candidate for China in a little house in Coburn Street, Stepney.

'Had I,' he said thirty-two years later, 'then conceived that what I was about to do would lead to the development of the work in which I am now engaged, I would have shrunk from assuming a responsibility of such magnitude, and turned my thoughts in another and humbler direction. But it was God's will that out of this very clear and strong purpose to qualify myself for missionary service abroad, was to come the great opportunity and direction of my life, which would result in its devotion to home missions.'

He arrived in London the last week in April 1866. The house in which he lodged was in charge of Mrs. Mary Parsons, a widow lady of most beautiful Christian character, who was well taught in the Scriptures, and very helpful to the young men in Bible study.

Mr. Taylor gave much thought and prayer to the cases of the candidates who were offering for China, and gradually, as he watched Barnardo, he felt the growing conviction that the Lord had other work for him than the mission in China. With the unusual insight into character with which he was certainly gifted, Mr. Taylor saw the early promise of those remarkable powers of organisation and leadership that Barnardo afterwards developed. He therefore advised Barnardo to take a little longer time for Bible study and other training, and especially to go



in for medicine—a most valuable preparation for missionary work. Barnardo saw the wisdom of this suggestion, and decided to commence the study of medicine at once. A few days before the first party sailed in the *Lammermuir*, the houses in Coburn Street were given up, and Barnardo went into lodgings nearer the London Hospital, at which he had become a student. He was down at the docks on that May morning when his friends all sailed for China, and he was one of the last to wish them God-speed. ‘Had it not been for the direction,’ writes Mrs. Howard Taylor, ‘given to his life at this time by Mr. Taylor, he would have been one of the party and on his way to China.’

So was he led from the city of his birth to the city where he was destined to work and die.

In coming to London, he was commended by the brethren of Dublin to fellowship with the Open Brethren in Sydney Street, Stepney, and bore introductions from the Y.M.C.A. at Dublin to other Christian workers.

But preparation under Mr. Guinness and Mr. Hudson Taylor did not exhaust his energies or time, and the heathen lay at his door to evangelise.

‘For four or five years’ (he says) ‘the missionary work upon which I was bent was apparently to be kept in abeyance, and I was to give myself up to preparation. But such a method as that is seldom the law of the Christian life. “The field is the world.” True I was not yet in China, and could not be for some years to come, *but I was in the field*. I could not get out of it. “Son, go work this day in My vineyard” was a Divine command, and although I was only in East London, unknown, comparatively friendless, and without influence, yet all around me were men and women, boys and girls, steeped in ignorance and sin, veritable heathen whose souls needed the illumination of the Gospel, who needed to have their hearts made glad and happy by its promises,



and their dark and sombre lives brightened by the knowledge that Jesus had come to save and bless them.

‘So, like many another young Christian, I looked around me to see what evangelistic work lay to hand to be done in spare hours, for, of course I *had* my spare hours. First of all, there was Sunday. That was to be sacredly given to God’s work; all seculars must be put aside then. I know that many students did not act on this principle. But, on the other hand, there were some, and these not among the least successful or distinguished, who made it a point to observe the sanctity of the Lord’s Day. Then, apart from Sunday, there were numerous opportunities for evangelising in the open air, for right opposite the Hospital was a great wide space, called the Mile End Waste, where crowds gathered and passed the long evenings of summer and autumn listening to and disputing upon all manner of subjects—political, social, and religious. Accordingly, on my way home after a hard day’s work, I acquired the habit of turning towards the Wastes, drawing near to the crowds, taking a share in the discussions, and occasionally giving a short informal address.’

Drummond began his evangelism in the class-room and charged the atmosphere of the University with his faith; Barnardo went out into the highways and byways to preach the Gospel to the social outcasts. But he excited the curiosity of his fellow-students.

Although he came to London in April 1866 he did not attend at the London Hospital before October, and as he did not pass his entrance examination before November 1867 his name is not registered as a student at the London Hospital until that month. It is recorded that he was a student with the intention of going as a medical missionary to China. Among his fellow-students were Dr. Herman of Harley Street, Sir Stephen Mackenzie, Dr. Mayer, and Dr. Oswald Baker. He shared rooms at different times with Baker, Mayer, and Herman. Herman lived with him in Dempsey Street for five months previous to Bar-



nardo going to Paris in March 1867. Dr. Oswald Baker, late Surgeon-Lieut.-Colonel H.M. Indian Army, recalls :—

‘During the months that I lived with him he was working hard at his medical studies. He was distinguished amongst the students of his time by his extraordinary energy and enthusiasm, as well as by the winning courtesy which was so characteristic of him all his life long.’

His appearance in those days is described by his fellow-student, Dr. Mayer, now an eminent physician in Devon :—

‘It was shortly after joining the London Hospital, I think in the winter of 1867-8, and in 1869, that I had the privilege of knowing Barnardo most intimately. He appeared older in years and manner than most first-year men. The head and face indicated capacity and good sense, the mouth determination. His smile, to which his eyes often lent a merry twinkle, was generally bright and cheery, but he rarely laughed. His bearing was that of a thoughtful, resolute, obstinately persevering man. In manner and conversation he was reserved, correct rather than brilliant, but one very soon realised how mentally alert and capable he was.

‘Gradually one observed also that his heart was not wholly in his work at the college and hospital. Although he did not ignore the social observances of student life, attended to his professional duties, and joined now and then in a practice game of football, yet all was done without any fine enthusiasm, and as time went on, it became more evident these matters occupied but a secondary place in his thoughts ; obviously the man was a hard worker, and the students wondered to what purpose he turned his undoubted abilities. The situation was thus discussed by a group of first-year men : “Queer fellow Barnardo.” “Yes, what’s wrong with that man ?” “Seems to me he’s got something on his mind.” “I wonder what his little game is ?” “He’s up to something we don’t know of.” “Yes, he’s a dark horse.” “He has brains, you know. Shouldn’t wonder if he’s reading on the sly.” “Not he, he didn’t know the brachial plexus the other day.” “Does he bet ?” “Doesn’t look like that.” “Is there a woman ?” “Rot.” “A fellow told me he saw him in the street preaching yesterday evening.” The group all together, nearly at the top of their voices, “Preaching !” “Who



said it?" "Smith Senior, and he was positively certain." "Good heavens!" "A religious crank." "I won't believe that until I see it." "Ranter, I suppose." "Perhaps Christian Mission." "Hypocrite." "No wonder we didn't like him." "Oh! what a rotten fad!" "He'll be getting up prayer meetings here next." "I bet he doesn't." "It's a disgrace to the Hospital." "Wonder if the House Committee know." "Let's drop him."

In pursuing his work in the East of London, Barnardo wrote years later: 'After a while, I discovered a little ragged school in a very poor neighbourhood, and quietly began to help it. Here gradually I came to be looked upon as one who could keep order among the rough crowd and disordered children from the neighbourhood who were the scholars.' This school was Ernest Street Ragged School, situated at the end of Hertford Street, Mile End Road, started by friends of the district, of which in a few months young Barnardo became superintendent.<sup>1</sup> But the Ernest Street Ragged School very soon became too narrow for his activities, and after a few months he called a teachers' meeting, and tendered his resignation because the committee restricted his work. 'I well remember,' says a friend who was present, 'he was greatly put out and excited and said, "if need be he would build a school on a site opposite."'

During this time he had withdrawn himself from all save a few of the students of his hospital. The unconscious offender, finding himself amongst a crowd of men completely out of sympathy with his ideals, grew more cautious and reserved in his dealing with

<sup>1</sup> Speaking for the Ragged School Union in 1893 at Exeter Hall, Dr. Barnardo said: 'My own rescue work, the work with which I am personally connected, sprang out of the ragged school. I am an old ragged school teacher. I am not ashamed of it. I rejoice in it. I may say that I learned much in those experiences in the ragged school which I would not be without for anything.'—*Sixty Years in Waifdom*, C. J. Montague.



them. He made few acquaintances and fewer friends. He was usually alone when about the Hospital. In justice to the students it is only fair to state that they knew very little about Barnardo or his work at the time. He was an enigma to the greater number, and the little that became known about him was in their opinion to his disadvantage. Their feeling altered as the man grew older, and especially when evidences of the growing importance of Barnardo's great work accumulated. It gradually dawned upon the more thoughtful that he was entitled to respect on the ground of intelligence, if on no other. But the majority never understood, and were either wholly indifferent or ignorantly contemptuous. For a short time Dr. Mayer had rooms adjoining his, and knew he was not reading two or three evenings a week. He was frequently to be found at some comparatively quiet part of the Commercial Road, discussing with eager interest some religious or social question with a small crowd of street-corner debaters, or preaching with evident acceptance to a congregation of the same class.

‘My amazement when I saw him for the first time thus engaged amuses me even now when the incident recalls itself. “That’s Barnardo preaching,” said a student friend as we made our way through the crowd on the pavement, and there, standing I think on a chair, in the midst of that throng, engaged in a work no other student in the Hospital would have attempted, was our quiet, modest, self-contained acquaintance. His ability and sincerity were appreciated by the people, who were silent, and remained to the end of the address. I have been informed by those who heard him most frequently that in supporting his views he always rather more than held his own. It certainly seemed so to me. On his return from one of these occasions, his face generally wore its happiest expression, not that, I thought, of triumph, but of the joy of battle that remains with the strong and resourceful. These



evenings, as I afterwards discovered, were far more frequently wholly spent in teaching in his ragged school. The impression he gave me at this period was merely that of a very able and good man, who unfortunately was impelled, by strong religious views, to a course of action rather eccentric and extravagant, and who, to his misfortune, made himself unpopular with the students by a too rigid adherence to his sense of duty.

Writing of these days years later, Dr. Barnardo described one of his visits to a penny 'gaff':—

'Upon one occasion I entered a penny "gaff" crowded with boys and girls, and feeling deeply moved as I looked down from a side box upon their eager faces, drinking in the abominations of the place, I stipulated with the proprietor for permission to go upon the stage during an interlude, and to address a few words to the lads. He agreed, upon condition that I was to pay him five pounds for the privilege. It was an occasion not to be lost, and, exorbitant as the demand was, I assented, and paid half the fee into his hand before the curtain rose, revealing me as the sole occupant of the stage instead of the highwayman who was to have appeared.

'I was at once recognised by hundreds in the house, who greeted me with cheers and laughter. Obtaining silence at length, I offered, if they would remain quiet, to sing them a solo. Having thus gained their complete attention, I spoke forcibly to them of the wrong and harm they were doing themselves in being present in such a place, and pointed out to all in simple terms the joy and pleasure of the Christian life, and by means of short anecdotes illustrated the lessons I desired to convey.

'In the middle of my address I was violently interrupted by the lessee, who rushed upon the stage and insisted that I must leave immediately; he declared that I was spoiling his business, and therefore he could not permit me to continue, even were I to give him twice as much money as I had offered.

'The "row" in the house may be imagined; I never was in such a Bedlam in my life. At length I said to the lessee: "Well, I will leave if you insist upon it; but in that case, as you have broken your bargain, you must give me back my money and allow me to tell the boys why I leave." He consented, and gave me back the £2, 10s. I then cried out aloud: "My lads, I am not allowed to finish what I had to say to you, but if you care to



listen I shall be outside in front of the house, and will talk to you afterwards." I made a bow and disappeared as the curtain came down amidst "Kentish fire" and three cheers.

'To my surprise, in a twinkling the benches were emptied; the whole "house" poured out after me. Gathering the crowd around me in front of the "gaff," I stood upon a costermonger's barrow, and spoke more plainly and fully than I had done before, reasoning of "righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come," and finally commending all of them to God in a brief prayer.

"Good-night, sir." "Thank you." "God bless you." "We wish you'd come again," mingled with more quiet, but none the less sincere expressions of gratitude, closed this interesting scene as the youthful crowd dispersed and I retired homeward, thankful for the fresh opportunity afforded me of speaking the word "in season" or "out of season," as the case might be.'

On another occasion, he was street preaching when

'A clever little rascal at the edge of the crowd felt that the time had arrived to distinguish himself. A good deal of the water had fallen on the dusty pavement and gutter. This he had industriously scooped up with his hands, kneading into it as much of the summer dust and street sweepings as could be conveniently gathered, while we, in ignorance of what was in store for us, sang our ditty like the martyrs we felt ourselves to be!

'By and by, with closed eyes and heads reverently bared, we besought our Father's blessing upon the gathering crowd. But our closed eyes gave the young marksman the opportunity he wanted. He had now gathered about a dozen soft pellets of well-kneaded mud and street refuse, each somewhat about the size of a small egg, and he thereupon proceeded, with wonderfully accurate aim, to mark us down with these projectiles. He generally contrived to throw it into a mouth, if it happened to be open, or failing that, just between the two eyes! Of course we did not see each other's danger or our own, for we kept our eyes devoutly closed, and so the marksman was able to take us one after the other. Me he took nearly last of all. With my hat in my hands I had just opened my mouth in prayer, when lo and behold, it was neatly and tightly plugged, so forcibly distended with the mass of stuff that had been skilfully thrown, that I could neither shut my mouth nor eject the missile! Of course I instantly opened my



eyes and found every one around me convulsed with laughter! The boy was gone.'

A more dangerous experience awaited him in a beerhouse :—

'One night I entered a beerhouse, chiefly frequented by boys and girls, as was my custom. I offered the precious wares with which my arms were laden for sale to those present.

'On this occasion, however, having sold to everybody at the bar, I was advancing to the parlour, whence the sounds of riotous mirth issued, but the landlord begged me to desist, declaring that he could not answer for the consequences if I went farther.

'Every day before going out I had, however, committed in prayer to God the work I was about to engage in, and I was not, therefore, likely to be deterred by the fear of danger from prosecuting the mission I had voluntarily undertaken. Accordingly, in spite of remonstrance, I pushed my way to the parlour and entered the door. At first I could scarcely see who were the occupants. It was a long, low, narrow room, with a bench running all round it, on which lads and girls of from fourteen to eighteen years of age were seated, but the view was much obscured by the cloud of tobacco smoke which completely filled the room.

'As soon as I entered, a couple of big fellows jumped up, and putting their feet against the door, thereby cut off my retreat. Nothing remained, therefore, but to boldly state my case. Advancing to the centre of the room, I declared that I came to sell them the Word of God, and announced that I would give the whole Bible for threepence, the New Testament for a penny. "Come, old fellow, chuck 'em out!" cried one; "None of yer palaver; let's have the books," was shouted or yelled in various tones by the others. I was, however, determined not to part with the books unless I received payment; and leaping upon the table in the centre of the room, I appealed to them to deal fairly by me, and added that these books cost me exactly double what I was selling them for, and that therefore they ought to pay like honest men for what they wanted.

'But it was labour lost to attempt reasoning with such a crew. "Chuck 'im down!" "Bonnet 'im!" "Put 'im out!" were the only replies to my appeal. To get silence I volunteered a solo. They joined in the chorus uproariously. All my expedients failed, and I was getting exhausted, feeling that no good could be done



among them. For the most part all in the room were under the influence of drink, and although many were boys and girls, they were wild with excitement and beyond control. Crowding round the table, pulling at me and at the books, that happened which might have been expected. In short, I presently found myself on the ground with the flat part of the table pressing upon me, its legs being in the air, whilst several of the biggest lads leaped inside it, dancing a "devil's tattoo," to my great discomfort and injury.

'When I reached my lodgings it was found that I had had two of my ribs broken, but I was not dangerously injured, and after the exhaustion of the shock had passed over, and firm bandages had been applied, I felt but little inconvenience from the fracture, although it was quite six weeks before I regained my strength.

'A constable waited at my rooms to know if I would prosecute the ringleaders, but he received from me, as soon as I was sensible, an emphatic refusal. Indeed, I felt I could not take legal steps against my assailants. I had begun with the Gospel, and was determined, therefore, not to end with the law. As a matter of fact, I had invaded their premises, where I had no right to go, and of course I felt that I had gone at my own risk. My decision was soon made known to the lads and girls, with a result little to be expected.

'The next night they assembled in the same room, but this time they were quite sober. They declared that from that day forth no one should injure a hair of my head. Day by day a deputation called at my lodgings to inquire after my state. Indeed their assiduous attention became almost a nuisance; yet it sprang from sincere good feeling, though roughly shown.

'I believe this incident did more to open hundreds of doors in that particular quarter of East London, and to give me a greater influence over the rough lads and girls of that quarter, than I could have attained had I been preaching or teaching among them for years.'

But he was not always so badly treated. As soon as the people really understood that he came to do them good, he was respected. An extreme instance of this aspect was shown in the case of four roughs who sprang upon him as he was visiting the lodging-houses in Flower and Dean Street, robbed him of his



hat, coat, watch and chain, and money. Undismayed, the enthusiast continued his calls, and on emerging from a house a few minutes later was surprised to find one of the robbers awaiting him. Offering him his belongings, he said, 'Ad we know'd ye were Dr. Barnardo, we would not ha' touched ye. We begs yer pardon, sir.'

His whole career as a student was colourless. He was not a brilliant worker nor an athlete. He made no bid for popularity, but became rather more reserved in speech and manner, and to the end of that chapter he remained unappreciated and unesteemed. To very few students was the extent of his rescue work known. Of these the number with whom he was on terms of familiarity was very small.

## CHAPTER IV

### MISSION WORK IN LONDON

‘Here am I—send me.’—ISAIAH vi. 8.

THE Easter Vacation of 1867 brought an interlude in his evangelising in East London amongst adults and children, and gave him time for reflection which had far-reaching consequences. The nature of it was disclosed by Mr. John McCall, the father of the present honoured Vice-Chairman of the Homes, who wrote to him on the 8th March 1867 saying, ‘I am very thankful that you have been led to a decision as to taking part in the work of distributing God’s Word in Paris. I communicated to the Committee the fact of your willingness, and the appointment was cordially approved.’ And Mr. McCall hastened to send him a cheque to remove ‘all cause of anxiety as to pecuniary matters.’ Mr. Berger disapproved of the student spending his vacation in Paris, even with the object of distributing the Bible. But to Paris he would go with ten other like-minded enthusiasts. In some notes which he made at the time for the use of a friend, he describes their reception and methods of work, and adds a diary for a few days.

‘Eleven dear men of God from different countries are ready in this great Exposition to know nothing amongst men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The Committee’s desire to widen and



extend this work was increased by the fact that they received scores of applications from pastors, colporteurs, and volunteer agents in Italy, Spain, Poland, the north coast of Africa, Central and South America, for copies of the Word of God. Through God's mercy, the Committee have been enabled from time to time to respond to these calls by grants varying in size from 1000 to 30,000.

'The present Exposition bids fair to surpass by its vastness and comprehensive details all former gatherings of the nations. The Committee deemed it an occasion to be seized upon and improved for the continued extension of this truly great work.

'Coming here as comparative strangers, the reception given to the workers and the work by the French people has been one which, while it marks the over-ruling and omnipotent arm of our God, exhibits also that kind and neighbourly courtesy for which as a nation they are proverbial. Some one or two of the Brethren go through the building and grounds carrying bags filled with the Gospels, and thus meet with many who entering at the doors fail to reach our stands. The results are still most encouragingly blessed by God.

'The total number distributed to this date, 24th April, is 170,000. We have indeed had a few refusals, and what grieved us far more, about forty of our books torn up one day and scattered about the grounds. But can we wonder at this? Are we to expect that Satan will see his kingdom so violently assaulted and make no reprisals? But blessed be the Lord, "greater is He that is for us than he that is against us."

'The average daily circulation has been 10,000, but on Easter Monday no less than 28,000 copies were given away.

'As you have doubtless seen, some of the English papers have taken unfavourable notice of our work, and some of the French press, taking the cue from them, have also spoken slightly or disparagingly, but the Lord has turned this rather to our advantage by directing the attention of many who would not perhaps otherwise have heard of us, to the Bible Stand. From conversation I have had with a Frenchman yesterday, I understand that to get one of our little Gospels forms part of the mental programme of the majority of the visitors to the Exhibition.

'But not only from the Press, but from other sources, a stir has been created against us. Satan thus proves himself to be now



as he was in the days of Peter, a roaring lion, yet the Lord has filled our hearts with confidence that His glorious and precious Word will have free course in this city and be glorified.

‘But those who receive them the most willingly and gladly are the Russians. I do not think we have had a single refusal, and our dear Brother from Russia, who labours especially amongst them, has been received with open arms.

‘The French priests, a large number of whom are daily to be seen in the building, accept in almost every case very graciously the copies of the Scripture we offer them. Indeed, in one day I have had at my Stand in the interior of the building as many as twenty-three, all of whom received copies of the four Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, and Epistle to the Romans. To-day I gave to seventeen.

‘The opportunities for individual conversation are not a few, and I have no doubt that in the great day we will see many an one who shall have been saved through the earnest and loving words of the Lord’s dear children at the Bible Stand. And now I would remind you, dear Brother, and your dear readers, of those precious words that have been a comfort and consolation to us here.

‘As I know that if I send you too long an epistle you will abridge it, I will close by giving a few incidents.

‘Some days ago, an aged priest with white and flowing hair, who had received a set of Gospels, returned, and grasping my hands in his said in broken English, “I tank you, dear sirs, for bringing the Bible into Paris.”

‘Another venerable gentleman, whose name I forbear to mention from obvious reasons, begged me to send him 300 for distribution among the youths under his care. He gave me his card, but not liking to act upon my own responsibility, I introduced him to the dear Brother who superintends the work generally, and the result has been that we have sent them with an earnest prayer that God may through them bless precious souls.’

In another letter he described his method of working.

‘. . . The means are simply as follows :—

‘A large octagonal-shaped kiosk in that portion of the ground known as the Mission Parc and a smaller stand, or “vitreen,” in the British Department in the building. In the kiosk are twelve



windows, three being occupied by the Société Biblique de France and eight by us. Over each of our windows are respectively painted in large characters: "Germany," "England," "France," "Russian Poland," "Italy," "Spana-Portugal," "Denmark, Norway, Sweden," "Arabic-Turco," "Hebrew."

'Above these, upon a large tablet over each window, there is inscribed in gold letters the striking reply of Paul and Silas to the gaoler at Philippi in Acts xvi.: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and thy house." Also Rev. i. 7 and 22. Each of the corners bears a flag of an European nation, the whole being surmounted by a light and pretty arching dome, from the apex of which floats a large blue banner bearing the inscription "Le parole de Dieu."

'This little edifice, surrounded by a verandah supported by very pretty and artistic columns, is in my opinion the most tasteful and elegant that is to be seen in the Parc. Its situation is also very favourable, standing full in view on the right-hand side of the grand *entré*.

'Our stand in the building is very plain and inelegant as well as small—painted entirely black, but bearing the same precious text, Acts xvi., in gold in front. Our method of working is as follows: All the missionaries representing the different countries meet for united prayer every morning, after which we each take our place at the windows allotted to us and the moment we open them crowds may be seen eagerly endeavouring to obtain the Word of Life. Spanish Romanists have one and all expressed their delight upon being presented with copies. We were assured by many of them that were the Word of God more frequently distributed in Spain the time would soon be nigh when political and religious liberty would dawn upon that benighted land. A German sceptic stated that he never encountered anything which so powerfully spake of the reality of Christianity to his mind as did our gratuitous and persistent distribution of the Scriptures. Our efforts, *unsolicited*, in many instances opposed, unrewarded by monetary gain, appeared to him to speak powerfully in that scene of the truth of revealed religion.

'Amongst the priests also our work continues encouragingly. In one day, we may mention that as many as fifty-seven priests and sisters of charity appeared thankfully to accept portions. Once a woman waited near our stand and loudly warned all passers-by of the danger of taking, as she said, our Protestant





DR. BARNARDO'S MOTHER





books. Two priests came near and each received a copy. The woman rushed up and, exclaiming that they were Protestant books, begged them to throw down our gift. But she was sharply rebuked by the priests, who, turning to our stand, politely removed their hats and said aloud: "Your books, sir, are copies of the Holy Word of the great God and should be respected by all."

'One day a lady received a Gospel and going some distance tore it up and scattered the pieces about. Two Christians at the stand lifted their hearts at once in prayer to God for her. In a few minutes she was seen returning, but stood irresolute by the side of the stand. One went and asked her, would she not go up and get a little book, and she replied, "Oh! will you please get it for me, for *I dare not*." A book was brought to her, commended with a silent prayer. Upon receiving it she went away, and being followed, was seen when out of our sight to run as if for her very life across the park and out of the gate. May we not hope that through the tearing of this portion the divine arrow of conviction has entered her heart!'

His mother wrote to him about this time one of the two letters which are preserved from her pen:—

'MY DEAR SON,—For weeks past I have been wishing to write to you, but until this day I have not been permitted to do so; but I have been praying much for you, and it may be that the dear Lord may have been answering my prayers all the time. Ever since it pleased the Lord to claim this house for His especial service, I have considered it one of my most solemn and imperative duties carefully and prayerfully to watch over all who were ever "sons of the house." I dare say you remember that when you were in Paris last spring, I wrote to you an earnest, anxious letter, because of the dangers by which you were surrounded. You replied in so satisfied a manner, saying that you were never more happy in soul, that my lips were closed on the subject and my pen stopped—yet my heart was not glad; the very reply only increased my anxiety. And that anxiety has continued to increase ever since, until at length it has become intense and painful. I read and hear of all that *you* are doing, and I cannot help asking, "Is the Lord doing it *by him*?" Before you went to Paris you were doing much for the Lord, and I felt deeply thankful for it, and had not any apprehensions as to evil consequences to yourself; but since



then there has been a constant feeling that *earth* and *sense* were mingling with your ways and works. I do not say that it *is* so, but I only state my *apprehensions*, and leave it to you to settle the matter with that dear Lord Who bought you with His blood. And now, dear Tom, I charge you in the name of Jesus to go *alone* to God and sit before Him as David did, and ask Him in humble earnestness to *lay bare your own* heart before you.

‘Are you seeking the praise of men?’

‘Do you love to be approved by them?’

‘Do you indulge the flesh as to food, dress, frivolity, excitement?’

‘Do you rise *betimes* so as to secure the *first hour*, or if possible *two hours*, for *holy silent communion with God* before the admission of the world?’

‘Without this the soul must *wither*. The soul in health will always find that the *happiest time*, when perfectly *alone with God*.

‘Do you cultivate *like-mindedness to Jesus*? and study the Word, not so much to see what *you* shall say to *others* as to follow and to obey what God says to *you*?’

‘The very work which you have undertaken makes you, as it were, “a city set on a hill.” O my son! see to it that the light which proceeds from that city be not a *false* light. You are one of those who should work for *Jesus*; do it faithfully for *His* sake—not for your own sake—for the sake of *those precious souls* who gather round you Sunday after Sunday. If in your soul you know that my fears are groundless, and that “as *Jesus was*” so *are you* in this world, then “thank God and take courage.” If in your soul you know that there is reason for my fears, go to your loving Lord and tell Him all about it—everything—hide not anything—He knows it all before—but He will love to hear you tell it Him yourself. “If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father”; “if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.” God bless you, my dear son.

‘My heart is full of love to you. I should like a few lines—but never mind—as I fear you are pressed with work.

‘Ever your loving mother in Jesus.’

Whilst in Paris he met Lord Shaftesbury for the first time. Some days later Lord Shaftesbury’s sister, Lady Harriet Cooper, invited him to tea. Neither knew that in a few months Lord Shaftesbury would



invite him to a dinner in London which would become a turning-point in his life's work.

Soon after his return from Paris he made known his new scheme of work and invited financial support. Here again the reader will excuse the lengthy quotation, because the actual personal letters remaining of these early days are few.

'Having waited' (he wrote<sup>1</sup>) 'many long months since the matter contained in the following few lines first was pressed upon my heart, I now feel constrained to lay a statement, which I will seek to make as brief as possible, before your readers.

'Shortly after I came to this great metropolis I began, in company with a dear and highly honoured servant of God, to preach in the open air in some of the narrow streets, lanes, and alleys of the parish of Stepney. Though we frequently met with a measure of opposition, we were not discouraged, but looking above for result, we sought in weakness and oftentimes in much fear and trembling to sow the precious seed of the Kingdom, persuaded that in accordance with His promise "in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." In this way we laboured chiefly on the Lord's Day, sometimes giving four or five addresses in different localities upon the same day. We were very deeply struck with one fact, that whilst about one-half of our audiences were children, and perhaps only one-fourth their parents, etc., the other fourth and sometimes even a larger proportion consisted of that class which in the lower ranks of society goes far to fill our prisons with inmates and to supply the ranks of those lost women who nightly parade our streets, viz. boys and girls whose ages varied from thirteen to twenty-eight years. These were they who came about us and listened with open mouths as well as ears to our story of love.

'... We have found to our joy that with God all things are possible. At least we were able to ask them to attend a ragged school in the neighbourhood, of which, in a short time afterwards, I took and still retain the superintendence.'

After relating how many of these received spiritual

<sup>1</sup> *The Revival*, 25th July 1867.



blessing, he quotes from the report of Ernest Street Mission. A part of his reference reads :—

‘To give some idea of the real social position of those who attend this school it will be only necessary to mention one fact. A policeman upon his beat one Sunday evening stepped into the school, and having looked around on the boys and girls, drew the superintendent aside and asked him if he had any conception of the class of beings by whom he was surrounded. Upon receiving a reply in the negative the policeman said that he knew at least one-third of those present as having been in jail once and many of them twice or more.

‘. . . For a very long period, however, our supply has not been equal to the demand. Crowding upwards of a hundred persons into a low, narrow, small and badly ventilated room which contained sittings for only eighty-six becomes, especially in summer, very unpleasant if not impossible work, and in winter we have frequently had to close the door for lack of room, leaving as many outside as we had within to seek and find a willing shelter and welcome in the low beer-houses and tap-rooms in the neighbourhood.

‘But in addition to all these who thus seek admission and have to be refused there is yet a very large number who never enter a church, chapel or school, and who with none to care for their spiritual welfare pass the Sunday in all imaginable manners and haunts of vice. I want to reach them. They are laid upon my heart. I long and yearn over these poor souls who are as sheep going astray having no shepherd. But what is to be done? How can they be effectually reached?’

Then he describes his plan of campaign, which leads to the actual starting-point of his own work :—

‘After much thoughtful consideration and prayer the following plan has been laid upon my mind, and from my experience with this class I believe it, with God’s blessing, likely to be extremely practicable. To procure a large building, room or shed capable of holding about six hundred persons. To obtain the personal and voluntary aid of about forty or fifty earnest evangelistic brethren and sisters from the various churches, chapels, etc., in the neighbourhood. To commence our efforts by a large tea-meeting service, the tickets for which will be carefully distributed amongst those only whom it is intended to reach. Afterwards to throw open



this room upon Sunday evenings at a given hour for boys and girls, young men and women, of the class described. To get about six or eight large banners made inviting them to this room, each of these banners to go out about two hours before the service, borne by some of my present school singing hymns and parading the parish, to return at the hour of service bringing their crowds with them. And then having once got them inside, seeking wisdom from Him who is its source, so to set Christ and His boundless love before them as may, with His blessing, result in leading many to Himself. Nor will their fathers and mothers be forgotten, for the sure way to the heart of a parent is through his child. Of course we shall seek to have addresses every Lord's Day from different brethren or sisters whom the Lord may have blessed or used in such work.'

But he has no money. When the Income-tax authorities sent him their blue form demanding particulars of his income, he replied, 'I am only a medical student without an income.'

He must therefore ask the public readers of the *Revival* to supply the means. This, his first appeal, has the hallmark of the last :—

'To do this needs pecuniary assistance as well as heart sympathy, and I am sure that when the work is better known we shall not lack either; but the necessity is immediate. It is very desirable that this work should be in operation before the winter wet and cold season sets in. I have, however, resolved, believing the same to be right, not to enter upon the work until I have £200 in hand. Friends have already kindly promised me £25 towards this amount. I therefore earnestly submit this statement to the prayerful sympathies of those who are the Lord's stewards.

'I beseech those brethren and sisters whom the Lord has blessed with abundance prayerfully to consider the real necessity that has induced me to bring the God-glorying work before their notice. Shall we be stopped in the outset by lack of pecuniary support whilst many of God's dear children who may read this "have enough and to spare," and yet practically withhold the Word of Life from thousands who are not in Africa or India but in the East of London and are now perishing from lack of knowledge? . . .'



A little later :—

‘MY DEAR BROTHER,—I want you to let your readers know that since the appearance of my letter in No. 418 of your paper I have rather suddenly been offered large and suitable premises capable of accommodating one thousand persons, and I now await the receipt of further aid both in money and personal help in order to begin this work. I therefore earnestly solicit the contributions of God’s people and invite forty or fifty evangelistic brothers and sisters of all denominations, whether rich or poor, to give me their personal and voluntary aid in the work of teaching, etc., on Sunday evenings. If any such will kindly communicate with me I shall be most happy to call upon or make appointments with them as may be convenient. May God Himself press the deep spiritual need of the young “roughs” and poor girls and children of this neglected district upon the hearts of all who read this!’

The hall here referred to was the Assembly Rooms over the King’s Arms, at the corner of Mile End Road and Beaumont Square. How he opened this with a free tea to over a thousand ragged children, and how the hall was speedily closed, will appear in his first report.

The above letters, however, gave rise to grievous misunderstandings with the friends at Ernest Street Mission, of which he was still superintendent. Two months later he endeavours to explain, and wrote to clear up the misunderstanding :—

‘I have heard that the wording of two or three clauses of my letter has led to an apparent misconception in the minds of some Christians as to the character of the work which it advocates. I therefore make two or three explanatory statements :—

‘1. The Ragged School mentioned in my letter as then existing with which I was and still am in connection (I have since for reasons assigned in the latter part of this letter sent in my resignation) is called the *Ernest Street Ragged School, Bancroft Place, Mile End Road, E.*

‘2. The new effort about to be made, viz. to establish a larger



juvenile mission, is not in connection with, but certainly is not in opposition to, Ernest Street Ragged School. It will supply as regards accommodation and extent a necessity not met by the latter.

‘3. The old school continues its own special work and will not in any way be hindered in its usefulness by the success of the new effort.

‘4. Having prayerfully thought over the matter I have found it necessary, from the fact of the absolute impossibility of attending at the same time to the duties consequent upon maintaining two such works, to resign as already stated my former close connection with the old school, though it still retains my warmest sympathies, my earnest prayers, and, God willing, as far as possible my earnest aid.

‘Having stated these facts I now beg to say that I have received as the direct result of my letter about £90 in aid of my proposed work; but if any subscriber has misunderstood my letter and would wish to apply the money sent for the old school, if they will kindly communicate their wishes to me I shall at once comply with the same.

‘In closing this letter I would earnestly remind your readers that we shall need more than £100 to begin the work, that the necessity is as great as ever, that precious souls are perishing every day in the East End.’

It is unimportant now to judge between Barnardo and Ernest Street Mission. But it is obvious that the medical student has kicked over the traces and is bent upon making a way of his own.

After a temporary attempt to carry out his own plan he fell ill, and for two or three months the work ceased. His heart seems torn by conflicting passions. China still looms in the distance, and missionary voices call him away. Then he has not passed his first medical examination; mission work in East London is absorbing his attention, and sickness is upon him. Which work will gain the victory can be foretold. Recovering from sickness he sought out some fellow-students and began again. Thirty years later he told how



'there were two or three students of my year who, if not decidedly Christian men, were sufficiently interested to co-operate with me, and share to some degree in my labours. All this, it must be remembered, was before the days of the School Board. The schoolmaster was not yet abroad. It was much more frequent then than it is now to meet great fellows of fifteen or seventeen years of age who did not even know their A B C, and who had never had any kind of schooling, although of decent and respectable parentage.

'After we had thus agreed, then, that a school was needed, we actually went a step farther, and decided to open one. We could not find any building that would suit our purpose or our very small means, but there was an old dilapidated shed to let, which had been used not long before as a stable for costermongers' donkeys, there being a street market not far off. After some debate we rented this shed. It cost us 2s. 6d. per week. This sum was contributed from our joint funds. When we obtained possession we found that there was no flooring. Rough cobblestones and earth would hardly do! So we had to look about for a carpenter, and found a journeyman who undertook the job of putting a rough flooring down. I forget what it cost us. I think it came to something like two or three pounds; but I know that that bill made a considerable hole in our very limited resources.

'None of us had much money to spare. When, after the flooring was done, other repairs were needed, we decided that we could not afford to hire labour, and we must do them ourselves. And we did. We set to work right manfully. The rafters were cleaned and whitewashed, and the walls were lime-whited. We bought a couple of lamps second-hand, and these we hung with wire from the rafters, and they shed sometimes a spluttering radiance on the audience beneath. Then we had to get seats and books of some sort. Altogether our resources were deeply involved by the great expense of the new undertaking.

'Well, into this old, disused, and transmogrified donkey-shed, as soon as it was ready, we gathered a crowd of idle, ill-washed children, on two nights a week and on Sundays, arranging the week-nights so that two of us should be on duty at a time, while on Sundays we all were there. A crowd of unkempt youngsters filled the place as soon as the doors were open; and there it was that I had my first indication of and inspiration towards what proved to be my life's work.'



From the donkey-shed to the cottage next door was only a step. Let him again explain his work and its development.

Barnardo from the beginning believed in public reports. So soon as he conceived the idea of a separate mission, he told the public, as the reader has seen, in *The Revival*.

One year later he issued a printed report of fifty-six pages with an index, dealing with his first year's work.

This first report is entitled: 'The First Occasional Record of the Lord's Dealings in connection with the East End Juvenile Mission, from July 15th, 1867, to July 15th, 1868.' This first report contains the germs of his whole after-work. Yet altogether Barnardo issued during his lifetime thirty-nine annual reports, covering about 7000 closely printed pages!

'The East End Juvenile Mission' was the first title which his work bore. Although it afterwards became known as 'Dr. Barnardo's Homes,' even to this hour the buttons on the boys' uniforms bear the initials E.E.J.M.

'The Record of the Lord's Dealings' recalls Müller's wonderful story of his orphanage. The report is marked by a frankness, a zeal, and a dependence upon God which reveal the passion of a great soul.

After a few exclamations he faces the money question and lays down the principle which he clung to throughout life, of not divulging the names of his contributors.

'I shall seek, with the Divine blessing, to avoid, in the mention of this work, everything which might savour of the praise of men. To this end the *names* of contributors will be suppressed, the *initials* only being given. The prevailing habit of publishing in



full the names and addresses of donors cannot, I think, be too much reprehended as unscriptural, leading, as it must do, to giving to be seen of men, and to the entire disobedience of the exhortation, "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in *secret*; and thy Father which seeth in secret Himself shall reward thee openly" (Matt. vi. 3, 4).

This was a bold stroke, and must have made some people wink. The opening breath of frankness is followed by a blast.

'Fellow-believers desirous of helping this work should remember, ere they do so, that their donations or subscriptions are to be forwarded to a *private individual*; that I have no committee, treasurer, secretary, or other than myself in the management of the financial affairs of the Mission; that their names will never appear in print; but that they will be written to, and their subscriptions or donations privately acknowledged by me.'

He departed from Müller's principle of solely depending upon prayer to God for his daily supplies. He says:—

'I do not want to be mistaken, or to be supposed to take higher ground than I really do. The funds have hitherto not been supplied *simply* in answer to prayer, for I have from time to time very freely made the need known to believers.

'That the former position, viz. that of entirely committing the sense of need to God in believing, confiding prayer, is the higher and happier path, I make no doubt; and often, when special assistance has come to us in answer to prayer only, my faith has been encouraged and sustained; but whilst I beseech the Lord to increase my faith—whilst I long for this—yet I do feel the necessity to walk whereto I, and *not others*, have attained.

'Much, however, as I desire increase of faith in the promises of the living God, yet am I persuaded that it must be *faith*, and not its counterfeit. I desire to be taught of God; but I dare not imitate others. The one would be blessed victory; the other, certain defeat.'

We shall see him shrinking from 'imitation' and



the 'following another man's line' on several occasions throughout his life.

He justifies himself in starting on his own account. His appeal in *The Revival* of 25th July 1867 showed his desire to reach, by extraordinary and special efforts, young rough lads and boys, and also the girls and young women of Stepney who lay outside ordinary ragged-school work. The accommodation afforded by existing schools was inadequate. Further, these schools only received the boys on Sunday; but efforts should be extended throughout the whole week, in the shape of reading and school rooms, a library, and special week-night classes and addresses for boys, with other and suitable classes for the girls.

Ninety pounds came in answer to his appeal in *The Revival*, and with a very characteristic touch, 'I determined,' he says, '(though the sum was considerably less than I asked for) to begin at once.'

He inaugurated his work with a large free Tea Meeting to '2347 rough lads, young men, girls, young women, and children.' It was the beginning of his yearly free meals, at which he must have received during forty years a quarter of a million similar guests.

Next Sunday he and his helpers paraded the streets with banners, and that and every successive Sunday they brought in nearly six hundred people. One day, however, the publican from whom they rented the Assembly Rooms of the King's Arms refused them admission, and neither money nor argument would open the doors. Barnardo fell seriously ill the following week, and regarded the landlord's forcible closing of the Assembly Rooms as an interposition of Providence,



as he would in any case have had to close the schools, 'because, at that time, there was no Brother with us who would willingly have undertaken the supervision in my absence.'

After his convalescence he procured two small four-roomed houses in a nice retired court, situated upon the confines of the parishes of Stepney and Limehouse, and surrounded by a densely populated neighbourhood of the poorest kind; and here, having fitted up the place, he began afresh on the 2nd March 1868, with prayer for future guidance and devout thankfulness for the past, that little mission which, through the mercy and goodness of our ever gracious and watchful Father, has been used in leading so many precious souls 'from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God.'

Thus was Hope Place opened, the first permanent home of the Mission. Here, from 2nd March to 15th July, he carried on work which exhausts forty octavo pages in the telling. A Sunday-school was formed, and in the almost stifling atmosphere of June they had an average attendance of three hundred. He wrote thirty years afterwards:—

'Were children ever so closely packed, I wonder, in any room before or since? I doubt it! I was wedged up. "Teacher, they're squeegeeing of me!" calls out one. Another says, "Teacher, I cannot *breave*!" Nor was this much of an exaggeration, for I could hardly "*breave*" myself!'

There was a boys' evening-school open four evenings a week. A reading-room, made attractive by fire and light and entertaining papers, however, had little charm because so many boys were unable to read.

'I therefore' (he says) 'changed the programme, and obtained the help of a brother to read aloud. This was a complete success,



and night after night the room had sixty or seventy eager listeners to such tales as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, etc. etc.'

Once a week there were special meetings for the lads with a view to their conversion, and Bible-classes every Wednesday. He made arrangements with the Limehouse Shoeblack Brigade, who took the boys he recommended, and he hoped to be permitted to provide his own uniform and badge with the distinctive name of the mission. The scheme included a girls' evening-school, sewing-class, a savings bank, in which the depositors of one shilling are entitled to the free use of the library for boys and girls. He had a labour bureau to find situations for the boys.

There was also a tract department, and nearly 1200 families were visited every week. Four united prayer-meetings, a weekly Bible-class for men and women, a mothers' meeting, open-air services, and other evening meetings, and the establishment of a little church of sixty members—the beginning of the Edinburgh Castle Church.

This little church should therefore be particularly noted. He says :—

'Every Lord's Day afternoon, at three o'clock in winter and half-past two o'clock in summer, we meet for the "breaking of bread." The meeting is an open one' (he says), 'and believers from every denomination are walking amongst us whilst still maintaining their own individual Christian fellowship.

'We are called by no name save that of Christian. We know no creed narrower or wider or other than the *whole Word of God*. Our High Priest, Jesus, is within the veil; our Forerunner for us entered. Our one sacrifice is a finished and completed one; and we, with all the people of God, in every place, being a royal priesthood and a peculiar people, desire to offer spiritual sacrifices acceptable and well-pleasing unto God through Jesus Christ.'



The first Lord's Day they met—eighteen of them—in an upper room. There is no stated minister, but he says :—

‘I have towards them truly a pastor's heart, but am very sensible of two great hindrances to the exercises of pastoral care, viz. lack of ability and want of time. I am persuaded firmly of my call to do the work of an EVANGELIST, but am not at all clear as to a pastoral vocation.’

So he designed a weekly Bible-class—one for men and one for women—at which he instructed them in the Word of God, and he united with himself ‘five dear brothers in fellowship,’ to examine with him the new candidates for fellowship. He took a still more decided step. In addition to administering the Holy Communion, he says :—

‘Though not a Baptist, I decidedly see the Scripturalness of Adult Believers' Baptism, and have therefore faithfully placed it from time to time before the new converts, and as many as were led to obey what they saw was a Divine command, I duly baptized.’

And on the 6th May 1868 ‘fourteen beloved brethren and sisters publicly professed their faith in Jesus by baptism, and I have now the names of nineteen more whom I hope, the Lord willing, to baptize next month.’ Finally a new building scheme is on hand to provide a hall to seat two hundred and fifty people at the cost of about £100.

With several cases of conversion, told in the style of his later stories, and much fervid exhortation in passages from Scripture, he signs himself ‘beloved in the Lord, Yours very affectionately in this “Work of Faith,” “Labour of Love,” and “Patience of Hope,”  
THOMAS J. BARNARDO.’

I have taken the reader through this Report because



in this work, the greater part of which was done within a third of a year, Barnardo reveals himself. We see his fervour, resourcefulness, and enthusiasm, his theology and his conception of the needs of the times and how to meet them, and we also note how seriously the young man took himself. Besides, the principles declared or underlying this Report of four months' work are significant, and they had a far-reaching bearing upon himself and his future. From these beginnings his Edinburgh Castle People's Church, of which he was the pastor for many years, as well as his multifarious works for the waifs and strays, by which he is universally known, grew, as the oak from the acorn.

The report contains a long reference to the intended departure for China, which he has not yet abandoned ; but in a footnote it seems that it is 'highly expedient that I should prolong my stay in London, in order to take out a diploma as a properly qualified medical man, prior to departure to China. This was not originally intended.'

It is well to recall once more the fact that one day in May 1862 something suddenly happened within young Barnardo—call it what we will and explain it how we may—which turned him round about and set his heart and face in a new direction ; something which let loose hidden springs of energy and filled him with a desire he could not suppress to tell others the secret of the change, and literally drove him, as if he were possessed, headlong into the work which grew amazingly in the forcing-house of his white-hot passion, to save the souls and care for the bodies of ragged children.

The religious—if that be the correct word—element in his nature absorbed every other, and his imagina-



tion, reason, thought, language, hopes and loves were drenched as with rain from heaven.

In the numerous accounts which he wrote to the Press from the beginning of his Mission, the emphasis is everywhere on the spiritual, and one-half of his words are drawn from the Bible. If the reader would understand the man and his work, he must at once take him as he showed himself with his overwhelming religious fervour that no Church, established or otherwise, could contain : a free-lance, sincere to his finger-tips, waging a crusade with a dash and a swing and an exhilarating hopefulness born not only of his youth, but of his reliance upon the redeeming and victorious forces ranged on his side.

## CHAPTER V

### EAST LONDON AS BARNARDO FOUND IT

'O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,  
We build but as our fathers built;  
Behold Thine images how they stand  
Sovereign and sole through all our land.

'Our task is hard—with sword and flame,  
To hold Thy earth for ever the same,  
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep,  
Still as Thou leftest them, Thy sheep.

'Then Christ sought out an artisan,  
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,  
And a motherless girl whose fingers thin  
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

'These set He in the midst of them,  
And as they drew back their garment hem  
For fear of defilement, "Lo here," said He,  
"The images ye have made of Me."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE Medical Missionary sees two sides of life—the physical and the spiritual—and is concerned to cure the ills of both. With China his first love, and his heart in his immediate work of teaching ragged children, Barnardo's studies suffered. Up to a point he kept his terms but did not reach the goal. Years later, he said, in effect, 'to succeed in your studies draw a line around the years to be set apart for that purpose and put a padlock upon your imagination that it does not stray abroad. Regard those years



as sacred, and if you use one day for another purpose, you will fail of the full reward.' He was drawing from the wells of his experience, for the full reward did not come to him at the time less distracted students found it. Not until years later, when the enemy made capital of his omissions, did he make a tardy peace with his monitor.

As a medical student he gained admission into the houses of the poor. As a missionary he took occasion by the hand to preach the Gospel.

For more than thirty years East London had fed epidemics of cholera and smallpox as a refuse-heap feeds flies. From 1831 to 1868, with infrequent intervals, the neighbourhood around the London Hospital afforded ample scope for the self-sacrificing labours of its students. Without a thought of consequences, Barnardo, like his fellows, offered his services, and followed the wake of disease and death. The year 1866, since which, happily, cholera has not obtained a footing in London, was one of the worst years. The deaths, according to the *Times* report, were 5548, of which 3909 occurred in the East London district. The London Hospital, where Barnardo worked, was full. Sixty-seven out of 124 cases in the hospital died in one week. The number of patients admitted into the cholera wards in three weeks amounted to 365; the number of out-patients seen, 6251. And on the occasion of a visit one afternoon, an eye-witness saw as many as thirty bodies in the dead room, and people could not be found to bury them. The number of little children in the wards was appalling. In the month that Barnardo opened his Mission the deaths from cholera increased from 14 the first week to 32 in the second,



and 346 in the last, and in the first seven days of the next month 1253 persons died.

The then Bishop of London gives a typical picture of an East-End home during this cholera epidemic :—

‘First’ (says the Bishop) ‘there is a home—one room, two at most—set like a vile cell in a great hive of poverty and disease. There some poor dock-labourer, costermonger, widowed charwoman, needlewoman, lives with half a dozen children. Dock-labourer, costermonger, charwoman, needlewoman, dies of cholera, and being dead not only disseminates the seeds of the disease to the grieving, prostrate, frightened creatures crowded under the same roof, but cuts off their means of daily bread.’

Captain Campbell, who laboured at the Burdett Hall, saw indescribable sights. From one house a husband was being taken away in a truck. His long illness had been brought on by want, and the wife and children were almost starved. The latter, five in number, were in a state bordering on nudity. Another mother turned up the end of a thin coverlet on the bed and revealed six or seven naked children lying in a heap, like eels in a tub, while she, in heavy-hearted despair, tried to wash the rags of clothing.

The Registrar-General reported that people were falling ill every hour, of all ages; children and adults, lying about their beds like people under the influence of a deadly poison, some acutely suffering, nearly all conscious of their fate and of all that was going on around them. Here the doctor is drawn in by the husband to see the wife now attacked; there the husband lies in spasms. Here is an old woman quite dead with eyes wide open; there lies a fine four-year-old child, his curly head drooping in death. Miss Lowe of Rowley House and the Y.W.C.A.



testified that on Friday, August 10, 1866, she left two bodies on the floor of a shoemaker's shop, and on Saturday found both these had been removed, but two others, both dead, lay in their places. The saddest task of all was trying to persuade the fifth child to lie down in the very place where his four brothers and sisters had lain in death. But the poor boy, reluctant as he was, could bear up no longer. How touching it must have been to see his poor hands soon after clasped in prayer !

In such terrible scenes the young student passed his days and nights.<sup>1</sup> He had attended as many as sixteen deaths in one day. But good health, the one sure preventive of infection, carried Barnardo through scatheless in those hovels where death was a familiar and welcome friend. Everywhere he sought out the children. The child of poverty and desertion, the orphan and the shame-born drew out his inborn love for them. For he loved them. The word is exclusive to the great majority ; to him it was inclusive : he loved them all. Sacred as the word is, no other expresses what he felt for the children who, to use the expressive phrase of Bishop South, 'were not born but damned into the world.' In the unselfish ardour of youth he loved the worst best, with that passion which takes delight in unselfish service, and which is capable of deeds so romantic as to appear in the common verdict insane. The ineffable sadness of the ordinary condition, without an epidemic of cholera, of the children, whom this young man, unknown and unseen, served, was beyond words to tell. Amongst a people professing to follow One

<sup>1</sup> 'But for that cholera epidemic in 1866,' he wrote many years later, 'I should never have known Stepney.'



who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these,' the children starved in the gutters, and there were few to care. They were choked in chimney-flues by the smoke from fires lighted to force them to climb up; they were bent double dragging trolleys in mines like burdened beasts; kept in the darkness of ignorance until light was darkness to them. Souls they had, but they perished in embryo, and in the sight of the law they were the property of their parents, to be traded with, and kicked and starved, and, short of murder, parental rights, without parental responsibility, were upheld by the highest tribunals.

Lord Shaftesbury, who was familiar with the haunts of these gutter children, has left his description of them:—

'Every one' (he says) 'who walks the streets of the metropolis must daily observe several members of the tribe, bold, pert, and dirty as London sparrows, but pale, feeble, and sadly inferior to them in plumpness of outline. . . . Many are spanning the gutters with their legs, and dabbling with earnestness in the latest accumulation of nastiness; while others, in squalid and half-naked groups, squat about at the entrance of the narrow, foetid courts and alleys that lie concealed behind the deceptive frontages of our larger thoroughfares. Whitechapel and Spitalfields teem with them like an ant's nest; but it is in Lambeth and Westminster that we find the most flagrant traces of their swarming activity. There the foul and dismal passages are thronged with children of both sexes, and from the age of three to thirteen. Though wan and haggard, they are singularly vivacious and engaged in every sort of occupation but that which would be beneficial to themselves and creditable to the neighbourhood. The matted hair, the disgusting filth that renders necessary a closer inspection before the flesh can be discerned between the rags which hang about them, and the barbarian freedom from all superintendence and restraint, fill the mind of a novice in these things with perplexity and dismay.



‘Visit these regions in the summer and you are overwhelmed with exhalations; visit them in winter and you are shocked by the spectacle of hundreds shivering in apparel that would be scanty in the tropics; many are all but naked; those that are clothed are grotesque, the trousers where they have them seldom pass the knees; the tail-coats very frequently trail below the heels. In this guise they run about the streets and line the banks of the river at low water, seeking coals, sticks, corks, for nothing comes amiss as treasure-trove.’

And Mrs. Baillie Saunders, writing on the ‘Philosophy of Dickens,’ said:—

‘Such hundreds of little boys and girls died, and so many more committed suicide, that the parish authorities made arrangements to bury the emaciated little bodies in desolate places, as the churchyards were getting notoriously full of baby graves, and the burials were often conducted by night lest people should begin to talk of the matter.’

Vagrant children had two shelters by night—the Union and the Common Lodging-House. In one or the other they were herded with the vile without respect to age. The children who were permanently in the schools of the workhouses were scarcely better off than those who were occasional visitors. Louisa Twining described one of her visits in 1866 to such a school:—

‘I ventured, on a visit to a District School near London, to ask if the number (over one thousand) was not too large to be manageable and to allow of individual care and superintendence? His reply was, “Lord bless ye, we could manage twice as many just as easily—the expense is just the same.” All he said, I thought, was coarse and disagreeable, as if he had lived amongst “paupers” all his life. He said, “What metal have we to deal with! We cannot send them out except on fine days; they cannot bear the cold and fall ill directly.” I could not help thinking whether this bitterly cold and exposed place (the schools were in an unfinished state) was suitable for these poor, miserable children



brought out of close London homes. In the Dining Hall he said: "We must overlook them all; they will pilfer or barter anything—food, and so on." One boy broke into the storeroom and was seen carrying away the loaves. For punishment he had to carry them about on his head, walking up and down. He said he would rather have been flogged. . . .

'In the Infirmary were some in bed, some sitting round the fire, miserable, diseased objects; one with dreadful eyes who could scarcely see. I asked what would become of him when he turned out at sixteen? He would probably be sent to the "House" and remain there for life. . . . Some were in a hopeless state, and the Superintendent spoke in a thoughtless way before them, saying they would die, or joking about it. It was touching to hear the poor things beg for a bit from the Superintendent's dinner, asking to have it upon his plate, their own being plain white ones! What a longing of the childish heart for change and bright days these show!'

As to the Lodging-Houses, the evidence would fill a volume of a thousand pages. Young Barnardo frequently visited these places of dirt and crime.

'I have been a visitor' (he wrote) 'at lodging-houses of all sorts during the past nine years, and have had peculiar opportunities of observing the habits and modes of life of those who take up their abode in them. Only once have I dared to seek a night's shelter in one of these hotels of the poor, and no inducement which I can conceive would, I think, prevail sufficiently so as to cause me to repeat the act. The remembrance of that night is still something to be wondered and shuddered at, and, if possible, to be forgotten; certainly never to be revived by the repetition of the rash act which made me once a lodger in K—— Street. Indeed, I must have been almost mad to have attempted it, and nothing but the inducement held out by a little Irish lad who had often accompanied me on my nightly peregrinations could have overcome my objections. But, of course, Mick Farrel understood few of my scruples, and was, besides, not a little proud of being my chaperon upon occasions when he felt I could not have done without his help. He had often urged me to "make yerself up" and have a regular night of it, but I was afraid; however, his arguments and statements prevailed at last. He knew of a "ken" where only "swell chaps" went; "fellers as did a big business, and no



mistake"; where you paid fourpence for your "doss" and got "lily-white" sheets! Ah! those "sheets" turned the scale, and I resolved at all costs to go with Mick to K—— Street, and enjoy, for one night at least, the shelter of the "swell ken."

'No mere love of adventure led me to contemplate this visit. I had the following important objects in view:—First, to obtain by experience a truer and more exact knowledge of lodging-house accommodation and *habitués*; second, to influence, in the early morning, any young people whom I might meet in the house, and whose mode of life would appear to be depraved or approaching the criminal; and third, to obtain an introduction into other houses through any chance acquaintance which might be formed during my visit to this one. In all this, the main desire of my life—to save poor boys from the life of the streets, by bringing them into our Homes, and thereby under the sound and influences of the Gospel—was, of course, uppermost in my mind.

'After much reflection I was persuaded that it would never do to go in my ordinary rôle as an observer. I felt that I must, for once, lose my identity, and become one of the great class known as tramps. There were sure to be difficulties in maintaining such a disguise as was needful; but I resolved to meet and overcome them as they arose. First and foremost, what about the clothes? The worst I possessed would be far too good for the character in which I meant to appear; and to put on others, borrowed from some poor boy, was abhorrent in the extreme. I was never squeamishly fastidious, but in carrying out the expedition I found it needful to lay aside the very few scruples as to personal comfort I still retained.

'Having come to this conclusion, the way was easy enough. I allowed a few days to pass without shaving, by which expedient one's trim appearance became somewhat altered, and then, a suit of ragged nondescript clothes, taken from a big lad who had just entered our Home, were, although still horribly unpleasant, not quite so bad as they would have been if the process of baking had not first of all destroyed the life which infested every shred. The boots were wonders! The hat, too, was admirable, being an old and battered "billy-cock," whose dilapidated rim could be conveniently slouched over the not too well disguised countenance. A little dust and mud judiciously distributed over face, head, and hands, removed any appearance of habitual cleanliness which was inconsistent with the character I assumed.



'The greatest difficulty remained yet to be overcome. Without my spectacles I would be a blind man; and yet to enter a lodging-house with such a pair as mine would at once awaken suspicion. So we arranged that I was to retain my glasses until we came to the door of the house in which we were to pass the night, then I was to remove and secrete them, and keep very close to my young companion until we reached the room in which we were to sleep.

'I will not pause to describe K—— Street, remarkable chiefly from the fact that it was narrow and foul; that at many a half-opened door evil-looking men and lads lounged, smoking, talking, and in a few cases fighting; and that there were in it, on either side of the way, a number of dingy-looking shops, the glass of whose windows was covered with a kind of semi-discoloured paper or whitewash, bearing, however, the words, coarsely written or printed, "Beds for single men, 3d."; or perhaps, "Good accommodation for lodgers, 4d."; and I think I saw on the window of one house "Couples only." Into none of these did we enter, but continued right down the street until we came to a quieter house and perhaps a little better-looking than the others. The dull glass door had upon it an inscription, in a straggling, flourishing hand, to the effect that therein might be obtained "Beds for single men, 4d."

"Here we are, sir," said Mick; so, removing my spectacles, giving the leaf of the hat a slouch over my eyes, and hitching up my trousers, which were only secured by a piece of rope which passed outside the coat and round my body, we entered. It was quite twelve o'clock, for Mick said there would be less chance of discovery if we went in when most of the boys were in bed. Although it was a fourpenny lodging-house, Mick informed me that nearly all its occupants were boys. Two of these lads were still in the kitchen. They had a sickly, sallow look about their faces. One, his hair drenched in some greasy fluid, made some little pretensions to gaiety, and I gathered from his talk that he had been out with his "gal" to the "Vic" (the Victoria Theatre). We did not linger long here, but quickly paid our money to the Deputy, who knew Mick very well, and greeted him with "Hallo, youngster! where 'ave you bin to all this time? Stoppin' at your country 'ouse, I shouldn't wonder? Where's you to sleep? Why in the long 'un, to be sure. Yes, we 'ave two of the werry splendidest beds, close to each other, where you and your pal



may go. Go up, yer knows the way. Where Gladstone always sleeps when he wants to be fashernable! Numbers 17 and 18. Take care yer doesn't wake the crab! He's been a-drinking he has, and cum in to-night werry cross, and if yer rouse 'im he'll be making a pretty row, I tell ye. I never see'd such a chap as he is when he's got a drop too much!"

'We went upstairs. As we approached the first floor, Mick said, "Whist!" and, creeping on tiptoe, we passed the door of the room in which the formidable crab lay sleeping, fearful lest the creaking stairs would arouse this bully, who, Mick afterwards told me, was a great strapping fellow of nineteen years of age, constantly under the influence of drink, and at such times cruelly ill-treating any boy who ventured to disturb his slumbers. Our destination was an upper room, or, as the Deputy had said, "the long 'un." It was on the second floor, and we reached it quietly enough, ascending by a few stairs. The gas was lighted low as we entered the room, and when I reached "No. 17" bed, which Mick told me was to be my "doss" for the night, I quietly put on my glasses to inspect the scene. The room, which smelt abominably, was nearly filled with boys from ten to seventeen years of age, so far as I could judge. Many were sleeping, but some were still awake, and I had to be careful lest while looking about me they should observe my spectacles. Altogether there were thirty-four boys in the room, occupying as many beds. It seemed to me as though there ought not to have been more than twenty. The bedsteads were iron, whilst a straw palliasse formed the couch itself. The "lily-white" sheets were made of tick-like-looking calico, as yellow as they well could be, and covered with indelible marks, that suggested many a past conflict with insect life. My pillow was a flat one, but Mick generously gave me his, which he said was "fatter" than mine. Two of the lads in different parts of the room lay smoking short pipes whilst lying in their beds. This, of course, was contrary to law, as a spark carelessly falling on bed or floor would subject all to great danger; but who would notice or care for the breach of rule in such a place? The lad on my left-hand side, immediately under the gas-light, had a rough head of red hair, his face being frightfully pitted with smallpox, altogether as bad a countenance as any one could see. Mick's bed was to my right.

'But the mystery to me was, where did they put their clothing? I could see no trace of any garments hanging about; and that they



did not get into bed with their clothes on was quite certain, for many of the boys had their arms, shoulders, or chest exposed, and on none of them could I see even a shirt; they had all evidently quite undressed before going to bed. Mick solved the difficulty. All their clothing was, he informed me in a whisper, put under their "pillers" or bolsters, whichever it might be; for one bed had a "pillar" and another a bolster, and their clothing was placed there for security. When this is not done, a new boy often loses his garments, or wakes in the morning to discover that his clothes have been exchanged for others in a far worse condition. Even the boots, where such luxuries are possessed, are always taken into the bed with the sleeper. But why did they take off their shirts? This, Mick assured me, was to prevent them from being infested with vermin. The shirt was taken off, rolled up tight into a ball—Mick showed me how to do it—and in some cases poked under the bed between the slips of iron that formed the bottom of the bedstead, or put tight under the pillow. In a few minutes Mick had divested himself of his clothing, and with a "Here goes!" jumped in between his "lily-white sheets." "That's what I call a proper 'doss,' that is, and no mistake," said Mick with satisfaction, as he rolled around him his bed-clothes, and nestled himself down for slumber.

'I, however, was slow to follow his example. My intense unwillingness to commit myself to such a couch was barely overcome, and, although I did remove the greater part of my clothing, I could not follow Mick's example, and do without my innermost garment. At last I, too, sought the shelter of the sheets. Faugh! When I think of it, it makes me even now almost sick. At first I could not lie upon the bed. The smell of the sheets and pillow was overpowering; but still, knowing the advantages of my position, I overcame my unwillingness, and lay quiet. Alas! my miseries were only just beginning. I was very tired, and in a few minutes, notwithstanding my resolution to remain awake, the closeness of the room and my weariness induced a kind of slumber. How long I slept I do not know—not, I think, more than an hour—when I awoke suddenly out of a horrible dream, in which I thought I had been discovered by my bedroom companions and denounced as a spy, in punishment for which they had each inflicted vengeance on me by pricking pins all over my body, and then rubbing in pepper. I appealed against their cruelty: I struggled, but in vain; and now the pins came to



my face, and it seemed as though in my eyes and nose the pepper was pushed ; smarting, burning, almost maddening me ! Aiming a blow at my assailants, I rolled out of bed, and suddenly awoke from my uneasy slumbers, to find that there was horrible reality in the brief vision ; for while I lay now quite wakeful in the bed, to which I had returned, the sensations which I had just experienced in my sleep were found to be no mere fancies ! The gas was still burning ; I looked at my hand and arm, which were pricking and smarting intolerably. They were covered with blotches and wheals. Alarmed, I sat up in bed, and—then understood it all. Dear reader, do not accuse me of exaggeration as you peruse these lines ; but the simple truth is, that the sheet was almost brown with myriads of moving insects, which seemed to regard my bed and my body as their rightful property. What was I to do ? I called to Mick. He did not hear me. Leaping from the bed and turning the gas-jet on full, I noticed that the floor, the walls, the ceiling were equally discoloured. In fact, the place teemed with them. I was now suffering frightfully ; many of the creatures were perambulating over my person, feasting upon me at leisure. I could have shouted in my agony. I scraped up from my bed a handful, which I crushed, threw upon the floor, and repeated the operation until I grew sick. Reaching Mick's bed, I shook him lustily, and shouted as loudly as I dared, "Get up ; get up at once ! I must go out, or I shall go mad !" With great difficulty I aroused him. He asked me what was the matter. I told him. His reply was, "Why, sir, 'tain't nothin' ! I've see'd 'em worse some of these nights when it was hot, and there wor twice as many !" However, I had seen and felt enough, and even then was almost beside myself with irritation, pain, and nervous fear, so I insisted on Mick's withdrawing with me without delay. We dressed hastily. I put on my wretched rags as quickly as I could, and drew them around me without any fear of discovery. Assuredly my face, as I afterwards found when I reached a looking-glass, was so altered as to be unrecognisable. I could scarcely see, my eyelids being so swollen from the bites, that it was with difficulty I groped my way to the kitchen. Here Mick and I stopped for a moment to appease the Deputy, who was wrathful at being disturbed, and suspicious of our motive for withdrawing. Mick, however, said that "his pal turned sick and couldn't stop there ; that was all, so as we had paid our 'browns' he had no call on us ; and he needn't give none of his jaw."



'After many a muttered imprecation from the Deputy, we were permitted to depart, and at last reached the clear outside air. Oh, how delicious it seemed! How my lungs inspired again and again fresh draughts of the cool night air! The street was narrow, and the atmosphere there not particularly pure; but it was paradisaic as compared with the steaming fumes of the vile den which I had left.

'And yet my readers must not suppose that this lodging-house in K—— Street was by any means a bad one. Of its sort it was particularly good, its worst feature being, its "B flats," as Mick facetiously called them. "I forgot to tell you about 'em, sir," he added afterwards, in apologetic explanation, "but it's always werry fierce in Fletcher's; always 'as been ever since a Russian party lived there, as was said to 've brought 'em over for hisself. They may whitewash and all sorts o' washes, but it ain't no use! Why, sir, I've know'd 'em that 'cute that they'd run up a wall and get on the ceilin', and drop down handy on a feller when they couldn't climb up a bedstead."

'When I reached home, my first act was to obtain a warm bath, which was deliciously refreshing and soothing; and then I ventured to look at my altered visage in the glass. I write soberly when I declare that none of my friends would have recognised the face I saw reflected there. Puffed and swollen, red and livid—I had scratched myself pretty freely during my uneasy slumber and on the way home—and a more professionally belligerent-looking countenance than mine could scarcely be imagined. Quite three weeks elapsed before I was in a state to be visible, during which time I might have passed for one who was suffering from an incipient attack of variola.

'So much for my adventure as an amateur tramp; not a very encouraging one, truly. But ever afterwards I understood what a poor lad once said to me when I expressed wonderment at finding so few boys sleeping out in the streets at night during the winter, and so very many in the summer. "You see, sir," said my informant, "it's like this 'ere: in winter, if we've got tuppence, 'tis so awful cold and bad outside, as a feller would rather have his doss nor a supper. But in summer 'tis terrible hot in them lodgin'-houses, and lively too, I tell yer! Most chaps prefers to have a good blow-out of a supper, and to doss out on the lay rather than indoors. It's more cool and refreshin', sir, and you've got more of your own blood in the mornin'!"'



In these days the children knew the ways of sin before its meaning; of crime, as a means of obtaining money and food and avoiding the blows of infuriated parents. They lost before they possessed it that innocence without which there is no child-life, and they grew up a burden to law and a terror to man. To law a burden,<sup>1</sup> since, as mature criminals, they were as neglected as when they were child probationers, for the evangelism of which Barnardo was a pioneer was not preached to them. To man a terror, since none could reform them, no charity appease, no social scheme uplift. They kept the death-rate high, the rates high, the prisons and the workhouses full, the lodging-houses and the slums festering sores, menacing the moral and physical stability of the race.

Into this sea of neglect our student of twenty-one threw himself to snatch the children from the jaws of death. Slowly the distant Foreign Mission field grew more distant; the call of God and country and home louder and louder. His slum work became imperative, his street preaching more acceptable, his Hope Place work most encouraging, until at last he flung his heart and the inclination of his temperament and his principles into the scale and slowly they outweighed the ponderous claims of China.

He said himself, later :—

‘No man can serve two masters, and soon it became apparent that I had come to the parting of the ways, and that I must decide definitely what course I should ultimately take. Many of my advisers, among others Lord Shaftesbury himself, strongly urged me to give my whole life up to waif children. . . . I seemed

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<sup>1</sup> Before the accession of Queen Victoria the death penalty was frequently passed upon children for shop-lifting and similar offences. In the year of accession a boy of eight was sentenced to death for stealing.



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

'Which was it to be: China or East London? I turned to some pages I had written containing my aspirations towards China. These included a brief summary of the needs and claims of missionary work among the heathen; and I put the whole matter before myself thus: The work at home and the work abroad are equally God's work. The needs of both are equally well known to me. But the fitness of any particular worker for any particular department of His work is best known and understood by the Master Himself. *The servant's best work is simply to obey his Lord, and not to please himself or to do his own will.* True, I had thought at first that His voice called me to China, and thinking thus I had done well to obey the call so far; but I could not any longer doubt that providential indications now seemed to lead my feet in another direction.'



## CHAPTER VI

### FOUR TURNING-POINTS

‘If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; . . . if any man serve Me, him will My Father honour.’—John xii. 26.

WHILST his First Report was circulating, an event happened, followed by three others, which revealed to him, as by a flashlight, the real work of his life. The first incident—the receipt of £1000—which he regarded as a turning-point of his life; the second—the discovery of his first Arab; the third—his first public address at the Agricultural Hall; the fourth—his invitation to dine with Lord Shaftesbury.

If these four turning-points, as he ultimately described them, are brought together their mutual relationship and their dramatic opportuneness will be seen.

This is how, in 1868, more than a year before he opened his first Home, and whilst he was debating the question of China or England, the guiding hand was revealed:—

‘I received an amazing letter, the contents of which were so surprising, so unexpected, and, as I judged, of so manifestly a providential character, that I was brought to a solemn and sudden decision concerning my life’s work almost there and then. For although many days passed before I spoke of this letter or its contents to any one, or even admitted to myself that I had arrived at a crisis in my life, I felt as if the guidance, the



HOPE PLACE, WORLD'S END, E., WHERE  
DR. BARNARDO BEGAN HIS WORK



JIM JARVIS, HIS FIRST ARAB, SHOWING HIM A  
GROUP OF HOMELESS BOYS ASLEEP ON THE





answer I had been seeking, had been vouchsafed to me in a wonderful manner.

‘The contents of that remarkable letter were to this effect: that the writer would provide £1000 for the furtherance of my scheme of child rescue if I felt able, for the present at all events, to give up the thoughts I had entertained of China, and would be content to remain in England, and to establish in East London a Home for Waif and Stray Children. No other condition was attached! That letter came from a well-known Member<sup>1</sup> of Parliament whom I had up to that time never met, but who afterwards became and continued until his death a warm and close and generous friend of the work of God in my hands. It will be understood with what wonder and amazement I received such an unexpected intimation at such a time and from a person to whom I supposed I was absolutely unknown! As I have said, at first I kept the contents of that letter absolutely a secret in my own breast. For at least ten days I told no one of it, lest I should be persuaded one way or the other. But it raised anew in a fresh and practical fashion the whole question of what I was to do with my life.’

This was the first turning-point.

The second he first told in *The Christian* under the title ‘How it all Happened.’ It has the dramatic interest which attaches to the first act which gives rise to a series of events, as a pebble thrown into the brook creates successive circles which reach the farthest shore. No one would forgive the omission of this incident as he himself described it.

‘One chill and bitter night there came into the Ragged School a little fellow, shoeless, hatless, shirtless, and with only a few rags to cover him from the keen wind and the pitiless night. A lad had told him that very likely if he came up there the “guv’nor” would let him stay by the fire all night. To this the young medico objected. “Oh no! run away home,” he said.—“Got no home,” was the boy’s quick rejoinder. “Got no home! Be off and go home to your mother; don’t tell me!”—“Got no mother,” repeated the boy. “Then go home to your father.”—

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<sup>1</sup> The late Samuel Smith, Esq., M.P.



"Got no father," said the little fellow. "Got no father! But where are your friends? Where do you live?"—"Don't live nowhere; got no friends," said the lonely lad. There was a tone of sincerity in the boy's words that made Barnardo pause, and he hesitated to conclude that he was lying. So he continued to talk with him, and further questioned him. Was this, after all, possible? Could it be that there were other little boys so wofully forsaken and uncared-for and as forlorn as *this* one? "Oh yes, sir; lots—'eaps on 'em; mor'n I could count," was the eye-opening answer of the lad.

'Young Barnardo was determined not to be hoaxed. After giving the boy—Jim Jarvis by name—hot coffee and the promise of a place to sleep in, he set off, under his guidance, to see whether there really were other boys such as this, unsheltered and sleeping out in the open on that dreadful winter night.

'The pattering naked feet of alert little Jim led the way to a wilderness of old sheds, tumbledown outhouses, and wreckage lying near Houndsditch. At first there appeared no sign of boys "sleeping out," as he had said. The searchers struck matches, and peeped under barrows and behind boxes and piles of odds and ends, and peered into hidden nooks and shaded crannies and corners. But not a boy was to be seen. No sleeping child could be sighted sheltered behind or under any poor screen anywhere. He began to doubt whether Jim could make good his word to show him "lots on 'em." "Stop a minit," said Jim, "and come arter me." Quick as a ferret Jim was away up over and along a boundary wall. He had stuck his naked toes into the spaces between the worn brick-work, and mounted the wall which supported sheds by the side of an old and mouldy wharf. With the aid of a stick he helped up his new friend. And there, as the moon shone out, the seeker-out of the "lost" saw right before him a woebegone group of eleven poor boys, of ages varying from nine to eighteen, sleeping in all postures, in the gutters of the iron roof, clad in thin rags, with not a shred more to cover them, exposed under the open sky to all winds and weathers—a spectacle to angels and to men, and enough to break any heart of love!

"Shall I wake 'em up, sir?" asked Jim, as one of the sleepers moved. To Jim the sight was customary enough; this was one of his own familiar sleeping haunts. It evoked no sentiment in his heart, inured as he was to such experiences. "Shall I wake 'em up?"—"No, no!" replied the awestruck visitor. And the two



descended quietly and went away. As they were about to return, Jim inquired whether he wanted to see any more. "Shall I show you another lay, sir? There's lots more." But the young student had seen enough for one night. Sick at heart, he wended his way home, perplexed, dumfounded, smitten, humiliated, wellnigh despairing of his kind, but happily with one clear and simple duty and determination before him—that whatever might become of this night's discovery, he must shelter, feed, clothe, and care for "little Jim."<sup>1</sup>

Thirty years later he added :—

'As I have hinted, that dread night of discovery determined my subsequent career. Often since, amid scenes of comfort, I have seen before me the upturned, piteous faces of these eleven outcast boys, realised their awful misery and destitution, heard their mute appeal for assistance, and afresh registered in my own heart the resolve to devote my future life, by God's help, to their rescue and training. I knew no one then who could render me any help in the rescue and care of these boys. I was, comparatively speaking, friendless and unknown in London myself; but our heavenly Father, who feeds the hungry ravens, heard the prayer of my heart, and gradually the way opened to accomplish this work I had set before me. I asked Him, if it was His Holy Will, to permit me to provide a shelter for such poor children, to give me the wisdom needed to seek them out, and to bring them in to learn of God, of Christ, of Heaven. How that prayer was heard, and how all over the kingdom, nay, all over the world, thousands of kind hearts have been moved to uphold my hands in the work, is now a well-known story.'

The third incident is also described by himself :—

'It happened that one day, at this time, a great Missionary Conference was held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. I cannot fix the exact date of this, and although I have consulted the Rev. Dr. Thain Davidson, who convened the meeting, and who occupied the chair, he, like myself, is unable to be exact. I think, however, that it was early in 1867 when the meeting occurred. I, as a Missionary student, received an invitation to attend it. There was a crowded and most enthusiastic audience. Several gentlemen from various parts of the world addressed it; but two or

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<sup>1</sup> The complete story of 'My First Arab' appears as Appendix B.



three well-known speakers who expected to be present were prevented from appearing, and they sent word only at the last moment. Thus, late in the evening, the Chairman found himself in some difficulty owing to this dearth of speakers. Suddenly he turned to me, as I sat near him on the platform, and said, "Barnardo, *you* must say a few words. Tell us something of your Ragged School in the East of London."

'I am free to confess that I do not think I ever felt so unhappy in my life as at that moment! I could not, I thought, have spoken a word to save my life. I had never before addressed a formal audience like this, only little groups of poor folk in the East End, and the children gathered in the shed, or in my room. So I promptly declined the invitation. No; I could not. "Oh!" he said, "*you must.*" And, without a pause, he turned to the audience, and said, "So-and-so cannot be here; but we have a young medical student living in the East End of London who is by and by to go to China, and he will tell us something of his Ragged School work." There was nothing for it but to obey. Looking up to God for guidance, and mentally beseeching His help, I stood for a moment feeling dazed in front of that great audience, and then, closing my eyes in the effort to forget where I was, and to concentrate my mind on the subject, I began to say something, at first I hardly knew what, about my Ragged Night School. Gradually, however, I became warmed to the subject. I remember that I could not help revealing what I had seen the previous night in a very miserable quarter of the East End. I had found myself there in the early morning surrounded by a group of the most pitiable children one can imagine—homeless and friendless, foodless and clad only in rags. And I dwelt on the pity of it, and the sorrow of the fact that no one seemed to care for either the bodies or the souls of these outcasts. Then I dwelt upon the heathen darkness in which they lived, and I besought my hearers to pray for the little Waif children of the Great City in which we were gathered.

'I think I can say that my story seemed to impress the audience a great deal. They exhibited their feelings in a manner which was very encouraging to me after I had sat down. When the meeting was brought to a conclusion, I was leaving the platform, and had just reached the arena, when a young woman came up to me. She looked of the servant-girl class. I remember that she had a good and simple face, and that her eyes were filled with sympathy. "Please, sir," she said, "may I speak to you?" I



said, "Certainly." She went on: "I came here to help the Missionaries. I have been praying for them for years. I am only a servant, and I cannot give much, but I have saved all my farthings for them. But, sir," she continued, "when I heard you, *I thought that we had the heathen not only abroad but here, at our very doors*, and I wondered if you would let me give this which I had brought for the heathen to your poor children." And in a moment, before I could reply, she had placed in my hands, wrapped up in paper, what was clearly a parcel of coins. I felt not a little embarrassed.

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

'When at last I reached home, I opened the packet and found that it contained 6½d. in farthings! I knew not what to do or what to think with regard to this gift. Presently, however, it came home to me that I had been asking God for guidance and help, and that this was *His* way of giving both. Here was a small gift, a humble one, and from a humble person. But it might be the seed of a great deal. So I reverently wrapped the coins up in a paper and laid them in a drawer, where they remained some time. It was the first contribution I had ever had from the public; yet I have never doubted since then that this was God's way of showing me that He could by humble and unexpected instruments supply all that would be needed for any work which He gave me to do for Him.'

This is Dr. Barnardo's account of the fourth:—

'Out of this incident at the Agricultural Hall something unexpected grew. It appears that my statement about the number of children whom I had found sleeping out at night in London had impressed some of my audience very much, and it was re-



peated by them in their private circles. I am not sure, but I have reason to think that the meeting and my remarks were noticed in some of the organs of the press. At that time I did not take a newspaper or need one. I had no time for such reading. There was only *one Book* I cared to read, and that took up every leisure moment.

‘I was absorbed on the one hand with my studies, and, on the other, with the claims of my new work in the Ragged School. But I heard some time later that a correspondence had appeared in the press on the subject thus raised. Some thought that my remarks described a very sad state of things which needed redress, and others doubted whether such a state of things really existed, and simply questioned my accuracy. I happily knew nothing of this at the time, but about a week later I received a letter addressed to me at the London Hospital containing an invitation to dinner. The letter was from the late Earl of Shaftesbury. At that time I had never met his Lordship.<sup>1</sup> But he said in his invitation that he wanted me to meet some people who were very much interested in the condition of Waif Children. That was quite enough attraction for me, but I remember how I prayed that, in accepting the invitation, I might be preserved from worldly influences or feelings. When the appointed evening came, I found myself at Lord Shaftesbury’s residence, one of some fourteen or fifteen guests. Only casual conversation took place during the dinner. Sitting next to me at table was Dr. M., the well-known physician of — Hospital, and one of the most charming men I ever met. A friendship sprang up between us on that night which was of incalculable advantage to one so young and inexperienced as I was, and which endured throughout his life. After dinner, as we stood together in groups, Lord Shaftesbury came up and spoke to me in a manner which attracted general attention.

“I have heard,” observed his Lordship, “of your interest in the Children of the Streets, and I was very anxious to meet you in order to ascertain from your own lips whether some statements which have been made are accurate. I have heard it said, for instance, that you often find large groups of children asleep at night in various hiding-places in different quarters of London without proper shelter or care. Is that really so?”

<sup>1</sup> This account was written years later when he had forgotten his momentary meeting with Lord Shaftesbury in Paris. See p. 46.



‘I replied in the affirmative.

‘“Have you any difficulty,” he continued, “in inducing such waifs to talk freely about themselves?”

‘“No,” I answered; “as a rule they are most willing to converse with me when they discover how deep my own interest in them is.”

‘“Well,” said his Lordship, “do you ever find it possible to induce them to leave their miserable surroundings?”

‘“Yes,” I replied, “in some instances I have succeeded in getting them to leave the streets at once and have obtained help for them, but my power to assist such poor children has necessarily been very limited.”

‘By this time the assembled guests had gathered round us, in a kind of circle, of which we were the centre. After some further remarks, Lord Shaftesbury suddenly inquired: “I suppose, then, you would have no difficulty in finding a group of such boys as you speak of to-night?”

‘“Oh, certainly not,” I said; “any time after 11.30 or thereabouts I could find, at one or two places I know of, quite a number of homeless children sleeping out all night.”

‘At this I observed the Earl’s face take on a somewhat graver look. He had, as of course I afterwards found out, a profound interest in slum children, and a very wide knowledge of certain aspects of slum life; but I do not think that he really believed that at that time and in that year of grace, any very large number of Waif Children, such as I had hinted at, were to be found homeless and sleeping out in the metropolis night after night, and I fear it was his impression that I had deliberately exaggerated the state of the case. At all events, he lost no time in challenging me.

‘“Could you lead us to-night to one of these resorts?” was his prompt question. I replied, “Yes, certainly; I will do so with pleasure, when it is late enough.”

‘The thing was there and then settled. We had our coffee, and shortly after the hour of midnight had struck, we sallied to the door with topcoats on. Cabs were called and soon we were all *en route*. I gave directions forthwith to drive to Billingsgate, in Lower Thames Street. We left the West End behind us, and ere long we found ourselves down near the “Queen’s Shades.” On alighting we attracted the notice of a policeman who was on duty, and glad we were afterwards that we had secured his help. The “Queen’s Shades” was a kind of *cul de sac* close by Billingsgate Fish Market. Here lay a huge pile of goods of the most varied



kind, which either were eventually to be put on board some of the barges in the river, or had been taken from barges and were waiting removal. There doubtless were, also, a great many "empties" in the pile. This great pile was covered over tightly by several enormous tarpaulins, which effectually preserved the goods from damp, but which also had been turned to another purpose than that which the owners intended.

'I knew my ground well, for I had often been down to this place before. Indeed, from underneath these very tarpaulins I had frequently drawn forth a number of homeless lads, who obtained their living by selling papers, cigar lights, flowers, or other oddments on the streets. But now as we stood together neither Lord Shaftesbury, nor his guests, nor I could see anything to attract attention except the huge pile securely invested with its waterproof coverings and roped down. At a part of it, however, where two tarpaulins met, I inserted my hand and then pushed my arm and shoulder within as far as I could. On groping with my hand in various directions under the tarpaulin, I suddenly encountered what I expected: a naked foot and ankle! This I seized firmly, and pushing my other hand in and up, I soon came to the knee. Then gently but firmly I threw my weight upon my prize and presently I drew down a poor, ragged, half-starved-looking boy! As he half alighted, half fell at my feet, his eyes still blinded with sleep, he thought that he had been unfortunately caught by the police, and he began to whine a remonstrance. I quickly reassured him; indeed we all did, and after a little while he collected himself. "You are not the only one inside?" I asked. "No, guv'nor," he replied; "there's a sight more chaps up there." Well, would he be willing to try and get them out for us if we gave him sixpence? He woke up to the job at once. "In *course*" he would, he said. Yet the task was not easy. How was it to be accomplished? There were several methods; the one that commended itself to him first of all was, as he said, to "roof 'em." This meant simply that he should clamber on to the top of the pile, where, he assured us, the greater number of sleepers lay, and running all over it dance a kind of tattoo, in which he pounded his feet as heavily as he could on the tarpaulins, and of course on the youngsters underneath it.

'Our guide informed us that "the whole of the pile is kivered with chaps, and this 'ere'll wake 'em up fine!" We hardly realised at first what an inhuman method this was, but when we did so we



vetoed it forthwith. Not, however, before his rough plan had begun to prove effective. The whole mass appeared to seethe and move on the top, struggling beneath his kicks. One boy after another slipped down and appeared at the slit between the tarpaulins, and would have withdrawn again in fright at the sight of our assembled company. But we held them firmly as they reached us. Still this would not have drawn them all out, but that one boy, more experienced than the others, suggested that we should promise *to give them all something*. Lord Shaftesbury at once agreed to give a penny to each and some food. That was enough. One of the fellows retired within the tarpaulin and communicated the glad tidings, and now we had a regular stampede! The tarpaulins, hitherto stretched so tightly over so large an area, began to collapse in parts for want of the human stay that kept them up, and soon we had, as we arranged them in a single line before us, a strange array of homeless childhood—a terrible proof, as Lord Shaftesbury remarked, of the sad state of things, and of the need of such work as I was even then beginning to do. Few knew better than he what was being carried on by other agencies throughout the Metropolis, and that was what made him incredulous at first as to the number of homeless waifs still abroad needing rescue and training.

‘When our awakened boys stood in a line we counted seventy-three individuals, big and little, old and young! But few of them had any covering on head and feet, and all of them were clad in poor and vilely-smelling rags. However, the great thing now was to feed them. I knew of a coffee-shop, open all night, “Dick Fisher’s” by name: so thither we all trooped, and our company, excited and vociferous at the prospect of a feast, carried the place by storm, and filled it right out, twice over. But at length all were refreshed by the hot coffee and the splendid slices of bread and butter: such a meal as the boys had scarcely had since they could remember! When Dick Fisher knew the rank of our host, he put forth unusual efforts to satisfy his unwonted guests. From him too change of half a sovereign into pence was obtained, and then into every eager, dirty hand was placed the gift of the promised penny. The cheering that ensued was deafening! Then we talked a little to the boys, and promised to help them further, and it was arranged that some of them should meet us in a night or two elsewhere.

‘But the important point, so far as I was concerned, was this,



that Lord Shaftesbury had now received proof that the statements which he had heard concerning the accounts of what I had discovered were not exaggerated, as he had clearly supposed. Indeed, I never saw any one more deeply impressed than he was that night. As he stood there, in Dick Fisher's coffee-shop, the great tears gathered in his fine eyes while he gazed on that ragged group of forlorn children: children most of them really were, for although a few of the company might be fifteen, sixteen, or even seventeen years of age, the majority of them were under fourteen. Then to me he emphatically whispered: "All London shall know of this!" It was long past midnight when we separated for the night, and it was with a warm shake of his hands and a hearty "God bless you!" that my aged host said farewell.'

Years later Barnardo wrote his reflections upon these events:—

'I now saw clearly revealed the wisdom and goodness of God in what had already happened, and how unconsciously I was being prepared for this Home Mission enterprise. I now saw that the call to Medical Missions in China had been absolutely necessary even for the work in England, which I now began to see to be my true life's work. It had operated in a variety of ways:—

'1st. It had thoroughly detached me from home and from family claims.

'2nd. It had kept alive and fresh in my heart the missionary spirit which in ordinary business or professional life I might have lost.

'3rd. Without it, I would never have settled in East London, and probably never would have met my first homeless child, and so been led by him into a deeper and wider knowledge of the class he represented.

'If at any subsequent moment I looked wistfully away from the slums of London to the "Land of Sinim," it was but to beseech the Lord that as I could not myself go forth, as I had once hoped to do, I might still be instrumental in directing the steps of others of His servants thitherward.'

These four events converging at the end of 1868, when as yet he was only a ragged school teacher, decided his career.

## CHAPTER VII

### HIS FIRST HOME

‘It had no capital; it was opened in defiance of all the rules of worldly prudence. It had not a penny in the bank, nor the prospect of a shilling.’—DR. BARNARDO, twenty years later.

‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these.’

MATT. XXV. 40.

HOPE PLACE spread from one cottage to a second, then to a third and fourth, into the backyards of the cottages, where intersecting walls were levelled and a roof thrown over them, making a hall to seat three hundred, and into the front street until the neighbours complained that they had to climb over forms to get indoors.

In his own letter to *The Revival*, previously quoted, it was seen that his zeal in His Master’s service was running over. He had eyes for nought else, his resourcefulness seemed exhaustless, every opportunity was seized to enlist workers and to save the children. One<sup>1</sup> who became one of his earliest teachers met him the day Hope Place was opened.

‘It was a week after my conversion,’ he says, ‘when I was first brought into touch with Dr. Barnardo. One Saturday night my wife drew my attention to some services which were being held. “Will, come here! You see that young man; they say he’s a medical student from the London Hospital, and is beginning a religious work” (neither of us knew anything about it), and,

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. W. Notman, who is still faithfully serving the homes.



pointing to the place—Hope Place—I saw the Doctor walking on the pavement. “They say he’s going to open a religious place to-morrow, and if I were you, Will, I would go down and see.” I hesitated a good deal, and at last went down in the afternoon of the day and stood outside the house. It was in a small blind alley with a few houses on either side. He saw a young man walking down the passage to the door, and Dr. Barnardo said to him, “Good afternoon, are you a Christian?” I said, “Yes, sir, I have been a Christian for a week.” “Now I am going to begin a work here. Will you come to-night? We are going to have a meeting—a children’s meeting, and then one for adults.” I said, “Yes, sir, I will come.” And he took me by the hand and shook it, and said, “By the by, come this way,” and he took me down the passage and opened the door, saying, “You see them.” There were three little children on a form. They could not have been above four years of age. And he said, “Go in there and tell them what you know.” And without any hesitation he pushed me into the room and left me there fronting those children, and I thought I should have died of fear.

‘The Doctor had a power in him that seemed to be in no other man, which compelled us to work, and which could not be resisted.

‘From that time the Doctor drew the poor people together at an evening service and preached to them in the upper room of this small house, till the room would hold no more and they had to divide the front and back room, and he stood there midway—at the parting wall of the two rooms—discoursing at one moment to those in one room and then turning round discoursed to those in the other room.

‘He introduced the method of going into the poor streets round about with large boards on which were advertisements of the Sunday-school, Evening Schools for boys, and the Adult Meeting. It was a terribly rough neighbourhood where they went, the Doctor leading the way. They were pelted with all manner of garbage in the streets at first.

‘The next step was to introduce a Tract District, which was one of the hardest pieces of work that could be introduced amongst the people. They went down the very poorest streets, to the very poorest inhabitants, and went amongst the roughest men—water-side men and costers—one street called “Donkey Row,” so named because one of the houses always contained a donkey living in the house. Two or three other student helpers joined the



Doctor. Dr. Harvey, who went to China as a missionary, was one of them. On one occasion, while processioning the neighbourhood, Dr. Harvey's head got cut open by a missile. On another occasion the Rev. Archibald G. Brown came to preach. The Doctor thought that the rooms would not hold the audience, so they got together, and the Doctor said, "Teachers, what shall we do—we cannot get them into these rooms, and we haven't got enough forms? Will you go to the houses and ask them to lend us their chairs?" They went with the Doctor and got some chairs from the people. Even then they had not enough. Said the Doctor, "Well, there is the World's End public-house. Do you think the landlord would lend me his forms?"—"Well, we can go and see!" It was about two o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, and the Doctor went and asked the landlord whether he would lend him the forms out of his bar. The landlord's reply was to the effect that they could have them willingly, provided that they took the forms back promptly. They took away the forms and set them in the body of the court and made an aisle, and the meeting was held in the courtway.

'The work amongst the children grew very much. The principal work was done amongst the young people. They divided the rooms and had classes for the older boys and girls, infants' classes also. The girls came from factories such as Bryant and May's, Bell and Black's, and Burgess's, and from that time they began to add to the Church from the Schools.'

Up to now, the summer of 1870, his work has been that of Superintendent of a Ragged School, in which what he did for the children was done in the evening. But he was not satisfied with teaching the lads for an hour or two and then allowing them to return to lodgings where all the good was speedily undone.

He thought long and anxiously over the matter. At last he determined to open a lodging-house for his working boys, where he could have them always under his eye. And such a lodging-house would enable him to house any homeless boy he discovered. For homeless Jim and his eleven forsaken companions were Cromwell's grain of sand which had upset all his



calculations, but with which he must speedily reckon.

No notes of his inward meditations at this season are to be found, but the direction they took was disclosed in the renting of 18 Stepney Causeway, as a 'Home for Working Lads' in the summer of 1870.

The first public intimation was in a letter to a friend, intended for publication. In that he says:—

'In reply to your kind inquiry relative to the progress of "Our Boys' Home," I just write you a few hasty lines. The house, No. 18 Stepney Causeway, has been taken on lease, and various workmen—carpenter, painter, plumber, and gasfitter—are now busily engaged in fitting it up. When completed it will contain five dormitories capable of accommodating sixty lads in all. There are, besides, four rooms fitted up as lavatories, with basins, baths, etc., and also a good kitchen and wash-house, and a private room for the father and mother of the family; space for healthful recreation is provided by the back premises, which consist of a good yard, coach-house, with stable and loft. The rent for all is £45 per annum, exclusive of taxes, which are about £12 more. I need not tell you that we are fitting it up as plainly and economically as is consistent with its permanent usefulness, and those friends who have already visited it concur with me in the carrying out of the various plans suggested. I long to see it completed and ready for the reception of the lads, and if the needful supplies were in hand, this could easily be accomplished in three weeks' time; but you will, I am sure, sympathise with me when I add that, for want of funds, I fear I shall be compelled in a few days to call off the workmen and suspend operations, as I am quite determined not to go into debt.'

His sanguine hopes were not realised by September, and in another letter on the 29th of the same month he says that his long-delayed project is ready, and in three weeks more will begin. But these three weeks become another three months, and it was not

until December 1870 that the first Home was opened. He writes on 8th December in *The Christian* :—

‘BELOVED FRIENDS,—Our “Home for Lads” has at length been formally opened. We asked no outside friends, invited no subscribers, but, getting our dear fellow-labourers, the father, the mother, and the schoolmaster of the Home together, we, with the dear boys, solemnly dedicated this new undertaking to Him under whose gracious auspices the design originated and has been carried out. But it was a precious time, such simple, childlike pleading with God, such earnest, heartbroken cries for mercy upon as yet unsaved fathers, mothers, or friends.’

The subjects of his domestic care he divided into the following classes :—

*First*, Good, steady, and respectable lads in work, but needing a comfortable home, for which they can afford to pay, and wherein the influence around them will be of the highest order.

*Second*, Lads desiring and willing to work, but for whom no opening could at present be found, and who, having no assured home, suffer more privation and misery than can well here be described. These lads are provided with work in the Home, and taught, as far as can be, the principles of self-dependence.

*Third*, Wholly destitute lads, barefooted and ill-clad, whose poor wan faces and ill-nourished bodies betoken their previous histories. These lads, the waifs and strays of the East-End labouring population, will be clothed, fed, housed, instructed in simple branches of needful work and taught trades.

This third provision was the actual beginning of the Homes he established.

The first provision was lost sight of in a few years, and the second also, save that it contains the germ



of his Youth's Labour House, established years later when emigration or a sea life enabled him to offer big lads a chance beyond the seas in his farm colony.

Much had been done immediately before 1866 for bettering the condition of child life. In 1840 the Earl of Shaftesbury brought in a Bill to improve the condition of the climbing boys or little sweeps, but it was not until November 1864 that the Bill was passed. In August of the same year his Lordship moved for a Commission of Inquiry into the employment of children of the poorer classes, who were engaged in irksome and unhealthy work in mines and collieries, in button factories, needle-making, pin-making, calico-printing, earthenware, porcelain, and hosiery industries. He brought serious indictments against each of these industrial enterprises, especially mines and collieries, and upon the highest authority he quoted numerous instances of such gross cruelty and injustice that the House of Lords was startled.

In 1856 the Reformatory and Refuge Union was established under Lord Shaftesbury, and numerous Reformatory and Industrial Schools for boys and girls,<sup>1</sup> scattered over the country, began to do good work. Several training-ships started.

1857 saw the passing of the Industrial Schools Act and the Reformatory Schools Act, and an amending Act to the former in 1861, the year a select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed on destitute children. In 1862 an Act to amend the punishment of juvenile offenders and one to provide for the education and maintenance of pauper children in certain schools and institutions became law. In

<sup>1</sup> See Table of Voluntary Institutions, Appendix C.



1864 a Home for little boys was opened in Tottenham; whilst 1865-6 witnessed the opening of the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys, and the laying of the foundation-stone, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, of the Home for Little Boys at Farningham.

The Sanitary Act of 1866, which Lord Shaftesbury was largely instrumental in passing, dealt with the question of overcrowding, fixed the number of persons who might occupy a house or part of a house let in lodgings, and provided for the registration of such houses, and for their inspection and cleanliness; thus at one blow breaking up the centres of infection.

The good Earl also, on 14 February 1866, sent out invitations to the casual wards and other places frequented by homeless boys of London under sixteen years of age. One hundred and fifty barefooted boys in the most wretched condition responded. After supper they were addressed by Lord Shaftesbury, who invited them to leave their present line of life and join a big ship, to be trained for the Merchant Service or the Navy. The Lords of the Admiralty were approached and the Government readily granted two frigates—the *Chichester* and the *Arethusa*.

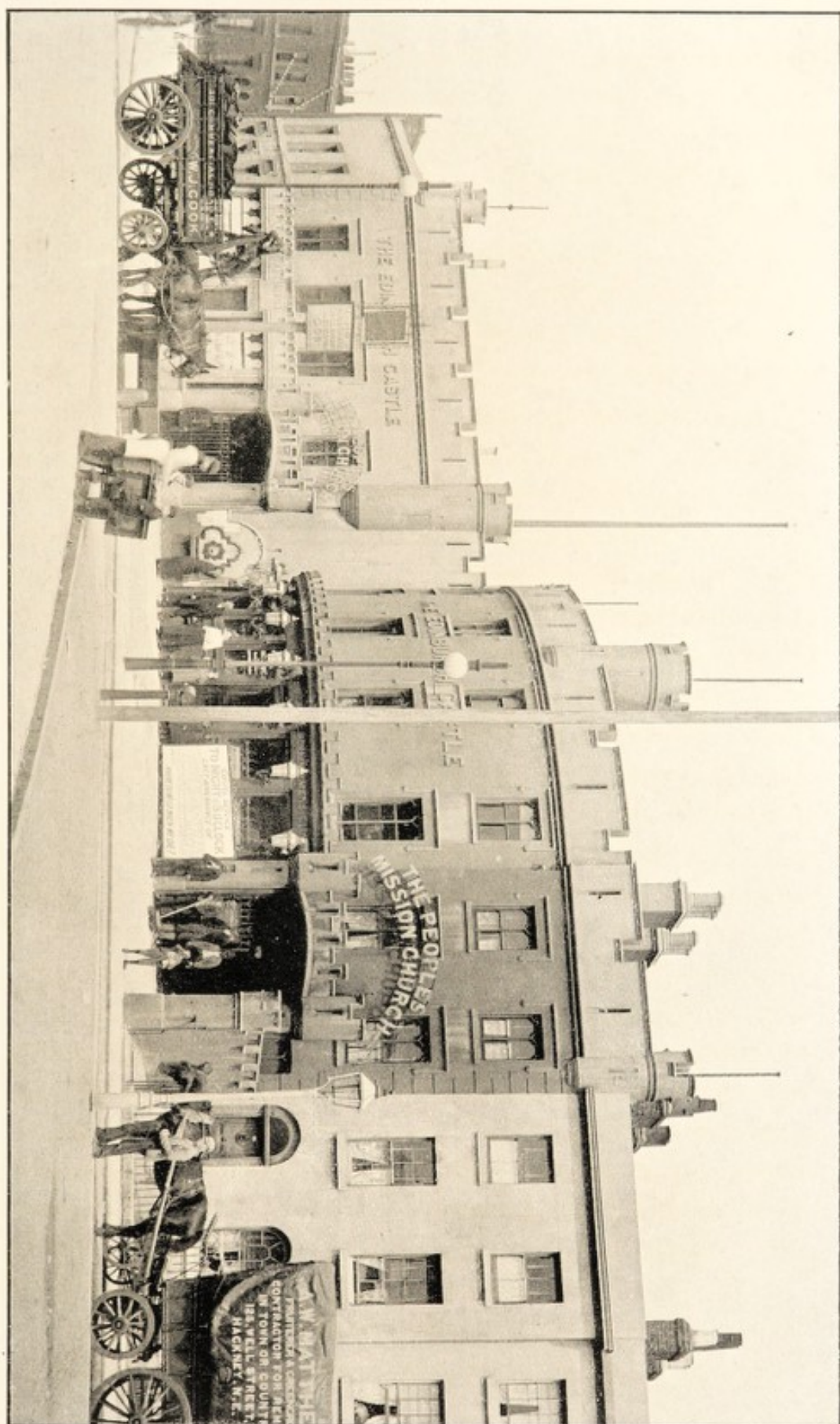
In 1867 the Act for regulating the hours of juveniles in workshops was passed, which forbade the hiring of children under eight years of age, and regulated the hours of labour of all under thirteen, whilst placing all workshops under the provisions of the Sanitary Act of 1866, and making provision for the education of children under thirteen who were employed in workshops.

In 1870 there were about 350 institutions in England, Scotland, and Ireland, for children, with



accommodation for over thirty thousand children. And this year, the year Barnardo opened his first Home, saw the beginning of the Manchester and Salford Boys' Refuge, the London House-Boy Brigade, the Homes for Working Boys, London, and the Field Lane Industrial School, London.

Barnardo entered upon the work when England was waking to the condition of the children of want. Laws were being unmade and remade for their protection ; statesmen and philanthropists here and there voiced the long-stifled cry of the democracy of the forgotten. Some ministers of Him who blessed little children, and even some churches professing to follow Him, began to realise their duty towards those whose rights, ignored from the beginning, were now being slowly recognised by the State. There was a freshening movement in the atmosphere as of the incoming tide. Barnardo scented the air, and, consciously or unconsciously, filled his lungs to the full, and girded himself for his part in the reformer's warfare, knowing that the moral forces fought on his side. The crimes against innocency which he had seen daily committed with impunity ; the violent contrast between the East-end child of hunger and the West-end child of plenty, aroused his passion against injustice ; and the desire to save the victims, to remove this viper which had thrown itself upon the neck of east-end life, hurled him forward with an impetuosity which gave speed to the development of his multifarious agencies.



THE EDINBURGH CASTLE





## CHAPTER VIII

### THE EDINBURGH CASTLE

‘Feed My sheep.’—JOHN xxi. 17.

‘And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.’—LUKE iv. 23.

FOLLOWING the opening of 18 Stepney Causeway, the income of the Homes doubled. This astonishing increase of funds, placed solely in the hands of a young man of twenty-seven who had only just begun his work, is unprecedented in the history of charities. No wonder that it grew by leaps and bounds. The hour and the man had arrived. He enlarged old dormitories, built new workshops, rebuilt and fitted laundry and workrooms, started a city messengers’ brigade, brushmaking and bootmaking departments, a tract department for the sale of pure literature, whilst his wood-chopping brigade sold wood to the value of £766. He opened a new branch ragged school in Salmon’s Lane; had eighteen houses in use for the mission and 130 boys and 100 persons, 24 paid and 76 voluntary, working under him. Once again this year, 1872, he made an occasion to reiterate his three principles concerning finance: ‘First, we never beg money for the Lord’s work. Second, we do not go into debt; “Owe no man anything,” is the precept of our Master. It is His to command, ours simply to obey. Third, we do not publish the names and addresses of donors.’ From the first principle,



Barnardo undoubtedly departed, for were not his appeals scattered broadcast throughout the land?

Another advance still greater was made in 1872. From the Ernest Street days he had preached the Gospel to adults, and, as the reader will remember, founded the church of which he was pastor, drawing crowds who flocked to hear him 'preach the Word.' In August 1872 he commenced a Tent Mission. The 'big tent,' as it was called, was erected on ground in front of the Edinburgh Castle public-house, and the services were conducted by those devout and eminently successful evangelists, Joshua and Mary Poole. This public-house was destined to undergo a unique transformation. When Barnardo visited it in company with Miss Macpherson and Mr. Samuel Morley in 1872, it was a 'flaming gin-palace, with a well-lit and attractive frontage, and behind it a music-hall of the most unenviable reputation.'

'The scene that met our eyes burned itself deep upon the memories of all three. Both bar and music-hall were crowded, chiefly with young men and women. A roaring drink trade was going on, and on the stage songs were being sung which won applause in strict proportion to the filthy *doubles entendres* and questionable gestures with which they were plentifully besprinkled. Round the room, in niches of the wall, were statues of the nude, which I suppose would be considered all the more artistic in that they were disgusting to decent people. No one could doubt that we were in the presence of a demoralising agency of the worst description.'

In this neighbourhood he began open-air preaching. Eleven years later Barnardo recalled these days:—

'I remember some years ago' (he said), 'rather more years than I like to think of just now (for I feel, as I think of them, how rapidly I am getting to be an old man), being engaged in preaching



the Gospel not many stones' throw from this very building, and on that occasion we had no house to preach in, no roof to cover us. We were obliged to take to the open air, and we had not been very long at work when I and some of my fellow-workers, who are here to-day, were chased through the streets by people in the neighbourhood; and finally, we took up our stand in a very busy part, opposite the "World's End" public-house; but I had to quit that speedily because some one, who, I suppose, did not intend to do a friendly thing, opened a window above me, and poured out a vessel of not very pleasant water on my head, which speedily extinguished my fervour. I think that is one of our earliest instances of opposition and trouble. But I am glad to say such forms of opposition have all passed away long ago. I remember well when we started from our little room, and on a piece of ground not far from here erected our large Gospel tent or booth. It would seat nearly three thousand people, and we had vast crowds to hear the evangelists who were then preaching. Most of you well remember the name of my excellent friends Joshua Poole and his wife Mary Poole. You will remember their earnest labours there, and how, as the result of their work at that time, in the latter part of 1872, literally hundreds of persons were brought to know and to serve Christ. The result of such work was that large numbers of our dear working folk took the temperance pledge. In the earlier part of our work over three thousand, nearly four thousand, pledges were taken in the tent from persons in adult life, and these pledges were registered, and the persons carefully visited and looked after.'

The tent, then, was the scene of an extraordinary Revival. Night by night men of the most abandoned character were converted. In a letter to *The Christian* at this date Dr. Barnardo said :—

'Far be it from me "to number Israel," but as some slight means of showing the nature and extent of the growth of the gracious work thus carried on, I may add that I suppose not less than two hundred persons have professed conversion since our brother and his wife came to us. The scenes we are permitted to witness nightly are such as I never remember beholding during any previous period of my spiritual life. Last Lord's Day evening twenty-five hundred persons crowded to hear the word of life, and



for hours afterwards we were occupied in dealing with anxious souls, in pointing the inquiring to Jesus, and in meeting the wants of those who thronged around to touch His garments.

'We have no place to bring them to, the Mission-Hall worked by our Mission for the last few years will scarce hold the converts, and for twelve months we have been looking to the Lord for larger and more commodious premises. The neighbourhood is, however, so crowded and thickly inhabited that we have been hitherto unsuccessful.'

So began his report. As usual this led up to 'something else.' He had an important announcement to make :—

'As one result of the Tent Services, two large public-houses immediately adjoining are for sale, one being quite closed. The other, which is for sale, is a splendid house, containing eighteen rooms—a large, well-ventilated apartment, seating 200 persons; another great concert-room, with seats for 1100, and ground surrounding the same sufficiently large to enable us, if necessary, to hold open-air tent services in fine weather. The price asked for this place is £4000. Already many intending bidders at the forthcoming sale have looked at it, and we hear of its being re-opened as an attractive concert and music hall.

'I tremble at this, and cannot but pray that the Lord will enable some of His stewards to lay this at His feet for His holy service. Most thankfully will I receive and reply to communications upon this subject, earnestly hoping that our gracious God will fill the hearts of His servants with willingness and ability, as also with sympathy for the poor dwellers in the east end, so recently brought under the sound of the everlasting Gospel.'

This was an illustration of what he meant, surely with delicious Irish humour, by not begging for money! Nothing more was required to light the prepared fire in the hearts of some of his generous readers. Within a month the Edinburgh Castle was the property of the man. Let him tell his own story of how it was acquired.

'Thank God, the Edinburgh Castle has been purchased without



incurring debt! The day fixed for the sale was Tuesday, 22nd October 1872. An hour before the time arranged for the auction, we, after much deliberation and prayer, bought the place by private contract for the sum of £4200, of which £840 only needed to be paid down as deposit, the conditions of sale allowing fourteen additional days for the examination of deeds and preparation of a lease, before the remainder of the purchase-money was handed over. On this day (7th) we had only £2865, 10s. 6d., but such were the momentous issues involved, such the clearness of the Lord's leadings, and such the general interest exhibited in the undertaking, that we felt, under the circumstances, justified in making the purchase, and in counting upon the Lord to supply what was needful in good time.

'Early on the morning of the 22nd, the day when, according to the conditions of sale, all must be completed, we found that we had in hand, or promised, £4090. At eleven o'clock a friend, deeply interested in the undertaking, called, as he said, to have one of the last shots at the citadel. It was a 100-pounder! £10 came from another quarter, so that by twelve o'clock we had the entire sum, £4200, in hand, and about £100 more promised towards the fittings! How good is our God; how faithful are all His covenants! Beloved friends and fellow-helpers, will you, when you read this, unite with us in a song of praise and triumphant hallelujahs!

'The place will be vested in trustees, selected from various sections of the professing Church. Their names are as follows:—

Mr. John Deacon, 20 Birchin Lane, E.C.

Mr. John Sands, Junior, 50 Old Broad Street, E.C.

Mr. John E. Howard, Lordship Lane, Tottenham.

Mr. Samuel G. Sheppard, 31 Oxford Square, W.

Mr. R. C. Morgan, 12 Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

Hon. T. H. W. Pelham, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

The Hon. Arthur Kinnaid, 2 Pall Mall East, S.W.

'With the above names will be associated that of the writer, who will maintain the active management and direction of this enlarged branch of the East-End Juvenile Mission. That the dear Lord, who has graciously allowed us to obtain the place from the very jaws of the lion, may now enable us to occupy it with power to His glory, is our earnest, heartfelt prayer.'

Immediately after its purchase, the proprietors of a



West-end music-hall offered Barnardo £500 for his bargain !

Wesley's motto might have been Barnardo's—'I am always in haste but never in a hurry ; leisure and I have long taken leave of each other.' Six days after this inspiring onslaught an inauguration tea and service were held in this transformed public-house, under the presidency of Mr. Samuel Gurney Sheppard, in lieu of the Earl of Cavan, who was unable to be present. A surging crowd thronged the adjacent tent, after tea in the 'Castle,' to listen to their chairman, who was to become the faithful chairman of the first committee yet to be formed after the stormy days ahead ; to their young pastor in the flush of another victory ; to Henry Varley, who led three cheers for the Pooles ; and to Burnett Tabrum, who took charge later when the 'Doctor,' as he was now being called, went away after his wedding. Another fortnight and the church at the Edinburgh Castle was duly installed, two hundred and fifty members being present and fifty-five candidates to be received. These, duly visited by the deacons and elders of the church, were solemnly admonished by the pastor, Dr. Barnardo, and given the right hand of fellowship.<sup>1</sup> So the church took possession

<sup>1</sup> As these pages are leaving for the press, Pastor William Cuff sends the following sympathetic, and in part new, account of the formation of this church. He came to Shoreditch in 1872, and at once called upon the doctor.

' . . . Presently the Edinburgh Castle was bought and all sorts of things set on foot. Great evangelistic services were held, and I was often in them taking part. There were many wonderful conversions, and scenes of rejoicings, and songs of praise. Dr. Barnardo was the life and soul and movement of it all. Somehow, he *penetrated* it all, dominated it all, with perfect ease, grace, love, and enthusiasm. Those early scenes at the Edinburgh Castle were truly marvellous, and they pioneered much of the mission-work since done in the east end of London. Such work was not at all understood then as it is now. Some one had to lead the way, bear



of her new home, where her future history will be in keeping with her romantic beginnings.

The addition of the Edinburgh Castle to the East End Juvenile Mission created the opportunity for the introduction of an element into its constitution which

the criticism, pay the price, and open the door. This Dr. Barnardo did with a splendid courage, and a holy patience, worthy of the highest type of true heroism. I venture to speak with authority, for I witnessed it, and in some small degree shared it, along those early years of his noble struggle.

'I recall now quite vividly the night we sat together in his room, when I suggested to him the wisdom of gathering his converts and forming them into a Mission Church. I knew his views about such matters, but I ventured to urge mine. He looked at me, till his soul seemed to come into his face. He paused, hesitated, and then in his quick manner began to talk about it. Of course we prayed over it, and then left it for further consideration. At length it was all arranged, and I went to Stepney one night, and there, with only the doctor and I present, and a few of his best men, we explained to the meeting of saved ones what a New Testament church ought to be. We asked them if they were willing to form themselves into one, etc., and then took a vote. It was unanimous, and I at once gave the right hand of fellowship to each one and formally received them into the Church, Dr. Barnardo included. We then elected him as pastor, leader, and teacher. Then followed the Lord's Supper, with an address from the doctor. It was a solemn, blessed time, never to be forgotten. I forget the date, but I think it was in 1873, and I think so because to commemorate the event he gave me a beautiful copy of one of Bagster's Bibles. It is the one Bible I have used ever since, and is still my daily companion. I have carried it thousands of miles and almost round the world. On the fly-leaf is written, in Dr. Barnardo's own handwriting, the following, and I am proud of it:—

"To my dear Friend

WILLIAM CUFF

In remembrance of some happy hours spent together  
in the Lord's service.

T. J. BARNARDO.

*March 1873.*"

'When Dr. Barnardo died, I felt keenly that I had lost a true friend, and the world has lost one of the best philanthropists of our time. His memory will live, and his work will go on and thousands more will rise up and call him blessed. I fain would weave a garland of affectionate regard and lay it on his grave, for I loved him well before he was a world-renowned man, and through all his years of strenuous service helped and served him when it was in my power.'



was desirable. The Castle was vested in trustees. This was a wise provision, wisely arranged; for the gentlemen who became the trustees rendered in after years splendid service to him and to the public, and to the whole work.

The hall and rooms were soon used for mission purposes. What should be done with the bar? 'One day, as the painters were rubbing out one of the signs of this place, it occurred to me,' as Dr. Barnardo writes later, 'why not make it into a coffee-palace, simply changing the word "gin" into "coffee"? Why not make it as grand as a public-house, providing such wholesome attractions as shall induce the people to enter?'

A movement to compete with the attractions of the public-house had been made years before in Dundee under the direction of Lord Kinnaird. And later in Leeds, Liverpool, and Manchester the British workmen taverns have been opened. Barnardo went to Leeds to see them. Mr. W. Hind-Smith, recalling this visit, says:—

'I think it was about 1867 or '68 that Dr. B. came to Leeds to see my wife's work, she then having the oversight of about sixteen "British Workmen" Public Houses without the Drink—each one having a Mission Hall attached.

'He was charmed with the idea, and declared he would eclipse our work by going in for something on a much bigger scale but keeping to the main idea, and he did.'

Barnardo felt that these taverns were dull and dingy, and in the competition with the public-houses were easily beaten. He saw that the starting of merely a coffee-house would have fallen flat upon the neighbourhood of Limehouse, accustomed to the blazing light and plate-glass of the gin palace. He therefore



struck out boldly, retained the sign and the bar, regilded and decorated the whole inside and out, making it even more attractive than before. In an essay, written years later, on Coffee Palaces, he answered :—

‘One objection to the adoption of this line of procedure. . . . Why play at public-houses? The answer is, that the establishment of coffee-palaces does not represent play at all, but downright earnest work. The publican understands human nature, he adopts what are supposed to be common-sense methods of attracting custom, and in a general business way there can be no harm in following on the same lines. The working-man is caught with guile by the publican ; why should he not be diverted by similar means into better ways? The coffee-palace is fitted up in the style of a first-class tavern, not to pander to diseased tastes ; but because such a pattern is most convenient, and because the light, warmth, and generally cheerful aspect of the bar and anterooms prove an innocent source of satisfaction to those poor frequenters whose homes at the best are only too bare, and whose dull round of life is undoubtedly monotonous. The well-conducted coffee-palace has abundance of attractions for such ; and another grand recommendation is that there is nothing repellent to customers of a higher class. Persons accustomed to good tables at home can appreciate the tea and coffee and relish the bread and butter.’

So the Edinburgh Castle became the People’s Mission Church and the first Coffee-Palace in the country. As a commercial undertaking it paid. Good meals were supplied to working-men, games and newspapers and temperance refreshments afforded opportunity for social intercourse, which still seems to be one of the reasons why men go to public-houses.

‘I had always’ (he said in 1886) ‘felt that to preach total abstinence to working-men while I could point to no substitute for the social advantages of the public-house was worse than useless. I was convinced that there was a missing link in our temperance organisations so long as there was no point of reunion except the public-house, where there was opportunity for the genial expanding of the social instincts. So now that my chance had come, I



planned the new Edinburgh Castle as the first coffee-palace in the United Kingdom. (This name, by the way, was as new as the Castle itself.) On February 14, 1873, the renovated building was opened by Lord Shaftesbury. It was from the first a financial and social success, and, I am happy to think, was the real pioneer of a constructive system of temperance effort, of which the principle is to extirpate the evils of the public-house by substituting something better in their place.'

Here in this Mission Church Barnardo for thirteen years was the only pastor,<sup>1</sup> doing, in addition to his special work amongst the children, all the duties which fall to the lot of a real working minister.

'As an orator, preaching two or three times a week to thousands in his beloved church—the Edinburgh Castle—we felt that had he given all his powers to this, he would have been first in the land. We urged him to devote all his wondrous gifts and powers to this and to the defence of Christianity, and allow the burden of the work of the children to fall upon other shoulders. "No," he said, some time afterwards; "I feel my Master has called me and given me as my life-work my children, and for nothing can I desert them."'

The working-classes flocked to hear him.

'I unhesitatingly assert' (he said) 'that those who tell us that the working-classes are inimical to Christianity are wholly misinformed; moreover, I am persuaded that the Gospel, if faithfully preached, with strength of personal conviction and in plain Saxon, will prove now, as ever, powerfully attractive to the working-classes and the poor generally. At the Edinburgh Castle on

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<sup>1</sup> Writing in 1881 to the Rev. S. Borton Brown, whom he had invited to join him in the ministry of Edinburgh Castle, he said: 'Hitherto at the Edinburgh Castle the lion's share of the work has necessarily fallen upon me. For thirteen years (since March 1868) I have been the accepted pastor of the Mission Church there, recognised as such by the people and by ministers of all denominations in the neighbourhood. During the first five years I engaged very actively in the ordinary duties of the pastoral office; not only did I do all the preaching, but I visited for three or four hours daily. I contrived to see all the members, not then a large number, at least twice in the year, and in cases of sorrow or trouble of any kind the people could rely upon my sympathy and presence.'



Sunday we have a crowded morning congregation of decent, respectable working people, at an hour when all such are popularly supposed to be either in bed or at the public-house corner. Others beside Miss Ellice Hopkins have wondered what secret nexus connects Christianity with broadcloth, and I have been asked why our hearers—all East-end workers—are so respectably clad. My invariable answer is that the Gospel works from the heart outward, and personal and family religion soon make their mark in the dress and in the home. But this by the way. On Sunday afternoon we have usually 2500 in attendance. In the evening the full capacity of the hall is tested, and I know no more hopeful and inspiring sight than is afforded by a visit to the Castle between the hours of 7 and 8.30, when every one of our 3200 sittings is occupied.'

When he appointed a co-pastor, he frankly told him that he must himself preach to the people:—

'They *will have it* that I am to preach at the E.C. on Sundays when in town and in good health. If I leave off for even a Sunday or two it affects our numbers, our collections, and eventually our very church life, for the best of my hearers go off to Mr. —, where if they attend even for three or four Sundays consecutively they get attached, and then it is most difficult to get them back again. Thus the work of gathering and keeping is hindered, and I seem always to be building up without seeing very much fruit for my toil.'

All the agencies now usually attached to a live church were in operation, but then they were novelties:—

'Of the host of allied agencies which have sprung out of or have grouped themselves round the Edinburgh Castle centre, one of the foremost of these is the Deaconess House,<sup>1</sup> an institution in

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<sup>1</sup> Miss Stent, one of his oldest and most devoted workers, writes: 'The Deaconess work at Bow was one of the earliest developments of Dr. Barnardo's life-work. It was in 1875 that a house previously occupied by himself was opened for "young gentlewomen" whose whole time, under the guidance of an experienced lady, was to be spent in ministering to these poor folk. A larger and more convenient house had soon to be taken, and for twenty-two years, until 1897, a succession of earnest young Christian sisters lived



the Bow Road, filled with educated women, Christian ladies, who devote their whole time to visiting among the poor, the sick, and the ignorant. The neighbourhood of the Castle is divided into districts, and every house and room within the radius receives regular visitation in a helpful and loving spirit. All our relief agency is founded on intimate knowledge, and this knowledge these ladies supply. We know who friend A. is, what he works at, whether he is out of work or not, what his earnings are, whether his wife is a good manager or not, what rent they pay, how many children there are, whether and where they go to school, whether they attend any place of worship, etc., and this systematised intelligence guides our action in case of relief being wanted. Then, too, the largest ragged schools in London have been carried on for years within a stone's-throw of the Edinburgh Castle, these being a direct outgrowth of the mission-hall work. The whole staff of the teachers is selected from the converts made at the hall. One of our most valuable rules is to set our adherents at work suited to their capacities and aptitudes. In this way we have filled not a few of our agencies with the very men wanted for such posts. In connection with these schools (situated in Copperfield Road) we have for years supplied the hungrier scholars with free breakfasts and dinners, as a necessary preliminary to education.'

But after ten years the building of the Edinburgh Castle showed signs of decay. Built of poor materials, underpinning would not save it, and it had to be demolished. He and his poor folk faced the situation bravely, and in place of the old Concert Hall, they raised in 1884, at a cost of nearly £8000, the fine building which stands to-

together and worked among the poor around, and also among the children in the Homes.

'This was a branch to which the Director of the Mission gave his closest personal attention. Its superintendent or deaconess in charge was most carefully selected, and when thus appointed, she had his utmost confidence and unfailing help. Indeed, Dr. Barnardo's way with his trusted workers in every department was magnetic; it drew them to him in a manner that his departure has only riveted and made lasting. He was a *Master* in the highest sense, but he was also a faithful and generous friend. The more closely one worked with him, the more certainly was one's loyalty, and indeed one's life, pledged to him and the furtherance of his ideals.'



day, seating 3200 people. The foundation stones were laid by Mr. William Fowler, M.P., the Rev. W. Tyler (acting as proxy for Sir James Tyler), Mr. Samuel Gurney Sheppard, and the Hon. Emily Kinnaird; and the principal memorial stones by the Lord Mayor of London, who attended with the Sheriffs in state. The money was raised without diverting any from the Homes, and the building opened free of debt on Monday, 28th January 1884, under the presidency of the Right Honourable the Earl Cairns, supported by Dr. Barnardo and many influential ministers and laymen, amongst whom were the Rev. Archibald Brown, the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, and Mr. Stevenson A. Blackwood, C.B. In the course of his address, the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe said:—

‘When we ask ourselves on what right and on what ground we stand, surely it is this: We have heard (and I can trust my Lord Cairns in this matter, thank God) that this hall is dedicated to the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. And if our friend Dr. Barnardo and those who work with him are determined to uphold in their lives and conversation, and then to exhibit in their utterances before the masses of East London, the true doctrine of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the one personal Saviour, what right have we to forbid that they should open their mouths? They are commissioned of God as much as ourselves.’

The Rev. Archibald Brown had some ‘early reminiscences concerning dear Dr. Barnardo.’

‘I think I have known him about as long as most, and he has not altered much. The dew of youth abides on him. I remember well (it must be now, I suppose, getting on for seventeen years ago) I was sitting in my study in Bancroft Road, where then I lived, and there was a whirl and a rush, and a door flew open and a whirlwind came. It was Dr. Barnardo. I always expected to see Dr. Barnardo either careering in a hansom cab or else on a fire-engine. Seventeen years ago he was a frank, outspoken,



loving, and slightly impetuous brother, and I cannot see that there has been any particular change in him. Time has dealt very kindly with him, and I cannot but look back and say: "Well, what hath God wrought since seventeen years ago, when first we met!" He was then working away for God down at "World's End." I remember he came and carried me off by storm to go and say a few words at one of his meetings. He migrated from "World's End" to the Edinburgh Castle. At that time I was working away for the Master on Stepney Green. We migrated out towards the East London Tabernacle, and thus for about seventeen years, if my memory serves me rightly, we have been co-workers, always close together, and close together too in heart. I do not say that we always see precisely eye to eye. I know Dr. Barnardo has got a habit of thinking for himself, and he has taught me the trick, and I have got into that same habit; and when you meet two men, each thinking for himself, it is just probable that sometimes they will not always be the precise echo the one of the other. But I am sure of this: there are no two hearts that beat more loyally to one another than ours. I joy and rejoice in the magnificent work he has done among the waifs and strays of this great city. As to this particular branch of his work, I hope that the Edinburgh Castle will never be looked upon as a sort of secondary part of his work. I look upon it, if not first and foremost, as on a par with everything which he does. Nothing can take precedence over preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. That must always stand as the greatest and grandest mission in any man's life.'

Soon after opening the new church, Barnardo defined its ecclesiastical position in a letter to one who was to take over the charge. The same letter shows that important changes are taking place:—

'As to our ecclesiastical position at the E.C., we are really *eclectic*, and are not, as you know, in denominational attachment with any body. Brethrenism and Quakerism have leavened us a little. Many of the people have been baptized as adults, and very many are Wesleyans in doctrine. Personally I feel myself more and more in sympathy with the Evangelical section of the Church of England, and if there were not some drawbacks would probably seek to enter her ministry, which I



have been more than once invited to do. But whatever may be my individual views on this branch of the subject, even were I *in* the ministry of some recognised denomination, I am bound by my trust-deed to keep the E.C. *undenominational*, and would simply *there* go on as heretofore, preaching truths generally accepted by all Evangelical bodies, and leaving "sacraments" and other debatable topics to be determined by each member in the light which God gives to those who seek it.'

So under a wider roof the old work continued its good influences over many lives in the midst of slumdom. But for nearly twenty years before his death the ever-increasing claims of the children, and his health, which grew more and more precarious, made it impossible for him to remain pastor, or to do more than watch over the church more directly cared for by a succession of resident evangelists, supported by a splendid band of elders, deacons, and workers.

'Time' (as Dr. Barnardo once wrote, and 'space' as we now plead) 'would fail me to tell the names of the good men who have taken active part in the work carried on there, but there are some who must be spoken of with peculiar gratitude. Joshua Poole and his gifted wife, Mary, were among the very first who, as pioneers, carried the torch of the Gospel into a neighbourhood not remarkable for the attention on the part of its inhabitants—the poorest sections of the working-class—to the claims of religion. A vast number of others, clergy, laity, noblemen, and commoners rich and poor, and, I may add, educated and unlettered persons, have been used of God to convey, in simple terms, the wonderful story of redemption.'

He himself must have delivered more than one thousand evangelistic addresses and sermons, judging from the pile of outlines before us. These are direct appeals, full of evangelical fervour, to the unconverted, and were often the means of grace to erring souls. His theology was constructed upon the simplest plans—all men are born in iniquity—the gentle and the uncouth, and all men need a



Saviour. Ruskin's wonder at the height to which our poor human nature could rise, and his dictum that the highest height attained is the true index of the nature of man, was the antithesis of Barnardo's position. All men are by nature prone to evil, and the lowest depths to which man has fallen reveals the intrinsic tendencies of his being, and nothing can save them but the atoning blood of Christ. This is the sum and substance of his theology. Every theme was twined round these two pillars of his faith. 'During the thirty years of our association,' says Dr. Milne, 'loyal and true devotion to his Lord and Saviour was the key to his character: never for a moment did he appear to waver.' His hearers were exhorted in season and out of season to be saved. His attempts at teaching showed that his vocation was that of the evangelist. When men were saved, he felt that his work was done for them. They must then commence to save others. This was the theological system which satisfied the medical student.

The inspiring history of the Edinburgh Castle for thirty-five years has abundantly justified the intrepid faith of this young man of twenty-seven, who struck such a blow at the drink traffic that it has not recovered in Limehouse to this hour. The immediate neighbourhood, like the whole East End, has changed a score of times since the days of the big tent Revival, but the unchanging Gospel, told in the language of the people with the power of conviction, is still preached by a faithful and courageous pastor (Mr. Walter Notman) and is still the power of God unto salvation. And the Edinburgh Castle remains one of the many witnesses to the sagacity, courage, activity, and spiritual prowess of its founder.

## CHAPTER IX

### HIS MARRIAGE AND AFTER

'Our wills are ours, we know not how ;  
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.'

TENNYSON.

FOR six months after the opening of the Edinburgh Castle he leads his single life, living, eating, drinking, waking, sleeping in his work. At night he was out and about searching for members of that vast unmothered family, broken into piteous groups, inhabiting tubs and arches beside quay and riverside, crouching on the common staircase of tenements, under market stalls, or herding with the filthy in dens of infamy ; and to bed at early dawn. An early speaker described him as 'the young man with the lantern.' 'Soon welcome and needed sleep,' he wrote after a night out,<sup>1</sup> 'comes to our relief; memory loses its keenness, and repose is ours !'

'Hark ! what's that ? Oh ! we remember now ; morning has come, and our little lad is outside the door, and says as he raps

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<sup>1</sup> 'It is with peculiar pleasure I recall my small share in the midnight quest of the hidden and sleeping lads in lofts, wagons, and arches. How *well* I remember the change of dress in order to be equipped and ready for contact with the undesirable attachments pertaining to the ragged outcasts, ere they were examined and admitted to the shelter, and passed on to the bath, and change of raiment. Next, the return to the doctor's pleasant home, with its welcome, warm bath about 1.30 A.M. after the night's search. I was never happier than in his company, and from the first he won confidence that has never known other than increase.'—HENRY VARLEY.



loudly, "Very late, sir, time to get up!" So up we jump, and soon, very soon, are we at our work again! To-day is Friday, which is a very significant fact, and means that we shall be very busy indeed; that is, very especially busy. Do you know why? On Friday we see at the Home poor lads who desire admission, and go carefully into each case. In short, it is our reception day, when, as with David, "Every one that is in distress, and every one that is in debt, and every one that is bitter of soul," may come and have a personal interview, and get such advice, counsel, or assistance as seems most fitted for their case.

'As we enter the Home to-day, we see that the waiting-hall is crowded with women, men, and boys; but the latter are the most numerous. Little boys, big boys, fat boys, thin boys, ragged boys, tidy boys, merry boys, sad boys, fair boys, dark boys; in short, almost every known variety of the *genus* boy. When we are seated at a little table in our private room, we ring a bell, and in they come one by one. Then for three or four hours we listen and advise, warn or pray, taking copious notes of such cases as are likely to call for future action.

'We have, however, made a rule that no really destitute lad shall ever apply in vain at our door, and can now thankfully write that WE HAVE NEVER TURNED AWAY ONE HOUSELESS AND DESTITUTE BOY SINCE THE DEAR HOME HAS BEEN DOING ITS WORK AND ERRAND OF MERCY.'

Let the reader dwell upon the sentence in capitals in these reminiscences of 1872.

This is the *first* time the statement has been made. Hereafter, in every publication NO DESTITUTE CHILD IS EVER REFUSED ADMISSION will be placed in the forefront of his Home, distinguishing it from all other Homes ever established, and becoming the high ideal which, though the waters of financial difficulties threatened again and again to overwhelm him, he steadfastly refused to lower. Perhaps more than any other principle this is the one whose application brought him the greatest difficulties by way of compelling him to depart from his wholesome rule of not going into debt, and yet has been fraught with great blessing,



not only to the destitute children, but to the Christian Church as a public illustration of what fearless faith in God accomplishes.

Each year, from 1867, brought a new departure. This year of 1873 was for him, personally, the greatest.

His work was winning ever increasing public support, for over £20,000 that year was poured into his coffers, and once more he announced: 'Persons desiring to help this work should remember, ere they do so, that their donations and subscriptions are to be forwarded to a private individual—that we have no committee, treasurer, or other than the writer in the sole management of the financial affairs of the mission—that their names will never appear in print; but that they will be written to, and their subscriptions or donations privately acknowledged.'

His indomitable faith is enlarging. What A. H. Hallam calls 'the abysmal depths of personality' are opening to fuller sight. He is a public factor of no mean importance, enjoying a growing reputation. His singular charm of character and countenance captivate children, workers, and supporters. He is captain of many lives, victor in the warfare of love.

At this moment another figure appears prominently on his horizon—Miss Syrie Louise Elmslie, to whom he was subsequently married, only daughter of William Elmslie of Lloyd's and Richmond, Surrey.

The natural place for the wedding would have been Richmond, the home of the bride. Thousands of friends in the East End could not afford to go to Richmond, nor would there have been found there a building large enough to hold them. Dr. Barnardo writes his bride-elect putting the difficulties before



her. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon having offered the Metropolitan Tabernacle, he suggests they shall be married 'by an ordinary licence, in an ordinary way, in an ordinary dissenting chapel.' He knows their mutual choice is God's will. He has no time for courtship. Like Froude, his mind moved with great rapidity and went so directly to the point that the circumstances were not always fully weighed. The desire is for the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon to officiate, but he is leaving London on the 9th June for a holiday 'which I greatly need,' he says, 'and shall be away for three weeks, which is not too long a furlough. I do not imagine that you can wait. The Lord be with you very richly in this step. I believe He will. You serve with pure heart, and He will surely build your house.'

The night before the wedding, 16th June 1873, a meeting was held at the East London Tabernacle. 'We had a charming and most blessed meeting,' the bridegroom wrote; 'Lord Kintore, Brownlow North, Esq., Rev. V. Charlesworth, and Rev. Archibald Brown took part in the meeting, and when Lord Kintore prayed for her, so soon to be my wife, you should have heard the people say Amen. Bless her!' He breaks into poetry, but the reader, if it is not sacrilege to reveal even so much, must have the substance in humbler prose. He feels how true is Tupper when he speaks of the 'sweet blossom love, memory and absence cherish it, as the balmy breathings of the south.'

On Tuesday, June 17th, they were married at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Causeway.

'I was present' (wrote the Rev. W. J. Mayers in the *Sword and Trowel*) 'at the wedding of Dr. Barnardo in the Metropolitan

Tabernacle on 17th June 1873. A large company (including many from the East End) gathered, and the bride and bridegroom looked radiantly proud and happy. Lord Radstock, Dr. Grattan Guinness, and Mr. Henry Varley were on the platform, with other friends. I well remember gathering together all the students of the Pastors' College, and arranging for them to stand on the corners of the seats, and bending over the aisle, to link hands, so that the happy couple might have a living arch to pass under as they left the building.'

Mr. Henry Varley also counts it 'one of the honours of my life that I was permitted, with Dr. Grattan Guinness, to share the service which consummated the marriage tie of our honoured friend. What a scene it was! The great Metropolitan Tabernacle crowded for that festive and hallowed occasion.'

'After the wedding,' Barnardo wrote, 'six weeks musing on the things to be.'

These blissful days over, he returned to his own flock as pastor of the church at Edinburgh Castle. The organisers of the Welcome Meeting fell back upon the Tent for tea, to which a thousand guests were invited. After tea, the fine hall was crowded by the people he loved to acclaim their 'welcome home.'

Mr. Burnett Tabrum, in the name of the church and congregation, presented Dr. and Mrs. Barnardo with a beautiful silver tea-service. In response, their Pastor said that he was unfeignedly glad to be back in their midst, and that none of the pleasant sights and scenes he had lately enjoyed surpassed the present. He especially thanked the rector of Limehouse, 'who has throughout, and especially of late, manifested the deepest interest in our work, even placing at my disposal the Rectory grounds for



open-air preaching when it was opposed and forbidden by the magistrates on pain of imprisonment, without option of fine.'

An editor, writing of the event, concluded: 'From henceforth his life, his experience, his work, will take on a new colour, an added power, a deeper tone, higher privileges, deeper responsibilities, a larger capacity for joy and sorrow.'

And so it proved. It was the starting-point of a long contemplated development. On the title-page of the next year's Report appear the words:—

‘HOMES FOR RECLAIMING DESTITUTE CHILDREN  
OF BOTH SEXES.’

Mossford Lodge became their first home, and their first party, invited for three days in October, took the characteristic turn of a meeting for the deepening of spiritual life. But Barnardo was sane enough not to be drawn too far from the practical line of life into things mystical. Lord Radstock, Quintin Hogg, Evan Hopkins, Clement Boardman, Henry Varley, R. C. Morgan, with many busy workers who relished the opportunity to ‘go apart and rest awhile,’ were at this family gathering. It preceded the gathering in of that larger family of destitute girls whom hitherto alone he had been unable to receive, but whom, by the splendid help of his devoted wife, he was henceforth able to rescue.

## CHAPTER X

### THE VILLAGE HOME

‘He had that most precious of combinations—genius and a heart.’

G. W. E. RUSSELL on ‘Matthew Arnold.’

‘When the Son of man shall come in His glory: . . . before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another. . . . Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come: . . . for I was an hungered, I was thirsty, I was a stranger, naked, sick, in prison, and ye ministered unto Me. Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart: . . . for I was an hungered, I was thirsty, I was a stranger, naked, sick, in prison, and ye ministered not unto Me. . . . Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not unto Me.’—MATT. xxv. 31-45.

His marriage at once set him free to receive orphan and destitute girls.

The law of the land had been strengthened for the protection of girls by the Criminal Mothers Act of 1871, the Infant Life Protection Act of 1872, and the Custody of Infants Act of 1873, whilst the increasing interest in the care of neglected children was shown by an important Conference upon the working of the Industrial Schools, held in London on 22nd May 1874.

Industrial and Reformatory Schools and other homes for girls in various places conducted on what was known as the ‘barrack’ system had been established for some years. And there existed the Princess Mary Village Homes at Addlestone, founded by the late Mrs. Meredith, the first sod of which was dug by the late Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of



Teck, in April 1871, for the training of girls on the family system.

Whilst Dr. and Mrs. Barnardo were away on their honeymoon, an old friend, Mr. Cheyne Brady, suggested in a public letter in *The Christian* a wedding present in the form of a Fund for the establishment of a Girls' Home. To this Dr. Barnardo replied from Lowestoft as follows :—

‘I desire to record the feelings of thankfulness experienced by my dear wife and myself upon perusing Mr. Cheyne Brady's graceful letter published a fortnight ago in your paper. To open a Girls' Home, in which the sisters of many of the boys already rescued may be received, has for two years been the desire of my heart. For obvious reasons it was unsuitable to attempt this before; but often when a boy was rescued and we had to leave unaided the even more necessitous cases of two or three young sisters exposed to a thousand evils, our hearts have yearned over the children with great desire, and we have cried to the Lord to open the door.’

But he was not acquainted with the Village system. Nearly thirty years later he said: ‘One peculiar feature marked the inception of the Village Home. I began my work there without any serious thoughts of adopting the cottage plan as a scheme of family life.’ The first attempt, therefore, was to start an Institute on the ‘barrack’ system, which he called the ‘Home for Orphan and Destitute Girls.’ On 30th October 1873 Dr. and Mrs. Barnardo wrote to *The Christian* :—

‘Through the great goodness of God, a Home has been placed at our disposal at Ilford, in Essex, in which it is our united desire to receive such little female waifs, and train them after a fashion, not, so far as we know, adopted anywhere else, as domestic servants for establishments of the better class.

‘Our own dwelling adjoins, and indeed communicates with, the Home, and here it is that, aided by thoroughly good servants,



and the voluntary help of some Christian ladies, I hope to train up a band of kitchenmaids, housemaids, parlour-maids, laundry-maids, dairymaids, and cooks, to meet the great demand existing everywhere for cleanly and instructed female servants.'

This house—Mossford Lodge, Barkingside—was the generous gift of Mr. John Sands, and from it the whole Village was developed.

In October 1873 the little Home was quietly opened with twelve little girls, whose dwelling was a remodelled coachhouse adjoining Mossford Lodge: £1000 was spent in furnishing and clothing.

At his first Annual Meeting, 31st March 1875, the number in this Barrack Home had reached fifty-four, and the work seemed to be successful. But let us look at this new family and through his own eyes:—

'I was rescuing little English *nomads*, some of whom might truthfully be described as girl *savages*. The life stories of some of my first inmates were shocking in the extreme, appalling in their revelations of neglect and degradation. I remember bringing short notes of my first ten girls under the notice of the late Lord Shaftesbury, and he declared that he very much doubted if these cases could, at the time, be paralleled among the inmates of any other Institution in the United Kingdom. One of these cases, for example, was that of a child who had twice attempted to take her own life. Another, a girl of only nine, had filled a baby's mouth with sand and sat on its face! And yet, I declare absolutely, that that child was not really of a cruel nature: there was no murderous intent; there was simply intense curiosity to know what would happen, followed by and by with a feeling of real sorrow when she realised how the poor baby had suffered. Like an untutored savage she had no imagination: her nature had never been developed: she was incapable of putting herself in another's place. This girl had no father and no mother: she had been rescued from the possession of a woman who wandered as a vagabond over England with the baby which was not her own child, and of whose parentage nobody knew anything.

'The period of which I write was the heyday of beggars.



There was nothing but the Vagrant Law to touch them, and that was but infrequently and partially put in action. They could sleep where they liked—expose children as they liked—drag about boy and girl savages, with ignorant minds and stunted bodies, who never went to school, or church, or chapel, and who were capable of fighting viciously and of becoming drunk at an early age. Debauchery followed as soon as it was possible. Among my first thirty girls I had as many depraved children gathered in our little Home as I suppose have ever been aggregated under one roof since then. These were mostly criminals in embryo, the offspring of degraded and vicious women. Opportunity, and the continuance of their then environment, together with *simple neglect* by Society and the State, were all that was needed to produce full-blown abandoned women! It was with such as these that I had to deal; and knowing nothing better and only feeling an intense passion to rescue and to save them, I supposed that a Home in the country under Christian influences, with simple education and some degree of training, would at any rate be the first steps towards a better life.'

One night, however, his plan was, as we who are in the secret of Providence know, wisely upset.

'I overheard' (he said) 'some vile conversation carried on in what we thought was our happy little *Christian* Home, and then in a moment I realised what were the hidden forces of evil at work undoing all we hoped had been attained. Indeed I was made to feel as I listened with horror, that probably I had done harm, not good, and that by our system of aggregating these girls I was but propagating and intensifying evil. No reader of these pages can imagine the overwhelming hopelessness of the outlook, which almost seemed to crush me as I realised that the fair plans I had formed were producing such apples of Sodom!'

This painful discovery led him instantly to consider his position and remodel the Home. 'Indeed,' he said, 'I could do no other.' The reasons for this course were:—

'First, I saw that what I had done was not God's way. That was clear. The family life was *His* way; had He not from the



first established it and blessed it? "He setteth the solitary in families." Ah! then what had I been doing? And again I blushed at the thought of my ignorance and helplessness. I told our Father that I was willing to give it all up at once; and to acknowledge, in connection with the scheme I had already advocated in public, and which so many friends had favoured, that I had been wrong. With that my peace of mind was restored.'

Later he wrote:—

'Gradually, the more excellent way began to reveal itself to me. I think at first it was in a "vision of the night," in those wakeful moments which come to us all, when the mind is busy in thinking out a difficult problem, that I saw as at a glance what I ought to do. There should be no longer a great house in which sixty of these motherless girls would be herded together, clad in some dull uniform generally divested of all prettiness; but little cottages should arise, each of them presided over by its own "mother," and in which all the members of the family could be clad as working people's children were under ordinary circumstances. The girls should be of all ages, from the baby of a few months or weeks to the growing girls, some of whom would be nearly out of their teens. There *family life and family love might be reproduced*, and gentle, modest ways would be made possible in the retirement of the little cottage with its four or five rooms, and under the influences of godly women whom I was sure would come to my aid in due time.

'Such was the rough outline of my new scheme.'

Straightway he began to realise it.

'I am rejoiced,' he says in his Annual Report for 1874-5, issued in January 1876, 'to be able to write that destitute girls have not been neglected. The longing of my heart for many years past is now, through God's goodness, likely to be gratified, for a Home, established, I trust, upon the most natural principle—that of family life—is about to be opened.'

On June 9, 1875, the foundation-stones of eleven cottages were laid by the Right Hon. the Earl of



Aberdeen, and on July 9, 1876, after many delays, the Village Home, of which thirteen cottages and the laundry were completed, was opened by the Lord Chancellor and Lady Cairns and the Earl of Aberdeen. The history of the first cottage, because it was the first, and also because it was a gift 'In Memoriam,' must be told, and by himself, since it is too personal to be re-written—and once again Oxford is associated with it.

'Well, going down to certain meetings then about to be held at Oxford one day, I met at the railway station a Christian brother in a humble sphere of life, whom I knew as one of the godliest men it was ever my privilege to meet, a man of prayer, a man of faith, a man whose very face told you something of the peace of God which reigned within. We met on the platform, and he told me he was going to Oxford too. We talked together, walking up and down the platform, and then in the carriage when we got in. I had many burdens on my mind then, and was feeling sad and downcast about them. I suppose I showed my grief in the expression of my face, for he said to me in a tone of very sincere sympathy, when we were in the railway carriage alone, "How is your work going on?" Then I told him all about my heavy burdens. We were alone. This man of God thought for a moment, and then he turned to me and said, "If God shows you that your proposed scheme is too large, and that you should give it up, are you prepared to give it up?" I thought for a moment too. I thought if God's approval and blessing were not with me, it were better I did not succeed from an earthly point of view. So I said, "Yes; I am quite prepared." He replied, after a moment's pause, "We are going down to Oxford for a special purpose, for spiritual refreshment. Let us here, in this carriage, alone, kneel down and commit your case to God, and let us ask Him, if it be His will, to show you clearly, before you leave Oxford, whether you should go on or turn back."

'We knelt down together in that carriage. We committed the case of the children to God. We rose up after prayer, lightened and refreshed. We soon reached our journey's end. I went to my hotel. My friend said "Good-bye." He was



stopping somewhere else, but he arranged to breakfast with me at the hotel at eight o'clock the next morning. Well, in the morning, while I was dressing, a man came to the door and knocked. I thought it was the servant bringing up hot water. I said, "Come in." The door was opened just about wide enough for a man to shove his head in. A head was thrust in, but so that I could hardly see who the owner of it was. His hair was all dishevelled, and he was evidently not yet fully dressed. "Is your name Barnardo?" he asked. I said, "Yes." "You are thinking of building a Village for little girls at Ilford, are you not? You want some cottages?" Well, I was scarcely able to answer him. But I said, "Yes, yes." He asked, "Have you got any?"—never coming in beyond putting his head through the door. I replied, "No—not yet." "Well," he cried, "put me down for the first cottage. Good morning," and away he went.

But as to putting him down, I did not know his name; I had not seen his face properly. I rushed down the corridor after him, and caught him. I said, "You must come back." I got him back into the room. What was the history of his gift? He had had a dear child, a daughter, whom he had lost some months before; and he had resolved in his mind to commemorate that daughter by rearing some institution, such as his means would enable him to do. He had heard of our work, and had determined to help us, but had hitherto done nothing. The appeal in *The Christian* came before him and his wife, and they said to each other, "This is what we will do; we can afford that amount. We will build one of these cottages for little destitute girls." He never sent me word of his intention, but down there at Oxford, whither I had gone after having specially asked God's guidance, the message came to me in that striking manner. In the morning, while he was dressing, he had asked the "boots" who were in the hotel. "Whom have you got there? Who has arrived lately?" The man replied, "I will get you the book, and you can see." He went down and got him the book of arrivals. There was my name and my number. On the spur of the moment, in his impulsive way, he dashed away, without finishing his dressing, got to my room, just opened the door, and made his announcement in the fashion I have told you. I need not assure you we did not leave that bedroom without both prayer and praise.

'I went presently down to the breakfast-room. My poor-rich friend of the previous night was there by appointment. When



I came up to him, I suppose he saw in my face an expression somewhat different from that of the former evening, and he just looked at me, and then quietly said, "*It shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.*" And we together there and then gave God thanks for that wonderful answer to prayer. Now, that is the history of the first cottage.'

Every year for thirty years from that date additions were made to the Village, which is not yet completed. The history of its growth in bricks and mortar is compressed into a table.<sup>1</sup> In 1876 fourteen cottages, in 1878 eleven, in 1879 three, in 1880 three, in 1887 eighteen, in 1903 five, in 1904 eight, in 1905 three, in 1906 two were erected. How many of them in memory of the dead! For sorrow has built up this shining monument of charity, whose foundations are laid in many hearts. Then there is the Children's Church, 'dedicated to the glory of God in loving memory of her father and mother by their daughter,' the memorial stone of which was laid on 25th June 1892.

Two other buildings call for mention. One is in the centre of the Village—the Cairns Memorial House—built by the children of England in memory of the first President of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Right Honourable Earl Cairns, and opened on 6th August 1887. Its story is told by Dr. Barnardo himself:—

'We lost one who had been a dear friend, a friend not merely in name and in word, but in deed; and such friends are few in this life. I refer to the first President of the Institutions, the late Earl Cairns. I cannot tell you what we lost in losing him. He was no mere ornamental President, to be announced on certain occasions, but a real friend to whom I could go at all times, and

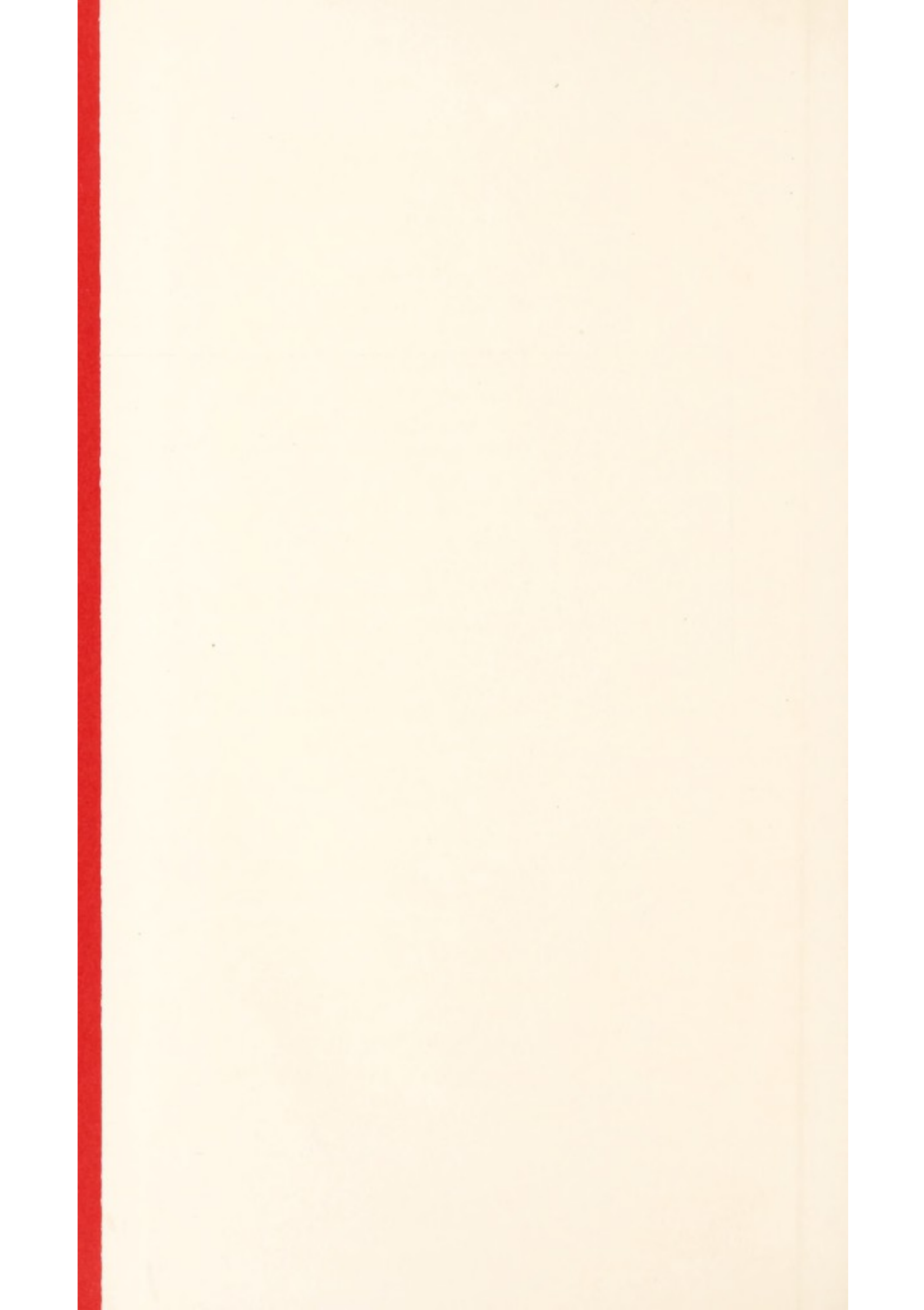
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<sup>1</sup> See Appendix C.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME, BARKINGSIDE





who always responded by wise, loving advice and personal help. We all felt that we must rear a building in this Village which should remind us of him and should keep his name and memory sweet and fresh among us.'

The other is the entrance house for the children, affording accommodation for sixty-seven on probation, which is in memory of the great and good Queen Victoria. It was declared open by His Grace the Duke of Argyll, K.T., on Saturday, 11th July 1903, 'to the glory of God and the service of His little ones.' For it was during her long and illustrious reign that all the Acts of legislature for the benefit of waif and unhappy children became law.

The whole Village now comprises about sixty acres, with sixty-five cottages and eleven other buildings<sup>1</sup> and room for more awaiting generous donors to complete; whilst the one great lack of the Village—a hospital—has yet to be presented, perhaps by some reader of this book.

On the design and extension of the Village Dr. Barnardo lavished his knowledge and experience. The Village Home was his peculiar care; every detail of every cottage from the foundation to the chimney-pot—the colour of paint and paper, the furnishing and use of each room—nothing escaped him. Nothing was 'too good' for his children, so that in design, sanitation, and construction, cottage and school and workroom were regarded as models, and yet capable of improvement, for he was never satisfied. The ambition with him was always for something better. No art picture can convey to the reader anything but a faint impression of the Village Home. Should the reader visit the Village

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix C.



and see every hole and corner, he would be far short of knowing it, for its real history lies in the lives of the children, redeemed from the twin outlaws, crime and neglect, and brought under the law of grace and of home-life.

Corresponding with the outward growth of the Village has been the number of the children admitted. The demand at the always open door has created the supply of accommodation. But it has not been the sole determining cause of the Village extensions, since the Founder had set his heart upon providing homes for children whom he knew ought to be rescued, but who, as yet, had not been brought under his roof. The conditions of entrance into this family were moral danger and destitution, the one often accompanying the other; whilst cruelty now and then drove little innocents from inhuman mothers' arms into the infinitely tender embrace of the Home, within whose portals, guarded by his strong arms, the lash of infuriated and unworthy parents never fell. Never did father defend his own child with more unflinching courage than did their foster-father defend these unwanted bairns. Never did any one lavish more care upon his own than he upon these little strangers who had no more particular claim upon him than upon any other stranger. Unwanted they were by those who gave them being, and unwanted too by society in its blindness.

During the twenty-nine years from the opening until the Founder died, the Village Home had received and trained 8700 children. But the total figures, however interesting, are too broad to leave a definite picture on the mind of the reader. Therefore, the history of one family in one cottage is given, which

may be taken as an index of all, although each has its own story, since each holds a distinct family, living its own life.

Forget-me-Not Cottage was opened in 1876. The family of this cottage (who removed with their 'mother,' Miss Southgate—who, after thirty years' faithful service, entered into her rest recently, 1906—to Peace Cottage in 1887) numbered 157. They were all children of destitution. Their ages on admission tell a tale :—

2 under 12 months.			
16 between 1 and 5 years.			
64	„	5 „ 10	„
70	„	10 „ 15	„
5	„	over 15	„
<hr/> 157 children.			

A brief life-story of two members must serve to illustrate all :—

'A. was a little girl of ten years of age when admitted, who had been motherless since she was six. On her mother's death she went to live with a neighbour, who befriended her. She too died when the child was in her tenth year. The small being actually waited on her friend when ill, and is said to have "attended to her very cleverly" during a painful illness. There was nothing then for her but to return home to her father; he a farm-labourer, living alone with his three boys, quite unfit to train the girl. Application for her admission therefore was made by a lady who lived in the neighbourhood and knew the family. The child became a member of this cottage for six years, and grew into a thoroughly nice, honourable girl, liked by all. Her work was conscientiously and thoroughly done. She went to service at sixteen, and continued to bear a thoroughly good character. We have had no ill report of her during the thirteen years since she left. She is now a valued maid.'

'B. Application for this little girl's admission was made personally by the mother. Her husband was dead. As a boot-machinist she could only earn 3s. 6d. to 6s. a week; for the payment she received for machining and finishing the uppers of



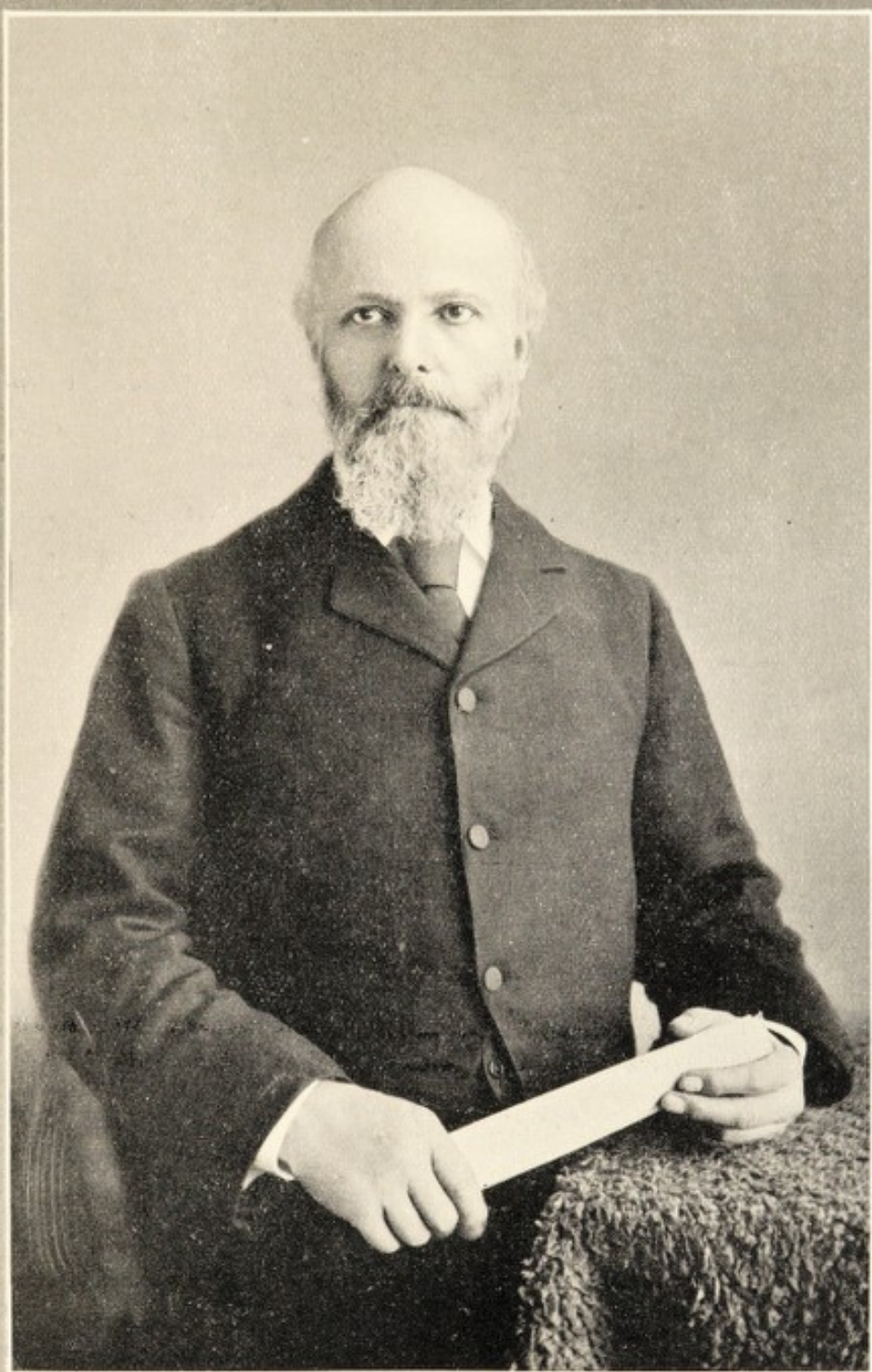
children's boots was only one penny per pair! She was suffering the most acute poverty, and was delicate in health, being subject to heart disease. The relatives were too poor to help her in maintaining her children. One of these was taken in, and she proved to be a very dear and sweet little girl. She was not strong, and grew up somewhat slight and fragile; but she was an excellent worker, thorough and painstaking. She was placed out as single servant in a family that afterwards removed to the country, and remained there four and a half years. By that time her worth had become known to another, and for four years now she has had a home of her own on breezy moorlands near the south coast. Her husband bore an excellent character, and two years ago B. visited her old cottage, bringing with her her beautiful little boy to show her old friends. Her career is altogether pleasant and inspiring to recall.'

There are other sides of the Village life which should be seen to form a correct estimate of the whole. Situated in pure country air, cut off from contact with the public, enjoying sound sanitation and good water, sufficient food, clothing, exercise, and regular habits, together with efficient medical attention and the care of devoted mothers, the health of the community cannot but be good in spite of grave drawbacks of actual or incipient disease and weakness, resulting from previous wretched conditions. The epidemic of 1879, when 150 children had scarlet fever, well illustrates this, for there was not one death; whilst the annual death-rate<sup>1</sup> for the whole Village is remarkably low.

<sup>1</sup> The death-rate in connection with the Homes is:—

1890	14·24 per 1000	1899	4·69 per 1000
1891	6·27 „ „	1900	5·47 „ „
1892	6·04 „ „	1901	7·99 „ „
1893	not given	1902	3·47 „ „
1894	3·06 „ „	1903	6·10 „ „
1895	4·34 „ „	1904	6·88 „ „
1896	4·73 „ „	1905	5·94 „ „
1897	4·29 „ „	1906	6·98 „ „
1898	3·83 „ „		

16 per 1000 per annum is considered satisfactory in large towns and cities.



MR. WILLIAM BAKER  
HONORARY DIRECTOR OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES





Yet there is a side to the Village less satisfactory. The Home receives every destitute child without regard to physical condition. But a number of mentally deficient children are admitted. This deficiency is often the result of semi-starvation and neglect, and disappears under correct living and care ; but a residuum is left of the actually feeble-minded. These cannot go out into service and they accumulate year by year.

‘Those classed as feeble-minded’ (Barnardo wrote) ‘present very special difficulties. Quite a large proportion of our deaf and dumb inmates are feeble-minded. The term covers, however, a wide range of imperfections, although the line of demarcation is not easy to draw. A section never rise beyond the standardless class, or the second standard in school ; but they develop intelligence for good hard work. Some of these can be placed out with careful mistresses.’ Another section ‘can be taught needlework, or even fancy needlework, but who are almost incapable of further education. Among girls such as these the result of careful teaching in the Embroidery School at our Girls’ Village Homes has been little short of marvellous. These are not, as a rule, capable of being placed away from institutional care. Other children, for whom we frequently receive applications, are almost hopeless, and can only occasionally be induced to work. And in yet another class are those who are clearly deteriorating into imbeciles, or who have already deteriorated.’

Dr. Barnardo’s successor gives the method of dealing with these unfortunate girls in the Village Homes.

‘Our main difficulty arises from the fact that the number of cases which cannot be allowed out of the Institution is *continually increasing*, and we have to devote money subscribed for the benefit of children to supporting those who have really become women. Many of these inmates are, however, able to support themselves partially by their work. But there seems a real necessity in dealing with this question for wider statutory powers, and for the establishment of special institutions to deal with such pitifully afflicted ones.



'We find that our method of family life at Barkingside, with two or three more or less feeble-minded girls in each cottage, is a most valuable method of education, *so long as progressive education is possible*; if, however, the intelligence ceases to grow, the presence of such a girl in the family is disturbing, and the peace of the home is upset. For these cases, undoubtedly, proper establishments should be supplied. To send them to any asylum or workhouse, where their education, such as it is, would be neglected, would lead to immediate deterioration, probably ending in insanity or idiocy. Already two cottages at our Village are devoted to this class of case, and a third is to be added.'

But this sad aspect of the Village has its redeeming features. These children are, as we have stated, the subject of special training, and with remarkable results. For a long time they were the subjects of anxious questioning, since it was difficult to find them suitable employment. One day the mother of one of the cottages was talking with Mrs. George Soltau, who with her husband were the first Governors of the Village Home, about feeble-minded girls and what to do with them. She remarked that 'there must be some use for them or God would not have sent them.' So in her own spare time she began to teach a couple of these girls embroidery work. This proved so successful that a whole cottage was given up to the work, and in 1903 the present school was built for their exclusive use. There are now in the school fifty girls, some of whom are able to support themselves by knitting, lace-making, and various forms of embroidery work. But there are nearly two hundred feeble-minded children in the Homes to-day.

There is another corner where sorrow broods—a sanatorium for little consumptives, 'in memory of a good father by one of his sons,' which was built on



the Nordrach plan, at the expense of Mr. Fenwick S. Watts. It was declared open by H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg on the 16th July 1904. Here there are sixteen beds, and already several little consumptives have passed through its wards to health again.

The working life of the village, apart from the home work and the embroidery school, is in the laundry, where girls wash on an average 20,000 pieces a week, doing the laundry work of all the London Homes.

The school life is the most important side of the cottage life. The foundation-stone of the schools was laid on Thursday, 16th February 1893, by Mrs. John Newberry on behalf of herself and her husband, 'in loving memory of their dear son, John Edgar, whom our Saviour called to be with Himself on the 30th July 1881, aged nine years. The lively and generous interest in the orphan and waif children under Dr. Barnardo's care displayed by John Edgar Newberry greatly strengthened in the hearts of his sorrowing parents that spirit of sympathy and co-operation with the same work which has led to their gift of this building, dedicated to the training and instruction of the young.' Although within the Village, the Schools are under the same control as an outside school—buildings, apparatus, and teachers. The best available and acceptable form, in which the educational results are shown at a glance, is the Government Inspectors' Report. A few instances will be sufficient. In 1877, 116 children were presented for examination, of whom 112 passed in reading, 113 in writing, and 112 in arithmetic. In 1887, 330 passed in reading, 322 in writing, and 303 in arith-



metic. At the end of 1906, there were 843 children on the School Register, of whom the Inspector said :—

*Girls.*—Notwithstanding the admission of 639 new children during the year, a high level of efficiency is maintained in each of the ten classes; the elementary and oral work shows increased accuracy and intelligence; the discipline, drill, and needlework are very good indeed. The special class is well cared for.

*Infants.*—The children are in very good order, and the teachers are doing good work under some difficulties.'

The religious life, the paramount element in the composite life of the community, is fostered by a resident Chaplain, belonging to the Church of England.

The great end in view is twofold: the spiritual conversion of the girls and the fitting of them for a happy and successful life, when restored to the world without.

Emigration and domestic service in the United Kingdom are the main channels leading to independent position. There have gone out into domestic service 1200 girls, and emigrated to Canada 5023 girls. Of these, we are able to say that 105 have gained the service medal; and in Canada the successes of boys and girls reaches 98 per cent.

But it is not upon the construction and accommodation of the Village Home, nor, although that is of first importance, upon the success of the children, that one wishes to dwell longer, but in the remaining space to reveal the Founder's personal connection with his children there. How closely he watched the life of the Village!

It has often been called a Musical Village. That



THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH: GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME, *page 132.*



ST. LEONARD'S LODGE, SURBITON

THE HOUSE WHERE DR. BARNARDO DIED, 19TH SEPTEMBER 1905, *page 270.*





that is a happy description, the laughter of the children in the green swards and the air of joy which pervades every family testify to the appropriateness of the name. Dr. Barnardo, alike for boys and girls, believed in music. In the School, in Church, at drill and play, music aided the necessary discipline and development of child life. It is remarkable how he himself became musical.

Before his conversion he gave no attention to the happy muse, but immediately afterwards his friends testify that he delighted in music and even began to sing. His voice was heard above many another in the Evangelistic Meetings. Dr. Henry Soltau relates that once when he was walking along with the Doctor, an organ-grinder began to play a very striking and taking tune, and his companion insisted upon stopping to listen. 'I want,' said he, 'to learn that tune, and set it to good words for my lads, before they have had time to become familiar with the Music Hall words.' The Rev. W. J. Mayers, who has worked long years with conspicuous faithfulness to Dr. Barnardo, relates how interested Dr. Barnardo was, many years ago, when he sat down at the piano at The Cedars and sang to him, 'I heard the Voice of Jesus say,' to the then popular air, 'Wait till the clouds roll by.' The sweet melody did no violence to the time-honoured words. One of the great favourites in those days at the Edinburgh Castle was 'Begone vain world,' and it was a rare treat to hear the great audience sing the rousing hymn led by Mr. Wales, and urged on by the example of Dr. Barnardo, who put heart, soul, and voice into the service of praise as of preaching. Once he set down his reasons for using music at the Village Home, in



answer to three questions addressed to him by the Editor of *The Musical Herald*.

‘I. Why do we use music, then? *Firstly*, as a means of *culture*. It is to the undeveloped or half-developed higher natures of these little people of ours what bread is to their bodies. It opens the gates of intelligence, of ideality, of emotion. It not only floods their lives with colour and beauty, but we find that it elevates their minds to a higher plane of thinking and feeling alike.

‘*Secondly*, it is invaluable as a means of *drill*. It makes discipline easier. Again and again we have found that some irregular and eccentric boy, who could never be got to respond to ordinary methods, has been attracted by music, which has found in his chaotic nature some responsive chord, and soon, as in some chemical solutions, his whole mind begins to crystallise, in order and form, round this central nucleus.

‘*Thirdly*, we use music because of the pleasure it gives. These little lives have been all too dull and grey of hue,—under sombre skies. Music comes with its message of sun and wind, and flowers and brightness, and the young nature has expanded into its native winsomeness, and won for itself something of youth and childhood back again.

‘*Fourthly*, we use music because of its pre-eminent value as a handmaid of religion. The hymn-tune carries the hymn with it, and the hymn the thought of the Saviour and the children’s God. Our children’s worship is full of singing, and no one who has heard their fresh young voices will deny its heartiness and earnestness, or will dispute that the future of these boys and girls will have mingled with it ineradicable impressions of the God and the heaven which have been so often the subjects of their praise.

‘*Fifthly*, and most conclusively, we use music because we cannot do without it. Children will sing, and the only question is, *how* shall they sing, and *what* shall they sing? Teach them good music wedded to innocent, sweet, noble words, and you give them a priceless heritage of beauty, of culture, of abiding spiritual possession.

‘II. You ask me, “How are you able to trace its influence on the character of the children?” The answer is probably contained by implication in what I have already written. We find, however, that no other influence, except that of religion itself (and, as I have said, in this, too, music is largely blended), sinks as deeply



into the character as music. The wildest and most untamable of our inmates have become restrained and disciplined at its touch. One of the very roughest lads I ever had, a boy who was perpetually getting into hot water, and whose glory it was that he could fight (and often *lick*) his master, stands forth in my memory as a radiant example of the power of music. It was found that he had a good ear, and ultimately he was put into a band to play a side-drum. From that moment his evil spirit was exorcised, as indeed, in the olden times, spirits were often driven out by music. It became the object of his life, firstly, to play his drum well, and then, secondly, to learn the cornet. This involved a self-restraint on his part to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and, of course, a radical change of conduct. He became steady, orderly, painstaking. Eventually he was apprenticed in our Homes to the shoemaking trade, and blossomed out by degrees into a very admirable cornet player and all-round musician. On leaving the institutions he carried with him his altered character, and prospered accordingly. He is now the leader of a band in one of the Midland counties, and, I learn, the instructor of every bandsman on his own instrument, besides writing for each its own music in its own score. A little while ago I heard that that band had been yoked to the services of the village church, and that my quondam lad was at once precentor and choirmaster, and organist too, if his varied players can be regarded as forming an organ. He lately came up to see me, and I found him a fine, well-grown fellow, married, with two young children, and with music written all over his face. "Ah, sir," he said, in the course of our interview, "I gave you a lot of trouble when I was young, but it was the band that saved me." I am sure you will understand, as I did, what he meant.

'III. Your third query, as to the usefulness of music to the children afterwards as singers in choirs, etc., players in bands, the army, etc., I have partly replied to. Numbers of the lads and girls trained in the homes are now usefully employed in teaching others music, and in assisting in choirs. A few of my lads are in regimental bands. Although I never feel myself able to send boys directly into the army, yet, as a matter of fact, not a few subsequently enlist, and their musical training, if they have been members of our home band, then stands them in good stead. But I have especially observed the influence of our musical education among emigrants who have gone forth from us to Canada, to the



number now of nearly 4800. Among those farm homesteads I have heard again and again from farmers and their wives how much the imported element of music has meant to their rough and hard-worked lives. "Your boy (or girl) is a great help to us in our church," I have been told; "he (or she) sings so well." Or, "Family worship is a different thing now, and it is ever so much nicer, because we can sing a hymn. Mary knows all the tunes." Thus, though I often find that professional use has been made of the training we give at Stepney and elsewhere, in after life, it is chiefly as a *religious* and *social* force that I have been impressed with the value of music in our work. More and more after these twenty-five years do I believe in music as an element of our home life. Its potentialities seem to be almost unlimited, and I am sure that we owe very much of the undoubted success which, under God's blessing, has marked our work, to the daily singing lesson, to the choir-practice, and to the training which our band supplies.'

But whilst rejoicing with joy unspeakable in the happy side, which certainly predominates, of his Village Home, he no less keenly felt its sadder aspects. Writing to one of his workers in the Village, in the year when he was greatly distressed about the financial crisis in the work and when every moment might reasonably have been absorbed in meeting it, he shows his anxious parental care for his children. He says:—

'I hope all is going on well with our unhappy young people. I assure you Sunday night's experience has made a most distressing impression upon my mind. I have longed to take each of these children into my arms and try to love her back to goodness and graciousness, and I cannot but feel that if there was a larger amount of real loving godliness among the dear mothers who are my colleagues in the Village Home, the necessity for punishment and the occasions of grave naughtiness would be immensely diminished. But oh, how are we to get that very spirit developed which is truly the Spirit of Christ and which alone will flood our Village with a tide of gracious influence and holy feeling?

'I am almost heartbroken as I look out on things as they now are. There may be, and no doubt is, here and there some one of



the older girls who are out of the cottage life responding to the invitation and claims of the Gospel, and for all such cases I thank God from my heart; but I cannot hide from myself that there is in the cottages such a sense of injustice, of unwisdom, of even harshness—I do not mean harshness which exhibits itself in physical chastisement, but in the constant pressure upon the spirits of these young girls, as awakens in many of them the dormant passions which are in all our hearts, arouses the very devil in their natures, makes them despair of good and reckless of consequences, and causes them to throw to the wind restraint. Look, for example, at that poor child, S. A. T. My heart ached for her. I am satisfied that that girl might be won almost immediately to Christ if but the right hand and the right voice could be exercised on her behalf. . . .’

Again, writing from Nauheim in 1904, he says: ‘I do hope and trust it will be possible, as this, the later date, is now fixed upon, for me to be back to see my dear girls before they go. I feel so jealous of you all, YOU mother all MY dear children and they are *mine—mine—mine*, not yours! I love every one of them, and I feel it so terribly that I cannot be with them on an occasion of this sort, so I mean to try very hard.’ It was a peculiar joy to him to bid farewell to his children bound for Canada. He would travel with them to Liverpool, going from carriage to carriage during the journey, parting with them individually with many a tug at his heart-strings. Now and then he was deprived of this last opportunity, and his affections were intrusted to a letter given to every child. It was whilst at Nauheim on this occasion that a large party of girls sailed for their new home. This is how he wished them God-speed!

‘MY DEAR CHILDREN,—For you know you are all of you “my children,” “my girls,” and I love you very dearly. Do you know how you became my children? Well, I will tell you. God gave you to me. Some of you He gave me when you were quite little,



tiny girls, some of you even when you were little babies, others only joined my family when they were very much older ; but each of you was *a solemn gift from God to me*. Ever since then I have tried to love you all, and it has not been very hard to do this, because I naturally love children very much. . . .

‘Well, my dear girls, little and big, old and young, my heart is very sad and sorrowful just now, and I will tell you why. You are going to your new home in that bright and beautiful country, Canada, where so many of my Family have already gone ; but when they were going, I was able to see them and to shake hands with them, and . . . to kiss some of them, and to go down with them on board ship and just to kneel down before our Father in heaven and ask Him to bless them all. . . .

‘Well now, my dear children, God be with you is my prayer. God be with you all the time, in all you do. Do you know what my prayer for every one of you is ? That you may be a servant of Christ, a ministering child, a girl who is going to live for Christ and not merely for herself, who will say every morning when she gets up, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?” and who, when she is tempted to do wrong, or is in the company of people who do not follow Christ, will “look away to Jesus” and ask Him to strengthen and help her, and *just trust Him to do it*. . . .

‘Dear children, be true to Christ. Do you know what it is to be loyal to Him ? Never be ashamed of Him. Remember, He said, “Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in Heaven.” And, by and by, you and I will meet again, perhaps it may be God’s will to allow me to meet some of you in Canada, or perhaps in England, by and by ; but, in any case, we may meet in the beautiful Home above, reserved for those who are followers of Christ, and who serve Him and love Him, and fight His battles down here on earth. . . .

‘Dear girls, will you think of me sometimes ?

‘Will you write to me sometimes ? Will you really ?

‘I hope every girl will kneel down by her bedside every day and ask God’s blessing to rest upon herself. Never forget that, my dear girls. *You or I cannot live without Prayer*, because prayer brings God into our lives, and it is in prayer that we cast all our troubles upon Him. When you pray, I want you to think of me and all the boys and girls who are under my care—the Great Family of brothers and sisters whom you are leaving behind you, and some of whom will, perhaps, some day, follow you out to



DR. BARNARDO TALKING TO HIS CRIPPLE LADS



FOUNDER'S DAY, 1905

DR. BARNARDO GREETING HIS OLD BOYS





Canada. I know this, that I will pray for you all the time you are at sea, on board ship, and when you land; and when you are over in Canada, I will ask God to bless and keep each one of my dear children who have gone out with this party. So you see you must now, in return, pray for me.

‘Again, I say, God bless you, one and all, my dear children, and keep you in His love!’

‘I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth.

‘Believe me to be, my dear girls,

‘Ever your loving Friend and Father.’

He kept in touch with the old boys and girls of his Homes. One of his helpers says :—

‘I think it was in one of the early eighties that Dr. Barnardo invited some of the old girls down to the Girls’ Village Homes, and he gave the Meeting the name of Founder’s Day. As the number of children who were placed out steadily grew, so Founder’s Day came to be a little function. I have known of late years about one hundred old boys and girls paying a visit on that day. The boys would renew their acquaintance with their masters, have a game of cricket, talk amongst each other of old times, receive a hand-shake from Dr. Barnardo, and then go their ways after leaving their little offering to the funds. It came to be Dr. Barnardo’s custom to ask his old boys and girls to come down to Stepney on one day in the year, usually in July. On these occasions, he used to shake them by the hand, inquire kindly after their welfare, and give them a word of counsel or good cheer. Finally, Founder’s Day became a recognised Institutional function. Our first formal Founder’s Day was held in the year 1895. Associated with these days was our system of Prizes. It came to be our habit to distribute prizes for the length of service and good conduct on that occasion.’

Attached is a little list showing the sums received year by year from Founder’s Day.

Year.	No. of Gifts.	Sum realised.
1896	187	£130 18 9
1897	780	£1,046 13 11
1898	21,044	£1,924 6 8



Year.	No. of Gifts.	Sum realised.
1899	17,086	£3,331 15 11
1900	15,040	£3,846 18 5
1901	8,231	£5,995 19 5
1902	9,140	£15,424 0 11
1903	7,220	£12,324 19 4
1904	9,417	£16,592 0 9
1905	21,683	£31,577 3 2
1906	10,270	£16,172 4 1

Some of his old girls made him a present on his birthday in 1904 of a case of silver fish and dessert knives and forks, and the following Christmas the Doctor took the opportunity of acknowledging their gift in a characteristic Christmas letter which it is worth while quoting:—

‘MY DEAR GIRL,—Ever since July I have been wondering how I could write to or communicate with you and with each one of those dear, older girls of mine, now out in the world, who gave me such a touching token of their love and friendship on Founder’s Day this year. It has, however, occurred to me that, perhaps, you would appreciate as much as anything a letter from myself, specially written for you and for the other girls who joined you in making me that beautiful and costly Birthday Gift.

‘Christmas is about the best time to send you such a letter, and that is why, as you may imagine, having but little leisure, I have waited until now to send you what I tried to say, but said so very feebly, to those whom I saw on Founder’s Day, how touched and gratified I was by your united kindness and generous thoughts of me. I did, indeed, somewhat regret (you will forgive me for adding this) that you should have expended such a lot of money on buying so beautiful a gift for a very old gentleman like myself! But, none the less, I valued your gift and greatly liked it, and I have often used the articles since then; I have cut fish with your knives and I have used them also at dessert with fruit, and all my friends have admired the beautiful appearance of your gift, and have been amazed at your generosity and at the costliness of your present. I do not think all the girls whose names appeared on the little ornamental list of donors were actually present on Founder’s Day; therefore, each of you may like to see an illustration of one or two of the scenes of that day, includ-



ing one showing H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, followed by Lord and Lady Brassey and your old friend, leaving the tent. . . .

‘I wish I had a lot of things to tell you, but perhaps you will like to hear that I am a grandfather, and have been so for some time. I would like to give you a little peep at my first grandchild; he is a bonny boy. He and his dear mother and her husband are now in the United States, where they will probably remain, paying a round of visits, for some months. But I am very happy whenever I think of my dear daughter and her lovely boy. . . .

‘And now, my dear girl, it is my turn. I am going to send you a gift, which I want you to accept with my love. It is not as valuable as your gift, but then you see there were a lot of you and I am only one, and that makes a difference. But I think, as you turn over the pages of the book I send you, a good deal in it will make you remember old times and will help you to understand the feelings with which I have carried on my work all these years, and the way in which I regard you and all those who once were my little daughters.

‘God bless you, my dear girl! Be sure you write and tell me if the book comes safely to hand; otherwise I shall fancy, if I don’t hear, that it has gone amissing, and that would be a great trouble to me. I will only add that I hope and pray God will greatly bless you, and that you may never forget all your life long, if you live to be as old as Methuselah, the dear Village Home and your very old and faithful friend. We shall hold “Doctor’s Day” at the Village on Friday, December 30th, and I dare say we shall have the old games that we used to enjoy so much! How you would like to be there! Good-bye, my dear girl! God bless you!—Ever your affectionate Friend.’

But let an ending be made of this chapter, already long, but not long enough to tell fully the story of his garden city, and its army of devoted workers. The successive line of Governors, and Lady Superintendents down to Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey, Miss Stent, Miss Code of the Canadian Department, Miss Westgarth, and others, deserve every public recognition for the magnificent results of their combined labours—still in such hands to be carried to yet higher reaches of usefulness.



## CHAPTER XI

### THROUGH STORM TO SUNSHINE

‘It is a terrible moment when the first bitter quarrel takes place, and when hatred, even if it be hatred for the moment only, finds first expression. That moment can never be recalled!’

MARK RUTHERFORD, *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*.

‘The man who in circumstances of provocation can demean himself with calmness and dignity is the man who conquers.’

CLAUDIUS CLEAR, *The Daybook*.

‘The test of faith is its power under defeat.’

MARK RUTHERFORD, *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*.

THE decade following the foundation of the Village Home opened in storm and closed in sunshine. During the first year (1877) Barnardo's spirit was tried by fire. The conflagration raged and threatened disaster to his work. He and those near him could not see why he should suffer so keenly when he was giving his life to the work. But God was over all. His character and his work gained by the ordeal what otherwise would have been missed, that perhaps neither the man nor his work would have attained the heights ultimately reached.

Amongst more personal references was the rumour that he ill-treated his children, and confined them in dark, solitary cells. Mothers, who for other reasons wanted their children who were in his Homes, said they were badly fed. It was said, that to obtain

money, Barnardo exhibited spurious photographs of children, that is to say, that he dressed up children in rags and tatters and photographed them to appeal to the charitable. Ignoring numerous actual photographs, attention was directed to one or two composite photographs which were made up to represent a class and not an individual, although an individual deliberately dressed up in deliberately torn garments was the subject. These and other charges respecting the disposal of the money he collected were trumpeted over the land. It must further be added that he had no committee and no treasurer, so that he exposed himself to the full fury of the blast. These charges had to be met, and at length Arbitrators were appointed under an order of court to hear evidence on oath. They were:—

John Blosset Maule, Esq., Q.C., Recorder of Leeds.

Rev. John Cale Miller, D.D., Canon of Rochester.

William Graham, Esq., formerly M.P. for Glasgow.

Twenty days by his opponents and eighteen days by himself were occupied with the stating and rebutting of the charges, each side being represented by counsel: the defendant by the Hon. A. H. Thesiger, Q.C., Mr. Francis Turner, and Mr. Erskine Pollock; the plaintiff by Mr. St. John Wontner. The result was awaited with breathless interest not only by the one, but by tens of thousands throughout the country. On the 15th of October 1877 it was announced.

On points of the disposal of the money of the Homes he was completely vindicated.

‘The statements of accounts are printed yearly, and sent to those donors who supply their names and addresses, and who are



requested to receive for any sum they contribute a printed receipt bearing a number, with which they can compare the list in the yearly statements and reports, and there find recorded their respective donations, and thus be assured that their gifts have been duly accounted for. Mr. H. Bishop of the firm of Turquand and Young has, in addition, personally investigated the system of book-keeping and accounts, and gave evidence before us of its thorough efficiency. There are no traces of any part of these donations and earnings, or of any other such funds, having been, as suggested under this head, expended by Dr. Barnardo in his own house and in household expenditure, or improperly appropriated to his own personal use and benefit.'

The typical photographs were described by the Arbitrators as 'artistic fiction.' The solitary cells existed and had been used once or twice for longer periods of confinement than was advisable, but they were abolished before the award was given. The children were well fed, properly educated, and effectively taught in religion.

Finally at the end of an award, extending to nearly ten thousand words, the Arbitrators said:—

'We are of opinion that these Homes for Destitute Boys and Girls, called the "Barnardo Institutions," are real and valuable charities, and worthy of public confidence and support. That as regards the conduct and management of these Institutions, whilst there have been matters upon which it has been our duty to animadvert, the general management has been, on the whole, judicious; but, with a view to obviate the recurrence of controversies, to strengthen the claim of these charities to public confidence, to ensure their continued efficiency and wellbeing, we recommend that the trustees should as soon as possible seek to engage the services of a working committee of gentlemen, who should be associated with the Director in administering these Institutions, and should take a real and active interest in and oversight of the Homes, as well as afford to the Director their advice and assistance upon the many questions that must constantly arise in the experience of such a work, and that such an alteration be made in the Deeds of Trust as may be necessary to



this end. The necessity of such a Committee is enhanced by the fact that the authority and discipline of such Homes appear to be self-constituted, and to have no legal sanction in the cases where parents and guardians are not parties to the children's admission.'

The *Times* in the course of a leading article said : 'The Barnardo Homes are now pronounced to be real and valuable charities, worthy of public confidence and support. This is really enough. It is just the kind of judgment the public wanted, and we trust it will be accepted as final.' The chief newspapers devoted similar leading articles to the issue which had held public attention as few other trials have done. The award was hailed by the best friends of the Homes as a splendid tribute to the character of the work. Its results were startling. Public confidence was so fully restored that the Institutions went forward at a bound. Accepting the strong recommendation of the Arbitrators to provide a working committee<sup>1</sup> to be associated with the Director, the Trustees secured the following, who deserve high praise for the whole-hearted and immediate response they gave to the invitation; all of them were on the Local Committees of the Moody and Sankey Missions. It was thus evangelistic in tone, and they were chosen from those who were supporters of Dr. Barnardo during these troublous times.

Mr. Robert Anderson, LL.D., of the Home Office. (Now Sir Robert Anderson.)

Rev. R. C. Billing, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Islington. (Afterwards Bishop of Bedford. Since deceased.)

Rev. Archibald Brown, now of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Mr. H. Nairne Dowson. Engaged in Christian work in the East End. He died in January 1880.

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<sup>1</sup> The Committee was appointed on the 15th November 1877.



Hon. J. E. Gordon, the son of a Scotch judge. He is an M.P., and a Member of the Stock Exchange. He was also on the Committee of the Homes for Working Boys founded in 1870.

The Hon. Arthur Kinnaird. (Now Lord Kinnaird.)

Colonel Noble, C.I.E. Connected with the Y.M.C.A.

Hon. T. H. W. Pelham, son of the Earl of Chichester. A great friend of Dr. Barnardo's. Now President of the Home for Working Boys. Retired from the Committee in 1883.

Dr. Sinclair Paterson. Presbyterian minister (since deceased).

Mr. W. T. Paton. A retired business man, and engaged in Christian work (since deceased).

Rev. Aubrey Price, Vicar of St. James's, Clapham, and a warm supporter of Dr. Barnardo (since deceased).

Mr. Samuel Gurney Sheppard. Chairman of the Stock Exchange. Resigned in 1896 (since deceased).

Mr. John Sands. A member of the firm of Frith, Sands and Co. A generous donor to the Homes, who died in November 1878.

Dr. Heywood Smith. A medical man interested in evangelistic work. He retired from the Committee in 1896.

Rev. William Tyler, D.D. Congregational minister (since deceased).

As their first act the Committee, with the Trustees, declared that they could not allow 'the proceedings in the Arbitration finally to close without expressing their sense of the deep obligation under which not only Dr. Barnardo's friends, but also the charitable public generally, lie to the Arbitrators for undertaking so comprehensive an inquiry and for prosecuting it with so much assiduity and patience at great personal inconvenience, and under considerable difficulties, to a conclusion.'

Then the Lord Chancellor, Earl Cairns, the day after the Arbitration, wrote offering to become the President of the Homes. He had for some time subscribed to its funds.

Barnardo courageously went to Edinburgh, and made good his lack of a medical certificate, becoming a Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, and in 1876 he registered as a medical practitioner in London. This diligence and ability told in his favour. By courtesy<sup>1</sup> he might now be styled 'Doctor,' and he has been so styled since.

'Throughout the Jubilee year' (Barnardo wrote in his record for 1887) 'all the Homes rang with the sound of axe and hammer. The Stepney Home had a considerable addition made to it. Leopold House was more than doubled; the Labour House for Destitute Youths was extended; "Her Majesty's Hospital" was built; I reorganised our Emigration Scheme; the large Manitoba Farm began to be developed; a Rescue Home for young girls was added, as was also The Children's Fold for destitute cripples; while many other extensions and additions took place over all our Institutional economy. To do this added enormously, as may be imagined, to my already heavy financial burdens. But even as these necessities increased, our Lord put it into the hearts of His stewards to remember His work in my hands more liberally; and though *a great part of the load yet remains unlifted, and has had to be met by the execution of a mortgage*, I am glad and thankful to record the measure of encouragement which followed my efforts to enlarge the gates of these Cities of Refuge for the Little Ones.

'As the result of the material enlargement thus briefly referred to, I began 1888 with a *wider scope and ampler machinery* than I had ever enjoyed during the previous history of the Homes; and I have every day since derived advantage from the larger premises thus placed at my disposal. It has been a year of consolidation, of real advances in organisation, of steady progress, and of much blessing in things spiritual as well as temporal.'

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. James Robertson, solicitor to the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh and Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, writing under date 18th October 1906, says, 'No practitioner other than an M.D. is legally entitled to use the designation "Dr.," although as a matter of courtesy this is applied to all medical practitioners, and as a matter of custom is used by most of them.'



With evident pride he issued a report of 280 demy-octavo pages, showing 'Something Attempted, Something Done.' In the briefest form his objects, the means at his hand, and the principles upon which the whole work was laid were set forth as follows :—

#### OBJECTS.

1. To Rescue, Educate, industrially Train, and Place Out in Life Orphan and Destitute Children.
2. To Evangelise among the masses of the East End.
3. To Heal the Sick and Relieve the deserving Poor.

#### MEANS.

1. (a) Search Agencies to discover Waif and Stray Children ; (b) Free Lodging Houses ; (c) Large Industrial Homes ; (d) Small Family Homes ; (e) Boarding Out ; (f) Emigration.
2. (a) Mission Halls ; (b) Deaconess Houses ; (c) Temperance Aids ; (d) Ragged and Sunday Schools.
3. (a) Medical Missions ; (b) Free Meals ; (c) General Relief ; (d) Emigration and Migration.

#### PRINCIPLES.

Destitute Children are received—

1. Without any limitation as to age, sex, creed, or nationality.
2. Irrespective of any kind of physical infirmity : Crippled Children, Blind, Deaf-mutes, Incurables, and even those given over for death, are eligible if really destitute.
3. At any hour of the day or night.
4. Solely on their merits, without election, and without the intervention of wealthy patrons.

“I am set,” he said, “primarily for *the saving of the children* ; and by God’s blessing the Homes under my care may be said to effect this upon a wider basis than any other institution in the world having the same end in view. But, in addition, our East End Mission has from the first undertaken the task of *evangelising* among the adult poor ; it comprises, too, agencies for *visiting the*



HER MAJESTY'S HOSPITAL, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY  
OPENED JANUARY 1889





*sick*, the aged, and the fallen ; for *relieving* and *nursing* the sick, both at a Medical Mission and in their own households ; for *educating on a Scriptural basis* children of the labouring poor ; for supplying *free meals*, or food at a nominal price, to the hungry (both adults and children) ; for distributing *clothing* of various kinds, boots, etc. ; for supplying necessitous mothers with bedding and other articles during childbirth ; for sending the convalescent poor to *seaside* or *country* homes ; for *paying rents* for the aged and infirm ; for redeeming from pawn tools or implements needed to obtain work ; for enabling persons out of work, particularly girls, to obtain situations ; for helping poor women in their struggle with starvation by loans of sewing machines, mangles, etc. ; and in general, for many like methods of SYSTEMATIC AND CAREFULLY APPLIED RELIEF, designed to raise the fallen, to cheer the faint, and infuse fresh courage into the discouraged warriors in the grim battle of life.'

With a strong working committee, his Homes cleared before the world, he threw himself with renewed ardour into his self-imposed task, and outdid all his previous records. The public saw him as a persecuted man, and deep wells of sympathy poured refreshing waters upon him, children flocked to his doors, and his cupboard was freely replenished. From 1867 to 1877 he received 1500, from 1877 to 1887 9384 children. During the first decade his subscriptions amounted to £154,099, 13s. 6d. ; during the second, £550,639, 19s. 10d. He had, when the Arbitration sat, eight Homes and Mission Branches and fourteen Cottages in the Girls' Village Home. In the Jubilee year he had twenty-five Homes and mission branches and fifty cottages in the Village Home. The year 1887 alone saw the erection of Her Majesty's Hospital for Sick Children to accommodate seventy patients at a cost of £9000, erected as a town memorial to the late Queen ; the opening of blacksmiths' and wheelwrights', matmaking, har-



nessmaking, and printing shops ; five cottages bought to be used as lodgings for homeless children and three added to the main offices ; a shelter for destitute girls added to Sturge House ; a thousand more acres acquired for the Manitoba Farm and buildings completed to accommodate two hundred boys from the Youths' Labour House ; whilst the original plan of the village was practically finished by the opening of nineteen cottages.

The immediate result of the Arbitration was to place the Homes upon a less personal and therefore securer basis. The Committee books of the period show how nobly the Trustees and Committee discharged their onerous duties, not cramping their highly strung, determined, self-sacrificing Director, yet wisely guiding the developments and policy of the institutions. And under law he enjoyed, as all do, a larger, because a more safeguarded, measure of liberty and initiation.

Amongst the gains and losses of this decade several stand out for mention. In November 1878 his old and generous friend, Mr. John Sands, whose son had given him Mossford Lodge on his marriage, whose sister had advanced a considerable sum to meet the Arbitration expenses, and who in the earlier stages of the trial had endeavoured by sagacious and calm counsel to bring about a settlement, passed away. Barnardo felt his loss keenly. But the name of the Lord Chancellor, Earl Cairns, is linked with this period. As soon as the Committee was in working order, he lent his great name as first President of the Homes, and largely helped to restore public confidence in them. For eight years he maintained close fellowship with the founder and his fellow-



workers. His well-informed speeches at the annual meetings showed how carefully he watched the movements and how deep was his interest. When he died, Barnardo wrote: 'I have lost a wise and powerful helper as well as a friend and counsellor whose place I fear can never be filled'; whilst the Committee of the Homes put on record their appreciation:—

'The Committee of Dr. Barnardo's Homes avail themselves of this, the earliest opportunity, to place upon record their deep sense of the inexpressible and heavy loss that they in common with the Church and the nation at large have incurred through the death of their much-honoured and respected President, the late Right Honourable Lord Cairns; humbly bowing to the providential dealing of their Heavenly Father, they desire to commend Lady Cairns and every member of the late Earl's family to the gracious care and keeping of Him whom their late President served with such faithfulness and such single-eyed devotion.'

A cottage, the largest and most ornamental in the Village Home, and occupying the chief site, was reared by the children of England to his memory. Facing the Cairns Memorial Cottage, fit resting-place, the remains of Barnardo himself were destined to be buried.

This decade saw another change in Barnardo's relations with his Homes, and one which he never ceased to regret. Counting 1870 as the true beginning of the work, he had lovingly and freely given his inestimable services as Director for thirteen years, but on the 20th March 1883 he was compelled to write to the solicitor of the Trustees as follows:—

'It is with great sorrow of heart I write to announce that I must at once give up my independent and *honorary* position in connection with the "*Homes*," and to request you, as one of the



earliest Trustees, and (although now no longer a Trustee) yet as the Solicitor and adviser of the Trustees, to place before them the necessity, if I am to continue my work as hitherto, of allotting me a sufficient annual stipend, for the next three or four years at all events. . . .

‘. . . Nor could I ever bring myself to accept the gifts, which I have no doubt would be freely offered by good people all over the world if my position were known. Indeed, I have always felt *that* to be for me an *impossible*, as it has happily been hitherto an *unnecessary*, course. Every year I am offered personal gifts, which I invariably return to the kind donors, never once having departed from the rule laid down many years ago for the governance of my conduct in this respect. Painful and distressing, therefore, as it will be to take even one shilling from the “Homes,” on which I would, God knows, rather spend and be spent, yet no other honourable course seems open to me, if I am to recover the ground unhappily lost, through no fault or improvidence of my own, but by the dishonesty or folly of others.

‘Only one thing remains to be said: I ought to have written the foregoing weeks ago, but “I hoped against hope” that I might perhaps be spared the necessity. Now I see plainly *there is no help for it*, and I can only ask you kindly to take the earliest opportunity of making so much of this communication known in the proper quarters as you think fit, or to advise me otherwise if you think my application injudicious in any respect.’

Again, on the 22nd March, he wrote:—

‘Your very kind reply to hand this morning, for which I am, I assure you, deeply grateful; but the alternative you suggest, although most kindly meant, would be utterly impossible.

‘I could not bring myself to receive “alms,” even though so kindly and so delicately arranged for. No; the receipt of a *definite salary*, even from the Committee, however distasteful to contemplate by one who has worked as I have for nearly seventeen years without payment or reward, has nothing dishonourable in it, nor could its acceptance in any degree lessen my *self-respect*, though it might awaken regret. But I have always had a very strong feeling about the race of philanthropists and evangelists generally who “live on faith and postage stamps!”

‘No, my friend; I *thank you personally* most warmly and heartily for your kind sympathy, so promptly shown me and so delicately

expressed ; but I *could not* send round the hat, or permit others to do it for me.

‘A salary I can take if it is granted, so long as the urgent necessity for it exists, and, while doing so, can lift up my head and look the world in the face, but I could not accept contributions without feelings of positive humiliation. Pray don’t call this mere *pride*. I really don’t think it deserves that opprobrious name, although I grant it may seem not easy how else to describe it, but I imagine you will understand what I feel. . . .’

That is a noble letter. The Committee gladly embraced the opportunity, and in expressing their deep appreciation of his long-continued gratuitous services, voted him £500 and subsequently £600 a year.

So he passed through storm to sunshine ; and learned, as all who make a way of their own know, that

‘Endurance is the crowning quality,  
And patience all the passion of great hearts ;  
These are their stay, and when the leaden world  
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,  
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,  
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,  
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,  
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe.’



## CHAPTER XII

### EMIGRATION

‘ Well-planned and wisely conducted child-emigration, especially to Canada, contains within its bosom the truest solution of some of the mother-country’s most perplexing problems, and the supply of our Colonies’ most urgent needs. . . . First, it relieves the overcrowded centres of city life and the congested labour-markets at home, while, at the same time, it lessens in a remarkable manner the burdens of taxation. Second, it supplies what the Colonies are most in want of—an increase of the English-speaking population. . . . Third, it confers upon the children themselves unspeakable blessings. . . . The change at the young and formative period of their lives . . . gives to each child whose character is good, and who is successfully absorbed into the colonial population, such an immediate prospect of an independent existence upon a higher plane as could hardly have been imagined as within its reach.’

‘ I regard with amazement . . . the unwillingness of a great administrative department of the State to sanction a small expenditure for the maintenance of its child-clients in one of our Colonies *at half the annual cost that is already being incurred in maintaining the same children in England*, with the probability that this smaller annual expenditure, if carried out in the Colonies, will only continue for a very short period, three years indeed, as compared with the length of time over which the charge must extend if such children are retained in England.’—DR. BARNARDO.

AN ever-open entrance to the Homes demands an ever-open exit. Since 1882 the erstwhile unfit, but, by leaving-time, capable and promising youths and maidens, have been shipped to the promised land of Canada. The story of how Barnardo adopted emigration as a means of disposing of his ever-growing family exhibits the man in those aspects which made his institutions what they are—thoroughly efficient.

Jim Jarvis, his first homeless boy, became his first

emigrant, followed a year later by his first destitute girl to Canada, who is at the present moment a valued worker in that country. From the beginning emigration as a means of disposing of unemployed youths was known to him, but for the first fifteen years of his work he did not wholly approve of it; nevertheless during those years he sent out—mainly through Miss Macpherson,<sup>1</sup> who, with Miss Rye, were principally the pioneers of child-emigration—600 to 700 children to our Colonies. Miss Macpherson bestowed great care upon his children. ‘You will be glad to hear,’ she wrote in 1870, ‘that all your boys seem to have got comfortable places, and I trust they are doing well. The behaviour of the boys on board and on the journey afterwards was most excellent with very few exceptions, and all in the country were well pleased with the well-trained appearance of the boys, and seemed fully to appreciate the religious influences with which they had been surrounded, and which actuates the conduct of so many of them. This is a very fine country, with splendid openings for those who will work and put their hands to anything for the first six months. But the Canadians have a good deal of trouble with many of our emigrants bringing with them the bad habits of the old country.’ This was encouraging, and the warning note was not over-emphasised.

But the real need for and benefits of emigration were first brought home to him by the late Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., of Liverpool.

‘My own particular work’ (Dr. Barnardo wrote) ‘has been to train boys and girls for employment in this country, but occasion-

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<sup>1</sup> The first party of child-emigrants from the homes left England in 1869 under her auspices.



ally I have sent individuals abroad. I have not, however, attempted to do so on a large scale hitherto. My reason was not that I had any objection to the principle of emigration, but rather that I imagined that the task of sending out a large party would be a very serious addition to our burdens, and as the work was being so well done by others I did not think it necessary to interfere. But recently the desirability of emigrating many more of my children has been brought before me in a way which assures me that I must no longer hesitate to enter the newly opened door.'

He would pay tribute to the 'grand work done by others,' but 'the idea of emigration often came to me in the night watches and during the hours of perplexity, as one solution of the difficulty which the experience of those referred to had proved successful.' Then with a confession, 'yet unwilling to follow in "another man's line of things," and anxious more and more to concentrate all my powers on a thorough home training, I have been slow to move in organising methods for transplanting upon a large scale the young life of our streets and alleys to the virgin soil and pure atmosphere of our colonies. But occasionally I was forced, by the threatened interference of criminal or vicious relatives, or by considerations of health on the part of specially delicate children, to send first one and then another, alone or in small groups, to service in South Africa or the Canadian Dominion.' He is intensely anxious, however, that no one should think that he is slackening his efforts to find employment for his children in our own beloved land; it is only certain individuals of our surplus juvenile population which he would carry to distant shores to begin, under more favourable conditions, a new career. Although he had not yet sent out his first party under his own direction,



he had arrived at the belief that 'happily no great arguments are needed nowadays to enforce the soundness of that principle by which the baser alloy of our streets, our lodging-houses, and workhouses may be transmuted by the alchemy of a prudent love into the precious metal which shall constitute the richest treasures of our colonies.'

On Thursday, August 10, 1882, 'conducted by the Governor of the Boys' Home, Stepney Causeway,' his first organised party of fifty-one carefully selected boys, after a farewell meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate Street, the previous night, left Liverpool by the *Parisian* for Quebec. Recalling those days the late Governor says :—

'I was asked by the Doctor to go over with as many boys as I could get ready in time. I had a fortnight in which to make preparations. I selected the fifty lads, outfitted them, went to Liverpool and made full arrangements with the Allan Line for their passage and that of myself and wife. Dr. Stephenson, who was at that time the Governor of the Children's Home, Bonner Road, Victoria Park, kindly placed his Distributing Home at Hamilton, Ontario, at our disposal, and from that home within a fortnight every lad was placed out, and for the most part in excellent situations. They were a fine set of boys from fourteen to seventeen years of age, and the pick of those who had been under training for several years.'

The last to leave the ship was the Doctor. As the tender moved away, the voices of the lads rang out. 'God bless you,' re-echoed often from the Doctor's anxious heart. The little party were constantly in his thoughts whilst rocking on the deep, and in his private devotions they seem to have held chief place. Of this first party thirty-one were entirely orphans, thirteen had only mothers living,



five only had fathers (only one of whom, however, could be traced), five had aged, helpless, and destitute grand-parents, and against the names of eleven little fellows in this company there was written in the books the sad line, 'NO FRIENDS,' which means of course that there was nobody to visit, to care for, to write to, nor indeed to do anything for any of them.

It was a successful venture. The story of one of these little emigrants is worth telling here in Barnardo's own words :—

'Some years ago I was one day passing down the great Commercial Road of the East End of London, seated on the knife-board of an omnibus. From this commanding point of view my attention was attracted, in common with that of my fellow-passengers, to a boy in the street who kept pace with us and evinced more than ordinary agility in turning the wheel. Our omnibus was racing another just in front, so that we kept up a tolerable speed, but we could not outpace the ragged youngster, who managed not only to keep well abreast of our vehicle, but to secure time enough to enable him every now and then to go down on his hands, and to spin with wild energy several complete and neatly executed "catherines." Of course halfpence were thrown to him, and these I observed that he secreted, as such boys generally do, in his mouth! I got down from the 'bus at Stepney Causeway; the boy stopped too. Recognising me, he followed me down the street. I seized the opportunity of entering into conversation with him, and he soon became confidential.

'I found that he lived on the streets and by the streets. His mother was a woman of the poorest sort, living, he said, in Star Street. I afterwards discovered her to be a drunken and immoral creature, who cared little or nothing for her unfortunate son. The latter was clad when I met him in two ragged garments only, and it appeared that he habitually lived the whole day on the streets, faring as best he could (that is, about as badly as possible), and creeping late at night for a shelter into the wretched room his mother occupied.

'Could nothing be done to help him? Yes, if he were an orphan the way would be clear enough; but his miserable mother, who observed no duties, could claim her rights to mar his future. But



would he like to enter the Home? Ah, that he would! Just the very thing? He wanted specially, he said, with a mild presumption characteristic of the lad, to "get into the band!"—a rather modest request of a ragged youngster, for our band is our *corps d'élite*. However, it all ended in certain negotiations with the mother, and finally in Frank's admission, and it was quite marvellous to notice, after he was washed and cleaned, what an attractive and interesting boy he really appeared, while it was soon evident that he possessed more than an average share of shrewdness and native wit. He took to his books with avidity, and made up the leeway of years of neglect more rapidly than most of our boys do. His conduct was perfectly satisfactory, and when he volunteered for Canada he was at once accepted.

'On reaching the Dominion he was admitted to the house of a certain Canadian barrister as a page-boy. The family soon grew to like him, and he quickly became a general favourite. He had an excellent voice—which, by the way, had been trained in the Home—and as he possessed not a little musical ability, he was allowed to join the choir of the church that the family attended. This brought him into further notice, and gave him opportunities for a better education. Finally his employer was so pleased with him that after a year's service he begged to be allowed to enter into articles of adoption, and so Frank became the adopted son of a professional gentleman in a good position. He fulfilled the promise of his boyhood, and profited to the utmost by the opening which was set before him.

'The excellent education he received was not wasted upon him, and I have had the pleasure of learning that he has lately been admitted to the office, as it is called in Canada, of his adopted father. The latter is also a member of the Canadian House of Commons, so that my boy Frank now mingles constantly, in his position as the son of Mr. Dash, Q.C., M.P., with persons in the best class of society. One of these days he expects to be called to the bar himself, and who knows what further distinction may not lie before him.'

Of that party, so far as we know, not one failed.

In the flush of success he entered boldly this open door. A sign, such as had been given when he wanted to commence the Village Home, was forth-



coming at this moment and strengthened his conviction that he was doing God's will.

A Dublin friend of his early days sent unasked £100 to start his emigration scheme. So, acknowledging the work of others, grateful for their assistance in what he had done through them, he applied himself vigorously to establishing his own Homes and emigrating in his own way.

On Monday, June 25th the following year, the good ship *Polynesian* reached the landing-stage bearing another hundred smart-looking and happy lads of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. His agent, Mr. A. de B. Owen, with the energy of his chief and a hearty welcome and support from the officials of the Dominion and Provincial Government Emigration Agents, disposed of them to their advantage. When, a month later, seventy-two girls under the care of Miss Emilie Morecroft, the first of their company to follow the boys, arrived in the *Sardinia*, he had found excellent premises in Toronto as the Canadian headquarters, and with the hearty assistance of the Hon. S. H. Blake, Q.C., formed an 'Advisory Committee, consisting of several well-known and highly valued Christian workers in the city, who very kindly volunteered to watch over the interests of our Canadian Home, and to render such counsel and direction as might be required from time to time by the officers in charge of it.'

Another sign from Heaven was vouchsafed. Soon after the girls arrived, a good offer was made by the Honourable Senator George A. Cox, then President of the Midland Railway Company of Canada, to place (rent free) at Dr. Barnardo's service Hazelbrae, a large house in Peterborough, which, with the aid of local funds, was fitted up for the children.



The influential position of Mr. and Mrs. Cox made their gift the more valuable at the founding of this work. 'I cannot,' writes Dr. Barnardo at the time, 'be too thankful to God for His goodness in touching the hearts of this gentleman and his wife, neither of whom I have ever seen, to offer such aid.' And Earl Cairns on behalf of the Homes sent these generous donors a letter of gratitude.

His little girls had gathered round him on board the *Sardinia*, as he committed them to God, and his heart would fain have let the tender leave without him. But he had earnest hopes of seeing them shortly, and towards the end of 1883 he publicly declared his resolve to visit Canada next year. Hazelbrae, a desire to secure a farm in the Far West for his bigger lads, the developing opposition on the Canadian side to the sending out of waif children, and above all, his uncontrollable wish to see how his little emigrants were placed, and to understand for himself the whole situation, sealed his resolve. Preceded by ninety-one boys on the 28th March 1884, and one hundred and thirty little girls on the 10th July 1884, he sailed in the *Parisian* for Quebec. Fragments of a diary kept during this his first voyage and of his early days on shore, giving accounts of the visits he paid to his children, have been discovered.

'We steamed from the Alexandra Wharf at about 4 o'clock, getting clear by 7 P.M. of the long stretch of docks which line the Mersey. The night was a very pleasant one, though a strong wind blew; and although, being a wretched sailor, I have still secret fears of that terrible *mal de mer* to which I have always been an acute victim, yet I am beginning to look forward with more courage to the prospect of sickness.

'On board among others whom I know, is Mr. J. W. C. Fegan,



the head of the "Southwark Home for Boys." He has a party of fifty very nice lads, whom he is taking out himself to place in situations on the other side. The boys all seem healthy, strong, and eager for their work. A little service is held with the lads morning and evening on deck, around which many of the emigrants gather, while some of the saloon passengers survey the scene from the upper deck, and let us hope get some good to themselves.

'This morning Mr. Fegan himself conducted the service. A few simple, earnest gospel words, the singing in a hearty fashion peculiar to such boys of a few hymns from Sankey's book, and then prayer offered by a helper of Mr. Fegan's, who seems to be a very earnest, godly-minded person, completes the little service, which has been most refreshing to all present.

'Shortly after landing I made my way to Peterboro', and there found myself at home at Hazelbrae—the charming house situated a little outside of the town, upon a hillside, commanding a view of the country round about, and standing in its own grounds of some six acres, the whole of which had been the generous gift of the Hon. and Mrs. George A. Cox of that town.'

Then he straightway started to visit his children. He could do no business until he convinced himself that they were safe. His great heart more or less satisfied about his dear bairns, he gave himself up to searching for an industrial farm :—

'I had' (he says) 'first to travel to Winnipeg, and from there nearly a thousand miles further west into British Columbia. Some time was spent on the prairie, examining different lands, and also in the chief cities, interviewing such officials as were likely to advance the objects I had in view. The authorities of the various railway companies, especially those of the Grand Trunk and of the Canadian Pacific, also did their best to expedite and forward my projects, and to reduce the expenditure by the issue of free tickets available during my stay.'

He held a number of public meetings as was his wont at home to further his efforts. At these meetings he frequently found the widely spread trail of his work :—

'In almost every place where I gave addresses in public I was



afterwards spoken to by persons who had at one time attended services in the Edinburgh Castle in East London, some of whom date the beginning of their new life to having heard the Word of Life preached there. This was especially marked at Toronto and Brooklyn. In the former place five or six persons came forward after my first meeting, of whom four looked upon the Edinboro' Castle as their spiritual birthplace, and the others had been greatly helped there. At Brooklyn I preached in Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle—a magnificent auditorium, capable of holding with comfort 4000 persons, the whole being well ventilated and very brilliantly lit. Three dear friends, whom I had known in East London, and who had found the Lord at the Edinburgh Castle, came after the service from different parts of the building to shake hands with me, and to express pleasure at meeting.

'All this was very encouraging, showing that, far and away beyond anything we can see or gather up at the time in the East of London, persons are drifting to and fro, almost over the face of the whole earth, into whose hearts the seed of the Word had fallen in our dear old Castle.'

He visited with great interest the hospital or infirmary at Toronto, also the Home for Boys, the prisons, the House of Detention, and one or two reformatories, besides several of the public, or, as we would say, elementary schools.

The treatment of prisoners in Canada in his judgment was more humane than in the 'old land.'

'One is impressed' (he says) 'with the sense of the humanity which is manifested everywhere. The prisoners are treated as men and women, not as automata,—guilty men and women, to be sure, deserving punishment, but having human sympathies, hopes, and fears, through which they may be reached and benefited. They are not treated like mere machines, as is too often the case with us. On Sunday there is a Sunday-school at most of the prisons.

'Fancy that, if you can, my excellent reader—Sunday-school for prisoners! What would our authorities think of any such relaxation of prison discipline? A number of gentlemen instruct the inmates of the male side of the prison; a number of



ladies do the same for the females. No one can become a visitor or Sunday-school teacher who is not able to produce satisfactory references and does not comply with the regulations laid down by the governor; but this matter once settled, the Sunday-school class with these prisoners becomes a reality, and no instance is known at the Toronto prison in which the privilege has been abused.

‘In it they are brought for a brief season in contact with loving, warm-hearted, and very devoted Christian men and women, and with that better life their crime has shut them out from. I was told by a gentleman in Toronto, having had experience of fifteen years in this work, that many of the prisoners owed their permanent reformation to the efforts made on their behalf during the Sunday-school; and that not a few grateful letters had been received by the governor and others from persons who had been notorious evil-doers, testifying to their changed life and character, and tracing this result to the Sunday’s instruction.

‘Surely this should be the true ideal of all penal provisions to reform those who come within their scope, and especially to use the most potent of all instrumentalism to that end—deep, true, religious feeling.

‘The workshops in the Toronto prison—especially a very large one where brush-making in all its varied branches is taught to a very large number of the inmates—present, I think, one of the most hopeful and encouraging phases of prison life I ever saw. The countenances of some of these men seemed to be humanised by the way in which they were treated in this shop. The warders were a fine set of men, and a kindly feeling was manifestly existing between many of them and the prisoners under them.’

The climate he considered magnificent. The citizens were kind and hospitable to strangers. He was particularly impressed by their sobriety.

‘As it seemed to me, one great cause of the prosperity and permanent success of Canada is the widespread observance of total abstinence principles. It is a rare thing to see in the streets persons under the influence of drink. Of course, some do get drunk, and their names figure in the newspapers under the police-court reports, but they are few, very few, as compared with the population. There is a powerful sentiment throughout all classes



- of society in favour of temperance, using that word in its best sense.

‘I have been a guest in many families, but I have never once been offered beer or wine, and I never once saw it on the table in any private house where I called. In the hotels, too, this is very remarkable. At the luncheon, dinner, and supper hours one almost invariably observes the greater part of those present drinking water, or perhaps milk with a lump of ice in it. Very occasionally, indeed, will some gentleman be seen taking wine or beer, and I have generally found that these, for the most part, are English or American visitors.’

Their religious life pleased him :—

‘The kindly religious feeling of the great body of working people must be a powerful factor in the wellbeing of the whole country, and should make one long that yet more of the children who have been so carefully trained in our Homes should find their future home in Canadian families.

‘This is, I think, one of the great drawbacks to the success of “boarding-out” in England. There is no general family religion in the greater part of the cottages of the industrious poor, among whom we would place such children if we could. There is most frequently an utter forgetfulness of the claims of the Divine Being, and the present life is lived as though it were the only one. The result is that children grow up without feeling the power of personal godliness, and are soon influenced and led away.’

He visited Chicago, New York, and Boston, spending several nights with detectives in the slums, gambling-dens, and the worst haunts of the vicious and degraded :—

‘After all the differences of localisation are accounted for, I could not but feel how like sin is, in its worst aspects, wherever found, whether in London “slums,” New York “dives,” or Chicago “hells.” Some places of social and city life in Chicago are especially bad. Of course, being a much smaller place, there was not so much of it as in New York ; but what it lacked in quantity and diffuseness it had in quality and concentration of badness. More unblushing wickedness is carried on in that city, with a high hand, without concealment or disguise, than I noticed elsewhere.’



Chicago impressed him :—

‘But in all respects Chicago is a wonderful city, whether one merely contemplates its rapid growth and development since the fire, the pushing enterprise of its citizens, or the application to the daily wants of life, and especially to money-making purposes, of scientific discovery. In Chicago, if anywhere, are found written broad and plain proofs of man’s original nobility, as well as evidence of the degradation which follows in the track of sin the wide world over.’

He had, however, crossed the ocean to lay the foundation of his emigration work, and although he was kindly received, he discovered organised opposition to child emigration. The cry had gone up that Canada was becoming the dumping-ground for the children of crime and vice. The unrestrained entry at our docks and stations of the vicious and criminal alien who make our country the dust-heap of Europe is becoming more and more distasteful to many, but our feeling of security and our deep-seated love of liberty for all could not be the guiding principle of a new colony. Canadian public opinion was naturally suspicious of the alien child—the more suspicious because some emigration agencies had brought ne’er-do-weels to the Colony, and others who sharpened the competition for employment. The Barnardo boys came in for their share of condemnation, even to being hooted in the streets. But with sure sagacity Barnardo divined the situation, and threw himself on the side of the Colony. There and then, at his meetings, in the press, and to his death, he sided with the citizens, upon whose generosity he was dependent for the welfare of his children. From the first party that went out, he acted upon the principle which still governs the work, that only the healthy



in mind and body who have been efficiently trained under his roof are emigrated. Subsequently he laid down six principles to govern his emigrating:—

‘*First.*—That no child shall be sent out manifesting criminal or vicious taint.

‘*Second.*—That no child is to be sent out who is not at the time in excellent health, and without tendency to disease.

‘*Third.*—That all such children (excepting, of course, the very young ones who go out for “adoption”) must have been passed through a period of the most careful training, not only in industrial pursuits, but also of a moral and religious character.

‘*Fourth.*—That as regards all children who come up to the standard of the three previous conditions, only the “flower of our flock” are to be sent to Canada.

‘*Fifth.*—That upon reaching Canada all children are to come under the care of properly qualified persons connected with our institution on the Canadian side, by whom they are to be distributed carefully into well-selected homes; and that even then our work is not to be considered complete, but that regular communication shall be maintained with these children for years by personal visitation of experienced assistants, and by a system of written reports from the child and its employer. That careful statistics shall be kept showing frequent reports of their whereabouts, progress, and general welfare, until they have reached an age when they no longer require our supervising care.

‘*Sixth.*—That if, spite of all these tests, precautions, and safeguards, it should be found by experience that some particular child, after having been placed out in Canada, becomes definitely immoral or criminal, then every legitimate means is to be adopted to recover possession of that child, and to return him or her at the earliest opportunity to the old country.’

Slowly his adherence to these just regulations told upon public opinion. Again and again he gave a decided and plainly expressed refusal when asked to assist doubtful characters to Canada.

‘Any other policy is suicidal, whichever way it may be viewed, and I do most strongly protest against the general proposition that, I understand, is being made in some quarters, and to which



the Local Government Board has, so far as regards its powers, given its adhesion, that it is a wise and proper thing to send over to the Dominion children who are paupers, or who have been taken from the criminal classes.'

He also gained wisdom by experience in another direction. In the early days he had sent out infants under five years of age. In criticising a scheme for the emigration of Poor Law children, sketched by Mrs. Close in the *Times* of November 1904, he told what befell this infant colony, and how he remedied a serious mistake.

'My infant colony—not a large one either as to numbers or as to staff—was very favourably situated for such an experiment. It was in a rural and most healthy district of Ontario, not far from one of the great towns in which there was a hospital with a competent consulting medical staff, and from which trained nurses could be obtained at short notice. What was the result? We found . . . that in summer these very young children were seriously affected by divers intestinal complaints, by which some lives were lost and many of the remainder were considerably weakened. To these the severe winter brought on affections of the respiratory tract, and soon the death-rate among these infants, although we were singularly fortunate with the professional and nursing care we were able to obtain for them, became frightfully high. Our mortality during the seventeen months in which this experiment was tried of emigrating infants under five, arose to the rate of *twenty per cent. per annum, or at the rate of two hundred per thousand!* Alarmed at this, and after having at the time conferred with and consulted the best medical advice I could obtain in the Dominion, I resolved at once to alter my plans, and not in future to favour the emigration of children under six. . . . The result was truly remarkable. Our rate of mortality was at once lowered. During the next six months the rate fell to one per cent., or ten per thousand per annum; shortly afterwards it sank to nine per thousand, and since then it has never exceeded eight per thousand per annum, even in years when several accidents to those who were engaged in various forms of manual labour were included. The average death-rate is now always *under four per thousand per annum.*'



The Canadian Government watched Barnardo's scheme closely. Slowly but surely they began to trust him ; and when confidence was established they showed that they had profited by his experiences.

'A conspicuous testimony' (writes the Canadian superintendent, Mr. A. de Brissac Owen, who has for many years faithfully watched over the increasing family over-seas) 'to the appreciation of Dr. Barnardo's emigration principles was given a few years after the date of which we are writing, by their incorporation in an Act of the legislature of the Province of Ontario, "regulating the immigration into Ontario of certain classes of children," in which the duties and responsibilities that Dr. Barnardo had voluntarily assumed were made obligatory upon all societies or individuals placing children in the province, and their enforcement made the duty of an official specially appointed for that purpose.'

The tide of an adverse press also turned in his favour. In 1885 a representative of the *Toronto Globe*<sup>1</sup> visited his Homes in London and entered fully into the whole subject of child emigration. Subsequently, in giving an account of his visit, he wrote : 'While maintaining, therefore, our position that there is reason to accuse some of the institutions of shipping

<sup>1</sup> Twenty years later, this same representative revisited London and attended the Mansion House meeting held to discuss Mrs. Close's Emigration Scheme. In the *Toronto Globe* for February 1905 he gives a particularly interesting account of Dr. Barnardo and his emigration work. 'All the time another gentleman was speaking, a small, dapper man with a certain suggestion of the foreigner about him was standing close to the platform, armed with a very long ear-trumpet, which was upturned to catch every word which might fall from the speaker's lips, who was warmly advocating the utilising of "existing agencies" instead of the establishment of a giant scheme such as proposed. The small gentleman, clad in the most irreproachable of frock coats, his moustache brushed upwards *à la* the German Emperor, immaculate linen, his collar of a new and remarkable pattern, his rather scant hair parted and smoothed with infinite care, pince-nez on the bridge of his rather *retroussé* nose, was evidently deeply interested. Almost before the closing sentence of the speaker to whom he listened with such attention was completed, he was on the platform, and with a courteous bow handed his card to the Lord Mayor, and when the din of the myriad of voices claiming to be heard was stilled by the autocratic ruling of the



undesirable children hither, we cannot but believe that in the case of the children sent out from Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the sending of them is not only a blessing for the children, and an advantage to Great Britain, but also a great advantage to Canada.'

The annual emigration parties now became an established feature of his yearly programme. His walls widened and his Canadian staff grew to meet the annually increasing emigrants. In 1885, headquarters were opened in Farley Avenue, Toronto. In the summer of 1887 Barnardo paid a second visit to Canada and settled arrangements for an industrial farm in Manitoba. This farm, situated near Russell on the Shell River district of Manitoba, extended to fourteen square miles or 8960 acres, which in 1889 was raised to 10,000 acres. So that by 1888 he was able to write :—

'Our Canadian Homes are now three in number, each dealing with a different class of emigrants, viz. :—

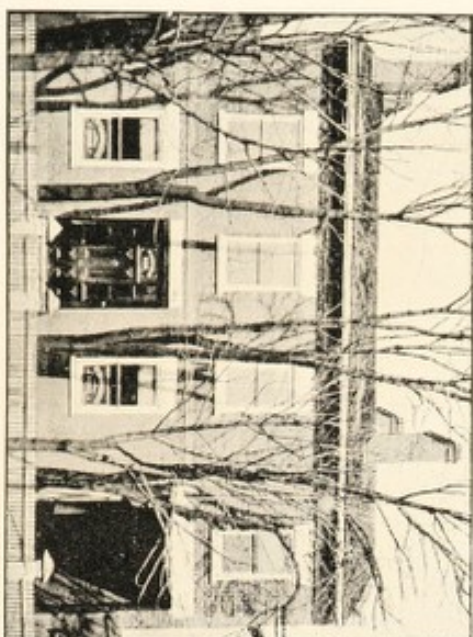
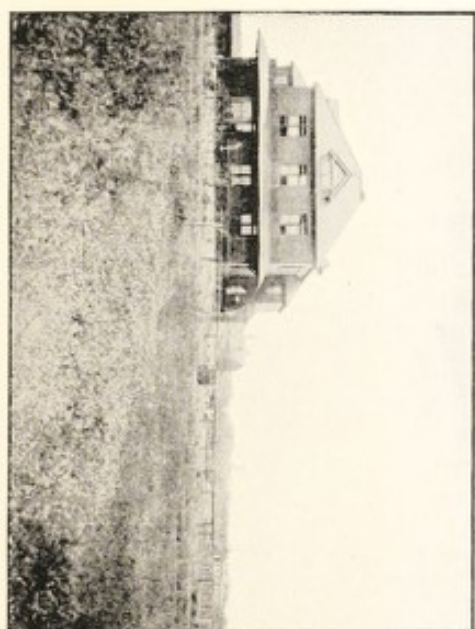
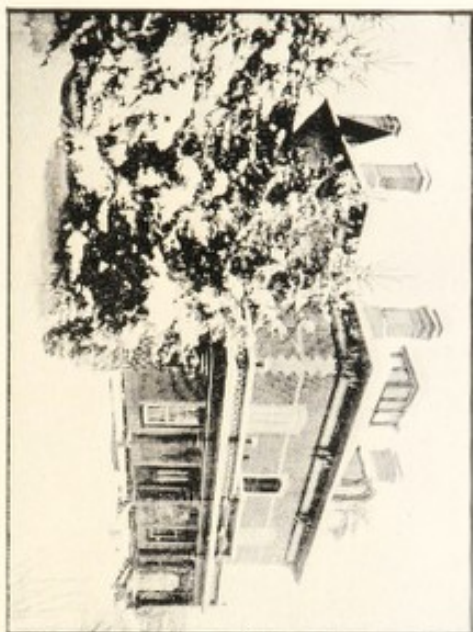
Hazelbrae, Peterborough, for girls only.

214 Farley Avenue, Toronto, for young boys only.

Industrial Farm, Russell, Manitoba, for older lads.'

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Chairman, who "knew 'ow to conduct a meetin'," Dr. Barnardo's name was announced. So here was the indefatigable labourer who has placed thousands of children in every portion of Canada. It was inconceivable. No words can describe the enthusiasm of that man, no pen could picture the marvellous way in which he managed to ridicule the scheme proposed, and to bring the meeting to see that "existing agencies" could place children much more cheaply in Canada than under any such scheme as proposed. For thirty-seven years he had been sending children to Canada, had paid thirteen visits to Canada. . . . "I have always a thousand babies in my nursery," quaintly announced this energetic mortal, who spoke with a slight foreign accent, "and I know whereof I speak." The speaker filled one with amazement. With his coat sleeves pulled up, showing a large expanse of white cuff, his ear-trumpet either tucked under one arm or flourished as a mark of accentuation, a sheaf of notes, from which he quoted figures "all confounding," holding the papers close to his eyes, being evidently terribly near-sighted, one marvelled all the more that with two such disabilities this intrepid little man had accomplished thirty-seven years of the most arduous and heart-breaking work a man could attempt. . . .'



# GROUP OF CANADIAN HOMES

DISTRIBUTING HOME FOR GIRLS  
HAZELBRAE, PETERBORO

INDUSTRIAL FARM, MANITOBA

DISTRIBUTING HOME FOR BOYS

DISTRIBUTING HOME FOR YOUNGER BOYS





1890 found him again in Canada :—

‘I left England on July 3rd for Canada, and returned again *via* New York in October, reaching Liverpool on the 8th of that month. I had meanwhile travelled 16,816 miles; seen and spoken to 432 boys and girls; examined our three institutions in Canada, amending and extending their organisation where needed; held private and public interviews with a vast number of official and unofficial people; visited the principal philanthropic institutions in four of the largest cities of the United States, and examined by night, and in the company of skilled police agents, the seamy side of such cities as San Francisco, Chicago, and New York.’

Three months were spent organising and re-organising at Toronto, Peterborough, and Manitoba. Everything to the last detail was his own work. He made every appointment. From cellar to attic his Homes were known to him; the details of household management did not escape him; his finger was on every ledger in the office at Toronto; he estimated the wealth of his farm to the gleanings. With a pleasure which stares through the cold type, he tells of many visits from his boys and girls, some calling with blushing wives, some with shy husbands, others driving up in carriages, so transformed that he approached them as ladies of rank, amazed to discover they were his children. How proud he was of them! How proud they were of him! Writing to Mrs. Barnardo from the Queen’s Hotel, Toronto, during this visit, he speaks freely of his children :—

‘I shall not trouble you with a statement as to the changes I have made at Peterborough, but I have effected many and important changes, and hope that the work will be well organised before I leave, and that its future may be prosperous. I cannot tell you the unspeakable pleasure I have had in meeting hundreds of my boys and girls, now grown up to manhood and womanhood, and almost without exception doing well, prosperous in worldly



matters, and in very many cases become, so far as I can judge, earnest-minded and true servants of Christ. I have such a pile of letters here, received almost by every post, from young men and women who have heard I was in the country, written in the most touching, affectionate, and grateful fashion. Of course there are many who are *not* grateful, and who do not like it even to be supposed that they came out under my auspices. This is due to the fact that in some parts of the country the old prejudice still remains, and some of the more ignorant, bigoted, and narrow-minded employers still cast in a boy's or girl's teeth if they are not very good or if they are troublesome in some way, that you were a waif of the streets, a gutter child, picked up goodness knows where, and just as bad as you could be. Well! as you may imagine, this is very mortifying to young people who are trying to forget the past and to stretch forward to a better career, and there are some of my very nicest girls, although they write to me and our ladies most affectionately and even gratefully, yet they withhold from their employers the fact that they were sent out by or connected with our work. Two very nice girls, for example, came to see me—sisters. They were both with one of the prominent judges in this country. He prizes them greatly, and has told them again and again he will never allow them to leave his service. They are both very happy. They are old Cairns House girls, and as is the case with all girls in that house, they retain a very affectionate feeling towards myself, and there could be no mistaking their gratitude and their right feeling when they came to see me at Mrs. Owen's house, where we had a reception a few days ago. Yet both of these girls implored me, when I saw them, not to let the judge know that they had been under my care, and I confess I cannot blame them altogether, although I am sorry for the attitude they have taken. There is an exhibition going on in Toronto just now, and as it is largely agricultural, numbers of our lads who have done well all over the country have made this an occasion to visit Toronto. We keep open house for them for the whole week while the exhibition lasts. Up till last night two hundred and forty fellows had registered their names in our book as visitors during the week. I went down and saw them yesterday. Such a splendid lot of young men! In this particular group not one single bad case, and the curious thing is that the *biggest* fellows in the whole group were those who came from Leopold House! I would have expected the Labour House men to be the biggest, but



Leopold House are quite the taller and stronger. I cannot tell you what a happy meeting I had with them. Then we took them last night out on the lake. We chartered a steamboat and had them for a moonlight expedition, starting at ten o'clock and returning after midnight. It was lovely, and the young men enjoyed this immensely. It was something good to hear their cheers! We are going again with another batch to-night. On Tuesday Mrs. A. de B. Owen, who has just returned with her children from Muskoka, gave up her whole house to entertaining such girls as were in the neighbourhood of Toronto. There was a marquee on the little lawn behind, and we really had a most charming afternoon. You would not know the girls! Do you remember—Queenie will, I dare say—several of those troublesome laundry girls, who, when you were in residence at Mossford, once begged me to allow them to go to Canada, and I against the general wishes of the Village people agreed? Every one of them, with one exception, has done well, and they turned up to see me on Tuesday last, looking so bonny and respectable in every way.'

Of the conditions under which children are placed out, Mr. Owen says:—

'The form of agreement in use is drawn in simple language, and divested as far as possible of legal verbiage or technicalities. It is drawn between the representative of the Institutions in Canada and the person who receives the child, and recites the fact that the latter is a former inmate, and is at present under the guardianship of the Homes. The employer undertakes to receive the child for a period beginning and ending on specified dates; to provide it during that period with sufficient and proper board, lodging, clothing, and necessaries, and to pay a stated sum of money at the expiration of the period to the representative of the Homes, in trust for the child and for its "sole use and benefit." In some cases this payment is made by annual instalments, while in the case of older girls and boys a different form of engagement is entered into, and although the hiring is never for a shorter period than twelve months, the wages are payable by the month, and the lad or girl clothes him or herself, drawing whatever is necessary from the employer, who charges at the end of the year the amounts thus advanced. In these cases a detailed statement has always to be rendered to the Superintendent of the Homes at the end of the year, which can be checked and scruti-



nised, so as to ensure that the boy or girl is fairly dealt with, and, on the other hand, is not squandering his or her earnings. A clause is inserted providing for the termination of the engagement by a month's notice given on either side; while the right is explicitly reserved to the Superintendent of the Homes to remove the child summarily, and without notice, if such action should be rendered necessary by the child's being subjected to any description of misuse. School attendance is stipulated for in the case of the younger children for a stated number of months during the year. The employer further pledges himself to promote the child's attendance at Church and Sunday-school, to communicate occasionally as to its progress and welfare, and, in the words of the concluding paragraph of the agreement, "to co-operate generally with the Agents of the Homes in exercising judicious supervision over him, and in promoting his interests and well-being." The general effect aimed at is to ensure by a written covenant that the child is supplied with the necessaries of life; that the authority and responsibility of the Homes as its guardian is duly recognised, and that the child shall be fairly and justly paid for such services as it is able and expected to render. In practice the system has been found to work with admirable results. The agreement is not drawn up till after a child has been for a month in his or her place, so that the parties have had a fair trial of each other, and the employer knows what he is committing himself to. Naturally the arranging of the terms gives rise to a good deal of bargaining and correspondence. The average Canadian farmer is not the person to accept any undertaking involving the paying of money until he is satisfied that he has made the best possible bargain for himself.

One story of his successes in Australia must have a place in these *Memoirs*.

In the *Morning Bulletin* of Rockhampton for 23rd April 1901 a return was made for the House of Representatives:—

*Maranoa.*

Mr. J. Page, 2996. Mr. G. E. Bunning, 2609.

MR. J. PAGE'S EARLY LIFE.

'On the occasion of his visit to Clermont last week Mr. J. Page, M.P. for Maranoa, and Grand-Master of the Manchester Unity Odd-



fellows in Queensland, was entertained by the members of the local lodge of Oddfellows.

‘Speaking in response to the toast of his health, he said that having risen to the highest position a commoner could attain in Australia—that of a member of the Commonwealth Parliament—he thought it might be fitting to tell them a little about his career. He started life as a street arab in London, and he owed his first step to Dr. Barnardo, for whom he hoped they would send a few shillings when they had them to spare, for he was doing a wonderful work. Dr. Barnardo had enabled him to stand where he did to-day. At seventeen years of age he was asked what he would like to be, and like other boys, being fond of the glamour and fine clothes of the military, he chose soldiering and joined the Royal Artillery. In this corps he had risen to the rank of sergeant, had served his country faithfully and well in South Africa, and was the proud possessor of the medal for distinction for service in the field. After the South African service he married and came to Queensland, where his career had been one uninterrupted series of successes, as everything he touched turned up trumps, and apart from his position as member of the House of Representatives he was in an independent position to-day.

‘It should be added that when the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall visited Queensland one of the principal figures of the reception was this old Barnardo boy. And the sailing-master of the Government yacht, whilst Lord Brassey was Governor of Australia, was another Barnardo boy.’

On Dr. Barnardo’s return home from Canada in 1890 a welcome meeting was held at the Edinburgh Castle. On his entry he was received with cheers, again and again repeated, and his eye gladdened by some dozen mottoes on the walls, such as ‘The sick little ones send you their love.’ ‘Sheppard House tinies are so glad you’re home.’ ‘Stepney boys give you right hearty welcome.’

He then proceeded to tell how between July 3rd and October 8th he travelled 16,816 miles through Ontario, Manitoba, and Vancouver, to San Francisco. His words were, therefore, of magnificent distances and



of limitless acres, and harping on the practical benefits of emigration as a remedy for many ills of over-crowded England, and as an opportunity for those starting in life. Of 17,000 boys and girls passed through the Homes during the 24½ years of their existence to date, about 4450 had emigrated, mostly to Canada. He had personally seen over 400 of these on his recent visit, and had a firmer faith than ever in emigration conducted on proper lines. The opposition to it in Canada, which arose in the cities alone, was in the supposed interests of labour organisation, and collapsed when confronted with facts. It was alleged that, through the children, criminality and hereditary tendencies to disease had been imported into Canada. A Government Commission sat in Toronto during his visit, and he was summoned to give evidence. The books of the Homes were produced, and for six hours he had expounded their system and exploded fallacies. He had shown the Commission that the flower of their flock only were sent to Canada, that they kept in touch with nearly every emigrant, that out of thousands placed out in Canada only ten had been convicted, and that the total failures amounted to under two per cent. Moreover, during the present year 949 applications for boys had been received at the Toronto office, of which he was able to supply only 258.

‘Can you not find work in England for all your children?’ he had been asked by an opponent. ‘Yes, the demand even in England is always greater than the supply,’ he replied. ‘Then why send them out to us?’ ‘Because,’ said the Doctor, ‘nearly every boy placed out in England increases the ranks of the unemployed, and most of them would have the disadvantage, in England, of unfavourable surroundings.’



Canada, with its thousands of waiting acres, has no greater population than London (five millions), and the immigration of those who are full of youth and vigour cannot but be beneficial to the country. The dangers to be feared from the influence of the children's relatives was shown in the statistics of Feltham. Of the boys claimed by their friends from that institution, twenty-three per cent. found their way back to gaol; while of the boys whom the authorities themselves placed out in life, only five per cent. relapsed into crime. During his travels Dr. Barnardo again and again met with boys whose physical and social improvement made recognition difficult. Each visit to Canada served as a milestone in the progress of his overseas colony, stretching all over the Dominion, with offshoots in the States, and branches in Africa and Australasia. In the summer of 1900 he saw his colonial possessions for the last time. These consisted of his headquarters, with a staff of fifteen helpers. Four visitors are exclusively employed in carrying out the system of visitation which he insisted with his latest breath was the chief cause of his success. Five clerks are employed in keeping the records. At any time, both in Canada and in London, he could put his hand upon the history of each boy from his entrance to the family to the last letter or report received. There are the superintendent and accountant. All are busily employed in the multifarious interests of the children emigrated, which entail a correspondence of twelve hundred letters weekly, dealing with the relations of boys and masters, and a savings bank including three thousand current accounts bearing interest for the wage-earning. There is a branch at Winnipeg, as an addi-



tional distributing centre, opened in 1896, which, as the great North-West develops, will be of great value to the Homes (in foresight, Dr. Barnardo was doubly provided), and an admirable magazine, *Ups and Downs*, issued as far as possible quarterly, forming another link between the scattered children and the office where at all times they may claim advice and, if necessary, shelter and protection. Then there is the Home at Peterborough, 'Hazelbrae.' This fine house nestles in six acres of ground, and is the headquarters for the girls. Here with a staff of fourteen workers the reception, placing out, and inspection of the constantly increasing family is conducted. What Toronto is to the boys Peterborough is to the girls. The Industrial Farm for Youths, now covering an area of 6080 acres, has received hundreds of youths of seventeen years and upwards from our labour house in London, becoming the stepping-stone from loafing to work, and from certain pauperism and degradation to certain health and happiness.

One case which particularly arrested the attention of the chief inspector of British immigrant children in Canada (Mr. Bogue Smart) is but a common example of the good done by his Labour House :—

'Eighteen months ago or so a lad was brought before the magistrates in a western town. I may as well give you the name—it was Falmouth. He was charged with vagrancy, sleeping out, and having no visible means of subsistence. This was the third time he had been so charged, and he was only about sixteen years of age. The magistrates did not know what to do with him. Being kind-hearted, they did not like to send him to prison. What else could they do? They sent him to the workhouse for a while. But when the time was up he was turned adrift again, and was very soon once more before the Bench. But this time he was charged with attempting to commit suicide. They asked him why he had dared to think of doing so dreadful a thing. Poor



chap! He stood up and replied in a broken voice, "No one cares whether I starve or not. No one will give me work. I am starving. I thought I had better end it." Then they thought of me. When the lad reached me I spoke somewhat roughly to him, just to test him. "What good can I do you," I said; "you're lazy; you won't work." "Won't I," he replied; "you try me, sir."

'Well, we sent him to our Labour House, and soon he was reported to me as industrious, decent, and honest. He went to Canada. And here is a letter which says of him: "He is a fine young fellow, doing well, and greatly respected."

'There you have it in a nutshell: eighteen months ago he was starving and attempting suicide, and no one would give him work. Now he is greatly respected. What may he not become now?'

In a private letter to his wife, written from the farm at Russell in September 1900, he says:—

'You would be charmed with the prospect here . . . it is simply lovely from every point of view. The trackless prairie in the neighbourhood of this settlement is converted by the growing level, as in some parts; but almost everywhere over our Settlement the growth of the scrub—which is chiefly poplar and willow and wild cherry—within the last sixteen years, when I turned the first sod on our Settlement here, has been marvellous. The place is in beautiful order; and my good representative, Mr. E. A. Struthers, has, I think, won the universal respect of the whole locality.'

As we have seen, boarding-out in Canada, as in England, he found was the excellent way of treating his children. 'At the time of his death he had over nine hundred young children boarded out, one, or at most two, children being received in a small farmer's house at a cost seldom exceeding a dollar a week.' By this way little children receiving their education and training in Canadian schools and families quickly assimilate the ideas and grow into the life of the new land, reaping fuller advantage than older children partly trained in England. And whilst in England



the possibilities of boarding-out are grievously limited, in Canada there seems to be no limit. 'Our system of boarding-out,' he once exclaimed, 'was the golden key that opened the closed door.'

Mr. A. de B. Owen, the Canadian Superintendent, reporting to the Council after Dr. Barnardo's death on the position of affairs in Canada, says:—

'The demand for boys and girls seems insatiable. It increases year by year, and as far as one can exercise a forecast, there appears no probability of any cessation. The next few years, with the development of the great railway schemes now in existence, are likely to be a period of immense expansion throughout the Dominion. Large areas of magnificently fertile land will be opened for settlement, the development of the mineral wealth of the country is likely to receive an impetus, and a large immigration is confidently looked forward to. Under such circumstances we may expect that the demand for our young colonists will increase even beyond the present disproportion to the supply, and if we were required to place five thousand children a year, I should anticipate no further difficulty in providing well for them, presuming they were reasonably well trained, sound in physical and mental health, and decent in personal habits.'

And that the reader may see how carefully the boarding-out system is treated, we give from this same document a description of the method adopted:—

'Our *modus operandi* is as follows: When a farmer applies for a boy, or the mistress of a house for a girl, a form is sent to them in which they furnish details as to the address, occupation, church membership, number in family, and give the name of their minister. On this form being returned to us, we proceed to communicate with the minister, in the shape of a little circular, asking him to fill up carefully a form that is attached, and assuring him that the information he gives, or any expression of opinion with which he favours us, will be regarded as strictly private and confidential. In the form we ask him how long he has been personally acquainted with the applicant, of what members his family consists, whether he is a man of good standing in the community, whether he is in



fellowship with any Christian church, if he and his wife are, in the judgment of the writer, fit and proper persons to have the charge and care of a young child, and if their household is a desirable one in which to place a child, whether his financial circumstances are sufficiently good to enable him to pay reasonable wages, etc. These forms, supplemented by inquiries made by the visitors and information obtained from other sources, govern our decision in accepting or rejecting applications and in the selection of children to fill them. We are by no means infallible, and mistakes have occurred in the past and doubtless will again in the future, but I am glad to be able to say that instances are extremely rare in which children have fallen into thoroughly undesirable hands, while if such a thing should occur in spite of all precautions, under the system of supervision and personal visitation, it is not long in being discovered.

‘With our large parties of boys, the selection and allotment of boys to individual situations or foster-homes is generally completed before they land. With the demand so large as it is, we have for each party as many applications as we can fill from it several weeks before the party sails. When I leave Canada, therefore, I am able to take with me a list of the applications, and during the voyage over, when I am in hourly contact with the boys and am able to form some acquaintance with each one, I make the selections. On landing, we are thus able to ticket each boy at once to his ultimate destination, and consign his belongings accordingly.’

Two further examples of Dr. Barnardo’s incessant personal care of each individual girl emigrated from the Village Home may be given, because they once more reveal the manner of man he was and how conscientiously he discharged his enormous responsibilities. In one he is criticising the Canadian Visitors’ Reports in a letter to a valued worker :—

‘There would be too great tendency in dealing with these girls to resort to a mere official system which did not supply that inner element of sentiment and personal colouring which is of specially great value in the case of young girls committed to our care. I must deal with them more certainly than *if they were mere units* having life whose condition I have to report on. I must have everything that will go to constitute an atmosphere around them which will



give as *in a mirror the local colouring*, the sentiment, so to speak, which underlies their whole life and circumstances. I can never tell under what great public crisis here I may suddenly be compelled, before I can communicate with Mr. Owen, to supply information, and even to produce the reports themselves which give the most ample proof of minute, motherly, womanly care of such defenceless creatures, placed under conditions which are not natural to them, but which I have created, as it were, by the exercise of my will. . . . I must be able to show that, if I have deliberately thrust one influence aside, I have supplanted it with another infinitely more careful, more minute, more full of human interest, and more calculated to show, as I have said, as in a mirror the whole life with its sorrows and joys, its success and failures, its present, its past, and its prospective future, of each individual.'

In the other, he writes from Bad Nauheim, where he is undergoing treatment for his heart, and is physically unable to see a party of his dear children off to Canada :—

'My heart cries out within me, nor can any words which I can now utter express my feeling. All I could do on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday was to cry to God for help on behalf of my dear children who have gone out to Canada without my seeing them, or praying with them, or giving them my blessing; and indeed on these days I was so poorly, especially on Monday and Tuesday, that I could not write a word, and to do so on Wednesday would have been too late for them to receive it. Poor little darlings! I hope all has gone well with them. I long to get a report from you, however brief. No one has sent me a single line, except Mr. Wright, who, in a letter to hand last night, mentions the mere fact that Mr. Owen duly arrived, and that the party of 100 girls would leave St. Pancras on Thursday morning. But oh! what a comfort to know that they are not beyond the care and tender oversight of our Heavenly Father! Yet to feel that these are now divided from me, perhaps for ever, that I may never see them on earth, and have not even bid them good-bye, is a sore pang in the remembrance.'

At the time of his death he was sending out every year more children than all other agencies combined;

and they were all royally welcomed. Here is a bird's-eye view of the Emigration record at the time of his death:—

DR. BARNARDO'S EMIGRANTS TO CANADA 1867-1906.

	From 1867 to 1884	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894
Boys .	800	120	275	390	371	395	396	291	417	596	758	635
Girls .	381	132	118	234	41	94	107	..	5	131	76	89
Grand Totals	1181	252	393	624	412	489	503	291	422	727	834	724

CONTINUED

1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	Total
578	490	438	371	446	592	698	684	836	863	981	728	13,149
155	188	226	242	201	339	315	369	401	403	333	443	5,023
733	678	664	613	647	931	1013	1053	1237	1266	1314	1171	18,172

In addition to the above 18,172 boys and girls sent out to Canada, 473 young people have been placed out in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, making a total of 18,645 emigrants to end of 1906.

We are not here concerned with the pros and cons of child emigration other than those which Barnardo weighed. Perhaps to those persons who see by centuries, and look jealously upon everything which tends to weaken the position of the motherland, even though her children gain, child emigration is not an unmixed blessing. The fall of the birth-rate, the physical degeneration which has set in in quarters where it is most to be feared, the flabbiness which has resulted from years of prosperity sapping the foundation of mental and moral vigour, the numerous signs of halting in the ascendancy of this sea-girt



home upon which the very life of her colonies hangs, would give such persons pause in draining the flower of the flock of Dr. Barnardo's Homes into colonial channels. But the arguments in favour of the welfare of the individual child are of course irresistible. Removed far away from degraded relatives who would speedily undo all the fruitful results of years of training, and finding in Canada a chance such as, unhappily, cannot be found in England—a chance beyond comparison with that of our labourer or domestic servant—these boys and girls prosper amazingly. For them and the generations springing from their loins emigration is salvation. The immediate outlook, imperial no less than individual, must be satisfied with this method of transforming the waste products of our industrial and social systems into the strong fibre of the new life filling the open places of our great colonies.

One day, perchance, if Wisdom sit at the helm of the ship of State, these children may arise to defend the shores of the homeland—certainly to increase her wealth and maintain her imperial mission. But Barnardo considered the children of his family like a wise father, provided for them individually, and their particular welfare guided his judgment. He did the best for them, leaving other questions alone; and after all, who shall say that, wherever they are, if they are true to God, he has not done well by the race as well as by them?

## CHAPTER XIII

### BOARDING-OUT

‘It is upon the constitution of family that the progress or decadency of society will in all ages depend.’—LACORDAIRE.

‘The object of the boarding-out system is to graft each child into a respectable family as one of its members.’—MISS MASON, L.G.B. Inspector.

‘I am resolved by God’s help to carry out the method of boarding-out thoroughly in connection with these Institutions.’—DR. BARNARDO.

OF the various methods of saving destitute and orphan children by making them inmates of industrial and reformatory schools, workhouses, placing them in barrack, village, or scattered homes, boarding-out is the oldest and certainly the best. As a method it was first adopted by the State in Scotland, and to-day the State in England and our colonies has come to regard it as the most natural, the most satisfactory, and the cheapest way of reclaiming these children. By an Act of the Scottish Parliament in 1579, entitled ‘For Punishment of Strong and Idle Beggars, and Relief of the Puir and Impotent,’ it was enacted :—

‘Gif any Beggar’s Bairne, being above the age of five years and within fourteen, male or female, sall be liked of be ony subject of the Realme of honest estait, the said person sall have the Bairne, be the ordour and direction of the said Provost and Baillies within the Burgh, or the judge of every Parochin to Landwart ; gif he be a male child, to the age of 24 years ; and if she be a woman child, to the age of 22 years ; and gif they depart



or be taken or intised from their maisters' or mistresses' service, the maister or mistress to have the like action and remedie as for their hired servants, or prentises, as well as against the bairne as against the taker or the intiser thereof.'

This being interpreted means that the State, in order to prevent the children of beggars becoming beggars, boarded them out with respectable folk that they might grow up law-abiding citizens.

Boarding-out is really a part of the great outdoor relief afforded by the State, and is much more largely adopted in Scotland than in England. In England our system may be called 'indoor,' although of recent years there has been a considerable outdoor development. But from the beginning Scotland has, owing to the sturdy independence of her children, disliked the workhouse. The Church before the State applied this method in her parishes. Reports show how the parish authorities, under the guidance of the Church, exerted themselves to provide for the children of destitution. The then Session-Clerk of Rothesay parish said :—

'Both the deserted children and the orphans are boarded out. The parent of one of the families of the deserted children was a tradesman; the mother is dead. The mother of the other family is gone to America, and has sent for her children. In general there is only one child of the children of the same family boarded in the same house, except in the case of Miss Craig's house, who commenced an institution about a twelvemonth ago for the care of orphans, and who has several females to superintend the different departments of it. In that institution they have a child from each of two families. There they pay for one child two shillings, and for the other two shillings and sixpence, the latter being the elder. Witness and others of the elders call occasionally to see that the orphans are properly taken care of. He considers that Miss Craig pays very great attention to the orphans. He has not seen anything equal to it in this part of the country; and she pays very great



attention to the education of the children, and takes them regularly to church with her.'

That system, with various modifications, prevails throughout Scotland to this hour. The extent and success of it can be seen at a glance. In 1875 sixty-six per cent. of orphan and destitute children were boarded out; in 1903, ninety per cent.; in other words, of 7110 destitute children in Scotland, 6195 were boarded out, with the result that the number of children chargeable to the rates in Scotland has decreased thirty-two per cent. in thirty years. In England the total number of child paupers for July 1, 1905, was 65,579. Of these, on July 1, only 8685 were boarded out. This illustrates what has been said, that whereas the Scottish system is an outdoor one, the English is indoor. Speaking of this system in the House of Commons in 1870 before a Committee which recommended the Local Government Board Order of the 25th November 1870, by which English Boards of Guardians were authorised to adopt boarding-out, Sir John McNeill, referring to the Scottish system, detailed the methods adopted, and incidentally remarked that good can be done beyond the one rule of law.

'The rule of requiring all deserted or orphan children to be boarded out is almost universal; I must say that we have no positive authority to enforce that. It has been done by the boards themselves, and by the perception in a series of years of its great advantage to the parish. What happens is this: the children are boarded out in the country, one, perhaps two, rarely more than three, in a family; they grow up with the family; they are treated as members of the family; they acquire the habits and feelings of the persons amongst whom they are brought up; they see the struggles of the family to maintain their own independence; they see the kind of feeling that is entertained in reference to paupers; they acquire a sort of domestic attachment to the father and



mother, or to the old woman with whom they are boarding, and they are well educated, and ultimately they melt into the population, so that you cannot find a trace of them, and they are not distinguishable from the people who have been brought up in independence. Anything more satisfactory than the working of that system I have not to boast of in the administration of the Poor Law.'

Prior to 1870 some boarding-out was done in England in Unions like Chorlton, Ringwood, and Swindon with satisfactory results. But the system was officially regulated by the Order of 1870, superseded by one of 1889, dealing with boarding-out within the limits of the Union, and in 1895 by an Order touching children outside these limits. Of the 645 Poor Law Unions, 170 have entered into proper arrangements with Boarding-out Committees within and beyond the Union, and about two-thirds of the provincial Boards of Guardians now board out children within their Unions.

The cost in Scotland under the Glasgow Parish Council is a little over £18 per head for 1903, which includes 'aliment, clothes, school-books, medical relief, and visitations by members of council, and the Inspector of Poor and his assistants.' In England for this period, within the Union, the cost works out at £10, 0s. 7d.; beyond the Union, £12, 13s. 10d. The Boarding-out Order of 1895 has increased the maximum rate of payment from 4s. to 5s. weekly in respect of maintenance and lodging of these children, so that about £14 per child, with 5s. per quarter for the relieving and medical officers' expenses, covers the entire cost. The results from all quarters are eminently satisfactory. Take one instance. Of 772 children dealt with in Glasgow, whose histories have been followed for ten years, there are only



twenty doubtful cases. Of these one only has been convicted of crime, and even he is now doing better.

Such briefly is the history and position of boarding-out orphan and destitute children, and such a method could not long escape Dr. Barnardo's notice. It was forcibly brought home on a visit to Edinburgh in 1882, when he saw something of this system. In 1883 we find him writing :—

‘I am giving serious attention to the subject of boarding-out, and shall be glad if my readers will kindly forward any pamphlets or books bearing upon it which may have come under their notice ; or if correspondents, having had experience of the system as practised in England, will kindly give me full particulars as to ages of children, methods of supervision, religious training, general education, cost per head, and other points involved, I shall feel greatly obliged.’

In 1887 his attention was called to the Annual Poor Law Conference in Glasgow, when the Lord Provost said that within the last nineteen years pauperism had declined from 4 per cent. to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the population, and he gave as one reason of this satisfactory diminution the successful adoption of the boarding-out system. Barnardo quoted in his own magazine with approval the Rev. J. W. Horsley's comments upon the Provost's speech :—

‘How long will Scotch thrift and humanity and intelligence be an example that English boards will decline to follow, making themselves thereby neither true guardians of the poor, nor even of the rates ? On an average of ten years, 14 per cent. of the boys, and 26 per cent. of the girls, brought up in English workhouse schools, speedily returned as adult paupers, and of those from poor-law district schools, 11 per cent. of the males and 27 per cent. of the females.’

Later in the same year he is mourning the cast-iron and clumsy routine of the big workhouse barracks,



which destroy the beautiful possibilities of child life, and he says :—

‘An approach is being made to God’s appointed family system of training little ones. Boarding-out is making headway, and the hard-and-fast lines of mechanical uniformity are breaking up.’

His mind is therefore ready to develop in connection with his own work the boarding-out system. In 1887 he sent out 330 little boys between five and nine, distributing them in 120 families in rural districts. A year later he says :—

‘Of these 320 wee bairns, most of them have hitherto seen only the blue sky from amidst the city slums, and are thus now entering upon what is to them really a new world, among green fields and pleasant country sights and sounds.’ ‘The system’ (he continues) ‘has worked admirably. In the districts to which they have been sent my boarded-out boys have won golden opinions for themselves. I have before me the letters of two clergymen, who bear emphatic testimony both to the benefit conferred upon the boys and to the excellence of their behaviour. One clergyman sends a donation as an expression of his satisfaction with the conduct of the boys, fourteen of whom attend one of his schools.’

And after six years of the cottage system and boarding-out, he writes :—

‘I must declare most emphatically that even the Village Home, with all its advantages, is not so good as boarding-out; and my only regret is that from the nature of the case, the system of boarding-out is not applicable to every girl. If it were, I would empty the Girls’ Village Home to-morrow, and scatter the inmates throughout the length and breadth of the land, boarding them out in ordinary homes, amid natural surroundings, among respectable working-class people in rural districts.’

If it be the best system, it requires the best organisation. He appointed a lady doctor in 1899, whose duty it was to pay surprise visits of inspection, and

to examine thoroughly the condition of the children's home, school, and religious life. Two other lady doctors were appointed as visitors, for the very foundation of the system to him was in the constant inspection of the children by competent visitors. The work thus commenced was gradually built upon the sure foundation of experience, and profiting by that and the regulations in force in Scotland and England, he framed his own laws, as in the case of emigration, in connection with which his boarding-out system, as we have seen, is very largely applied. It is interesting to quote in his own language these laws:—

‘1. The number of children in one centre is limited to twenty. Under no circumstances are more than three children allowed in the care of one foster-mother.

‘2. A separate bedroom is required for children of *either sex*, and, if an infant, it should sleep in same room as foster-mother.

‘3. Each foster-mother should be in receipt of a regular income, so that she may not be dependent upon the money received in respect of the children as a means of support for herself or family. No person in receipt of parish relief is considered an eligible foster-parent, nor is any home accepted in which there are lodgers, or children belonging to any other institution or society. Persons who have more than three children of their own living at home are not judged suitable. Preference will be given to foster-parents who are total abstainers.

‘4. The children are required to attend church or chapel with their foster-parents.

‘5. The employment of boys or girls in shops, on farms, or in the houses of neighbouring gentry, out of school-hours is discouraged by the managers. Boys and girls are withdrawn, as a rule, at the age of thirteen from their boarding-out homes.

‘6. The outfit with which each child is provided on being boarded-out has to be maintained at the same standard, the clothing being replenished from time to time, as required, by the foster-mother. It is one of the duties of the local committee, if there is one, or (if not) of the local lady correspondent, to see that



each child always possesses the number of articles mentioned in the undertaking form, and that they are in good condition.

‘7. Correspondence between foster-parents and the relatives of boarded-out children is forbidden. *All* communications between the children and their friends must pass through the office first of all, and no child should be allowed to receive a letter or parcel which does not bear the stamp of the institution. This rule should be very firmly impressed upon each foster-parent.

‘8. No person claiming relationship or friendship with a child should be allowed to visit it unless he or she produces written authority from the managers of the Homes. In all cases where permission is granted, the foster-mother and the correspondent are informed of the fact before the date fixed for the visit.

‘9. Every case of illness, even if it should appear to be of a slight nature, should be reported to the managers. No hesitancy need be felt in obtaining medical advice should it be considered desirable, as the managers are prepared to defray the cost of medical attendance, and also of any special medicine (such as cod-liver oil) which may be ordered.

‘10. Each home should be regularly visited, at not too long intervals, by the correspondent or a member of the local committee, to see if the children appear to be well cared for, and also to ascertain whether their clothing is being kept in a satisfactory condition. If there is reason to doubt the suitability of any home, the fact should be communicated at once to the managers, and full particulars sent.

‘11. Notices of removal are always sent by the managers in London, and should not be given by the correspondent for the centre, nor by any member of the local committee.

‘12. When a child is boarded-out, a paper containing the date of its birth, and a list of the outfit supplied, together with a copy of the rules which have to be observed, is handed to the foster-mother.

‘13. *If, when recommending new homes, correspondents will kindly supply information upon the following points, much time will be saved :—*

‘i. Whether the proposed foster-mother be a widow or unmarried, the source from which her income is derived, and the average amount of her earnings.

‘ii. The nature of her husband’s calling (if he is living), and whether he is in constant employment, or otherwise.



'iii. Number of children living at home, and the number of bedrooms the house contains.

'iv. Whether the cottage offers the requisite amount of accommodation for the children (see rule No. 2).

'14. We board-out children of church parentage with foster-parents belonging to the Church of England, and children of Nonconformists with Nonconformist foster-parents. This rule is strictly adhered to.

15. 'The payments we make for the maintenance of children boarded-out are:—

'For infants under twelve months of age, 7s. per week.

'Between twelve months and three years, 6s. per week.

'For healthy children over three years of age, 5s. per week.'

Here is the copy of an agreement which every foster-parent is required to sign:—

'I — in consideration of my receiving the sum of shillings per week for the lodging, maintenance, washing, school fees, clothing, and care of the above-named child, do hereby undertake:—

'1. To bring up the said child carefully, kindly, and in all respects as one of my own family.

'2. To provide the said child with proper food, clothing, washing, lodging, and school fees.

'3. To endeavour to train the said child in habits of truthfulness, obedience, personal cleanliness, and industry.

'4. To take care that the said child shall attend duly at church or chapel, and shall be taught the habit of daily prayer.

'5. To take care that the said child, when of suitable age, shall attend regularly at a public elementary school, unless prevented by sickness or other urgent cause.

'6. To communicate with the lady or gentleman who has charge of the children in the district upon all matters affecting the welfare of the said child; and in case of the said child's illness, to report it *immediately* to the director and to the lady or gentleman who has charge of the children in the district; and, if necessary, at once to call in the assistance of a medical man.

'7. To forward to the director for inspection all letters which may be received from relatives or friends of the said child, before allowing the same to be opened, and to do likewise with all letters



written by or for the said child, not permitting them to be sent direct to the persons to whom they may be addressed; and not to enter into any correspondence myself with any person who may claim to have any relationship to or interest in the said child.

'8. At all times to permit the said child to be visited by any person appointed by the director, and to permit no visit from *relatives* or *friends* of the child without the director's authorisation.

'9. To restore the said child to any person sent by the director to receive it, on getting one fortnight's notice of removal or equivalent payment.'

The following table shows the growth and extent of the work of boarding-out up to the end of the year 1906 :—

CHILDREN BOARDED-OUT YEAR BY YEAR : 1887-1906.<sup>1</sup>

Year.	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897
Number of Centres,			52	73	98	118	110	130	128	132	131
Number of Children,	330	452	710	1044	1615	2085	1809	1807	2083	2156	1617

Year.	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906
Number of Centres, . .	128	142	161	156	188	222	243	257	255
Number of Children, . .	1587	1931	2352	2377	2926	3291	3967	4160	4357

The decrease in certain years is due to a financial retrenchment in certain directions.

The average annual rate for boarding-out is £13, which does not include the cost of inspection, medical attendance, and general office expenses. Babies cost 7s. per week; children from two to four years 6s. per week.

In an informal chat which he gave to some guests

<sup>1</sup> A complete table appears as Appendix E.

at the last 'At Home' he held at Stepney in 1904, Dr. Barnardo set out the advantages of boarding-out as they appealed to him.

'My dear friends,—I want to explain something to you upon that department of our work that we call *Boarding-Out*. There are great numbers of our children whom we do board-out; that is to say, we place them in the homes of the industrious poor of the working classes who are decent, respectable people all over the country districts, and we have to-day (June 21, 1904) 3285 children boarded out. In most cases there are one or two, very seldom three children in one little home.

"But," you will say to me, "what are the advantages of it?" And I want to show you the advantages as quickly as I can: supposing we get the right kind of homes, for everything depends upon that. It would not do to put our children, whom we are trying to bring up, into a bad home; therefore we have searching investigation into every single home. We ascertain all about the character of the father and mother. If they have children we must know all about them. Then we want to see the houses ourselves. We want to examine the sleeping accommodation, and to see that it is suitable. We want to see that there is a school to which the children can go. We want to find out whether the clergyman or Nonconformist minister, as the case may be, is interested in the children. We want to see if the children can attend Divine service. We want to find out, if we can, if the people are themselves Christian people, if there is family prayer, if there is sobriety, if there is absolutely right living. Well, suppose we find out all that by our organisation. We have a number of ladies who visit all over the country, tabulating these homes, finding out all about them, and then, when I have a boy or girl to be boarded-out, I place the child in one of these homes.

'The boarding-out child must be young, because the essential element of it is, you place the child in a home and not in an institution. I believe my institutions are as good as any on earth. Of course I do. If I didn't, I would make them better; but there is something better, and that is boarding-out, if it is well done. I have constantly got that before me. Another reason why boarding-out is better is because it is natural instead of artificial. I have a family of twenty girls in one of the cottages down in our



village there. But did you ever yet know a family of twenty daughters? That family has a mother, but it has not got a father and never did have a father, and that is a family you have never seen! And although there are twenty sisters, there is not a brother in the lot. That is absolutely artificial. Still, it is splendid for the children. It is better for them to be in one of my families like that than to be living in the cities and to be down in the slums learning bad language and seeing bad examples, and festering, as it were, in surroundings which are indelibly writing upon their natures lessons which can never perhaps be wiped out. Still, although our families are so good, and they are good, there is something better—boarding-out, because it gives them the natural instead of the artificial, and then it gives the family instead of the institution. “He setteth the solitary in families,” and we cannot do better than imitate the Divine order and let every child who can be brought up in a family be so brought up, and give it family life, and family love, and accustom it to the ordinary vicissitudes of daily life. What do I mean by that? Well, I will tell you. Why is it that workhouse children are as a rule so bad tempered? Take any number of workhouse girls, and haven’t they got tempers? The reason is that they are brought up in a beautiful machine. Everything goes according to order. The wheel goes round and round and there is never a hitch. The machine goes round. That child has never learned to think. She has never met the ordinary mishaps that come in daily life, consequently she has never had family life, and there has been no channel through which her own impulses could safely flow, and so they accumulate like water that is stagnant, and presently the pressure from above is so great that the stagnant water overflows its banks. That is what temper does. But give them a natural channel into which the natural impulses will flow, where they have the little excitements of life—Why, you would think it nothing for some one to reprove a child who was standing in front of the glass setting a ribbon in her hair and arranging it very nicely. “Mary,” you say, “don’t be vain!” But if you stop Mary from being vain and don’t let her have a chance of indulging the love of pretty things (you were going to say admiration, but no such thought had entered the child’s heart), if you give her no chance of indulging that love, if you let her always be clothed in the dark, let her have no stimulus for the nerve centres, let her live her life in the routine of a



perfect machine, let her be so that she never has to think, what is the result?

‘I was in one of the cottages in our village the other day. I am not going to say what cottage. Wild horses would not drag the name from me. Well, one of the girls there was in a terrible state. It appears she had dropped the tea-tray and broken the things, and then the children came round and the mother came out with her feathers all ruffled, and there was no end of excitement. Well, I thought, “Excellent! Excellent!” and, mark you, it was very philosophical of me to say so, because I shall have to pay for it all. But it was all excellent. Don’t you see it was one of the ordinary little excitements of life, and it is all good—all good! It all acts very beneficially upon the nervous system, looking at it merely from a physiological point of view; and upon the moral temperament looking at it from the higher point of view. Well, they get all that boarded-out. The child is sent out to buy a pound of candles for mother, and perhaps a pennyworth of snuff for father; or perhaps she has learned just the kind of tobacco in the screw that he likes. Don’t you see that is applying their minds to the common things of daily life, and these are the things that are educative. We think nothing of them, but they are doubly important, the buying and selling, the little traffic, the little exercises of economy and wisdom and choice. All that goes to equip the individual. Institutions cannot do that. And then, above all, let us not forget the family interest, the family life and family love. The child gets to know her foster-parent and calls her “mother, mother.” And “mother” takes a great interest in Mary. You should see the pride she takes in dressing her when Mary goes to church or chapel on Sunday, a nice clean little tucker, and all else as nice as possible. I won’t go into details, but you know it is the pride, if I may use a common term which does not exactly express my meaning, it is something more than pride, it is the deep interest which one individual life takes in another individual life, and which makes that individual life feel she is the object of interest, and sympathy, and love. Well, all that is beautiful. These are all that we might call the sentimental aspects of it. None the less they are very important. We are all creatures of sentiment more or less, and let me tell you nothing can take the place of love with any of us, and especially with the young, the love that grows up between a mother in such a case or a foster-mother and the child. Then



there is something else which is very beautiful. There are brothers, and there is "dada." Ah! it is a very wholesome thing for the girls, if they are big girls, to have brothers, and for boys to have sisters! It is a very wholesome thing! You see the fact of it is they are going out into life, instead of having twenty girls in a little ring fence all eaten up with curiosity and excitement when they peep over the fence and see a biped of another sex!

'Then let me say there is another argument which particularly commends boarding-out to me, and that is the health aspect of it. There are some diseases which are the bane of institutional life. I refer particularly now to Ophthalmia and Ringworm, and a few other skin diseases. These are very difficult things. Various forms of ophthalmia and various forms of skin diseases are very difficult to exterminate. Yet they almost never occur in boarded-out children. We have practically scotched the snake. Some little time ago I had a small home with about thirty children suffering with ringworm, and we did every mortal thing to cure them. I had one medical man after another, and each learned pundit prescribed his prescription and did his best, and at length said the case baffled them. Do you know what I did? I broke the home up. I scattered the thirty children, and put one here and one there. I put the thirty children in thirty different homes, and made each child the subject of a woman's care, and I had them all well in five or six weeks, and they have never had any recurrence.

'To give you some idea of the marvellous health which is the result of boarding-out, let me give you a fact which, I think, appeared in a recent number of our Magazine. I stated: "It is a notorious fact that the mortality in all our great cities among children under five is double what it is among those who are over five." Suppose for example the mortality in a healthy town is stated by the Registrar-General to be twenty per cent. per annum—the average is about eighteen or nineteen, but we will say twenty—the children under five, if separated from the rest, will be found to contribute forty per cent. per annum, so that if you took the children under five out of the population the general average of mortality would be very low. It would probably sink to about twelve or thirteen. Well, I had a home for babies at Babies' Castle. I had at one time as many as one hundred little babies at Babies' Castle, and we had everything that science could suggest.



We spared no expense, and we succeeded in reducing the mortality in that place to something like thirty-five per thousand. When you remember the children came to me diseased, ready to die many of them, and all of them poor little half-starved mites, who had not the same chance of life, you will understand that we considered that we had done wonders when we had brought down the mortality to thirty-five per thousand. We were lower than any other institution for babies in this country for whom records were kept. But I was not satisfied. We used to have a constant return of complaints which would sweep over the children and exterminate them; and at length I came to the resolution that I would board-out all my babies. I broke up Babies' Castle and scattered the babies, boarding them out. Now let me tell you what came of it. Last year I had six hundred and ninety-four infants boarded-out under five years of age. Sixty-eight of them were under one year. Now, according to the Registrar-General's report, we ought to have had, I think, I am not quite sure, thirty-seven deaths; that is the number we ought to have had in the year. If we had had thirty-seven, that would have been about the average number. How many do you think we had? One! One! That is all! That shows you that boarding-out is a healthier plan. Certain diseases never appeared among them. Those diseases which used to vex us and sweep over them like a tide were gone, and our little children seemed to get a new lease of life. These are arguments in favour of boarding-out.

'But I have not nearly done, for the wonder is, it is the cheapest mode of bringing up children. My babies cost me, when I had them in Babies' Castle, what with the doctor and the nurses and the special food and the appliances, and all we had to do in the way of disinfecting when a child dies—it worked out about £25 per annum for every baby. What does it cost me to board them out? £13. And I save lives and prevent disease. Many of them cost me only £12.

'Then when you look at this from a larger point of view you will see other arguments in favour of it. I suppose there is no cry which is so general to-day as this, that the rural districts are being emptied of their populations, which are becoming urban. The country is becoming deserted—the town is becoming congested. Now when I board-out I do two things. First, I send back into the rural districts a healthy young population. I send back some 2300 children annually. And I am doing more. By



means of the payment that we give for the maintenance of these children I am helping to augment the incomes of the poor people in these country districts, and thus assisting to keep in the country a population which would otherwise have found its way townwards. First of all there are the people to whom we pay the money, and then there are the little tradesmen and others who are dependent upon these people, and who in their turn reap the benefit of our boarding-out. Very few people have a large conception of what is going on in the way of depopulation in the rural districts. Large districts cannot be cultivated because there is no labour. The labourers are all crushing into the towns. Well we are helping to stem that tide by boarding-out. We plant our healthy children down in the country, and a certain number of them remain in the country. Of course some of them don't.

'And now I come to another matter. Boarding-out is very beneficial if the children have eventually to be sent to Canada. The preparation by living in the country is good for them. They have to live in the country in Canada, and it qualifies them better for a Canadian life, and it is much better for them than living in the towns.

'So you see from every point of view boarding-out has a great deal to be said on its behalf.

'Of course there are two obstacles to boarding-out, and I would be wrong to let you go to-day without facing them. One great difficulty, it is not an insuperable one, but it is a serious difficulty, is not being able to find thoroughly suitable homes in which the theory, as I put it before you, can be practically carried out. In how few houses in England will you find absolute sobriety? Of course you will find them here and there, little oases in the villages and the country hamlets, and when we do come upon them, so green and refreshing, like little oases in the desert, we delight to see them, and we encamp round about until we have eaten up all the green stuff. But I need not say they are few and far between. Now in Scotland it is not so. In Scotland family religion is the basis of the peasant character and the peasant life. The country parts of Scotland exhibit a peasantry living upon a higher plane, and breathing a nobler air, and influenced by more moral considerations, and better educated, and therefore better qualified to be the foster-parents of these children. Their life is simpler too, and less complex, and therefore more real. Well, that is one



reason why we are not able to do as much boarding-out as we would wish. But there is another reason. Every child is not suitable for boarding-out. Now I receive them of all ages. I receive them from the baby of two or three days old to the great lad or girl in their teens and almost on the verge of manhood or womanhood. Now it is obvious I could not go and place a big boy or girl about fifteen or sixteen years of age in a family. Their habits are formed. They would cry their eyes out, or they would be so full of mischief that in all probability the poor foster-mother would beg me to take them away. The child must be under ten—I like to have them as near seven as possible. Of course I am prepared to go down lower, as I have said, and plant out my babies, but I like to plant children as near seven as possible. Then they are young and unsophisticated. Their little natures are soft. They respond quickly to the affection and love of the foster-parent, and family ties are created strongly within them, and they grow up and really blossom and bloom as only innocent childhood can do under the influences of love.

‘But now you may say to me (and I must answer this before I stop) what you have advanced, what you have put before us is very interesting, and we like to hear it all. But we have heard a good deal of a society called “The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children,” and if parents are cruel to their own offspring, the boys and girls born into their own families, flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone, don’t you think many of these country-people will be cruel to these little country children whom they take in? Well, the inference would be that we should have to answer your question in the affirmative. But a very strange problem is this, that the child that is most hated is not the stranger but their own child. Again and again it has been proved that the worst person in the whole terrible business is the mother who bore and nursed the child and fed it at her breast, and cared for it during the earliest years. It was her cruel hand that struck the blow and inflicted the injury which led to the case being brought before a magistrate. Well now let me tell you this. It might be so, and therefore we have adopted a system of minute inspection and supervision and unceasing vigilance. We have a staff of experienced women—educated women, who give their whole time going about up and down the country and paying visits without notice, and they pop in unexpectedly to see Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, and then they send for Tommy or Mary



and have a little talk to him or her alone, and they are not above unfastening the little dresses to see what condition the underlinen is in, and to see if there are any marks of insects. These practical women go upstairs and turn down the beds and see what the bed linen is like. They find out if the child is kindly treated. They examine the little body and see if it is emaciated or well nourished, or if there is any disease. Then they will go to the schoolmaster and find out if the child is regular in its attendance at school, if he comes clean and decent and nice, as other children; and after the schoolmaster they call upon the clergyman or minister of the parish who is in chief charge of the case, and they question him; and then in every parish or district we have a little committee of ladies who undertake to supervise also, and then questions are put to them, and I tell you there are very few secrets about Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith that we do not hear of, very little unkind treatment that does not come to our knowledge.'

There is one advantage not here named which Miss Mason, who has been the Local Government Board Inspector of Boarding-out for nineteen years, regards as the greatest.

'It is one possessed by no other, in that the child has a foothold in the world, and friends, or at least acquaintances, and a place to return to between situations or on a holiday when in service. In this respect all Poor Law and most voluntary institutions are alike. None of them can receive the children back in after life as to a real home. In this respect a cottage home, or "scattered home," however small and however homelike it is made to appear, has not the smallest advantage over the largest "barrack school." But it is almost the universal rule that boarded-out children thus return in after life to their foster-parents, and this is equally the case whether the home has been good or bad, for the child knows no other. Moreover, the foster-parents welcome the children back, if not from affection, at least from force of habit, or for the sake of their services or their payments as lodgers. The fact that a child thus returns is not a proof of the satisfactory character of a particular home, but of the advantages of the boarding-out system generally; and whatever the motives of the foster-parents, the child still has a home of some kind. But it shows the extreme importance of

placing children only in homes where the influence which is to last through life shall be good, moral, and wholesome.'

In the last reference he made to the subject, Dr. Barnardo declared: 'I am resolved, by God's help, to carry out the method of boarding-out thoroughly in connection with these institutions.'



## CHAPTER XIV

### LITIGATION AND RELATIONS WITH ROMANISTS

‘Protestantism it is that has invested him with these unbounded privileges of private judgment, giving him in one moment the sublime powers of autocrat within one solitary conscience; but Protestantism it is that has introduced him to the most dreadful responsibilities.’—THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

BARNARDO was a Protestant of Dublin; environment, associations and convictions made the Bible his daily guide, and the final court of appeal on all questions of faith. When he founded his first Home he declared it to be on a Protestant basis. When he chose his Trustees, they were out-and-out evangelicals, and his and their convictions were incorporated in the first trust-deed of the Homes, of which he was appointed the first Director only so long as he held ‘orthodox evangelical opinions.’ In the agreement which was signed by the party handing over a child to his care, this was printed in capital letters :—

‘IT IS AGREED as follows :—“The Nearest Friend shall place the said child in the said PROTESTANT HOMES to be taken care of, maintained, and educated therein, or in one of the Branch Establishments named at the head of this paper, or boarded-out in the country for the term of                      years from the date hereof, or for a less time if the Managers for the time being of the said Homes think fit, during that time to be brought up in the PROTESTANT FAITH.”’

Such convictions, sooner or later, were destined to bring him into open conflict with Romanism in

England. Apart from his preaching and lecturing, when Rome, if she cared, could defend herself, opportunities, created by his peculiar work, were sure to arise in which the religious upbringing of the children would be the central point of attack. Several cases were pressed into the courts of law, in which, with conspicuous ability, Barnardo defended himself. The important underlying question of the absolute right of the parent to the custody of his or her children was involved, and these law cases certainly had a great deal of bearing upon the passing of the Custody of Children Act in 1891. The story of Dr. Barnardo's life cannot well be told without some reference being made to his defence of the position he assumed. This reference, to avoid misrepresentation by rewriting, shall be in full and in his own language. In December 1889, in a preface to a long and futile correspondence with a representative of Cardinal Manning, for the purpose of arriving at such a working agreement, as happily resulted years later, Barnardo thus speaks for himself:—

‘Recent attempts by the Roman Catholics to remove children from under my care have led to several applications to the law courts, to two or three adverse legal decisions, and to a vast amount of newspaper criticism which I regret to say has been for the most part of a hostile character. Whilst many of my friends wrote strongly expressive of sympathy and confidence, others wrote in doubtful terms, and some asked questions or offered suggestions, the nature of which was determined by the standpoint of the writer. Some of the objectors inquire:—

“Why do you receive Roman Catholic children at all? Why not close your doors firmly against all such and admit only Protestants, of whom there are a sufficient number on the streets of our great cities to occupy all your time, means, and energies?”

‘Others said: “Why should you give up any children, even for one hour, to the custody of a tyrannical, usurping, and heretical



Church whose doctrines are anti-Scriptural, and whose progress of late years in this kingdom is fraught with danger to our dearest liberties?"

'Or, again, I have been asked: "How is it that the charge of proselytism and the attacks of the Romanists have only recently arisen? What new steps have you taken which have led to this organised opposition?"

'I have been, as may be expected, greatly blamed by not a few who imagined that my recent action has simply been in resistance to the wishes of poor Roman Catholic parents, who naturally resented their offspring being proselytised to Protestantism. I have been called bigoted, intolerant, and narrow-minded. It has been urged that though in my motives I have professed Christian faith and feeling, yet all my action has been at variance with that rule of the Christian life which commands us "to do unto others that which we would should be done unto ourselves."

'Mingled with the foregoing criticisms has been a great deal of unreasonable and unreasoning abuse, in which I have been held up to public obloquy. The Catholic religious press have attacked my motives, my methods, and even my personal character. I have been accused of general meanness, of systematic untruth, and of deliberate deceit in order to proselytise the waifs of the streets. Much of the daily press which is called secular, and supposed to be non-religious, is as completely under Catholic domination as if it were pronouncedly Roman Catholic, and through its organs I have been banned as a person alike contemptible and infamous. I spare my readers the pain of perusing extracts from professedly respectable journals which have exhausted the vocabulary of abuse in endeavouring to characterise the progress of our work of rescue.

'I have also received many letters threatening me with personal violence. One gentleman writing from Belfast assures me that in the spring of next year he will be in London, and if not then protected by the walls of a prison from his just indignation I may expect to receive my *quietus* from his own hands, for, he adds, "I will knock you on the head." From Liverpool and Manchester announcements of my coming doom have also reached me. But "threatened men live long," and, above all, I know I am safe in His hands whom I serve.

'In view of such varied expressions of opinion and of abuse, it becomes important that, without attempting to justify myself in



everybody's eyes, I should at all events place very plainly before Christian people in all the churches the true history of the recent troubles, and also put on record some very curious facts connected therewith.

‘For nearly a quarter of a century, as is well known to all my readers, I and my colleagues have been actively at work, by day and night, engaged in rescuing from the slums of London, from the vilest haunts of the lapsed masses, from houses of ill-fame, from positions generally of suffering, danger, and moral contamination, children and young people of both sexes, of almost any age, *without respect to creed, nationality, or physical condition*, the one passport of eligibility being destitution. I have taken by the hand, helped, and admitted to the Homes representatives of not a few heathen nations, Jews, Roman Catholics, Protestants of all denominations, children of freethinkers and agnostics, and other children whom it was quite impossible to classify as connected with any form of religious knowledge or belief whatever. . . .

‘Frequently when a child of Roman Catholic parents has been brought to me for admission, I have expostulated with the poor relative who has pleaded on its behalf, and urged that application ought to be made in the first instance to his or her own religious adviser, in the person of the priest. In nearly every such case the reply has been made, “I have done so ; he says he cannot help me ; the priest has advised me to go to the workhouse myself, or to send my boy or girl to the workhouse, and I won’t do that.” In some instances such parents have told me that the priest has even been angry with them, and ordered them off as beggars. The consequence has been that I have, although reluctantly, admitted a considerable number of children of Roman Catholic parents, or the offspring of mixed marriages, into the Homes. Let it be observed, however, that *I have never received one such without first stating to the relative plainly and clearly in effect, “This Home is a Protestant Home. Your child if admitted will be brought up in the Protestant faith, and will not be allowed to attend a Roman Catholic chapel or to be visited by a Roman Catholic priest. It will be taught to love the word of God and prayer, to trust Christ, and to serve and honour Him, but none of the distinctive tenets of the Roman Catholic Church will be taught.”* Again and again have poor Roman Catholics with whom I have remonstrated thus said to me, “Anything is better than the life we are now living, and any place better than the place we are stopping at. Do take the child, for God’s sake !”



‘The number of Roman Catholic children and youths who are found destitute on the streets of London is, from a variety of causes, greatly in excess of the proportion of the Roman Catholic adult population generally. In illustration of this, let me say that at one time, when there were 110 youths in our Labour House, all of whom I had rescued from an absolutely homeless and destitute street life, I found on inquiry that of those 110 *no fewer than* 66 were of Roman Catholic parentage! The proportion in our other Homes has certainly never been anything like so large. Probably over those admitted it has never exceeded five per cent. of the total number. The *applications* for admission from Roman Catholics, however, generally equal twenty per cent. of the whole number; but, as Irish Romanists form a large proportion of these, and as they come with very specious tales, which often fail to stand the touchstone of inquiry, the result is that a much smaller proportion is actually *admitted* than the number of applicants would lead the outsider to imagine. . . .

‘It not infrequently happened that after I had received some homeless or destitute child from the streets or lodging-houses, or some poor waif from a house of ill-fame, or from the custody of degraded people, that in a year or two’s time the unhappy relative, who had been so solicitous for the child’s admission, besought me for its immediate return to her on the ground that she was *ordered to take this step by the priest*. Frequently such relatives made application for the return of a child when they themselves were seriously ill in the workhouse infirmary, or in the hospital, or in their own poor rooms; for then their priest refused absolution, or any of the benefits of their Church, until the boy or girl in one of my Homes (*who apparently possessed no value in any one’s eyes when upon the street*) had been dismissed from it! . . .

‘I have always firmly withstood such applications, and in numbers of cases with success. Indeed, I never gave up a child to *dissolute* people upon any pretext. But in a very few instances I have surrendered to comparatively decent poor folk, whom the priests had threatened with divers awful penalties, dear children who were at the time being brought up in the fear of God in our Homes. Meanwhile, I never once met in the lodging-houses or in the slums, by day or night, a single priest or other agent of the Roman Catholic Church at work endeavouring to save their own poor children from the nameless infamies which encompass young lives in such environments. *I assert, with a full knowledge of the*



*facts, that if I were a Roman Catholic priest commissioned by that Church on such an errand of love and mercy as the rescue of little children of the actually homeless class from the influence and custody of persons of shameful and vicious lives, I could from among the Roman Catholic populations of London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow alone, snatch hundreds of unhappy children every year. Protestants cannot get at these, as they are naturally viewed with suspicion, and it is only when the direst evils have befallen them that such aid as mine is invoked. But an accredited Roman Catholic priest with a loving heart might almost empty the slums, and maintain such an effective crusade against profligacy and vice in cutting off its entail in its youngest victims as the nineteenth century has never beheld. Yet in face of such awful need as I have pointed out nothing is done, in London at all events, by the Roman Catholics to rescue by active agents, personally at work in the slums, the unhappy young creatures of their own Church whose whole surroundings from their birth are infamous. . . .*

‘Let but our Homes, however, come upon the scene with their hand of help and their proffered opportunities and their open doors, constrained by no such bigotry of purpose as would prompt them to assist Catholic rather than Protestant children, but *willing to hear the cry of distress from whomsoever it may come*; let but that take place, and then no sooner are the children admitted through our portals than the Roman Catholics, who had hitherto been apparently indifferent to the vile surroundings and the worse than heathen darkness of their lot, grow zealous almost to slaying about the salvation of their children whom they declare are being “robbed of their faith.”

‘The foregoing are not only facts which I have oftentimes repeated, but facts upon which I now afresh challenge contradiction. Moved by all I have stated, and greatly impressed with the increasing numbers of destitute youth (chiefly of Irish extraction) whom I met night by night in the common lodging-houses, and, moreover, feeling sorely the painfulness of having to surrender dear children who had been the subject for many months of tender care and Christian influences in our Village Home or other branches, I thought in May 1887 it was high time to bestir myself and to endeavour to bring the condition of those Roman Catholic young people before Cardinal Manning, in the hope of *urging him* to begin in a proper and satisfactory way the rescue of all children of Roman Catholic parentage, so that



they should not be dependent upon Protestant Homes like ours for the rescue they were perishing for lack of. I felt that the destitution in the streets was enormously beyond my powers to cope with, and that if the Roman Catholics would only begin by taking those whom they claimed for their own Church from the places of evil resort where I encountered them, immense suffering, vice, and crime would be averted. Moreover, in that case, I would be spared, as I have said, the, to me, intense pain of being called upon afterwards to surrender those towards whom, once they had entered the Homes and come under my care, I felt I was, in the providence of God, if not in the sight of the law, placed in the position of guardian and protector.

‘I knew very well, however, that there were many earnest Protestants who would strongly object to this course, and who would even consider it almost better that the children should remain in their forlorn and outcast condition than that they should become attached to the dangerous errors of Romanism. I did not entertain such extreme notions myself, for strongly as I was and am opposed to Romish doctrines and to the Romish Church, it was infinitely better, I felt, that the children of Romanists should even become attached to the doctrinal errors of that Church in Homes and schools under priestly influences, than be allowed to remain in and grow up among the impurity, degradation, and suffering in which I found them. Well I knew that the hand of Our Lord was able to reach them, and the Gospel of God’s grace to elevate and save them, even amidst the thick darkness of Romanism.’

A correspondence extending over a year followed, but no sufficient understanding was reached. After the death of Cardinal Manning another attempt was made by Cardinal Vaughan to arrange matters.

‘Up to the year 1889 the attitude of the institutions towards Roman Catholic children has been as follows: If an application were made on behalf of a Roman Catholic child the case was inquired into, and if it were found one of destitution the child was admitted. There was no attempt at proselytism. No child was admitted *because* it was a Roman Catholic, nor was a child, if destitute, refused admission, whatever might be its religious denomination. It was, however, clearly explained to the relatives



that the Homes were Protestant Homes, and that all children admitted were under Protestant teaching. Notwithstanding this, very frequently after a Roman Catholic child had been admitted, an application was received for its discharge, either from the relatives themselves or from a Roman Catholic society, or firm of solicitors acting on their behalf.

'Towards the close of 1899 Mr. Richard D. Huth requested Lord Kinnaird to use his influence with Dr. Barnardo to enter into some agreement which would put an end to the disputes and litigation which had for so many years been of constant occurrence. To this proposal Dr. Barnardo gave his consent, and an appointment was made for the matter to be discussed. At this interview the basis of an understanding was arrived at. The terms agreed upon were, that if an application were made for the admission of a Roman Catholic child, a notification of the case was to be sent to Mr. Hunter at Archbishop's House, Westminster, the child meanwhile, if absolutely destitute and homeless, being temporarily sheltered in one of the Homes; or if not actually destitute, the case being held in abeyance until the Roman Catholic authorities should decide as to the course they were to take. A fortnight was specified as the time within which they were to make any inquiries they might consider necessary. If, at the end of that period, they had failed to do anything or intimated that they were unable or unwilling to offer help, it was agreed that Dr. Barnardo should then be free to deal with the case himself upon its merits. Although the Roman Catholics claim as being of their faith the children of all mixed marriages, this principle was not accepted, it being contended that the proposed arrangement if entered into should apply only to the cases of children whose fathers were Roman Catholics, or, if of illegitimate birth, the cases in which the mothers were of that persuasion. Another provision of the agreement was that if a Roman Catholic child was admitted to the Homes, provided the case had been first reported to the Roman Catholic authorities, no support should at any future time be given to an application on the part of any relative who might desire the discharge from the institutions on religious grounds. It was also agreed that the co-operation should be mutual, and that if the Roman Catholic authorities became acquainted with the case of any Protestant child, such case should be brought to the notice of the managers of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. All these conditions were eventually approved both by Dr. Barnardo and by



the Archbishop as representing the Roman Catholic body, since which time the agreement entered into has been strictly and honourably adhered to by both sides.’<sup>1</sup>

These unfortunate disputes can be dismissed best by quoting from an interview with Canon St. John on 29th December 1905, when he said:—

‘About eighteen years ago I was appointed to look after the waifs and strays of South London, and very soon I had occasion to apply to Dr. Barnardo for the return of children who had already been sent to him, and I received angry letters complaining of the disturbance to the work that he was doing, and I also wrote angry letters in reply.

‘We never met until about fifteen years ago. The meeting was brought about through my having met Mr. Owen on a journey across the Atlantic. We had many talks on the subject of rescue work and often talked over the Doctor. I used to argue that it was impossible for me to agree with him, and Mr. Owen was constantly saying that if we could only meet the whole thing might be put right.

‘Mr. Owen invited me to one of the great meetings at the Albert Hall, and I went, which seemed to please Mr. Owen. He then invited me to see him off to Canada with his party. I suspected that it was really to be an introduction to Dr. Barnardo, which it proved to be. Dr. Barnardo was very kind, but of course on the platform only a few words passed.

‘I followed up this introduction with a letter begging him to see me, to find if we could not come to some agreement to stop all future litigation. This was just about the date of Cardinal Manning’s death. Cardinal Vaughan had just been appointed to Westminster.

‘First the Dr. replied by sending me a copy of *Night and Day*, in which “The Cardinal’s Conscience” appeared. He told me to run my eye over this, and that if, after having done so, I could conscientiously say that I thought it was of any use trying to come to an agreement he would grant me an interview.

‘I read the publication carefully, and wrote confessing it to

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<sup>1</sup> This account is supplied by Mr. Adam Fowler, Chief of Staff at Stepney.

be a lamentable revelation of mistrust, and we then had a long interview.

‘Dr. Barnardo told me that he could come to no agreement with me, but if I could get the head of my Church in England to make proposals he would be willing to entertain them.

‘As soon as the new Archbishop was settled in London I put my case before him. A year or two afterwards he instituted a Commission to visit all the philanthropic institutions of London to endeavour to ascertain how many Catholic children there were in them. He appointed me to visit Dr. Barnardo on his behalf and to ask him for this information. At this interview the Dr. gave me the fullest details of the failure of the former agreement he had made with Father Seddon and Father Barry, and said that he would never make another agreement with priests.

‘He listened to all I had to say in defence of Cardinal Manning, I having assured him that the reason Father Seddon was able to take the line that he did was only on account of the Cardinal’s old age and general failing of health. It was ultimately decided that Cardinal Vaughan should send him some one better qualified than myself to draw up the Agreement.

‘The Agreement was drawn up, and from that day to this there has been no sort of dispute or, of course, any litigation.

‘The Agreement was a most thorough thing when it was done, as Dr. Barnardo insisted upon its being made with the head of the Roman Catholic Church in England. It has been most useful in bringing about agreement with all sections of the Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church.—“If we can agree with Dr. Barnardo we can agree with any.”

‘Father Barry’s agreement was not successful, as he was unable to start a Home on a sufficiently large scale, so that as the young children came in the bigger ones had to go out, and these older ones drifted back to Dr. Barnardo again.’



## CHAPTER XV

### FINANCIAL MIRACLES

'To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,  
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,  
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same,  
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same.

To me the sea is a continual miracle,  
The fishes that swim—the rocks—the motion of the waves—the  
ships with men in them,  
What stranger miracles are there?'

WHITMAN.

DR. BARNARDO was so trusted by the public that during the first year, 1867 to 1868, he received £214, 15s., and £1000 from a member of Parliament; and had a further offer of £220, which at the time, since he was then unshaken about going to China, he refused.

The year following the opening of his first Home the income was £9190, 4s. 5d. The next, £20,055, 9s. 9d.; in 1905, the year of his death, it had reached to £203,130, 13s. 11d.; and up to his death he had received over three millions and a quarter pounds sterling.

It has been a wonder to many how he obtained this ever-increasing and splendid support. The first secret and the last was that his public believed in him through ill and good repute. When shadowed by clouds, even more than under a fair sky, the people trusted him. That is the best character man can give to man. They often trusted him before

they knew him, because of his obvious Christian character and sincerity. And *that* in the psychology of the public trust is evidently the *sine quâ non*, since no unbeliever has been so trusted. He found by instinct the public which would respond to his needs, and he knew how to appeal to it. This business quality would have brought him success in any trade.

He rented 18 Stepney Causeway for his first Home and began fitting it up. The work could have been done in a month. At the end of a week his funds were exhausted; the carpenters, plumbers and gas-fitters were suddenly dismissed, leaving the half-finished house a pathetic appeal to his immediate needs. A friend who had access to the public ear was asked to see the primed doors and half-cleaned ceilings, the ladders and pots of paint and whitewash, left as though the painters had seen a ghost. This, coupled with the oft-repeated resolve that he would not go into debt, pathetically told by a visitor in the right quarter, brought the remainder of the money in a few days. Gathering clouds wore for him a golden lining.

Again, his case was sound. It is said that good articles recommend themselves; which is true if they have the chance. *Because* he had a good case, he told it well and often. He believed in the art of repetition. The children must be fed. 'It costs £16 to feed, clothe, and educate a healthy child for one year.' This was a fact he dinned into the memories of the adult members of the school of charity of which he was a master, as persistently as the mistress of an infant's school repeats that twice two make four. His tales were twice-told, but they did not weary, and he never apologised for the telling. The insistency of



his appeal told as water falling upon stone. His case was as sound as a bell, and he rang it as if the house were on fire.

At the beginning he discovered support within a very limited area—amongst the readers of *The Revival*, subsequently known as *The Christian*. Then his principal work was salvation for his dear boys and girls and the people of the slums; his auxiliary work was teaching the boys how to read (for the Elementary Education Act was not yet law) and finding them work. As his work widened, his appeal widened. The immediate effect of opening a home for the homeless was to increase his income in twelve months from £9000 to £20,000. His pitiful experiences, told red-hot, thawed the coldest reason. The mother-forsaken, starving child softened the stoutest heart. He was infectious even to those who were not 'contacts,' whilst those who actually listened to his dulcet wooings or, still more fated, fell under the spell of his winsome manner, understood the meaning of 'Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor.' So far as the 'subject' was concerned, he operated with the skill of an accomplished hypnotist, the strength of one who knew the justice of his cause, and, as a Christian, with an audacious faith which sometimes looked like tempting Providence.

His principles, and especially one of them, appealed to the imagination and heart of the multitude; it won thousands of supporters, and he emblazoned it over all his Homes—

NO DESTITUTE CHILD EVER REFUSED ADMISSION.

He preached the gospel of giving not for the sake





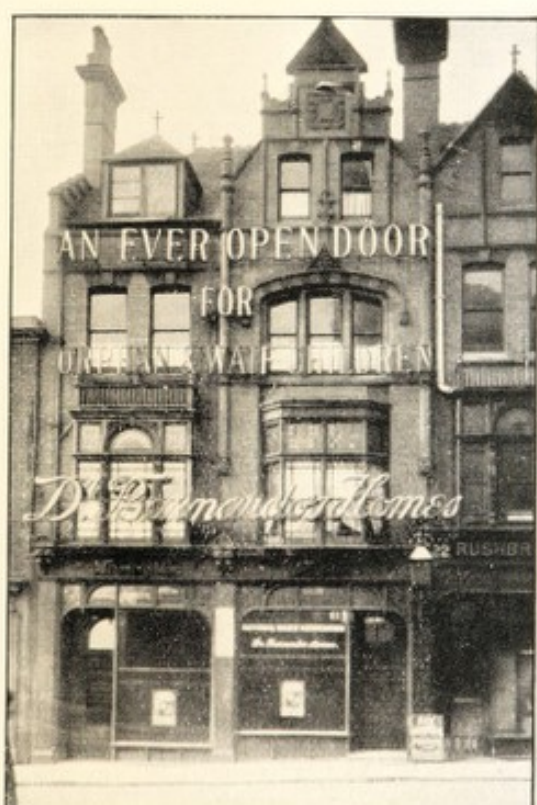
BRISTOL



BELFAST



HULL



BIRMINGHAM

# TYPICAL GROUP OF EVER-OPEN DOORS

of which there are thirteen in the Provinces





of his own work but to persuade Christian people to acquire the twice-blessed habit of giving. He quoted his own experience to encourage the backward.

‘For eight-and-twenty years’ (he said) ‘I have systematically devoted a fixed proportion of my income, whether the latter was large or small, to our Lord’s work. The Scripturalness and blessedness of this course was forcibly and clearly brought home to me when I was quite young, and I have ever since followed it. During the first year I had considerable difficulty in simply obeying what I felt sure was God’s will; but my difficulties disappeared in the light of further experience, and never since then have I had the least desire to go back upon the resolution to which I had committed myself.

‘The following little incident may help to show the comfort and privilege of regularly and consistently giving a definite proportion of one’s income to our Lord’s work and of placing that aside from the very first as a fund to be devoted only to His service. About the second year after I had adopted the plan an appeal on behalf of a highly deserving Christian cause fell into my hands. It deeply moved my sympathies, and made me feel it to be a duty to render immediate aid. Forgetting at the moment the fund which I had laid aside for our Lord’s treasury, I questioned with myself whether just then I could aid the cause, and it was with great regret I came to the conclusion that I could not: I had no available funds for the purpose. My mind was filled almost with dismay at finding that I was unable to help, when suddenly I remembered what I ought not to have forgotten: that there was *another store* in my hands already given to Christ from which I could send my quota of help. I well recall the relief and delight I felt in going to that store and from it sending my mite with a letter of cheer to the fellow-worker whose labours had been laid upon my heart by, I believe, God Himself. There was no *grudging* in such giving, *no feeling of worry* due to the appeal which had come to me. There was simply a calm, quiet sense of satisfaction. Although that is twenty-six years ago, I remember with pleasure to this day the letter I had in response from the recipient of my gift to say how it had reached him at a time of peculiar anxiety and pressure, and how it seemed to be winged with special encouragement and comfort. During all these years, I have never wanted to go back to the old plan of impul-



sive or haphazard giving. And I would press upon the Christian consciences of God's people everywhere the *privilege*, the great *pleasure*, and I believe the *duty*, of giving *regularly* and *proportionately* to God's service.'

Finally, there is the one secret which he regarded, and thousands of others regard, as the secret of his financial success. The money came in answer to prayer; means of course were used, but these were made, again and again, of no avail that his dependence at last upon Him Who feeds the ravens might never be gainsaid.

Numerous instances of what may be regarded as providential interpositions could be cited, but two must suffice.

In the early days of his work an elderly lady once called upon him to subscribe to his funds.

'Standing at the door of my office, while tears rolled down her face, she said: "I bring you this money, because your doors are never closed to any poor child. Go on with your blessed work! Never turn away one destitute child. God will surely help you!" and, to my astonishment, she placed in my hand a Bank of England note for £1000.

'I had heard of such things, but never before had an incident of this kind befallen me. I fairly gasped for breath, while wonder and gratitude struggled for expression. My visitor gave me, however, fresh cause for such feelings as she added, "And I rejoice to know that your children are kept free from the work-house badge or taint, and that you seek to bring them up in the fear of the Lord"; and then another note for £1000 was placed in my not unwilling hand. I now resigned myself to the inevitable. I could only feel, though I dare not say it aloud then, "O Lord, how wonderful are Thy ways"; and certainly this feeling was increased to utter bewilderment when my visitor slowly took a *third* note for £1000 from her bag and placed it where the other two already were, in my hands!

'Declining to give her name or to accept a receipt, but assuring me that she was familiar with every detail of our work, and had visited it and inspected it, and prayed for it, my visitor, who



was deeply moved while bestowing her generous help upon our work, turned quickly from me and was gone ere ever I was aware.'

Years later Dr. Barnardo had to raise £500 by 24th June, or submit to the foreclosure of a mortgage. The 15th June arrived, and he had no money in hand. Two friends, wealthy men, had told him to apply to them whenever he was in great difficulty, and he wrote to them both, only to hear that one was out of town for an indefinite period, and the other was too seriously ill to attend to any mundane affairs. By the 20th, things had got worse. No money had come in, but instead there was an additional claim for £50. The 21st passed: no money; the 22nd, ditto; on the 23rd the average receipts for the Homes were lower than usual. On the morning of the 24th all that arrived by post was 15s.

'Almost in despair I made my way to the lawyer's office in the West End who held the mortgage, hoping that I might induce him to grant me a postponement.

'Passing down Pall Mall, I noticed standing on the steps of one of the large clubs a military-looking man who stared intently at me as I came along. I glanced instinctively at him, and then resumed my way. In a moment or two I felt some one patting me on the shoulder. "I beg your pardon," said my interlocutor, as he raised his hat, "I think your name is Barnardo." I said, "Yes, that is so; but you have the advantage of me." "Oh!" he said, "you do not know me, but I recognise you. I have a commission to discharge. I left India about two months ago, and Colonel — gave me a packet for you. It contains money, I believe; for he is a great enthusiast for your work, and he made a large collection for you after a bazaar that his wife held. But I have not been long in London, and have not had time to go down and see you. Only this very morning, however, I was thinking that I must make time to call upon you, when, curiously enough, I saw you coming along. Do you mind waiting a moment until I fetch the packet?"



‘I gladly acceded to his request, and returned with him to the club. He ran upstairs, and presently brought me down a large envelope addressed to me, carefully tied up with silk, and sealed. I opened it in his presence. Imagine my astonishment and my delight when I found in it a bank draft to the value of £650! This had been sent from India rather more than three months previously, before I myself realised that I would have to make the special payment which was that day due. I cannot doubt that in the providence of God the bearer of the message was allowed to retain the package until almost the last minute, so that faith might be tested and prayer drawn out unceasingly.’

It was a real sacrifice to many of his subscribers to help him. A lady resident in Glasgow had been accustomed to send to the doctor a hundred pounds at a time for his Homes. This lady had all her money invested in Glasgow banks. One morning the city was startled and dismayed by the news of a great bank failure. The lady subscriber in question was by that fell blow rendered almost penniless. Recovering from the great shock, she set her house in order and moved into a small apartment. With true Christian fortitude and trust in God she wrote to Dr. Barnardo a most touching letter. After relating the incidents of her misfortune, she expressed her deep regret that she could not contribute the sum she had been wont to give to his work, but to show her unabated interest in that work, she begged to enclose him out of her poverty the sum of 2s. 6d.

‘Upon one occasion only’ (writes Dr. Barnardo) ‘can I ever remember having actually had enough money to keep everything going *for one month* in advance of my needs, and that came about in a remarkable manner. I was holding a drawing-room meeting in an influential part of Brighton. My host’s house was crowded with a sympathetic audience, before whom I laid bare the needs of our work. At that time the Institutions were individually smaller, as well as fewer in number, and my family was only one-



fifth of what it now is. Yet every day I needed £50 to cover all expenses. In the course of my address I remarked how easy it would be for some persons, if they felt impelled to do it, to lift my burdens off by paying a day's, or even a week's, expenses in advance, and I said that £50 would cover the expenses of one day, and £350 of one week. When the meeting was over, a lady present said, "That was a good idea of yours to suggest the payment of the expenses of your Institutions in advance for a short time. When I get home, I will send you a cheque." Next morning I had the surprise and pleasure of receiving a cheque for £1400, *which paid for four weeks' expenses in advance!* My delight and encouragement may be imagined. I felt that it was worth enduring a great many discouragements in order to have that supreme moment of enjoyment.

'I once had a remarkable experience in regard to the supply of most urgent wants at the very last moment. As everybody knows, the month of December is usually the best in our year so far as receipts go. During that month I generally obtain about *one-sixth* of my whole income for the year. The consequence is that I make that month the time for paying the heavy accounts, which have accumulated during the year. Guided by the experience of previous years, I take a fair average of what I may reasonably expect, by God's help and by His people's gifts, will be the income for the month, and then I arrange my scale of payments accordingly. Here some curious reader may say, "What is your income for December?" Well, I have no secrets from my readers, and am glad always to take them into my confidence; so I shall give the receipts for the month of December for the past four years, up to and including 1893. Here are the figures: in December 1890, I received £21,620; in December 1891, £19,035; in December 1892, £19,303; and in December 1893, £24,257. Now, with such a record behind me it was natural to suppose that December 1894 would at least bring us in £22,000, and accordingly I made my arrangements, calculating upon that sum. To my very great regret, discouragement, and even alarm, the donations in the earlier part of the month showed a grave diminution; this diminution grew week by week. At length, when I reached the 27th of the month and the total donations were but £15,787 as compared with £21,419 for the same date in the previous year, my heart sank within me. There were many claims to be met. How was it to be done? I could but afresh throw the whole burden over



upon the strong arm and loving heart of our Heavenly Father, and beseech Him to inspire the hearts of His servants to send in the needed help, and so I waited on. Only two days of the old year remained, one of which was Sunday, and on the evening of Saturday, the 29th, I was still some £4500 short. I was bound in honour to post, on the 31st December, cheques in payment of certain accounts. That day was Monday. To my inexpressible delight, at the very last moment £4662 was paid into our funds; a notable day for the last of the year, bringing up the total income for December 1894 to £22,233, or only some £2000 less than the preceding December. I was able to redeem *all* my promises, to send off all the cheques to which I was pledged, and to look forward to the New Year with renewed confidence and hope, encouraged by this fresh token of our Father's goodness and care.

'And so it has been all through the history of my work from the earliest days until now. My necessity has always proved His opportunity, and my greatest extremity the occasion on which our Heavenly Father has shown me how He protects and watches over His people and His own work.'

But not to extraordinary instances should we look for answers to prayers. A sceptical ingenuity is always prepared to explain them away, and they place the question in the false light of a test. Extraordinary answers to prayer invite doubt. Rather let it be said that Barnardo lived a life of prayer; that his work was always praying and always being answered in renewed strength and faith to maintain it, granted to him and all his workers daily, no less than in the gifts of money so magnificently bestowed and regarded as financial miracles.

## CHAPTER XVI

### A CRISIS—AND WHAT IT LED TO

‘Feed My lambs.’—JOHN xxi. 15.

‘Debt, which consumes so much time, which so cripples and disheartens a great spirit with cares that seem so base, is a preceptor whose lessons cannot be foregone.’—EMERSON.

THE wholesome principles upon which he began his work may be with advantage recalled:—

*a.* Not to go into debt.

*b.* Not to beg for money, but simply to state the needs and depend upon God to supply them, and to look to Christian people only for support.

The first was certainly departed from in 1877, the year of arbitration, when £6000 was borrowed from the bank. ‘This,’ he wrote, ‘is the first time these valuable institutions have been in debt, and the Committee are most anxious the burden should speedily be removed. The available balance in hand to-day is absolutely *nil*, whilst the whole work requires to be sustained in full efficiency.’ To his intense sorrow, once in debt, always in debt, now became the fact if not the rule. Retrenchment could not be considered. The doors must be kept open, and whatever child was destitute must be admitted. He felt that to depart from this avowal would be to show distrust in God. Rather debt than refuse a child admission. To break the one principle upheld by the scriptural text which he so frequently quoted, ‘Owe no man anything,’ was



more justifiable than to break the other, 'No destitute child ever refused admission.'

The second principle also went to the wall. The difference between merely stating your wants in the public press and asking the public to supply them was too fine to be long maintained. The clamours of hungry, naked, suffering children were too strong for him to refuse money. He had evidently been writing for money at this crisis to his old friend, Lord Radstock, who replied :—

'I got your letter on my return home yesterday too late to answer. Be sure I have not changed in my desire to be in touch with you. But I feel increasingly that the Lord's work is best done in the shade, and I have sought to help those servants of God who were not advertising their work, and trying to get money from the world. Remember how you waited on God and He provided the money, and it was helpful to faith. But I think there is a danger of substituting energy in asking man for waiting only on God. It is not the quantity but the quality of our work which is to be tried by fire. I do not venture to decide for you, but naturally I feel that hidden workers who have no human help have a stronger claim than those who have got a great number of influential people to support them.'

Loyally his Trustees had stood firmly by his side, taking a closer personal interest in his ever-growing work of saving the children; anxious not to check his exhaustless enthusiasm, but conscious and much concerned at the numerous developments constantly sprung upon them. In 1892-3 the work had branched out in this direction, and the Trustees felt the strain upon them more than they could bear, and they called upon him to retrench. Mr. Bewes opened the question in an interesting letter to Mr. Samuel Gurney Sheppard, the chairman :—

'I am getting considerably alarmed about Dr. Barnardo's increased indebtedness. As you know, these last four months have



been bad months for income, and the expenses are going up steadily. The £10,000 second mortgage to the

Society was absorbed immediately with none of the expected beneficial results of buying cheaper, and the overdraft at the bank is as big as ever, £23,000. There seems absolutely no limit to the increasing size of the work, hundreds of children, enough for a separate society, being added every year. This enormous debt, which increasing income does not diminish, but which rather grows, is really alarming. . . . The bane of the Institution is what Dr. Barnardo most prides himself on, "No absolutely destitute child ever refused admittance." I can only think of two plans, one to stop the increase absolutely, and tell the Doctor he must not entertain more than the present number until the debt, or the greater part, is paid off, or instruct him to do the same thing by raising the standard of the absolutely destitute.

'What would you and Mr. Fowler say to this?'

In sending the letter to Dr. Barnardo, Mr. Samuel Gurney Sheppard said:—

'I cannot but sympathise with him in his anxiety. We are drifting very rapidly into a bad position. We cannot always be pleading this poverty, and it is not fair to the committee that they should be placed in such a serious position, and I am not surprised at his objections. *For your sake*, personally, I have endeavoured to avoid raising much doubt, but I feel assured that you *must* limit your expenditure; if not, the committee will be disorganised. Pray think this matter over, and relieve me and others of a *very great anxiety*.'

Others wrote in a similar vein, with the result that a joint conference with the Trustees and some members of the Committee in March 1893 was held, when it was resolved that whilst recording unchanged sympathy and warm appreciation of the self-denying labours of Dr. Barnardo, the financial conditions were very serious and made immediate action necessary. They required of Dr. Barnardo the following assurance:—

'First.—No new case admitted which has not the element of extreme urgency.



‘Secondly.—Boarding-out reduced until it falls below 500. It shall not be increased without special authority of the trustees.

‘Thirdly.—That an average of £1000 shall be paid off each month of old debts.

‘Fourthly.—Tradesmen and other persons accepting orders are to sign a form indicating that the funds of the Institutions alone are liable, and creditors have no claim against any present individual except Dr. Barnardo.

‘Fifthly.—That an insurance of £20,000 on Dr. Barnardo’s life should be effected as soon as possible.’

Mr. William Baker, who was to be his successor, and to whom he was bound by affectionate ties, felt that Dr. Barnardo was almost placing himself in opposition to the will of God. To him Barnardo replied:—

‘Your letter of the 29th startles me. That it gives me great regret I need not say; but the assurance of the continuance of your personal feelings of attachment and interest in the work is a great comfort to a heavily burdened man.

‘God has been very good to me, and I have no doubt that the clouds that seem to gather will soon disappear.

‘I purposely do not reply fully to your letter now because I want to do as you suggest, to take time to think it all well over, to seek God’s help, and to write you when I have done so.

‘May God give us both all needful wisdom and all true submission to His mind and will!

‘You greatly mistake me if you suppose that I desire to place myself in opposition to what may appear to be the Will of God. Anything but that. Too deeply do I realise that it is only as we are doing God’s will that we can hope to have His presence and His blessing.’

Barnardo, appreciating the sympathy of the Trustees and Committee and realising the situation, agreed to his life being insured in favour of the trustees for the sum of £20,000 at a premium of £404 for five years and £890 per annum afterwards, and on his death in 1905 the insurance was duly paid to the Homes by



the Insurance Company. Then he wrote a strong appeal in *Night and Day* to his constituency:—

‘I stand face to face with the most serious problem which has ever met me during the whole of my twenty-seven years of labour amongst destitute children. Shall I partly close my doors, and meet the cry of every second destitute child who appeals for aid, as I have never met such before, with a refusal?’

‘That is my question; and the necessity for putting it is the greatest sorrow which has hitherto darkened my life-work.

‘I know not how to describe my feelings, as I contemplate this painful alternative. Must it be? Surely Christian men and women, all the wide world over, who love the Master, and whose hearts cannot fail to be touched by the possibility of their Lord’s little ones being turned away from the door of welcome, unrelieved and unsuccoured, will respond with a prompt and decisive “No: it shall *not* be.”

‘I do not hesitate to say that if I have to adopt my committee’s suggestions, it will do more to shorten my own life than anything which has befallen me during all these years. On the one hand, I simply know not how to follow the advice, while on the other I am compelled to admit with my committee that it seems a cruel necessity. We went into debt, as every one knows who has read our magazine or studied our reports, in order to create the buildings in which our institutional work has been carried on. That debt has proved a burden grievous to be borne. Each successive year we have had to draw largely upon current income to pay interest on this debt and to repay some part of the principal, and our hands have thus been held back and our resources sorely crippled.

‘The Homes are to-day doing a work which I humbly submit is unprecedented in nature, in extent, and—may I not venture also to add?—in success. Never in the history of the Church or the world has such an organised attempt been made to rescue the destitute from starvation, the suffering from peril, and the down-trodden and cruelly ill-used little ones from their oppressors and tormentors. Never before have the hands of loving sympathy been held out so widely or so effectively to the orphaned and the helpless. Never before has any one man borne so large a share of responsibility in such a cause, and never before were there so many children saved in a single year and placed with their faces



heavenward as our records for 1892 exhibit. Moreover, our work has been carried on often in the very teeth of the bitterest prejudice and opposition. Yet our God has stood by us in every vicissitude, raising up friends for our waifs from among His own people in every section of the one Church of Christ, and causing even the wrath of man to praise Him. Have I "become a fool in glorying"? Truly I have magnified my office; but "necessity is laid upon me."

'Dare I, therefore, in view of all this, now commence to close my doors in the face of a single homeless child? *I cannot believe that this must really be done.* However prudent under the circumstances the course suggested by my committee may be, it involves to my mind some degree of forgetfulness of that mission unto which I was assuredly called twenty-seven years ago, when, as a youth, not then of age, I first heard the voice of Christ bidding me, in His name, to "shepherd" the "lambs" of His flock.'

But the response was disappointing. Some of his friends thought the work was too great for one man. In a letter to the late Mr. William Fowler, the faithful and generous Treasurer of the Homes, Barnardo defended himself against this charge, and explained why he went into debt:—

'I note that Mr. X—— expresses a fear to you that the Institutions have got too large for any one person to manage and handle properly; but I am surprised to learn that you share this feeling. Of course, I do not know upon what basis the feeling rests. You may have facts before you which warrant such a belief, and if you have, I have no doubt but that some time when you are at leisure you will favour me with them, so that I may give the subject careful consideration, as I am most anxious not to attempt to do that which is beyond my powers.

'For myself, however, I am bound to say that I am cheerful in entertaining a somewhat opposite belief; in illustration of which I give only one fact.

'No set of institutions, no individual, not even General Booth and his work, has had resting upon him the fierce light of opposition, criticism, and publicity more than myself; a light so illuminating and yet so distorting, that, as motes dancing in a



sunbeam appear to possess a material presence which, apart from the sunbeam, we cannot detect, so errors of judgment, difficulties of management where they have existed, and even where they have not, have been brought to light—pilloried and denounced, yet what serious radical fault has ever been denounced? What item of management has ever been advanced in proof of the fear expressed by Mr. X——? I take it for granted, that had such things existed, they would have been long ago exposed. That they have not been exposed is not due to any tenderness on the part of my critics—journalistic, sectarian, political, professional, and otherwise; but, as I venture to think, because no such criticism could have been advanced by any responsible person without being at once demolished by the stern logic of facts; and if we come to the closer circle of the Trustees' and of the Committee's activities, I think you will agree with me that nothing has been disclosed at any meeting of Committee or at any council of Trustees which seems to indicate laxity or irresponsible management or improper administration.

'That we have gone into debt is indeed true, and it may be, as you say, that in so doing we were all wrong; but I always like you to remember why we went into debt. This is sometimes conveniently forgotten. We went into debt to provide our children with buildings in which they could be brought up and trained. Here was the primary, original, and chief cause of the debt which hangs over us. I really incurred a debt of £200,000 to acquire and build property; rather more than one-half of that has been gradually paid off. I hope the remainder will melt in due time, as the snows and ice of winter are melted by the advancing sun. But as no glacier is melted in one season, so our debt must be borne patiently, and hopefully even, until the sun of prosperity, which I hope will shine upon us by God's blessing for many years to come, gradually dissolves the whole. We have "mortgaged the future," I am aware; but we have done so in the interests of the children. Had the British public, in the early part of my work, recognised its importance and come forward with a capital sum to enable us to acquire land and to build the needful dwellings, we would not have required to have touched our income or to have pushed to the background our various tradesmen's accounts.

'Now it is done, it cannot be undone: all we can do is to direct our attention, first, to prevent the increase of debt; second, to gradually but surely decrease this existing debt without destroy-



ing the efficiency of the work and the general confidence of the public in our wide-armed, large-hearted, and forgive me if I add, *well-administered* charity.'

To Lord Radstock he had occasion again to set up his defence for departing from his original principles, and incidentally throws light upon his own path which had led him back to the fold of the Church of England.

Lord Radstock writes on 20th August 1893 :—

'I think when we met at Mildmay you did not quite understand what I said or my thought about you, so I must write and explain.

'When you first began your work I felt that your "waiting on God only" was a means of great blessing not only to the dear children, but to the Church of God—and I often used to speak of the way the money came in for the "Edinburgh Castle" as a lesson for us all. Since then it appeared to me you had been tempted to lean more on man and to get the help of people who were more "influential" with the world than with God—and I feared you were not only leaning in some measure on a broken reed, but that your witness to the truth which the Church needs so much, "Wait thou on God," has been marred. Of course I feel how blessed it is to minister even to "one of these little ones," but as you know, we need not only to do God's work, but to do it in His way, and I have feared that you might be tempted, as so many are, to think that the work must always be large, and that so you might be tempted like Saul to "force" yourself and offer to act instead of waiting God's initiative. I do earnestly hope that some of your helpers may learn from you the principles upon which you started; but there is surely a danger even for an Abraham to go down to Egypt, and now I hear how very large a sum is owing to tradesmen I cannot help wondering if it is not the Lord's way for you to cut down expenditures and to wait more on God. What you so kindly said to me in your letter is what God is saying to you, and the whole Church of God, "I do not want yours, but you." There are five hundred Marthas for every Mary, and so I fear the *Christlike* character is much wanted in many of us, and so while "the works" are more than the first, yet He is saying, "Remember



from where thou art fallen." "Repent, or I will take away My candlestick." I believe this is the reason why so many Evangelistic Missions are being straitened in funds—the Bridegroom wants the Bride to be "adorned for her husband."

'So I did not feel free to come to your great demonstration at Albert Hall, but whenever you feel drawn to have a day of prayer and waiting on God for yourself and your fellow-workers, I should like much to join you, for I more than ever feel my need of being taught and of being led to a far deeper communion with Him.'

On the 21st August 1893, Dr. Barnardo replies, as follows:—

'I deeply feel the importance and the truth of much that you advance, and cannot but acknowledge that abundant and all too frequent mistakes, failures, and even sin, have marked and marred a great deal of my service for the Lord during the past twenty years. Nor would I seek for one moment to excuse or palliate this; no one can be more conscious than I of my shortcomings; nor can any one be more deeply, humbly, gratefully conscious than I of the wonderful grace of God which has condescended to permit such an one to continue, amidst good and evil report, to serve Him in however feeble and unworthy a fashion. One only thing I can assure you of without any attempt at self-justification, that I have honestly sought to do His will, that, so far as I know myself (of course I may be self-deceived, which God forbid), I am prepared at this moment to give up wholly, totally, root and branch, everything, little or big, which I can possibly learn to be displeasing to the Divine Mind. I have sought, we still seek—I speak of my fellow-workers—to carry on the work committed to us on spiritual lines, desiring, I hope truly and honestly, His glory first and chiefly.

'But I cannot conceal from you that my views on many subjects have altered necessarily with what I hope has been a larger grasp of God's Word, a truer knowledge of first principles, and I hope also a truer knowledge of the Master whom I serve. I often wish I had unmarred the zeal of early days; but I trust, however much zeal, and even love, may have languished, that the knowledge I have gained of Him, however still defective, is a truer, clearer, wiser knowledge than that with which I started.

'I have had my disappointments also. You speak, perhaps



rightly and truly, of my tendency to lean on man. Alas! my dear Lord Radstock, no man living has had greater cause than I to be disappointed with man and to cease from him. The reed has often pierced my hand—none know how keenly, how sharply, how bitterly more than I do. Perhaps what seems to you and others to be a leaning on my part upon mere human help and human association and human influences is less so, or would appear to be less so if you knew me better and knew my mind, and knew something of the reasons why this step was taken or that. An outsider may often judge an action from his own standpoint, and his judgment from that point may be true and sound as applicable to himself in his present environment; but surely it is possible to conceive that the same act seen from the standpoint of another, whose condition, environment, and thoughts are wholly different, may not have quite the same aspect?

‘But I must cease this strain, for I had no intention to enter into any self-defence. I am sure you don’t need it. I feel satisfied that your letter was dictated only by benevolence, and a Christian desire for my own good and the good of the work God has committed to me, and it would be a poor appreciation of your action to trouble you with a letter intended to be apologetical or bristling with self-defence. There is so much in what you say that is strictly true, that has its useful, solemn lessons for me, that I would not wish to destroy the edge of any part of it by drawing round me a mere defence.

‘As to the details mentioned in your letter, I think probably these are less weighty and true than you seem to think: I mean first as to the growth of the work; then as to the financial responsibility of the work, and so on. These, of course, are matters one could discuss dispassionately. I may be very, very wrong; you may be wholly right; but at present, from the standpoint from which I write, I think the position is a sound one, and one pleasing to God; in fact, I have no doubt of it. The work has grown marvellously, far beyond my thoughts, expectations, or even desires. Whether it has yet reached its limits is not for me to say: I am in God’s hands: but I do desire most definitely to say to you that I don’t believe any extension of the work has been attempted or carried out without some measure of true waiting upon God, and without very real guidance. This alone has enabled me to bear burdens which otherwise would have been intolerable; but I think God’s way is sometimes to put very



heavy burdens upon His servants, burdens which they would not dare to assume themselves, and then graciously to stand by them, helping them in small things and in great, but never so fully lifting the burdens from their shoulders as to leave His servants wholly independent of Himself. Perhaps this has been His way with me: at any rate, it has been my comfort to think so.

‘You write out of the shadow of a great sorrow, in which the hearts of thousands have sorrowed with you. I have never known what that bereavement is. God keep it long far from me! But I too have my links, sad and sorely wrought at the time, but now, I see, made of none other than the fine gold of the sanctuary, with the life beyond the grave, and I am content to suffer as well as to do God’s will.

‘I feel almost tempted to add, that sometimes I feel dreadfully alone so far as human friendship is concerned; all my old friends and counsellors have passed away; hardly one is left: one dear old man who lives abroad is my only link with days gone by. His love, like his Master’s, seems quenchless, and my own gratitude to him is the answering tie. Of those of my own age who have survived, almost all have either withdrawn their friendship—I think that is the correct term—or are so absorbed, I suppose, in other matters that old friendships seem to have died out. Dear Grattan Guinness is the one surviving link at home with days gone by, whose human love, brotherly kindness, and personal devotion to Christ are to me always a source of refreshment and blessing.

‘So you see, my dear Lord Radstock, it is not to be wondered at if, with such changes in one’s friendships and spiritual intercourse, such vast changes too in the very environment of one’s life and thought and work, and such greater changes still in the work itself—it is hardly to be wondered at, I say, if, to those who, like yourself, can only survey from some distant point, activities often appear to you ill-advised and even carnal, and it is no wonder that you are sometimes puzzled, confounded, and perhaps often grieved. But, believe me, if we were nearer each other, if you could see more and feel more and understand better all that goes on, you would probably (at least, I hope so) have less cause for anxiety, and more for deep thankfulness in the contemplation of my work and the workers, than you can possibly feel now.

‘Moreover remember, and with this I must close what is already too long a letter, when I first knew you I had gradually cut myself loose from the Church of England, in which I had been brought



up, and where I had been converted, and in which also my early spiritual life was spent ; but I am bound to tell you that within the last fifteen or sixteen years I have personally been led to resume my communion within her pale, and this although I am deeply sensible of her grave defects, the terrible dangers to which she is exposed, and even of the positive harm that in many parts of the country is being done in her name.

‘Of course, I do not talk of this, for it only refers to my personal feeling. My fellow-workers, and the great work itself, is, as ever, upon a basis where I hope all God’s people, of whatever name, can join and work ; but I felt it would be uncandid to you, who have written me so kind, so unexpectedly friendly and brotherly, a letter after a silence of fifteen years, not to tell you frankly and without disguise—of course as I do all in this letter—for your private ear only, that which concerns me so deeply. You will probably shake your head and feel that the last few sentences have explained a great deal of what has gone before ; and you may be right. I do not justify anything : I simply tell you where I am. And now, if you have still in you such brotherly love as may lead you sometimes to pray for me and for the Lord’s work in my hands, with truer intelligence and more complete sympathy, I shall feel that this lengthy letter has not been altogether in vain.’

The crisis was still heavily felt in 1894, and the income showed a deficiency of over £6000. He had again to effect many retrenchments. His first principle was in greater danger than before. To every candidate who was not absolutely homeless, friendless, and destitute ‘I have had to say No.’ His boarded-out children, which involved a large ready-money expenditure, was reduced from £2000 to £1400. His publications *Night and Day*, which had a circulation of 145,000, and the *Young Helpers’ League Magazine*, were temporarily suspended, the Annual Report was cut down, and only posted to those who asked for it ; *Ups and Downs*, his Canadian magazine, went back from a monthly to a quarterly issue ; the Deaconess House in the East of London, which had been

established for twenty-five years, was closed, and the number of deaconesses considerably reduced in number, and many other economies were effected. In spite of these things, the crisis spread over several years. But change in one respect was coming. In 1899 a desirable alteration in the status of the work was accomplished, at once agreeable to the Trustees, Committee, and Founder. A movement to secure incorporation was started, and on April 20, 1899, the institutions hitherto known as the 'East London Juvenile Mission, Dr. Barnardo's Homes,' became 'The National Incorporated Association for the Reclamation of Destitute Waif Children, otherwise known as Dr. Barnardo's Homes.'

The annual income increased year by year, and in the year of his death it had reached £196,286, 11s. The debts, alas! also increased, and at his death the liabilities amounted to £249,000, made up of mortgages, £100,500; special loans, £12,000; Canadian liabilities, £14,000; tradesmen's accounts, builders' contracts, bills payable and interest created on mortgages, £99,700; and overdraft at bank, £22,800. But of course the assets, if realised, would have amply met all liabilities.



## CHAPTER XVII

### FULL STEAM AHEAD

‘Generally speaking, the call to wider work should be bravely answered.’

‘It is a vital truth that work carried beyond the boundary of the natural strength is the work that makes its mark in the world. A man has made no mark, and asks himself why? It is because he has not paid the price of making the mark.’

CLAUDIUS CLEAR, *The Daybook*.

A BURNING, restless activity possessed Dr. Barnardo from the earliest days. He was ever impatient for the harvest. A newly planted tree must yield fruit the first year. His work was one continuous bearing. There was no time to strike downwards and to secure deep root-holds. The ordinary processes of advancement were too slow to satisfy his ever-striving ambition. He required a hot-house temperature in midwinter. Of course the results were not always satisfactory.

His ambition was to enlarge his borders that he might accommodate 5000 children, and keep an ever-open door in every city of over 60,000 inhabitants. Almost every year his buildings grew in number. Look at the central pile at Stepney Causeway.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Stepney Causeway Home occupies the site of five contiguous houses, Nos. 18 to 26 Stepney Causeway, and eleven houses in Bower Street. Nos. 18 and 20 Stepney Causeway formed the original Home in 1870. No. 10 was added in January 1874 as a temporary Orphan Home. Nos. 22, 24, and 26 were purchased in 1875. No. 19 formed the Infirmary in 1876. The eleven houses in Bower Street, situated at the back of 18 and 26 Stepney Causeway,

For his little convalescents he opened, in 1886, a Home at Felixstowe, where season by season and batch by batch his children might enjoy the sight of the sea he loved. For of all changes, the change to the sea refreshed him most, and what he enjoyed he delighted in sharing with his adopted family.

His first principle of receiving every destitute child brought many suffering children to the doors of his Hospital. There he found time in the feverish heat of development to visit them frequently. He loved to steal away from his office to his Hospital to nurse some suffering bairn. There are no truer representations of Dr. Barnardo than those which picture him folding his pathetic mites to his bosom. His ever-open door was his heart. He once wrote to Sister Eva, the clever and gracious lady who presides over the Hospital, 'You don't need to ask me to think of you and to pray for the Hospital and the work. I think I may honestly say that the Hospital is never out of my thoughts. He kept himself abreast of the surgical advances of his day.

'His studies,' says Dr. Milne, 'lay specially along the lines whereby the children could be benefited. For this he spared neither labour nor toil. The most recent books and journals were ever by his table in these earlier years. While others slept, he wrought and studied. He was at home in diagnosis and treatment of disease and in Hospital construction. Never once in all these years did he suggest the lessening of expense in any way that was conducive to their welfare. To the last, his interest continued unabated in what could be done by surgery and artificial contrivance for them. Greatly did he rejoice when cripple after

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were purchased in 1885 for needful extensions. These extensions were finished in 1887, but were not occupied until 1888. The Hospital is built on the site of Nos. 13, 15, 17, and 19 Stepney Causeway. No. 30 Stepney Causeway was purchased in 1903, and used as an Isolation House. Nos. 3, 4, 7, and 9 Pleasant Row, behind the Hospital, were purchased in 1903 for further extensions.



cripple, admitted to the Homes as hopeless, was able to walk without crutches; as when our twenty-five-year-old, who had never walked, was able to go a long distance with crutches. "Oh!" she said, "I do thank God and the Doctor that I ever came here and was made able to walk." Or a mother, who, with tears of gratitude, said, "To see my girl walking about after being told at Hospital nothing could be done for her!" Or the leader in the wonderful drill displays from whom both heel bones had been removed for tuberculosis. His face beamed with joy as the Chief Surgeon for children in the London Hospital said, after inspecting 170 cripples, "Oh! give me a few minutes to think. I never saw such a sight as this. All I can say is, everything has been done for them that surgery can do."

This generous principle of the ever-open door brought in many incurables. For them he established at Birkdale and Bradford two excellent Homes for Incurables. To them he retired as often as he could, and tenderly watched the progress of his deformed and dying bairns. Writing to Mrs. Barnardo on the occasion of one of his visits to his Home for Incurables at Bradford, he lets in a secret light upon his feelings:—

'Poor little Minns is wasted to a shadow. Oh! if only you saw his poor little white face, and arms as thick as my finger! Yet he is *so* bright and happy. And oh! his face lit up with joy when I sat by his side and his hand in mine and talked with him about Cyril and white mice and everything one could think of. Two little mites of chaps in the same room (a really noble room *was* the billiard-room) are each fading away slowly. I could not keep back the tears at the eager way they welcomed me. I have been up twice daily, and they watch the door and get quite excited when they see me. They are such little darlings! Minns has tubercule everywhere. The other two have hip-joint and spinal diseases respectively; both have large suppurating issues which discharge daily and need constant dressings and care. Then there are eleven boys and girls able to get about feebly, dress daily, of course not without help, and are carried down to the large bright day-room where they sit and play. . . . Minns





### THREE TYPICAL LONDON HOMES

LEOPOLD HOUSE, HOME FOR LITTLE BOYS  
 SHEPPARD HOUSE, HOME FOR LITTLE BOYS  
 THE LABOUR HOUSE





and the other two, who are so near the shadowland, would hardly let me go to-day, and when I kissed them their little hands clasped round my neck quite tight as if they would not let me go.'

Other Branch Homes were added from time to time 'as the way opened up.' Many were gifts. In 1878 he received a letter from Miss M'Neill, offering, on behalf of her 'very aged father,' a house in Jersey, which he accepted as a Home for Little Boys. Thus a section of his family grow up upon the land, learning to till and sow and reap in preparation for Canadian farming when they emigrate. Then many blind and crippled children applied for admission, and in 1880 he tells his committee that he finds it exceedingly difficult, even when there is abundant room in the Homes, to admit all destitute children, especially these. To meet their case, he asks that two houses should be taken and opened as branches without delay. His urgency overrides all objections, and the blind and halt come in. At the same time he urges his Committee to keep to their 'positive pledge' to allow him to open a Labour House for destitute youths who were too old to come into the ordinary Homes, and further, a house for older girls who also were too old for the Village, and were in great danger in consequence of being in an unprotected and orphan condition in London. Earl Cairns was alarmed by this departure.

'I saw by chance,' his Lordship wrote to him, 'in *The Christian*, the announcement of your intention to aid destitute cases beyond the age of boyhood, and I think it better to write at once and say that if an organisation of this kind is added to your present Homes, I must cease to be President. I do not mean in any way to express doubt as to the urgency of such cases as you refer to



in your paper, or as to its being possible to relieve in this way much distress and suffering, but you are aware that I am not by any means satisfied as to the extent to which your original undertaking has already been developed, and I could not accept a share of responsibility for a further increase.'

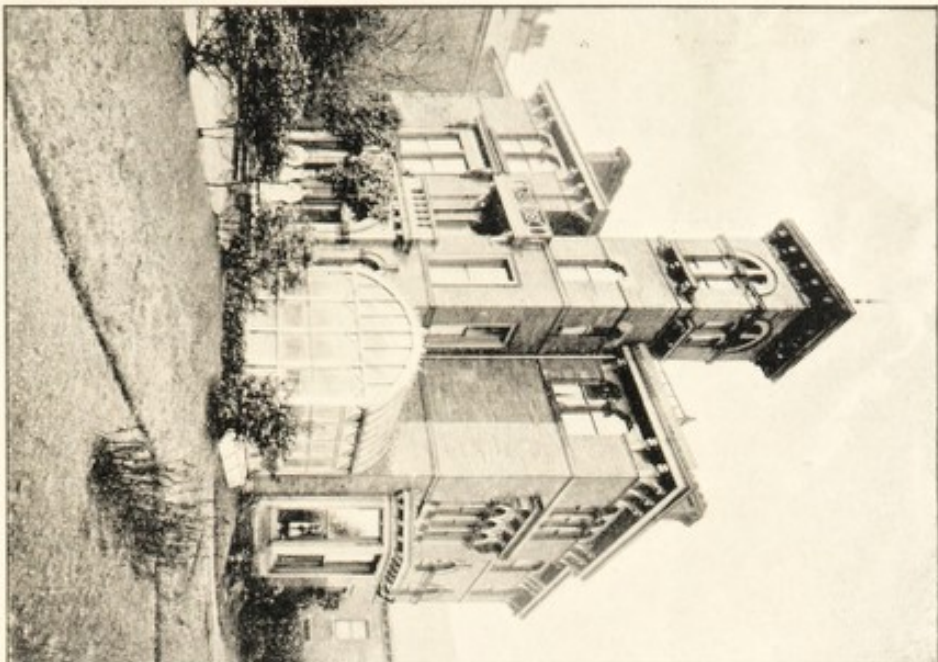
But Barnardo felt the need, and it had to be met. Thus his Labour House came into being, where, from the ranks of ne'er-do-weels, many a youth has enlisted in the army of workmen and, in his Farm Colony in Western Canada, has grown into a self-respecting and self-supporting man.

In 1891 he began to carry out his great desire, to found a Home in every city. These he called his 'Ever-Open-Doors.' These open-doors were to be receiving-houses for the children of the provinces. In the beginning, two out of every three of the children came from London, but as his work gradually became known and provincial needs were brought before him, the figures were reversed, and for many years two out of every three were being received from the provinces. It was to catch these homeless children of the whole country that he spread his net wider and wider, throwing it as far north as Newcastle and Edinburgh, then to Plymouth, Bath, Bristol, and Cardiff in the west, to Belfast in his native land, and southward to Brighton, Southampton, and Portsmouth; up and down the great centres to Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, establishing Branch Homes at Cambridge,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Writing to his daughter, Mrs. Wellcome, about these Homes, he said:—

'I have opened a new Home in Southampton, but have not yet opened the house in Tunbridge Wells of which I wrote you. We have had legal difficulties over the property which have not yet been altogether removed. We hope this week to get tenders from thirteen contractors for the complete doing up of our splendid premises in Norfolk. It has been a slow





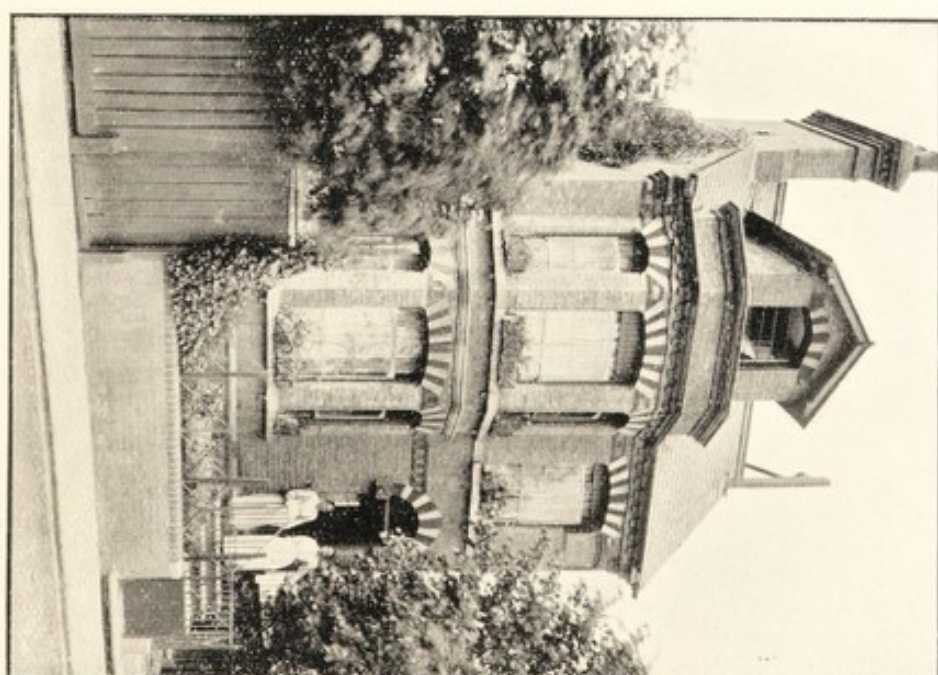
HOME FOR YOUNG INCURABLES, BRADFORD



# TYPICAL GROUP OF COUNTRY HOMES

BABIES' CASTLE, HAWKHURST

CONVALESCENT HOME, FELIXSTOWE



HOME FOR OLDER GIRLS, CAMBRIDGE





originally for incurables, but now for working girls; at Hawkhurst, Babies' Castle (given by Mr. Moillet); at Epsom, for little boys; Llandudno, for delicate girls; Hackney, for deaf and dumb girls; Birkdale and Bradford, for incurables; Swansea, for little boys; Exeter, for Devonshire girls; Northampton, for orphan girls; Shirley, Southampton, Industrial Home for girls; Tunbridge Wells, for cripples; and the last two Homes, which he arranged but which he was not permitted to open, at Middlesborough and Weymouth. At the Ever-Open-Doors he appointed an agent who, like the London beadles, went into the highways and byways to compel the destitute children to come in, thus carrying this unique feature of his work far and wide.<sup>1</sup>

His year of jubilee dawned in 1895, when under the inspiration of Mr. Howard Williams, in whom is reborn the splendid generosity of his illustrious father, and who for so many years has exhibited it in connection with these Homes, a cheque subscribed for by eleven hundred well-wishers, together with an illuminated address, was presented to him. In his

and laborious task of getting it all ready for tender. Since I wrote you I have been down to Cambridge and Bradford, and as far as Stockton-on-Tees. I think you would be greatly interested, and so would H., in our Home at Bradford. All the children there are little helpless incurables, and it was a most pathetic and tender sight to see those poor little mites, who have suffered from their birth and are still suffering, so patient, so gentle, so grateful for every little kindness done to them or for them, and spite of their illnesses, so merry and gleeful. Really it almost forced the tears into my eyes to see some small mites just as happy and contented and bright as if they had not been lifelong sufferers and confined to bed, with hardly a prospect of a happy life before them. I almost went down to Birkdale, Lancashire, where we have a similar Home. It is a charming place. We have just succeeded in taking the adjoining house, and are enlarging so as to receive double the number of patients. I regard myself as quite a connoisseur in the matter of babies.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Appendices L. and E. for a record of all his Homes and Branches.



reply, after expressing the emotions of thankfulness which filled him in finding himself on the crest of the wave of usefulness, he grew reminiscent.

‘Perhaps on this occasion I may be permitted to glance back over the thirty years now almost traversed, since as a youth not quite twenty-one I began my work in London. As I survey this tract of years, I could almost come to the conclusion that I am living in another country, or rather that the young waif and stray, the little homeless and destitute orphan of to-day, inhabits a different England from that of 1866.

‘Why, I remember *Oliver Twist*! I have known Oliver intimately under many different names. I recall Noah Claypole and Mr. Fagin. I remember the cowardly bullying of the one and the thieves’ training-school of the other. In fact, I knew three Mr. Fagins: him of Houndsditch, him of Short’s Gardens, and, earlier still, him of Fullwood’s Rents. The Artful Dodger was one of my earliest captures from Fullwood’s Rents itself, and of him I have many recollections.

‘As for Mr. Bumble, perhaps he is not dead yet, although, I am thankful to say, that in a very large number of cases he has been dismissed from his “porochial” duties.

‘But I gladly bear witness that whereas poor Oliver was the *rule* when I caught my first Arab in the slums, he is now the *exception*. Oliver has come or is coming into his rights.

‘The law which Bumble so flatteringly described has been transformed by new developments of Christian sympathy, and, to some extent at least, it has come round to the side of the little ones.

‘In 1866 the child was the property of his parents, be the latter never so brutalised, so gin-soddened, so bestial. Short of murder (and that was often watered down to manslaughter), the child was his father’s or mother’s chattel, to be used or abused, as the worst instincts suggested. There was no Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to step in between the pitiable form of the shrinking child and even the most infuriated parent monster. Nor had the splendid work of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh as yet created the public opinion to which we owe the Children’s Charter.

‘The pauper child was stamped with the brand of his pauperism in huge barrack workhouses, where all the inmates lost their rights and individuality, and became machine-turned figures, helpless



and nearly predestined to ruin in the face of the new conditions of outside life when they left the workhouse walls behind them.

‘The little pauper, dressed in a hideous uniform, was trained as one in a hundred or a thousand. He or she was never mothered, never loved, never individualised. He was fed, clothed, and educated by contract; he was treated as a being of hopelessly inferior caste. The boys had neither moral fibre nor physical stamina. The girls were left as weaklings, to become the prey of the destroyer, recruits in the black army of the lost. In one London workhouse, for instance, an inquiry concerning eighty girls who had gone out to service therefrom, resulted in the terrible discovery that *every one* of them was on the streets! Such a fearful result to-day would set England ablaze, so much tenderer have grown Christian consciences, and so much more deeply have we begun to realise our responsibilities.

‘The Factory Acts following the earlier beneficent work of Lord Ashley have immensely mitigated, if not abolished, child slavery and overwork. Since 1870 the School Board system has brought education to the most neglected. The Industrial Schools Acts have revised and readjusted and indefinitely improved the attitude of the State towards waifs and wastrels. The Local Government Board has adopted that great invention of boarding-out, which has given happy homes to thousands of the homeless.

‘The Acts for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children have thrown their aegis over the little ones in multitudes of households. The extreme reading of the words, “parental authority,” has been pared down to more reasonable limits. The Criminal Laws Amendment Act has taken girls of tender years under its protection. The Custody of Children Bill, which became law in 1891, gave such protection to all who were seeking to rescue homeless waifs, as to render wholly unnecessary the repetition on my part of those acts in defence of childhood which, a few years ago, brought down upon my devoted head much public odium, to say nothing of the penalties of the law. Harry Gossage’s case need never be repeated. It is not now needful to send a boy out of the country to save him from ruin of body and soul.

‘Turning away from Acts of Parliament, let us look at the great city in which we live. As I walk through the streets I see no more the organised beggary, the universally ingrained ignorance, the systematic neglect, the vicious exploiting of homeless little victims of cruelty and greed which disgraced London in the sixties.



‘Of course I speak broadly. Alas, however, all is not *couleur de rose*. There are still many wrongs to right; there is much wickedness to combat; the cry of the children still rises to the God of Sabaoth. But, as compared with the time when I first began my work, the law had broken with its evil traditions, and the spirit of apathy and *laissez faire* is beginning to die out. Behind the law is a rising level of public opinion and Christian sentiment, which means yet greater things in the future than in the past.

‘I count myself indeed happy in that I have witnessed and taken some small share in this silent but profound revolution—legislative and social—and I am deeply grateful to God for the workings of His Providence in this direction.

‘I do not intend to be autobiographical, but I cannot forbear on this occasion from recalling how few were the persons, how very few, that stood by me when, as a young man of but twenty-one, I awoke to the wrongs of childhood, and tried to imbue others with my youthful fervour. My facts were scouted, my inferences derided, my appeals were ridiculed. The great mass of public opinion, and even of the opinion of many of the wisest and most enlightened, was that all this was inflated enthusiasm, which would soon die down. I stood practically alone, without friends or influential backers.’

In addition to educating the boys and girls in his Homes, he established in 1867 a free ragged day school at Hope Place, which was transferred in 1875 to Copperfield Road, for the children of the labouring poor. These flocked to his doors. They had not only to be educated, but fed. Thirty per cent. on a single morning came breakfastless, sixty per cent. without dinner. So in connection with his Edinburgh Castle Mission, he fed these hungry scholars. The unexpected efficiency of this training can be gauged from the ‘passes’ at two or three of the yearly Government examinations :—

In 1875 of	48 presented	45 passed
In 1885 of	450        „	373        „
In 1895 of	501        „	401        „

whilst in 1905 the Board of Education reported of the voluntary evening school which is attended by the older youths from the Labour House: 'In both departments steady work is done, and the scholars are well behaved and orderly. Grant earned, £97, 13s. 6d., an advance of nearly £88 beyond 1904.' Even in the last year of his life, his ragged schools educated 1566 children, and amongst them were distributed 94,291 free meals. In this work, too, he was a pioneer.

From the first year he commenced to care for boys, he desired to obtain a training-ship. He importuned the good Lord Shaftesbury to use his influence with the Admiralty, but his lordship was not over sure that the young man could manage it, and he put him off again and again by raising difficulty after difficulty; but the desire never wholly left him, and it was to be partially fulfilled in another way. Something had already been done in sending boys to sea through his shipping agency. But the mercantile service demanded many more than it received. Messrs. Watts, Watts and Co., the well-known shipping firm of Leadenhall Street, London, had often felt the want of such lads. By a fortunate conjunction of circumstances, the old county school at North Elmham came into the market in 1900. It was brought to the attention of the senior partner of this shipping firm, and by divers ways to Dr. Barnardo. Given this fine building, a generous merchant, and the prince of beggars, and the result was certain. Mr. E. H. Watts gave the building, and spent nearly £11,000 upon repairs; his eldest son, Mr. Fenwick Watts, furnished it, according to the requirements, at a cost of £5000; and Dr. Barnardo



received it on behalf of his Homes,<sup>1</sup> and undertook to fill it with boys and train them for the marine and naval services. It has been transformed into a ship on land, where 320 lads are climbing the ladder of ambition. Speaking of this, Dr. Barnardo said :—

‘Thirty years ago, and very early in the history of my own work, I saw clearly the immense importance of the training ship as a means of discipline and training for the uneducated youths of our great towns, and also as the very best method of furnishing the requirements of our mercantile marine and royal navy. So you may imagine what I felt when through the superb generosity of the late Mr. E. H. Watts, the splendid Norfolk County School was placed at my disposal. Here no less than three hundred and twenty lads can be properly maintained, educated, and trained for the sea. It is situated near Sandringham, and within thirteen miles of the sea. It is one of the healthiest places in the whole of England. And now we have turned it into a naval training school for the whole kingdom. Here we send picked boys to remain there for training at least four or five years, during which time their education is completed, and their physical development most carefully attended to.’

Barnardo nursed this project with the care of a fond parent for his first child, but he died with the promise of its youth unfulfilled. This magnificent naval school and its beautiful surroundings won his admiration. Whenever he visited the place, he

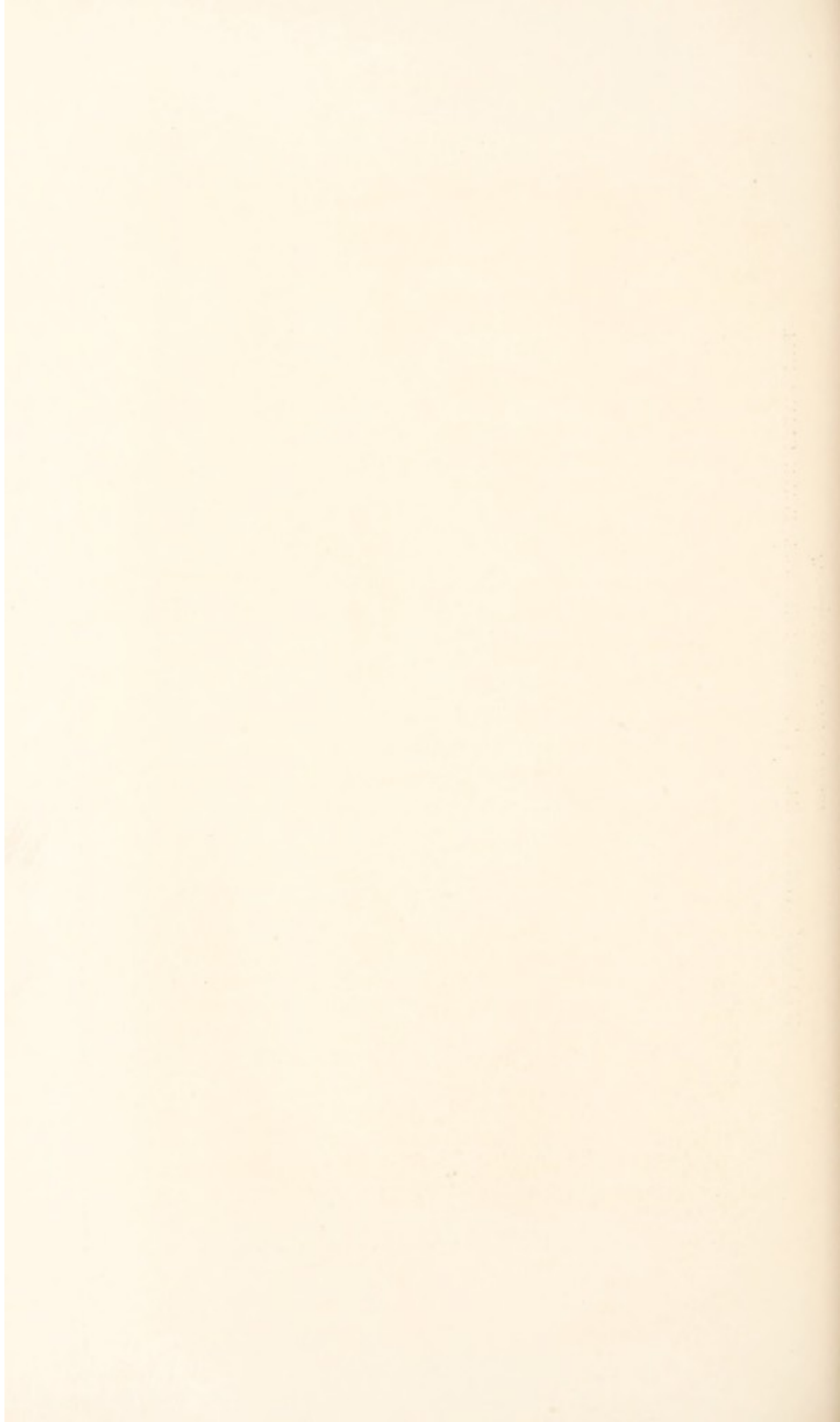
<sup>1</sup> He announces this good news in a letter to Mrs. Wellcome: ‘I have some splendid news to give you both. It is about my naval school. I have got all the money. The £9200 required to thoroughly repair, improve, develop, and fit up was promised me on Monday last in one lump by somebody. But then it needs to be furnished for four hundred boys, the captain, and all the staff with all sorts of furniture and fittings; and the eldest son of the donor who is giving me £9200, says, “I will do all that.” Is not that a splendid ending for the year? So now, my dear, my thoughts are quite relieved of anxiety. I was afraid that if I had to issue an appeal to the public for help for these things, it would interfere with our General Fund, and no doubt it would have done so; but this unexpected relief lifts a great burden off my shoulders, and gives me hope that we may see the scheme soon thoroughly realised.’





THE WAT'S NAVAL TRAINING SCHOOL, NORTH ELMHAM, NORFOLK





spent an hour or two ruminating in the grounds. The occasion, now and then, brought out the personality of the man. And it is that for which we are seeking at all points in this story, not so much a connected, detailed narrative of the daily life of his children or of the acquirement of new Homes. Writing to one of his sons, he says :—

‘This letter is rather mixed up, but I must ask you to turn back to Norfolk again. I cannot tell you how beautiful the place is, but it will cost a heap of money to get it into decent order. It abounds with game. There are literally thousands of rabbits in the place. Pheasants and grouse are not wanting. Just imagine, as I walked over the place, I started several hares, who scudded away from me with marvellous rapidity. I watched them with delight. A neighbouring squire has always shot over the place. I served him with a notice last month that he must shoot no more, and I think that will probably make me a little unpopular in the neighbourhood. What do I care? I have not one atom of the craving which is said to belong to all Britishers, first, to get a gun, and second, having a gun, to itch to take the life of something or other. The beautiful creatures! *I would not have them shot for anything.* But I think when my boys are down there will be many a snare set and many a trap. That, however, is quite another matter; but I could not help thinking, as I stood in the lovely place and watched one of the hares rushing off for freedom and life, how savage and cruel it would be on my part, not wanting the creature for food or for the preservation of my own life, to take its little life from it. . . . Wherever human life is in the balance against mere animal life, I am quite clear which is the more precious, and which should be sacrificed for the other; but to take the life of the lower creatures which harm us not, and which we do not require for our own sustenance, out of mere wantonness or for the love of what is called “sport,” is and has been always sickening to me.’

All these developments required what was not forthcoming in sufficient measure—money. New means had to be devised. To reach the charitable,



deputation secretaries, two nonconformists and eighteen to twenty clergymen of the Church of England, were appointed. Two were accompanied by a band of musical boys, and carried the purse beyond the confines of England, the Rev. W. J. Mayers, in 1891, undertaking a successful tour to the far distant colonies of Australia and New Zealand.

The wide religious basis of his Homes enabled him to appeal to all and sundry. He followed the wake of the Church congresses, holding public meetings and exhibitions of his trade boys wherever the congress met; whilst from the very beginning of his work in 1866 to the last year of his life, he appeared with few breaks at the Mildmay Conferences, and was greeted from the establishment of the first Home with remarkable enthusiasm. Here he was regarded, even thirty years ago, as an authority on child rescue-work, and thousands gathered round the 'Mulberry Tree' to listen to his pleas. Here also he secured the warm support of many an evangelical band. So his great constituency of supporters grew.

One night the thought came to him to band the children of the rich together in the service of the children of the poor.

'I had been busy all day long receiving poor children into the Homes. Two of them were little *crippled girls* and one was a *blind boy*, and there were a great many others who were neither crippled nor blind, but were orphans and wretchedly poor, and had no homes or friends to go to. It was quite late in the evening when, tired out, I left my office where I work every day. On reaching home I sat down before the fire in my study thinking over the sad stories of the children whom I had been trying to help, and while thinking, lo and behold, I fell fast asleep, and you will not be surprised to hear that I dreamed a curious dream.

'It seemed to me that I was walking by the side of a dark and



rapid stream, when suddenly I heard a cry for help. Turning quickly round I saw a boy in the middle of the water, which was carrying him swiftly down. He was drowning, and he could not help himself. As quickly as I could, I ran along the bank so as to get in front of him, calling the while for aid to save him. When I got below him I threw myself down upon the brink of the river and stretched out my arms to reach him. Alas, *my arms were not nearly long enough!* I thought I could not swim, and I was afraid to venture into the water myself lest both of us should be drowned. I had no rope, and there was nobody passing. All at once I caught sight of some children away down the bank playing under one of the trees. I called as loudly as I could, but I had hardly time to notice if they heard me. I stretched myself out once more to be ready to reach the poor boy, who was drifting nearer and nearer, but I saw that he was still beyond my reach, and if I stretched out any further I should certainly overbalance myself and be lost.

‘Just then I heard a child’s voice behind me, “*We will hold you, sir; don’t be afraid,*” and I felt the children’s hands catch my feet and grasp my garments so as to let me reach out nearer the drowning lad. Yes, thank God, I could touch him! I had him in my grip, and in another moment, though it seemed an age, my child-helpers were pulling at me and my burden as hard as they could until they drew us in from the water on to the bank. The little lad was safe! And I felt such a thrill of happiness at the thought, that I awoke!

‘Ah, but I knew what my dream meant! For it was a *parable* as well as a *dream*. I could not save the poor helpless little waifs of the street *by myself*. I had not enough money; I had not enough strength; my arms were not long enough. But the *children*, the happy children safe on the bank, were going to hold me and lend me *their* strength, and *their* courage, and *their* readiness, and we would unite our efforts for the great rescue-work. And I resolved forthwith that I would seek to bind together the boys and girls of happy homes into a LEAGUE, which should save, not one poor child from drowning in a river, but thousands of homeless and forlorn little children who were living lives of darkness, of ignorance, of sorrow, and of danger.’

So on 20th November 1891 he brought forth the idea of a Young Helpers’ League. For many years



prior to its establishment, the work carried on by Dr. Barnardo had been materially aided by the sympathetic and self-denying efforts of thousands of young people all over the world, but there had never been any attempt to organise them. Now a union of the vast army of children who were known to be lovingly interested in the work of the Homes would wonderfully strengthen the hands of the founder. Separated and alone, the child-workers could accomplish comparatively little; but heart to heart and hand in hand their efforts would become mighty. So the dream became an established fact, and into one great body the boys and girls, and subsequently the senior members, were welded with the object of practical pity for the sorrows of crippled and afflicted children. Has the Young Helpers' League fulfilled his vision? Suffice a few figures. At the end of the fourteenth year of the League's existence, *i.e.* up to 31st December 1905, by their individual and collective efforts, the companions had contributed to the funds of the Homes the sum of £144,606. In the early days of the League's activity the founder expressed the hope that in ten years' time 'several thousands' of young people would have joined its ranks. How far his hope was realised may be gathered from the fact that in the tenth year no fewer than 25,303 companions were enrolled, while during 1906, 35,045 companions paid their subscriptions and are now working zealously on behalf of the sick and suffering little ones gathered in his fold. In 1892 the League's income was £2186, and every year the total has steadily grown until the sum contributed by the companions in 1906 was £18,505. By the end of the first year twenty-three cots were being wholly



supported by the various branches of the League, at an annual cost of £30 each; on the 31st December 1906, 451 cots. In the first year 103 habitations were established; to-day the books show that 1149 habitations have been formed, many of these being in active operation far beyond the four seas, and, indeed, over the whole civilised world. To these are also attached 814 lodges.

Royal patronage was cheerfully granted. Her Royal Highness the late Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, graciously consented to become the first president of the League, and till her death Her Royal Highness was actively interested in the work. To-day Her Majesty Queen Alexandra is patron of the League, while H.R.H. the Princess of Wales and H.R.H. Princess Christian are the vice-presidents. Many of the most distinguished names on the title-roll of England's greatest families are also to be found on the lists of Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and Helpers of the various local habitations of the League scattered throughout England.

The Y.H.L. was devised particularly for the benefit of children who are afflicted as well as destitute, and it takes under its wing the ailing, blind, deaf and dumb, deformed, incurable and helpless, in addition to assisting very considerably the Emigration and other funds in connection with the Homes.

Each year from 1894 a great display in connection with the League was held at the Albert Hall, under his personal direction, when the public saw more of the man and his children. These were often presided over by Royalty, who manifested a generous sympathy with this most excellent project. A description of one such gathering must suffice as an index of all.



'A SPRING DAY AND A MAY SCENE'<sup>1</sup>

'In the procession of seasons and events there comes, now and then, a day, even in mid-winter glooms, all tremulous with spring, or a pleasing scene which excites the fading memory of the sweet, simple years of childhood—day and scene awakening emotions which would be spoiled by the leaden trammels of description. Such a day was Saturday, 16th January, and such a scene the Children's Christmas Entertainment held in the Albert Hall. A Spring Day and a May Scene!

'I sat next a clergyman on whose head had fallen the snows of eighty winters, but whose youth returned in the hopeful atmosphere created by the erstwhile waifs and strays saved by Dr. Barnardo, during the two hours they entertained the vast company in that historic hall. Among those notables whom I saw on the platform were the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and their two little boys; the Countess and Lady Edwina Roberts; the Belgian Minister; the Marchioness of Donegall; the Earl and Countess of Galloway; Canon Fleming; Lord Garlies; Hon. Keith Stewart; Hon. T. H. W. Pelham; Mr. Howard Williams; Lady and Miss Olive Burdett; Sir Robert Anderson; Rev. Evan Hopkins and Canon Girdlestone; and many more.

'The programme, cleverly designed to hold the senses captive and to release the hidden springs of sympathy, discovered surprising aptitudes and qualities in the children, who carried it through without a hitch. It is impossible, although the deep undertone of the great gathering, felt by all adults, is eager for expression, not to touch lightly the items of the liberal fare provided by the children of hunger for the pleasure of the children of plenty. Past a guard of honour drawn from the naval boys, whose lives will keep ever fragrant the memory of the late Mr. E. H. Watts and his generous son, the procession of distinguished visitors reached the platform, which was backed by seven hundred children, gaily dressed. "WAKE! WAKE! WAKE!"

"The morning bells are ringing,  
The birds are blithesome singing,  
The fragrant flowers are springing,"

sang the children, for opening chorus, with lightsome hearts, unconscious of the deeper emotions quickened in those who saw in

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<sup>1</sup> From *Night and Day*, 1904, by Mr. Marchant.



the whole movement the resurrection of buried joy, the re-birth of innocent youth.

‘A whistle blew. “Thirty-five years ago,” the Director began, “before technical education became a fashionable thing, my boys were trained as workmen to lives of usefulness. See what they do.”

‘Rapidly boys of fourteen different trades entered the arena, and within two minutes from the whistle’s sound the hissing of saw and plane, thud of tinsmith’s hammer, roaring of forge and clank of printer’s platen revealed a veritable hive of industry. In even quicker time the space was cleared by the little workmen. It was a brief and telling exhibition of the mechanical arts taught by the Homes, and of the energetic result of discipline.

“Merry goes the time when the heart is young,  
There’s magic in the air when the heart is young,”

broke from seven hundred sweet voices upon the happy air, and the old folk felt the heart-strings giving! But the tramp! tramp! tramp! of marching feet of two batteries from the Naval Home silenced solemn monitors. Under a youthful commander, whose alertness and precision won generous applause, forty odd sailors in the making showed that the Director is turning boys who were once a menace to the nation, and would have become its enemies or its merest lumber, into its defenders. The energy, dexterity, and self-reliance of these little “handy men” was apparent as they met the gaze of ten thousand eyes wondering how this raw material, covered a few months ago by the darkest mantle of obscurity and uselessness, has come forth to meet the sure prospect of a useful manhood. Here is the chance given to waif children to become the nation’s heroes! The blessed word *efficiency* is written large over the Watts Naval Training Home. There was no need for the choir to follow this exhibition of gun and cutlass drill by a patriotic action-song to the picturesque waving of

“Britannia’s flag, the flag of olden story,”

to heighten our loyal feeling or to prompt the obvious reflection that here the dangerous offspring of the submerged are transformed into true patriots who shall help to keep our nation great and free.

‘The end is not yet. “You have seen our boys,” said the



Doctor, "now see what our girls can do." Millinery stands, cooking tables, and machines are quickly set up in the arena, and almost noiselessly troop the girls from Village Home to their respective tasks. There are the misshapen by nature working at art embroidery or weaving; yonder the strong of limb, mangling. "The boys," my aged neighbour says, "are good, but the girls are better." A sympathetic cheer rises from stall to gallery as the Countess Roberts with the Director are seen inspecting the work, whilst one-time strays in Slumdom, in the dainty costumes of Japan, offer afternoon tea to the fair representatives of nobility, that nobility of which even Rousseau said, "It is the most enlightened, the best educated, the wisest and bravest in Europe." Four items of fun follow for the children's sake, which the old relish quite as much. We have a screaming caricature of John Chinaman as servant *versus* the children of the Village Home, reminding us of Luther's exclamation, "A good servant is a real godsend; but truly it is a rare bird in the land"; a pretty series of evolutions by the boys; the giddy cunning skipping of girls; and the Bogie Ballad, in which there was full vent to childish frolic. They are *at home*, these children, and the song of "Home, sweet, sweet Home," opened like a flower on the lips of these once benighted bairns and shed its perfume over all that vast assembly of sympathetic hearts. They sing the song of Home with the freshness of a spring morning. Their bright laughter and their love of their Homes and country are the most pleasing, the most sure sign of the work of reformation.

'Two refreshing interludes are made by two processions, one passing the Duchess of Marlborough with purses which she graciously receives for the Young Helpers' League, the other passing the Countess Roberts, who conferred badges and silver bars of the Distinguished Order of Waif Service, for the days of chivalry are returning, if slowly!

"Fire! fire! fire!" shrieked two mites from the topmost gallery, in make-believe, and the Boys' Fire Brigade dashes in, the saving appliances are thrown up, and we see how efficiently the fire apparatus works in the Homes: an assurance it were wise to give the public nowadays!

'A few moments more and we pass the round of the institutions in eleven volumes of speaking pictures, from the first rescued child to the thousands now under care—for progress is the mark of all that we have seen, the characteristic of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.



‘Permit two obvious reflections from among a crowd that press themselves upon us.

‘The Young Helpers’ League, whose members are scattered over more than forty lands, have shown again that nationality ceases to be the limit of sympathy; and that, however far apart, we will meet in the cause of the suffering, and respond to the cry of oppression. That is one great step, as Professor Caird would say, in the moral progress of the world. The League has seized upon the nascent, unselfish sympathy of the child-heart, and drawn it out for another’s sake. That is the royal way of escape from our poor narrow selves, the going forth of self into a wider and richer life. This enlarging and ennobling process, begun in childhood, shall find the members of the League in later life with a measure of Love, pressed down and running over, embracing kindred and strangers of every land! The League thus confers highest blessing upon its members, greater far than they can ever return in material service to the sick and blind and halt. It is a League for the culture of the heart. The great awakening. But the gathering recalled to my imagination, vaster though the conception appeared at first blush, a phase of the awakening of the world from the darkness of the Middle Ages. Upon this great and growing family, who were waifs and strays leading a squalid, sullen, dismal life, “sunk deep in hostile intent,” whose baby eyes looked into the haggard face of Vice, steeped in poverty to the very lips, struggling in cellar glooms shut from the common air, sucking the bosom of guilt, remorse, madness, and disease, morning bringing joyless days, and nightfall hideous dreams in huddled dens;—upon these erstwhile children of the night has come a great awakening. They have emerged from joyless tombs, from dark and wasted years, and rejoice before us in the gambols and roundels of May. It is the resurrection of childhood, the revival of mirth, a glorious reformation! They have been emancipated from the dead weight of the past, from a life without hope, and their feet planted upon the rock of safety upon which these institutions are built. As from a block of rude stone the sculptor chisels a divine form, so from the waste material picked from the human refuse-heaps have emerged the most glorious manhood, the most exquisite womanhood. The turning of the rebel into a law-abiding citizen, thus steadily raising the character of the nation, beginning at the bottom, is a far-reaching reformation. It is the salvation of the democracy of the forgotten, and their initiation



into the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship; the silent upbuilding of the social body, which the nation is coming to recognise is going on in its midst, meagrely supported compared with its inestimable value to the race!'<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Evered Poole, the lady who was largely instrumental in developing this movement, died in 1897, and of her Dr. Barnardo wrote:—

'You may imagine that our loss is an irreparable one. We have nobody capable of acting in our work in the spirit of our dear late Chief Warden. She always carried her appeals into the region of devotedness to Christ, and there was a spiritual afflatus in all her work which was a help to her colleagues and a source of blessing to those who listened to her.

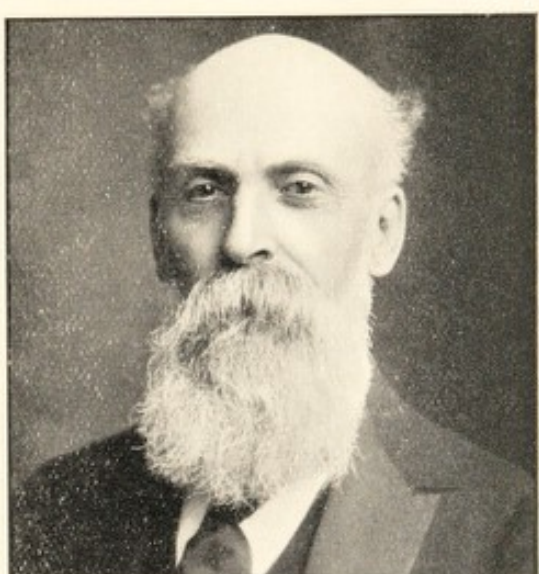
'Her great gifts, too, were such as to win admiration. Her facility of expression, the charm of her public addresses, and her keen intellectual perception, the quickness with which she adapted herself to circumstances, the marvellous tact which enabled her to be all things to all men without in any degree lowering her own standard of conduct, were to my mind always causes of admiration and respect.'

But for the past eleven years Miss Woodhead,

<sup>1</sup> A story was told by Madame Antoinette Sterling in connection with these displays. She relates:—

'Dr. Barnardo was very anxious for me to sing for his boys. As I had a great deal of concert work to get through all over the country, we thought it better to refuse, so as to save my strength as far as possible. But, though I had written to this effect, the Fates willed otherwise. This was how it came about. One Thursday I ordered the carriage and set out to sing at Madame Patti's afternoon concert. I drove up and descended at the artistes' entrance. All around the doorway I found clusters of nurses in their pretty caps and aprons. It seemed rather curious, but I thought that, with her usual thoughtfulness, Madame Patti had invited some institute of nurses to be present. I entered the artistes' room and found no diva, only some more nurses. Thence I went to the platform. On looking out I saw the centre of the hall filled with cots and beds, boys drilling, and children of all sizes going through various actions. On inquiring, I found that I had made a mistake in the date. The Patti concert was the following Thursday at the same hour, and this was actually the meeting at which I had refused to assist. I sent for Dr. Barnardo at once, and said that evidently I was meant to come and sing for him, refusal or no refusal, and so I would.'





#### PRESIDENTS OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

THE RIGHT HON. THE LATE EARL CAIRNS  
1877-1885

THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD POLWARTH  
1886-88, 1889-90

THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD KINNAID  
1892-93

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T.  
1885-86, 1890-92

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF MEATH  
K.P., P.C., 1888-89

THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD BRASSEY, K.C.B.  
1893-1907





officially known as Miss Rachel Norton, whose sagacity and devotion to the League he ever recognised and whom he greatly esteemed, has taken her place.

The section of the great weekly wage-earning community, from whose ranks in the hour of misfortune his Homes were recruited and who are unable to send annual subscriptions, are very willing to give a collection if the opportunity is brought to their pocket; so another means of bringing food into the cupboard was the foundation of the Waif Saturday Fund in 1894, to be known hereafter as the 'Barnardo Saturday Fund.' Under its sagacious secretary, Mr. F. E. Rainer, this movement has steadily developed. Beginning with £203, 3s. 8d. the first year, it has yielded, for the last twelve years, an increasing annual income reaching in 1906 £20,221, 7s. 11d. Thus supply answered to demand, and both were created by the ambitious inventiveness and fervent spirit of the great Founder, who took as his motto: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these.'

He was the quickening life of the whole, but as in earlier days prudence had counselled a Treasurer and Committee, so wise policy required that his work should receive high countenance. And such recognition was most willingly given. Earl Cairns, the first President, was succeeded by the Marquis of Lorne, the Earl of Meath, Lord Polwarth, Lord Kinnaird, and Lord Brassey, who has been President since the year 1893. A large number of vice-presidents, including a number of bishops and leading clergymen, and the foremost Nonconformist ministers, with influential laymen—a highly representative body—also strengthened his hands in these great endeavours. And to crown



all, after the first visit to Stepney of Her Royal Highness, Princess Henry of Battenberg, in 1902, Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Alexandra, consented in 1903 to become Patron of the Homes, a royal favour which she has continued to the present day.

Believing in the shortness of his life and knowing that men are only remembered by what they have done, feeling, in spite of the changed social conditions, that there were still many children to rescue if he could reach them, with schemes still vaster meandering in his visionland by which he would care for every needy child born, he went forward to the last full steam ahead. He was ambitious in a noble cause.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### ILLNESSES AND DEATH

ON the 19th September 1905, at six o'clock in the evening, Dr. Barnardo leaned back in his chair and murmurless passed away. It was his wish, often repeated, to 'go off like a shot.' A heart trouble of recent development frequently laid him low, warning his fellow-voyagers not to be unprepared for the sinking of his disabled craft. He had outgrown the weakness of his childhood, and he passed unscathed through the cholera epidemic, in the midst of which his calling and election were made sure to him. His double life, too, of student-missionary and rescuer of children, entailing labour by day and night, apparently left him a stronger man in every way.

It was in May 1895 that a record on a sheet of notepaper is found of 'faintness' on several successive days, with 'threatened attack,' followed by 'attack,' 'very severe attack,' and then work 'completely stopped for a fortnight.' Of this illness he wrote to one of his helpers:—

'Yes, indeed, I have deep reason for thankfulness to God for my restored health, restored indeed as I never expected it to be again; for some of these heart attacks were so utterly awful, especially at the earlier and middle part of my illness, that I had a kind of premonition each time that the very next one would be my last, and so I put my house in order, and awaited God's will.

'I do not doubt but that, in answer to the believing prayers of



many of God's children all over the world, I have been given back a large measure of my health, and now I must be careful how I use the trust committed to me. I dare not work again as I did before I fell ill, and you and all my colleagues must bear me in mind, and be very tolerant if I cannot do all you wish me to do. Perhaps you do not know that for eight months before my illness I was working, almost without a break, between sixteen and eighteen hours a day, never taking a meal at home except breakfast, and really reckless as to when I did get my meals, going to bed in the small hours of the morning always. Well, all that must cease; it is clear I must never resume it. To do so with my present knowledge of myself would be so far suicidal as to be sinful. For a while I must go very easy, and I must never be later at my office than six o'clock. Of course, once in a way I might go beyond this hour, but I mean as a rule.

'It is quite marvellous to me how my health has come back to me within the last fortnight. I really am as vigorous as ever. I have not a pain or ache, thank God! I eat well, work well, and can almost say I sleep well, not quite so well as I would like, but still, fairly well; and if you saw me you would notice no trace of illness upon me, except perhaps that I have got somewhat fatter, the result of over-much nourishment, regular meals, and general idleness for three or four months, but that will soon work off.'

This was the year of his Jubilee. His friends arranged a Reception to congratulate him upon the occasion and upon his recovered health, and to present him with a grandfather's clock, a gift of members of his staff. Alas! the central figure of the gathering could not attend. He wrote: 'I am very reluctant to abandon the hope I had entertained of taking some part in the meeting convened for tomorrow, and can only ask you to offer in my name *my hearty and sincere gratitude* to all the assembled friends for the great sympathy they have exhibited during my distressing illness. I never knew I had so many friends before.'

Of his workers he said:—

'... I take this opportunity, therefore, of once again placing



publicly on record my sense of great indebtedness to all my faithful fellow-labourers at Stepney and elsewhere, whose names are seldom heard of, but to whose continuous and unceasing toil any success which God has given us is chiefly due. Credit is often given to *me* that really belongs to *them*, and it is in no spirit of mock modesty that I add, that I am often ashamed at the prominence given to my personal share in an undertaking, the real burdens of which have been silently and heroically borne by a great company of splendid workers, male and female, of whose names even our subscribers are ignorant.'

And then a reference to his Jubilee :—

'If spared until to-morrow, I shall have reached my fiftieth year, and although deeply sensible of many wasted opportunities for serving Christ (opportunities which can never return, but are gone for ever), and of much failure and imperfection in what has been accomplished, I cannot but also look back upon innumerable mercies, and upon the continued and unceasing goodness of God vouchsafed, spite of failure, to His unworthy servant; and I would ask all present at the meeting to give God thanks *alone*, the Creator rather than the creature, for what has been accomplished.'

He returned feeling well again. But three months later he writes :—'I had on Saturday and Sunday marked symptoms like those which caused me such distress last year.' Friends from all parts of the country sent him urgent invitations to attend meetings in support of his work. He went hither and thither, being welcomed everywhere with unabated enthusiasm. But he writes to one and another :—

'These absences are most perplexing and even distressing to me. While I am away conducting public meetings in the interests of the work, the accumulations grow at home to almost overwhelming size, and it makes it the veriest drudgery when I get back. Then one has to work almost day and night to get through; and before I have cleared it all away, I have to go off somewhere again, and so the process is repeated. I am almost beginning to form a decision that I will not accept any more invitations to go out and take meetings.'



Now the east winds begin to pierce him, attacking the larynx and lungs. To one who importuned him to go to a meeting, he wrote:—

‘When the *via vitae* is given up to the enemy, what can the best of us do? I am here, where I came for fourteen days’ holiday, in bed, the larynx and tonsils inflamed. If the *foundations* are destroyed, what shall the righteous do? And if the wind-pipe be handed over to the foe, what is left? If *any* be left, you shall have it, on the 23rd instant, if I am not at the Salisbury Conference, where my memory says I am. I have no diary here, and no strength for writing.’

His doctors and friends contrived to send him out of the country during these recurring strains, much against his will. ‘My wife believes in the *fortiter in re*, and possibly she may take the law in her own hands and spirit me away. If she does, *I* am not guilty.’ Writing to ‘My dear, long-suffering friend’ (Mrs. Fullerton) he says:—

‘I would like to go to you for March 24th, and will if I am in England. But that is a very big “if,” for I am ordered out for February so as to avoid the winds. However, that doesn’t matter very much; it is very unlikely I shall obey the order. I am afraid if you were a doctor you would not like to have me as a patient. I only obey my doctor when it pleases me to do so, and when it doesn’t I do the other thing.’

In 1901 he was ordered to give up all work immediately and go to Nauheim for special treatment. He said: ‘I need hardly say that I received such a verdict with the very greatest concern. As soon as I was sufficiently recovered, I called into consultation one of the principal medical men in the kingdom—Sir Lauder Brunton—who gives special attention to diseases of the heart. After careful examination, he informed me that if I was willing to submit myself absolutely to the treatment which he imposes, for





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about two months' time, there is no reason why I should not eventually recover a great deal of my original strength and vigour.' He was very hopeful of the treatment, for he added, 'If I do as he directs, I may not only hope to check the progress of the disease, but, as I have said, to recover a great deal of the former strength that my heart possessed.'

News which delighted him brightened the gloomy days at Nauheim. His daughter Queenie became engaged to Mr. Wellcome, and was married on the 25th June 1901. He watched them fondly year by year. She was his solace in many an hour of trial; and the birth of his little grandchild seemed to renew his youth.

He found much solace in reading.<sup>1</sup> One day, during one of his attacks, when he was very low, he read a letter, which Canon Scott Holland wrote to Professor Romanes, whose remarkable transit from doubt to faith he followed with keenest scent. Whilst Romanes lay dying, the Canon sent this inspiring message:—

'You have passed through the sorest trial, perhaps, that could have been laid on your courage, your hopefulness, your peace. I trust, indeed, that there is much to look for yet of recovered power and renewed work, but, for the moment, there must be anxiety, and the bitter strain of disappointment, and the rough curb of pain. You are assured of the deep sympathy of many warm-hearted friends to whom you have always shown most

<sup>1</sup> The following list of books taken by the Doctor to Nauheim in August 1905, illustrate the tenor and breadth of his reading:—*Elisha, the Prophet of Vision*, Rev. F. S. Webster, M.A.; *Elijah, the Man of Prayer*, Rev. F. S. Webster, M.A.; *The Gentle Heart*, Alexander Macleod, D.D.; *The Gospel and its Fruits*, Rev. J. H. Wilson, M.A.; *The Best Song and Other Addresses*, Harry Denning; *Work in its Right Place, or Reflections on the Life of Hezekiah*; *The Children's Pew*, Rev. J. Reid Howatt; *Vaughan's Sermons to Children*; *Children's Church at Home*, Dr. Edmond; *Birch's Sermons*, vol. 6; *Thirteen Sermons*, H. Grattan Guinness; *Catriona*, Robert Louis Stevenson; *The Marquis of Lossie*, George MacDonald.

N.B.—He was reading *Catriona* on the day of his death.



generous kindness, and I venture to rank myself among them. We shall remember you often and anxiously.

‘It is a tremendous moment when first one is called upon to join the great army of those who suffer.

‘That vast world of love and pain opens suddenly to admit us one by one within its fortress.

‘We are afraid to enter into the land, yet you will, I know, feel how high is the call. It is as a trumpet speaking to us, that cries aloud—“It is your turn—endure.” Play your part. As they endured before you, so now, close up the ranks—be patient and strong as they were. Since Christ, this world of pain is no accident untoward or sinister, but a lawful department of life, with experiences, interests, adventures, hopes, delights, secrets of its own. These are all thrown open to us as we pass within the gates—things that we could never learn or know or see, so long as we are well.

‘God help you to walk through this world now opened to you as through a kingdom regal, royal, wide, and glorious.’

But another visit to Nauheim became imperative in 1902, and each year seems to have found his resisting powers lessening. His life at Nauheim is described by his amanuensis :—

‘After breakfast he would read his letters and generally dictate until about eleven o’clock. Then he would go off to his bath, and on his return lie on his back for half an hour. Sometimes he would dictate again during this half-hour’s rest. The baths took so much strength out of him that sometimes he had to rest in the Bath-house itself before returning to his hotel. The afternoon was occupied with his Zander exercises. After tea he would take a little walk or go for a drive, and between six and seven sign his letters for the post and perhaps dictate a few others. This would be his usual programme. Every third day was a “rest” from baths and exercises, and then he would work longer at his correspondence.

‘Some nights would be sleepless, after which he would be quite unfit for work. There were days when he was weighed down with black depression, when he was hopeless of the bath cure and felt that he was simply wasting time. He had distressing dreams that had all the air of reality, and when he would fear for the safety of his family and would be distressed until he had



news of them. This was mainly due to the effect of the baths. He was always troubled at being away from his work at Stepney, and would constantly think and speak of it.'

In April 1904 he says :—

'I have been confined to my room for nearly a month on and off; the last two or three days I have got down a little. It is my old trouble—heart failure—and I am leaving on Friday morning for Nauheim for special treatment, which hitherto has done me so much good, and which I hope this time will be effectual also.'

The treatment once more helped him. But in January 1905, his last year, he writes chaffingly in answer to a lady who wanted him to take a meeting in March :—

'It is impossible to tell you to-day whether I will be able to be with you on the 24th March or not. I want to be with you, and I will come to you if I can. Personally, I am feeling wonderfully well and don't want to go at all, but I am not a free agent. I am under the vilest form of despotic authority—Petticoat Government—and it is prophesied in domestic circles that the wind, which is now allayed, will begin to assume its most troublesome aspect later on, and that when it does, I must obey my doctor and go. I am fighting a pretty stiff battle to defeat the Government. I am using dynamite and bombs, and hope I have overthrown some of the principal buildings and shaken the autocracy; so that it is possible I may be able on Wednesday the 1st to write you a note, or send you a wire, to the effect that "the enemy has fled, I will be with you." But if by that time the Government is reinforced by Boreas, I am afraid I will have to surrender without making terms. I dare say your husband knows, poor man, what such a capitulation involves.'

In February he went to Lyme Regis, where he wrote his criticisms of Mrs. Close's Emigration Scheme, referred to in another page, and then returned home to leave again shortly afterwards for Venice. He spent few holidays abroad. Parts of Germany, Holland, Switzerland—Lucerne in particular—France,



especially the south, and Milan, Florence, Rome and Naples, he knew well enough, but above all Venice. In the spring of 1905 his gondola stopped at the Protestant Home for Destitute Boys, the Head of which is a former worker in his Homes, who married an Italian. One could picture him gliding down the Grand Canal under the azure sky, alertly admiring the historic beauties on every hand, or in St. Mark's Square at sundown with its bewitching glories streaming into his soul. For he had a soul for the beautiful.

But alas! the incessant pressure of ever-increasing work kept him at the grindstone; and when at last he tore himself away it was on account of illness, or to take work with him. For he sketched many a campaign far away from the scene of action. Once he wrote:—

‘To appreciate the beauties of the Riviera a man must have lived in the east of London for the better part of his life. The narrow streets, the pestilential odours, the thick fogs which characterise the east-end, and which depress the vitality of the myriad workers there, act as a foil to set off the resplendent beauties of Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and Bordighiera. I went away feeling that perhaps an indefinite distance and an almost impassable gulf separated me from a condition of health. Indeed, I began to feel almost despondent about myself; when presto! lo and behold! two or three days and nights of the balmy air and of the cloudless skies and brilliant sunshine of the Riviera acted like a magic tonic upon my jaded system. I actually began to feel ashamed of myself for lingering among the idlers who basked in luxurious ease on the Mediterranean Coast. Spite, too, of the lovely surroundings and the glowing landscapes and the almost tropical abundance of foliage and fruit, I felt a thousand times that “the old was better,” and that nothing would induce me to exchange the dear familiar haunts of the east-end, with all its drawbacks, for a prolonged residence in the “Sunny South.”’

In 1881 he went to Rome.

‘Need I say’ (he writes) ‘that the city fascinated and bewildered



me for many days? No places in the Eternal City could be more interesting and soul-stirring to the Christian visitor than the Colosseum, the Catacombs, and the Mamertine Dungeon. One lovely Sunday afternoon, in company with two Christian friends, I descended to the lower dungeon of the Mamertine Prison. We rested on the very spot where it is probable the grandest of the Lord's servants once rested after his trial before Nero, and only a little before he sealed his testimony with his blood. With torches in our hands we stood together on the rocky floor, and having brought bread with us, drank of the water which bubbled from a well at our feet, celebrating as best we could the ancient Love Feast of the early Christians. I cannot describe how sweet it was to sing together softly, as we did then and there, the grand hymn whose familiar words seemed to gather new meaning:—

“Am I a soldier of the Cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name.”

‘At Naples I experienced the greatest disappointment I had ever had. Of course, as everybody knows, the prospect there is perfectly magnificent. Nature has lavished her beauties of form, of colour and of climate, upon the whole scene, and every place reflects the perfection of her work. But how shall I speak of the town and its inhabitants? The task is indeed difficult, but I venture to say, without fear of contradiction, that Naples is, without exception, the wickedest city I have ever been in. As another has written, “God made this place a paradise, but man has turned it into a hell”; and I can confirm this verdict most solemnly. Never in any place that I have visited have I seen wickedness of such a disgusting nature as stalks here unabashed. Horrible and revolting in character, it is moreover so brazen, so undisguised, so flaunting, that one feels as if the fate of Sodom must become that of Naples. The streets run down with vice, not only in that one form so apparent in many Continental cities, and in which the west-end of London is gaining so unenviable a pre-eminence, but in almost every shape, assuming phases which most travellers, I imagine, have never been face to face with. As I walked through the public places, and witnessed the sights and heard the sounds which met eye and ear on every side, I could not help feeling as though the very curse of God were resting upon the place, and wondering why it was Vesuvius did not belch forth the



flames and ashes hidden at her heart to destroy so wicked a city, and to cover up from common view such a nest of wholesale infamy. To leave the town after a three days' residence was an unspeakable comfort. Then only I began to feel at ease, and breathe freely, rejoicing that at length I was out of Naples.'

But he was ill during the journey. Writing to his wife he related his experiences:—

'I have been very, very *ill*. Four days here<sup>1</sup> in bed, but thank God, able to get up this morning, and although feeling still very feeble, to obey my Doctor and go on to Venice this afternoon, breaking the journey at Bologna, where I shall stop the night. I overtaxed my powers by travelling several successive nights, and working hard all day, so as to accomplish all I had proposed. Then on Tuesday I spent forenoon examining the ruins of Pompeii, and after lunch ascended Vesuvius, not by rail but on foot. It blew a stiff, easterly gale all the time, and this made the ascent even more difficult. The first hour was on horseback; but when we reached a certain point, horses could go no further and we had to climb. Shall I ever forget it? Never. Stiff, sore, benumbed, I at length found myself on the edge of the crater, to be stifled and choked with sulphurous and smoky vapours. Then for the descent, which took only twenty-five minutes. On reaching the hotel I felt poorly, and could not eat anything, but thought it was only stiffness from unusual *equestrian* exercise. I was, however, so wretched, and my throat so sore, that I resolved to leave Naples at once and go on to Florence, where, if ill, I could be reached more easily and pleasantly, and which always has many English residents. I left Naples at three in the afternoon, and did not reach here *till seven next morning*. What an awful night I passed, I cannot tell you, nor how I got to my hotel and to bed, but I did somehow, and then sent for Dr. Young, an Englishman of whom I had heard favourably. He came and said I was in for a sharp attack of rheumatic fever and quinsey! I could not swallow or scarce breathe. Every muscle and bone ached, and my temperature was 102-3. He was most kind, gave me salicine every two hours. Wet pack to my throat first, afterwards hot steam—rolled my shoulders and elbows up in wool, also gave me belladonna and gargle. All that day I was alone, not one in the house came near

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<sup>1</sup> Florence.



me, unless I rang three times, and then a wretched creature, speaking a horrible Italian patois, always first answered the bell, and finally disappeared, sending me, after ten minutes' interval, which seemed to me like *hours*, a waiter who could speak English. So at least it was supposed in the Hotel, but he was a miserable cheat, and knew it well. "I spik de Inglis ver' good," and "Yessir," were his whole accomplishments. I was too ill to use the few words of Italian I knew. At length it occurred to me to ask for the *femme de chambre*. She came, a curious-looking Frenchwoman, old and ugly, but very clean, and when she saw that I was ill, very, very kind. With her I was all right, and ever since she has done all possible for my comfort.'

But these changes did not ward off the final conflict, and on 31st August 1905, he set out alone on his last visit to Nauheim. At Cologne he was stranded for four days with an attack of lumbago, and on September 9th a telegram was received, saying that he had had an attack of angina pectoris and was returning home at once. He was met at Paris by his wife and his son Cyril, his brother, Dr. F. A. E. Barnardo, and under their unflagging care he arrived on September 14th at Surbiton. For five days hope fell and rose, but hope was in the ascendant—each day a little correspondence and work; now writing to the 'dear friends' who had subscribed £100 to his sixtieth birthday present, urging them to give him the money rather than a present, for the Dame Pearson Fund which he had established for his fellow-workers who had spent their lives in the service of the Homes; then making preparation for his annual appearance at the Church Congress; betweenwhiles reading his favourite authors and enjoying to the full family life. The last day dawned, bringing a busy morning with correspondence and future plans. At a quarter to five letters and cheques



were brought to him to sign, and he dictated two other letters. Soon after he fell asleep, and awoke at a quarter to six and partook of a light meal. During the progress of the meal he said to his wife, 'My head is so heavy, let me rest it on your face.' He appeared to have no pain but a slight choking sensation. Then he leaned back in his chair and passed away.

He was not afraid of death. 'I have looked,' he had written not long previously in sympathising with a dear friend on the loss of her husband, 'into the face of death. Three times has my life been given back to me after a dire struggle that nearly ended it all.<sup>1</sup> But oh! I can tell you death is not so dark and drear as it is painted, even to the Christian. I felt as in the embrace of a friend. And your dear one is "WITH CHRIST"—"Wherefore comfort one another with these words."'

The news flashed through the reporting world and fell upon fellow-workers and public alike as a bolt from the blue. Instantly the pent-up waters of sorrow flowed like a river through the land. From throne to gutter, messages, ringing with affection, besieged his home at Surbiton and his office at

<sup>1</sup> He had several narrow escapes on railways and in driving through London in his cab, but the nearest was when returning by the Liverpool and Southport Railway on 15th July 1903, after seeing some of his boys off to Canada. The train was wrecked at Waterloo—a station halfway between Liverpool and Birkdale—and three of his fellow-passengers were killed. Of this he wrote: 'I am profoundly grateful to all the kind friends who have sent words of sympathy and congratulation upon my recent providential escape when travelling in the train from Liverpool to Birkdale, which was wrecked on Wednesday, 15th inst. Probably never before in my life have I been brought as in an instant so face to face with death. Through God's mercy a slight bruising and stiffness were the only injuries received, accompanied with some sense of bewilderment and confusedness of mind due to shock, which endured for a while; but I was able to pursue the same night the journey to Belfast previously arranged for.'



Stepney. Homeland and colonies vied in their endeavour to honour worthily the greatest philanthropist of the age. The King wrote :—

‘BALMORAL CASTLE.

‘MY DEAR MADAM,—I am commanded by the King to convey to you the expression of his sincere regret at the irreparable loss which you have just sustained, and the assurance of his deep sympathy with you in your great sorrow.

‘His Majesty is glad to think that you have the satisfaction of knowing that *the public* are sharers in your affliction; and as regards the King, he desires me to say he has always recognised the immense benefit which Dr. Barnardo conferred on poor and destitute children, by his untiring energy, by his constant devotion to the object of his life, and by his courage and perseverance.

‘I am particularly desired by the King to add that he has purposely refrained from writing to you until the funeral had taken place, as he believed that it would be more in consonance with your feelings that he should adopt this course.—Believe me, my dear madam, yours truly,

KNOLLYS.’

Our beloved Queen, the Patron of the Homes, voiced the wishes of the nation in well-chosen words :—

‘The Queen wishes to express her heartfelt condolence and sympathy with Mrs. Barnardo and her family on the irreparable loss which they and the whole country have sustained in the death of that great philanthropist, Dr. Barnardo, whose existence was devoted to alleviating the sufferings of all poor and forsaken children. The Queen prays that his splendid life-long work may be kept up as an everlasting tribute to his memory.’

The Archbishop of Canterbury wrote :—

‘He has been in all ways a man whose memory England will rejoice to honour, and his services to the Empire are of the kind that must endure.’

The Rev. F. B. Meyer :—

‘After the memorable celebration of his sixtieth birthday, I received an affectionate letter from our departed friend, asking me to meet him for prayer and fellowship with regard to our mutual work in the approaching winter. This was characteristic of the



man. The general public knew him as the front-rank philanthropist, the pioneer of children-rescue work, the superb organiser, the leader of British youth into the broad spaces of the West, but deeper than all these great qualities were his faith in God and his walk with Him. The serenity which this hidden side of his life engendered kept him calm, strong, and glad. Earth is greatly impoverished and heaven enriched by his removal.'

From far away Waiapu, New Zealand, the Bishop wrote :—

'His name has for many years been well known and held in honour by colonists in Australasia, many of whom have gladly contributed towards the great work among the waifs and strays, with which he has so long been identified,' enclosing this resolution from the Synod of his Diocese: 'That the Synod, having heard with deep regret of the death of Dr. Barnardo, founder of the National Waifs and Strays Society, commonly known as Barnardo's Homes, desire to express their deep sympathy with his widow in a loss which is not only her personal bereavement, but also a National calamity.'

And many another message well worthy of a place here did space allow, from representatives of churches and kindred philanthropic societies from far and near, was received by his sorrowing wife and family and the Homes. There was a chorus of lamentation, without one discordant note, from the press of the whole empire.

On the afternoon following Dr. Barnardo's death a group of street newsboys waited outside Fenchurch Street Station for the usual arrival of the evening papers. These lads while away the waiting time with a little harmless play, and when the carts arrive they jostle one another in their eagerness to get their supply. On this occasion the carts drove up with their side-boards covered by the single announcement, 'Death of Dr. Barnardo,' in large black letters. As the boys caught the

news, not one moved or fought to get his papers. They stood in silence before the sad tidings. An old friend of Dr. Barnardo's was present, and was greatly touched by the conduct of the lads. Approaching one little fellow he put his hand on his shoulder, and, pointing to one of the boards, he said : 'My lad, the boys of London have lost a friend.' 'Yes, sir,' was the quick reply, 'and a good 'un too.'

The *Times* is typical of all the newspapers :—

'It is impossible to take a general view of Dr. Barnardo's life-work without being astonished alike by its magnitude and by its diversity, and by the enormous amount of otherwise hopeless misery against which he has contended single-handed with success. He may be justly ranked among the greatest public benefactors whom England has in recent times numbered among her citizens. With no adventitious aid from fortune or from connections, with no aim but to relieve misery and to prevent sin and suffering, he has raised up a noble monument of philanthropy and of public usefulness.'

But Owen Seaman in *Punch* expresses with a singular felicity the grief and loss of his colleagues and bereaved family of waif children :—

"Suffer the children unto Me to come,  
The little children," said the voice of Christ,  
And for his law whose lips to-day are dumb  
The Master's word sufficed.

"Suffer the little children——," so He spake,  
And in His steps that true disciple trod,  
Lifting the helpless ones, for love's pure sake,  
Up to the arms of God.

Naked, he clothed them ; hungry, gave them food ;  
Homeless and sick, a hearth and healing care ;  
Led them from haunts where vice and squalor brood  
To gardens clean and fair.

By birthright pledged to misery, crime, and shame,  
Jetsom of London's streets, her "waifs and strays,"  
Whom she, the Mother, bore without a name,  
And left, and went her ways—



He stooped to save them, set them by his side,  
 Breathed conscious life into the stillborn soul,  
 Taught truth and honour, love and loyal pride,  
 Courage and self-control.  
 Till of her manhood, here and overseas,  
 On whose supporting strength her state is throned,  
 None better serves the Motherland than these  
 Her sons, the once disowned.  
 To-day, in what far lands, their eyes are dim,  
 Children again, with tears they well may shed,  
 Orphaned a second time, who mourn in him  
 A foster-father dead !  
 But he, who had their love for sole reward,  
 In that far home to which his feet have won—  
 He hears at last the greeting of his Lord :  
 "Servant of Mine, well done !" <sup>1</sup>

The body was removed from his home on Friday, 22nd September, to the Edinburgh Castle, the scene of his early ministry, where it lay in state for several days, whilst thousands of people—rich and poor, old and young—passed before the flower-strewn coffin, paying their last tribute of affection. Three ragged urchins who had put their mites together and made a shilling went into a florist's to buy a wreath. The surprised shopman asked, 'Who do you want it for?' 'To put on Dr. Barnardo's coffin, sir,' was their reply. 'He was a friend to chaps like us.'

On Sunday, 24th September, a memorial service was held in the Edinburgh Castle, attended by a vast concourse of the poor amongst whom and for whom his whole life was spent. The following Wednesday, 27th September, through streets full of mourners, according him an unpremeditated public funeral, such as no man had received for generations, the long and mournful procession wended its solemn way to Liverpool Street railway station, where it was met by Mrs. Barnardo, borne up in the moment of her intense grief

<sup>1</sup> By permission of *Punch*.



by the reverent sympathy of a world. The procession included 105 boys from Sheppard House, 235 from Leopold House, 30 from the Norwood Home, 81 from Epsom, 355 from the Stepney Homes, 56 from the Youths' Labour House, 288 little boys from the Watts Naval School, a representative group of 20 youths and young men formerly in the Homes, about 300 boys from various Homes and branches in the provinces, and 91 boy emigrants (who left the following day for Canada): some 1500 boys in all. Following the hearse was the empty cab which Dr. Barnardo was wont to use, led by his coachman, Peer, who had been in his service for 25 years. Then followed personal relatives, the President and Vice-Presidents of the Homes, representatives of the General Council, distinguished friends of Dr. Barnardo, and supporters of his work, representatives of numerous societies (N.S.P.C.C., C.E.W. and S., Dr. Stephenson's Homes, Stockwell Orphanage, etc. etc.), members of the staff, matrons, wardens of the Y.H.L., nurses and deaconesses, clerks of the London and country Homes, and members of the 'Edinburgh Castle' Mission.

As they bore his body through the streets of East London, lined by tens of thousands—merchant, clerk, and crossing-sweeper, with heads uncovered in mutual respect—an old woman in rags pressed through the crowded lines, and stretching out her bare arms and lifting her tearful face to the sky, cried out in a loud voice, 'O God, God, give him back to us!'

The whole traffic of the station was suspended as the body, flanked by pall-bearers, according to his wish, of his co-workers in the Homes, was borne to the funeral coach to the muffled sound of drum and the audible weeping of ten thousand sorrowing souls,



thence it was conveyed to the Village Home at Barkingside. The public service, conducted by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Barking, the Rev. H. Newton (vicar of the church at Surbiton where Dr. Barnardo attended), and the Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D., was held in a large marquee, crowded, in spite of a deluge of rain. A touching sermon was delivered by Canon Fleming :—

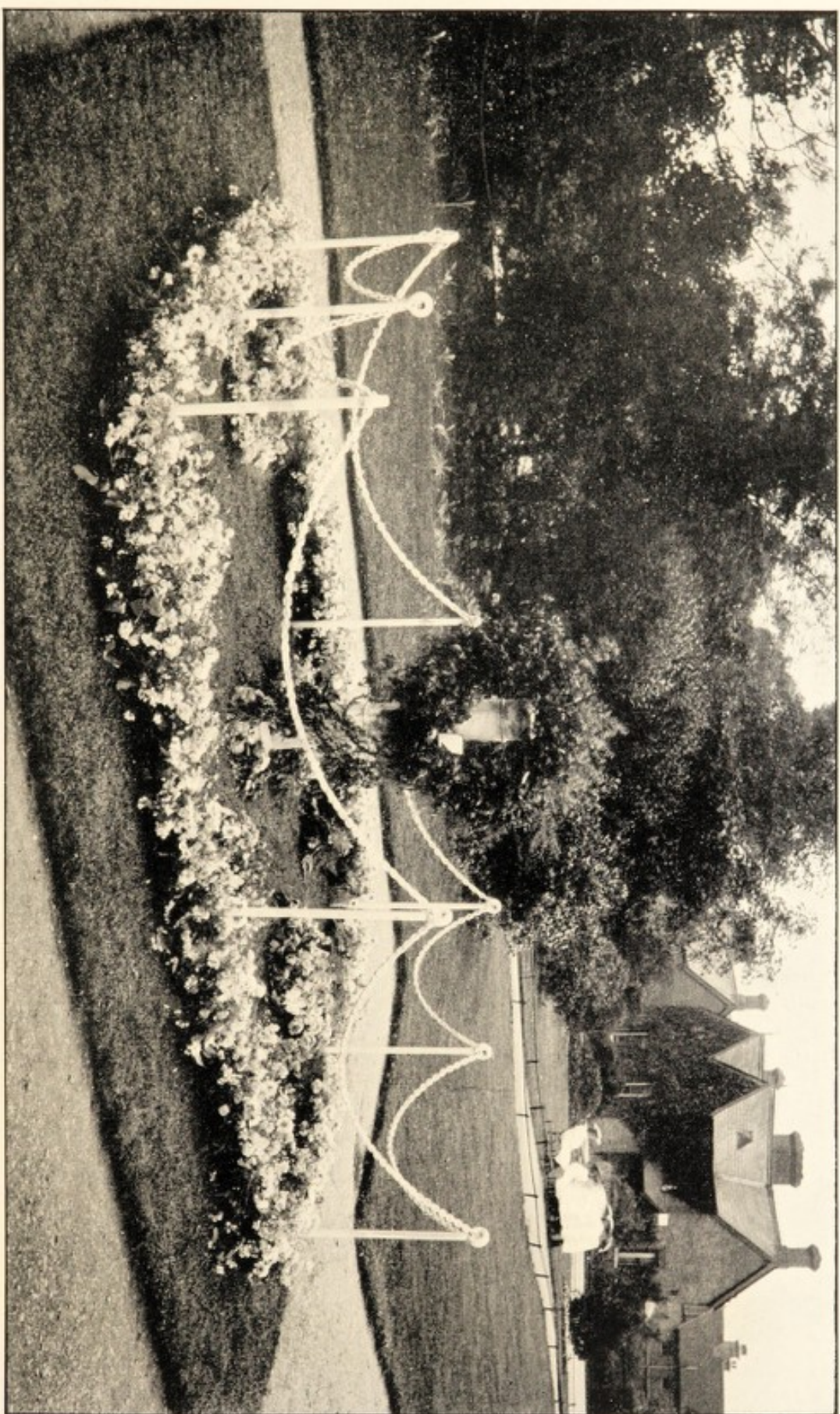
‘He takes his place’ (he said) ‘to-day at the side of John Howard, the friend of the prisoner; at the side of Elizabeth Fry, the friend of the fallen; at the side of Grace Darling, the friend of the perishing; at the side of William Wilberforce, the friend of the slave, of whom it was beautifully said, “He went up to God bearing in his hands the broken fetters of 800,000 slaves.” Yet, we all know, Barnardo has gone up to God, saying, in the words of Toplady :—

“Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.”

‘To know him was to love him; to work with him was to catch a breath of the spirit of Christ. His Christlike work won our gracious Queen Alexandra to be its Royal Patron, and with her characteristic consideration for all around her, she has sent a touching message to Mrs. Barnardo, which she will always treasure, as she will also the message of Princess Henry of Battenberg. Let us and all his devoted friends in Britain, in Canada, in the Colonies, in the whole Empire, and in all the Churches, arise and dry our tears. “He, being dead, yet speaketh.” This is what he says to us: “It is not the will of your Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.” And his 8500 children speak to us. They say: “We are orphans, fatherless or motherless, or friendless, and now that we are doubly orphaned, O England, take care of us.”

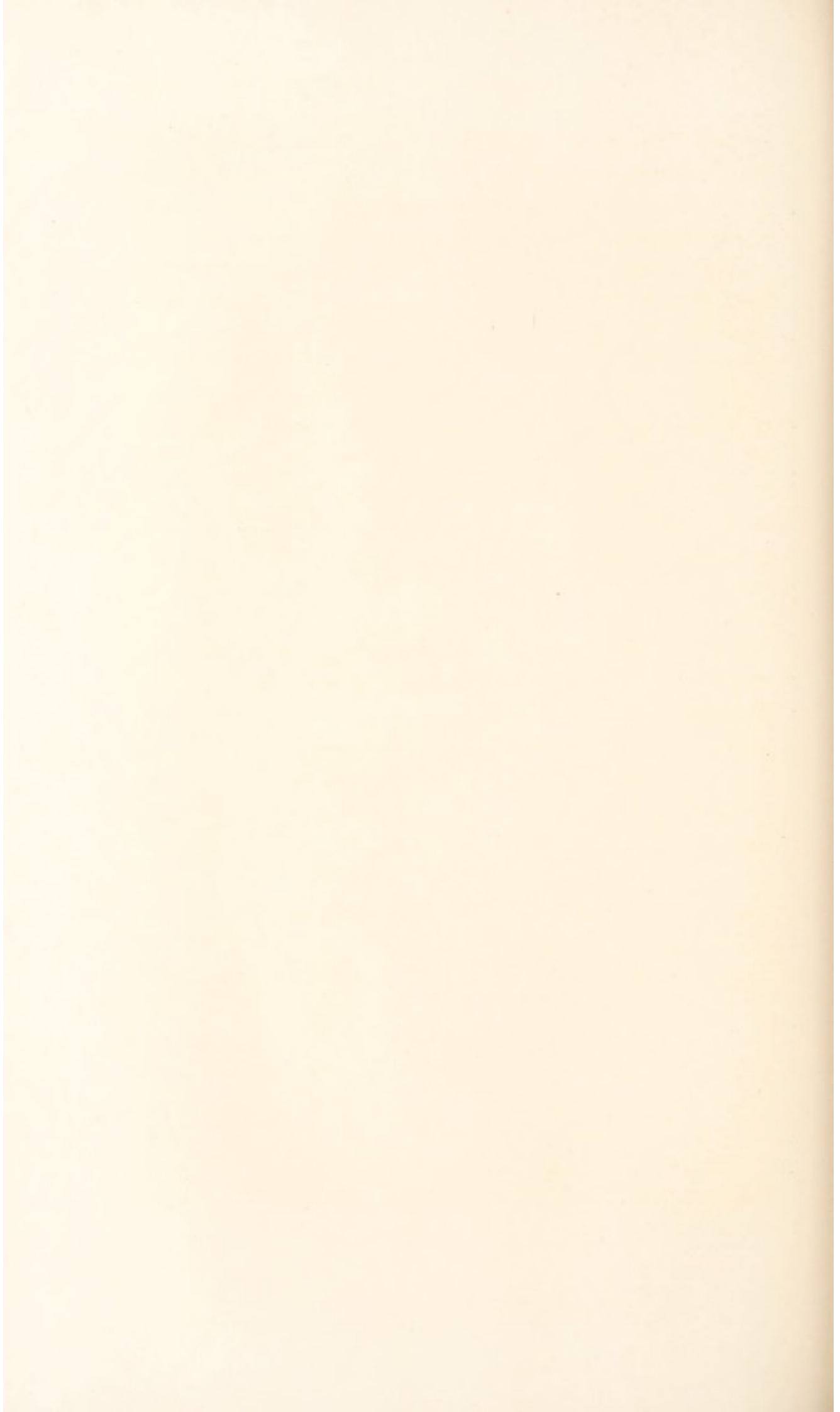
“Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,  
And that cannot stop their tears!  
Now tell the young children, O my brothers,  
To look up to Him and pray!  
So the Holy One that blesseth others,  
Shall bless them another day!”





DR. BARNARDO'S GRAVE, OPPOSITE CAIRNS HOUSE AT THE GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME, BARKINGSIDE





But the most pathetic sight was that of the hundreds of little girls of the Village Home standing in the drenching rain, sobbing as though their hearts would break, and refusing to be comforted.

After remaining in the Village Church to enable local friends to show their sympathy with one whose chief Home was in their midst, his cremated remains were quietly laid to rest on Wednesday, 4th October. The spot had been chosen by himself, in the centre<sup>1</sup> of his Village Home, appropriately opposite Cairns Memorial House, where now a Memorial Room, opened by Howard Williams, Esq., on Founder's Day, 30th June 1906, stands. In that room are collected many things associated with the person of the founders of the Homes, of whom the late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes said: 'Never in the history of Christian civilisation did any human being in any land establish such an institution, so vast and so many-sided, as Dr. Barnardo has done.'

<sup>1</sup> On Founder's Day, 1908, a noble monument, which is being fashioned by Mr. George Frampton, R.A., will be erected over his tomb.



## CHAPTER XIX

### REMINISCENCES AND TRIBUTES

‘ Praising what is lost  
Makes the remembrance dear.’

SHAKESPEARE.

‘ I would not exchange my life and work for any man’s that I know of. If I had to live over again, I would do exactly the same thing, only better, I hope, and wiser, and with fewer mistakes.’

DR. BARNARDO.

‘ I pray that his splendid lifelong work may be kept up as an everlasting tribute to his memory.’—QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

DEATH revives the records which are fading from the slate of memory. The depths of sub-consciousness are stirred to give up the broken impressions of our lost friends, and love repairs what time has touched with the finger of decay. We hear again the voice of the dead, the light of their presence falls upon us, and a crowd of thoughts and incidents associated with them, which the miser memory had hidden, come back to us with the freshness of morning dew, and are invested by death with a new life.

When the lost one has left a record of a life well spent in the welfare of his fellow-creatures, we count it a blessing to have been amongst those who knew him. We are legitimately proud of the association, however slight, and when the opportunity comes to speak of him, we gladly embrace it. How many there

are who knew Dr. Barnardo, who have his portrait on their walls, who keep his letters amongst their treasures, who recount to their friends the occasion of their meeting. Some saw him daily, and worked with him, and although months have passed since they stood by his open grave, they have not fully realised that he is beyond recall. In seasons of sorrow and of difficulty they instinctively and pathetically turn to go to him for that comfort and advice which were never wanting. His wisdom, his wide experience, his time—always doubly occupied—his heart, all were at their service if truly needed. He has left in their lives and in the hearts of a multitude a vacant place.

Let a few of those who thus knew him speak of him out of full hearts.

Miss Stacey, who, as we have seen, was the first amongst his faithful friendly guides, when he was discovering the way of life, recalls, in an early letter to him, 'the tea-party of last Thursday (29th August 1870),' which 'has left a vivid impression on my memory—the confessed past wickedness of some of those lads, and of the present power of the love of Christ in drawing such hearts to Himself, and giving them a taste for *spiritual joys*. Your own special gift, my dear young brother, for winning these once uncared-for souls are subjects for meditation and thanksgiving—your youthful vivaciousness, your love of sacred song and power of voice, are surely instruments which the preparer of the vessel uses for His own glory. I do pray that He may strengthen your outer and your inner man, and guide you continually by His good Spirit.' And she offered him spiritual advice: 'Watch, I pray you, against being choked



with care about ways and means. *Anxiety* about money, even for good objects, is rather injurious.'

Some years later, when Barnardo had opened his Labour House for older boys—amongst whom, amidst increasing cares, he still continued personally to carry on his best work of evangelisation—Pearl Fisher, on the staff of *Word and Work*, attended one of his testimony meetings, 'when the lads rose, one after the other, and told what God had done for them.' He was moved by the testimony of one of the converts, who owed more than food and raiment to his dear master Barnardo, and of whom the Doctor said:—

'William's testimony always broke us down. There was no listening to it with a dry eye. I never heard a lad pray with such fervour, such manifest access to God, such prevailing power, as this poor wandering lad manifested. That night a friend present jotted down a few sentences from William's testimony, given at a crowded meeting of his mates and others. I am indebted to him for the following extract: "I owe everything to the Home, and I thank God I ever entered it. Mates, food and clothes are good things for a starving lad; but, praise God, I've got what won't ever wear out, when clothes are in rags, and even if I am starving again. Now Christ is mine, and I am His; and when I think of His mercy in forgiving my many sins, and cleansing my wicked heart, I haven't words enough to thank Him with, and feel I would like to spend my life in serving Him."'

Imagine a boy in William's surroundings beginning to study such a book as Leviticus, and having his mates around him, often before five in the morning, or at odd moments in the day, while they pored over their Bibles! One night at Edinburgh Castle Barnardo was preaching upon the cleansing of the leper, as set forth in the fourteenth chapter of Leviticus.

'Among my audience' (said the Doctor) 'was this lad and about twenty or thirty others, who were known at this time to be serving the Lord. I did my best to make the subject clear, but



naturally I almost forgot the boys, and spoke chiefly to the immense adult audience before me. When the meeting was over I saw the lads going out, and reaching the door, I touched William's shoulder and said—

“Well, my lad, I fear you did not get much to-night.” His eyes beamed with intelligence and pleasure.

“Didn't I, sir?” he replied. “I got a lot. It was fine.”

“But, William,” I asked, “was it not too difficult for you?”

“No, sir,” he said, “I understood it all; in fact I never understood about them *two ducks* before!”

And then he told me how he and his mates had been diligently perusing that very chapter a few days previously. Now, he said, he understood about “*them two ducks*,” and I really believe he did, for I heard much afterwards of the spiritual results of the lessons learned at that night's meeting.

From another source we obtain a view of Dr. Barnardo's early work, and an example of his earnest resourcefulness. During his student days at the London Hospital he found a sick boy in an East End den, one of the low lodging-houses he visited. He quickly saw that the lad's only hope of recovery lay in immediate removal to a better place. The ‘landlady,’ a virago of a woman, refused to let the lad go until he had paid his arrears of debt, and seized upon his clothes to make her debt secure. The young student was equal to the occasion. He forthwith wrapped the sick boy in his own greatcoat, and bore him off triumphantly to the Hospital.

Many bear testimony to his ‘magnetic influence.’ It was felt even by those who infrequently came into contact with him. Miss Fargie, for seventeen years the head of the Schools at the Girls' Village Home, confesses:—

‘I did not come into very much personal contact with him. But little as I had to do with him, I saw and heard enough of Dr. Barnardo to make me second to none in my admiration and



esteem for him. His personality was wonderful, and to me his magnetic power of making people do what *he* wished—often against their own inclinations—was more marvellous still. In the hands of a bad man it would have been a most dangerous gift, and its possession, to him, must have been, I should think, an added responsibility.'

Pastor Cuff met him when the future of his life was unknown, and discovered in him those high qualities which have left their mark upon his work.

'I first came into close touch with Dr. Barnardo in the year 1872. I knew him and his work before then, but only slightly. I came to Shoreditch in 1872, and almost at once called upon the Doctor. We were both young and enthusiastic, and we took to each other just as two enthusiasts would. Our first interview was not a long one, but it was hearty and sincere. I was about to go, and he said in his own unique manner, "Before you leave me, we must pray together." He fell on his knees and poured out his soul to the Lord, in tones most earnest, tender, and pathetic. It made a profound impression upon me, and I think I can hear him now. When he had prayed, he said simply, quietly, "Now, brother, you pray." That scene took place in a little room just off Stepney Square where he then lived. I believe he then had only two small rooms in that house. There I often visited him, and in that room we often read the Word of God together and wrestled for blessings on our work. They were seasons of high and holy fellowship with God, and with each other, and can never be forgotten. I ween we shall renew them in heaven.

'At that time he was keen, clever, alert, and everything and everybody about him. All his work was shaping itself, and he dreamed great things. But he was humble, simple, and sincere. He was doing the strangest and most unimaginable things to get at the waifs and strays, and save them from such a life. I question if half the things he did will ever be known. As we talked them over, sometimes we laughed, sometimes we cried, and always prayed before parting. His work had begun to grow, and I am sure he had no idea of what it would come to, or to where it would lead him. As everybody knows now, it did grow marvellously.'

All those who knew him best speak of his mar-



vellous capacity for work. The Rev. W. H. Finney, the former Chaplain of the Girls' Village Home, to whom Dr. Barnardo was much attached, tells us that at one time the Doctor

'reckoned that he had done well if he had three nights in his bed in a week. He had in those days about seven beds in different parts of London of which he would select the handiest when his midnight searches were over. At the Stepney Home, the Superintendent there declared that he scarcely ever knew him in before three in the morning, and he would leave word to be called at seven, and would often be up before any of the staff. During the Gossage case, which lasted a week, he never entered his bed. During the day he conducted his case in court, during the night he studied his 'brief' for the ensuing day, and his sole "refresher" was a morning swim in the boys' bath. And all this night work was in addition to long hours at the office and in the Homes. How often have I caught the last train from Fenchurch Street and seen him, as the train passed the Stepney Homes, still in his board-room poring over business, and this was after his first serious attack of Angina pectoris, when most men would have reckoned themselves invalids! He said to me once, "I must see you to-morrow on urgent business; but I may have to keep you waiting as I have nineteen interviews booked between two and half-past six." And it is not too much to say that in every one of those interviews the business would be thoroughly done—as thoroughly as if it were the only business of the day. I well remember one privileged morning when I waited in his room at an hotel in the provinces for an interview. He was good enough to allow me to wait and hear his dictation of letters. I was astounded to hear the patient exactness with which he was making careful and complete arrangements for the assistance of two sad cases which had been referred to him by a parochial clergyman for advice. He not only gave the advice but shouldered the whole of these great burdens, which were in no sense his own.'

He was ever ready to forgive.

'He never bore malice' (said the above friend); 'I never heard him say an unkind word of any one, even when speaking of his bitterest foes. He could fearlessly expose malice, he could resolutely defend himself, where his work was affected, but he was



incapable, in the greatness of his soul, of harbouring personal animus. He was speaking to me once of one who had in early days been a close friend. Latterly, however, the love had turned into distrust, if not something worse. He had been saying bitter things of the Doctor, and of these things the Doctor was then speaking. "Ah well!" he said, "God knows I bear him no malice. God bless him!" This was his spirit. Others too testify to this forgiving spirit. An early friend in Dublin writes: "Too often was the sneer and the shaft of ridicule flung at him. But he let it pass—his invariable retort was a smile. Recrimination I never knew him to indulge in. Yet this was not due to any softness or excessive amiability, for it was sufficiently apparent to all that whatever he may have lacked, it was not virility or independence of character.'

Another worker, Miss Woodhead, Secretary of the Young Helpers' League, remembers his gentleness.

'I think what perhaps struck me most was his gentleness and greatness of character. I remember once in speaking to me about some one who had done wrong, and he could prove it, he said to me, "No, I won't drive a hunted dog into a corner." I wondered at it then and I have never forgotten it since; it was just a little glimpse into his greatness of character.' Like Dr. Milne, she also noticed that 'he seemed to be able to do everything well. I am not speaking now only of the wonderful organisation which the work shows, but of his marvellous capabilities as a man—God was with him, and whatever he did it showed the touches of a Master's hand. I think of his preaching. Sunday after Sunday I heard him, and I used to wonder at his power and influence. Then again, with children he used to know exactly what to do with them, and how to speak to them, for he loved them. I was never a bit afraid of him—we did not always see eye to eye in the work, and I used to think sometimes he liked me better to say when I differed; in fact I think he liked a little bit of opposition.'

A member of the staff, writing in the *Quiver*, after Dr. Barnardo's death, recalls the same characteristics:—

'On one occasion he was considering one of those thorny,



troublesome questions which so often confronted him, where prudence and policy seemed to urge in one direction, the dictates of duty in another. "What would you do if you were called upon to decide this matter?" he suddenly asked, turning to a gentleman who was present. He who was questioned considered a moment. "I think I should do so and so," he answered. The suggestion seemed good. It struck a middle course, and appeared to clear away the difficulty, but it was unmistakably a compromise with the sterner side of duty. The Doctor pondered. "Yes," he said, "that is the easy way out of it; but, you know, I never take the easy way." And that was true of his whole career. He never took the easy way. His first consideration was the interests of the individual child whose future was at stake, and from that standpoint nothing would move him, no matter how thorny or difficult the path threatened to be.

'He had a lovable way of laying his hand upon your arm and pressing it gently as he spoke to you. Many a boy and many a member of his staff have gone away delighted and inspired by that affectionate pressure.'

And Miss Chalmers, a personal friend, thus comments on the first time she met Dr. Barnardo. It was at Cannes. 'One was so struck with his appearance: the great organising brain and the mouth so determined, and yet, at the same time, so strangely sensitive, and his beautiful courtesy to every one; he listened to every one with a deference that some would only show to the wisest or most exalted.'

Dr. Heywood Smith, who was upon his committee for fifteen years, strikes a similar note:—

'I had opportunities of observing Dr. Barnardo and his method of work. His dealing with the little ones brought under his care was ever characterised by great gentleness and forbearance. He knew every one of his huge family, entered into their special circumstances, and made them feel that he was indeed a father to them. Above all, he was ever solicitous to put before them the way of salvation, and both by his precept and example to point them to the way of life; and thousands will bless God that they were ever brought under his Christian influence. In any



personal relationship with him I am glad to bear my testimony to the reality and heartiness of his friendship, and his sympathy and kindness on many trying occasions.'

The same testimony to his greatness comes from Canada. Mr. W. Redford Mulock, K.C., of Winnipeg, who accompanied Dr. Barnardo to choose his Industrial Farm, who met him every time he visited Canada, and who was devoted to him, says:—

'His visits were an inspiration to me. They were like fresh air from higher altitudes. His personality was striking. It was such a pleasure to meet him. One of our boys will, I am sure, never forget the impression left behind by the Doctor. His faith was inspiring. His works follow on. His monument is found in all lands, and on the last great day many thousands will rise up and call him blessed and thank him for pointing them to our Saviour.'

In other parts of this book are fragrant reminiscences from those who in Her Majesty's Hospital and his Village Home watched him moving amongst his children, where he was seen at his best. But the Board Room at Stepney was the place which knew him most. A sketch of one day in his life from the moment letters reached him at Surbiton until he sprang into his cab at Stepney and, driven by his skilled, faithful coachman Peer, caught the midnight train again, will give a graphic view of the multifarious engagements which filled his days, of the calls from near and far for help, and of the manner in which he disposed of his time and did his work.

When at home in Surbiton, a formidable batch of letters would reach him each morning—letters marked 'private,' which none but himself ever opened; letters in reply to his own personal communications, or on matters which were known to be receiving his super-





DR. BARNARDO AT WORK IN THE BOARD ROOM, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY





vision; letters from members of the staff, or the public, with which he alone could deal. Urgent letters, and those from correspondents whose communications were easily recognised, would receive first attention. To these he would rapidly dictate replies to a skilled amanuensis; his habit being to go straight on, passing from one letter to another, concentrating himself absolutely upon the particular letter before him. Then he would turn to the less pressing matters, and deal with them in the same rapid manner. A little heap of typewritten replies would soon be ready for his signature, but meanwhile a selection of the shorthand notes had been made, and a number of these despatched by special messenger to Stepney, for transcription at the office. Occasionally his morning, even at home, would be interrupted by callers, and he had to tear himself away from his absorbing correspondence. At one o'clock all papers would be quickly gathered up and put into a bag, already full to overflowing with accumulations, and the Doctor would hurry off to the station to catch a train to town, reaching his office at 2.30.

Hardly have hat and coat been removed when a knock comes at the door of his private room, and a message is handed in: 'Mr. —— is sorry to disturb the Director, but he has a very important matter on hand, concerning which it is essential he should have a decision without a moment's delay. Might he come in?' Mr. —— is admitted, and pours forth the details of his case into the Director's ear while the latter partakes of a hasty lunch. One or two searching interrogations, a glance through the file of letters, and the decision is given, and Mr. —— departs.



Scarcely has the door closed upon him than another message comes: 'An important visitor has called unexpectedly, and wishes to see over the Homes, but more especially to see Dr. Barnardo. Can the Director give him a few moments?' 'Yes, certainly. If he will kindly go over the Homes first with the Guide, by that time I shall be at liberty, and will see him.'

Emerging from his private room and entering the Board Room, he finds, on a large table covered with correspondence and papers relating to matters still under consideration, a pile of documents from members of the staff placed in a prominent position and marked 'Important.'

Mr. — has a curious case on hand; he has conducted the correspondence up to a certain point, but he now feels he can go no further until the Director has examined the whole matter.

Several letters have passed between Mr. — and a member of the public: he, too, has arrived at the point where Dr. Barnardo must be consulted.

Miss — requires counsel as to the attitude to be adopted by representatives of the work on much-debated points. A letter from one member of staff to another has been misunderstood. A 'deadlock' has ensued. Will the Director arbitrate?

An appointment of a head matron for one of the Homes has to be made, and papers and testimonials gone through and the final decision given.

The magazine is on the point of going to press. Will Dr. Barnardo peruse and pass certain proofs for the next issue?

The Architect now arrives by appointment and all the recent correspondence with him is brought



forward. Plans, specifications, estimates, are quickly discussed, and for a considerable time he is buried in matters architectural; the particulars of a house offered by a generous donor are gone into; the drainage of a certain Branch which has frequently given trouble; all is gone through in detail.

As the Architect departs, a messenger comes in with a telegram. An infectious disease has broken out in one of the Branches. Mr. — is instantly summoned to the Board Room. The position is discussed, and a trained nurse dispatched and all necessary arrangements made without delay.

By this time the important visitor has finished his tour of the Homes. He is from the Continent; he has been greatly impressed by all he has seen, and feels he must just see Dr. Barnardo and shake him by the hand before he returns and leave with him a small donation. He has a number of questions to ask about the why and the wherefore of this and that in connection with the Homes, and all are carefully explained before he leaves.

The next to arrive is a representative of the press. The editor of a certain magazine is contemplating the insertion of an article on the work in Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The Doctor rapidly traces the work from its foundation, the various methods and principles adopted, statistics are furnished, questions put and answered, and the interviewer goes off with abundant 'copy.'

And now a matron with three girls makes her appearance from the Girls' Village Home. These girls are going out to their first situation and have come for their last interview with Dr. Barnardo before leaving the Home. Each girl is seen separately.



A few last, earnest, searching words of counsel and advice are given, the total abstinence pledge is taken, and a Bible, Dr. Barnardo's last parting gift, is placed in each girl's hands.

In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. — have arrived by appointment. They have a lad upon whom every care and attention has been lavished, but in spite of everything he has persisted in 'going to the dogs.' They seek Dr. Barnardo's counsel and advice. A new and wise method of dealing with him is suggested and they depart with hopeful and grateful hearts.

Mr. —, who represents a firm by which a special portion of the printing of the Institutions is often done, is next on the list. He has some excellent ideas for a new appeal to be issued shortly. The new proposition, submitted in skeleton form, comes in for a searching criticism, is discussed from all points, and Mr. — departs to submit a proof in a more complete stage.

Meanwhile members of the staff have been sandwiched in between these interviews, while others have gone away in despair to return later.

And so the afternoon passes rapidly away, and not till 7.30 does the business of dealing with the correspondence recommence. One or two special evening clerks have arrived and the Secretaries' Department is still all hurry and bustle. To facilitate rapid work the correspondence has been classified as far as possible, but in the majority of cases the only method of classification is the degree of urgency.

A good friend of the work writes on behalf of a young man in whom he is interested. He gives a few particulars of the young fellow, from which it appears that he has held one or two positions, but for



various reasons he has had to give them up. The Doctor's correspondent is sure that in such a great work as Dr. Barnardo's there must be some post which this young fellow could just fill. He reminds the Director of his own contributions to the work, and looks forward to receiving a favourable reply by return.

The Clerk of a provincial Board of Guardians informs him that his Board have been discussing boarding-out as a method of dealing with the children in their Union, and would be very glad of Dr. Barnardo's opinion as to the advantages and disadvantages of this system.

A correspondent has written a book and sends Dr. Barnardo a copy. Will he please read it and give the author his candid opinion?

A minister asks, Could Dr. Barnardo spare a Sunday afternoon to come down and address his men's Bible-class of from 800 to 1000? A friend deeply interested in the Homes writes, 'If only Dr. Barnardo will come and open their bazaar its success is assured: can he do so?'

A good lady in the North of England claims to have been a subscriber to the Homes in former years, and now tells a very pitiful story of her own deep poverty and distress. What can Dr. Barnardo do for her?

A gentleman, having recently seen a copy of the magazine, feels that he would like to adopt a boy out of the Homes. He sets forth, at great length, the kind of boy that he would like to have. He must be a good boy; he must not have any relatives who would be likely to lay claim to him; he must not be disfigured in any way; he must be in full possession



of his faculties, and a boy whom Dr. Barnardo can thoroughly recommend ; in short, he must be possessed of every virtue and void of every vice.

A girl, at one time an inmate of the Homes, having passed through many and varied experiences, is in trouble. She feels she has no one to whom she can look for counsel and advice except Dr. Barnardo. How soon can he see her ?

A correspondent abroad, knowing of Dr. Barnardo's work, is anxious to start a similar institution in his own country. He asks for a supply of literature and information as to how to proceed. Should he start the Home in a large town or out in the country, etc. etc. ?

A gentleman who has for many years been a subscriber to the Homes is unable to understand why a recent application for the admission of a child strongly recommended by him has been declined, and writes that unless satisfactory reasons can be given him he feels he must withdraw his support.

Some one asks for particulars as to the prospects of employment in Canada and the advisability of emigrating. A master from South Africa asks why Dr. Barnardo does not send lads to that country. In any case, can he send the writer two strong lads ? A lady from New Zealand wants Dr. Barnardo to send her two girls as domestic servants. A subscriber is promoting a petition to Parliament on a certain subject : will Dr. Barnardo sign it and send it round to all the Vice-Presidents and Members of Council, and so assure its success ? And so on.

In addition to the correspondence of the day, many matters, frequently postponed, and often of increasing urgency, demand attention. The table is



covered. Letter baskets, packed to overflowing, adorn the office. Necessarily, therefore, only the most important of the day's letters receive replies; the remainder are either put aside in the vain hope that the morrow may yield the time necessary to deal with them, or they are placed in the Director's bag to be taken home, in the same fond belief.

At about 10.30 P.M., realising that the night is wearing on, Dr. Barnardo calls for letters to be brought in for his signature. Each one is carefully read; this word and that word, frequently whole sentences, heavily underscored; a word inserted here, another deleted there; the smallest typographical error immediately detected, and the pages sent back for correction.

Presently it flashes across the Doctor's mind that certain letters, which will not brook delay, have momentarily escaped him. Signing is interrupted; a few moments of rapid dictation, and a fresh batch of shorthand notes is hurried off to the typing-room, with instructions that the first place must be given to them. The signing, correcting, and underscoring is resumed and goes steadily on. Presently the Doctor raises his head, and gazes thoughtfully across the table. Laying down his pen, and rising to his feet, he begins slowly to pace the Board Room backwards and forwards, with head bent, deep in thought. An exclamation escapes him. 'I have it! Yes, that is it!' Then, turning to his Private Secretary, he explains, 'I'm sorry to give you any more, but this *must* go to-night! How glad I am I thought of it!' Another letter is speedily put upon the notebook. That letter involves the dictation of at least two others. The Doctor is *very* sorry, but they *must* be



*done, and he must sign them before he leaves.* The typing staff are in despair. At 11 P.M. Dr. Barnardo calls imperatively for letters dictated in the earlier part of the evening that have not yet come down for signature. They must come down at once! He must have them before he goes!

In the writing-room machines are going at full speed. As soon as a letter is finished it is hurried down for signature; time will not admit of its being read before being submitted to the Director. 11.30 has struck. Dr. Barnardo has just ten minutes, and he has a great many instructions to leave for the heads of departments in the morning. While waiting for the letters to come down, he has been glancing through the pile of matters submitted to him by members of the staff, and he must give replies to several of them. Once more the shorthand notebook is in requisition, and replies to the queries put before him rapidly dictated. With two minutes still in hand, he sits down to sign one or two letters sent forward from the typing-room. Late as it is, these letters must be very carefully read through before he signs them. Ah! he detects an error. 'Whatever does the man mean by writing that? He must have known it was wrong.' A sentence which should have run: 'Sister Jones is looking very fit,' has been rendered: 'Sister Jones is looking very fat,' and the Doctor is filled with righteous indignation. 'The man who made that blunder must have it pointed out to him at once. This must be altered, and brought down to me before I go; I dare not let it go until I see it corrected.' The few seconds occupied in correcting the blunder are utilised by the Doctor to dispose of a few of the matters demanding his



attention; then, being satisfied that the mistake has been rectified, he hurries to his private room, calling to his Secretary to attend him. Plunging his hands and face in cold water, and seizing a towel, further instructions on various matters escape him during the process of drying. So many matters crowd to his mind that ought to be attended to, now that he has to go. They cannot possibly be done that night, but they must be put in hand, without fail, first thing in the morning. Hat and coat are donned, and he prepares to leave. A few parting instructions are given on the way downstairs; an exhortation to see that certain letters do not fail to catch the post, that others, which have to be signed 'per pro,' are carefully read through; that certain communications to heads of departments reach those concerned at the earliest moment; that a list of engagements for the following day comes to him by the morning post, and then he jumps into the cab awaiting him, and drives off full speed to Waterloo, just catching the last train, frequently already on the move, to Surbiton.<sup>1</sup>

The foregoing but feebly portrays the continuous, unceasing pressure of the Doctor's daily life. From early morning to late at night, hardly a moment could he call his own. When at length he turned his back upon the office, the feeling weighed upon him that he had left far more undone than he had accomplished, and yet he had the consciousness that no man could possibly have done more in the time or have given more time to the work than he himself had done.

During the later years of his life the heavily burdened day was usually followed by a practically

<sup>1</sup> We are indebted to Mr. A. E. Williams, a private secretary to Dr. Barnardo, for this account.



sleepless night, and the early morning hours would find him tired and worn out, and occasionally suffering from terrible depression. But, as the day advanced, his indomitable will would assert itself, and all his powers would be spurred into action once more. Then the usual programme of the day would be repeated. And so he went on, day after day, week after week, month after month, never pausing till sickness laid him low. Again and again, when warned by his medical advisers that he must slacken the pace, or face the inevitable consequences, he resolved to heed their warnings, and to rigidly shorten his hours of labour. Many and various were the plans devised to accomplish this, but all alike failed. So long as power remained to take one more step, it seemed impossible for him to halt—that last step must be taken.

With this insight into his exhaustless patience and activity, we do not wonder at Dr. Milne, who bears several testimonies in this volume to this great and tender soul, concluding :—

‘He was an enthusiast. Whatsoever he put his hand to, he went for with energy. During the thirty years of our association, loyal and true devotion to his Lord and Saviour was the key to his character. Never for a moment did he appear to waver. His was a master mind. Never was he confined to one line of thought or service. From the first we looked upon him as one whose equal we would never meet again. His natural gifts excelled in so many arenas. As an orator, preaching two or three times a week to thousands in his beloved church—the Edinburgh Castle—we felt, had he given all his powers to this, he would have been first in the land. We urged him to devote all his wondrous gifts and powers to this and to the defence of Christianity, and allow the burden of the work of the children to fall upon other shoulders. “No,” he said, some time afterwards; “I feel my Master has called me, and given me as my life-work my children, and for nothing can I desert them.” “*Then* you must take the advice Moses had from his father-in-law, Jethro, and from among



the many able helpers you have, put the burden of the ordinary work and toil upon them, reserving for yourself the higher direction and difficulties of the work." "I must do it myself, or it would not be done." "Trust them, leave it to them, and you will find them rise to the test." Had this been done, we would have had our beloved Director, friend, and Founder with us still.'

Thus those who knew him, and they belong to a great company, testify to the greatness of his character, to the breadth and reality of his sympathy, to his entire devotion to his Lord and Master, and to the work He gave him to do amongst the children of want.

The nineteenth century was notable for the men and women who devoted themselves to the service of suffering children. Lord Shaftesbury of London, Miss Macpherson of Stratford, George Müller of Bristol, Thomas John Barnardo of Stepney, Leonard K. Shaw of Manchester, William Quarrier of Glasgow, Monseigneur Nugent of Liverpool, J. W. C. Fegan of Southwark, T. Bowman Stephenson of the Wesleyan Church, E. de M. Rudolf of the Church of England, and Sir John Kirk of the Ragged School Union—to confine our outlook to the British Isles alone—form a group of philanthropists of which any country might justly be proud. These from early days set before themselves the salvation of the abandoned child, first for God, then for itself and the nation. Of these philanthropists Dr. Barnardo, by universal consent, represented in his single person the united efforts of all. Whether we consider the magnitude of his labours, or the catholic principles upon which they were founded, or the success and support they received, he was a shining example.



## CHAPTER XX

### CONCLUSION

‘No great work was ever done by a system. Luther was an individual.’—DR. BARRY ON NEWMAN.

‘Never let it be forgotten that there is scarcely a single moral action of a single man of which other men can have such knowledge, in its ultimate grounds, its surrounding incidents and the real determining causes of its merits, as to warrant their pronouncing a conclusive judgment upon it.’—GLADSTONE, *Gleanings*.

LET us, in concluding this narrative, take another look at the man and his work. Dr. Milne, for thirty years the beloved physician of the Home, to whose skill so many of the afflicted children owe their deliverance from cruel deformities and death, has given a little pen-portrait of his dear friend and chief. He had crossed the Border for the first time and met the doctor.

‘We were shown into the dining-room. In a few minutes we expected to see a grave and reverend senior enter, when lo! a dapper little gentleman, spick and span, in all the ruddy glory of early manhood, entered. His step was brisk, his eye bright and searching, but friendly and sympathetic. His manner frank and kind. His frame firmly knit and squarely built. The upper part of his body well developed, but diminishing downwards. His chest was large and powerful, but his massive head upon a short and thick neck, speedily riveted our attention. The baldness set off to the greatest advantage the high yet somewhat narrow forehead. The back of the head finally fixed the attention, witnessing as it did the most unique driving-power and energy we have ever seen. That fine head measured twenty-four inches.

As we surveyed him for a moment, the thought sprang, "It is not you we want, but your father."

In character Dr. Barnardo was essentially a strong man. He made up his mind quickly on every subject—and not only quickly, but firmly and decisively. His mind once made up he went straight ahead, and it was difficult for any one to turn him from his purpose. Had he been a man more easily swayed by the views of others he might have saved himself many of the troubles and anxieties through which he passed. On the other hand, without that inflexible will, there can be little doubt he never would have done the great work he accomplished. As the years of life went on, his character mellowed, and he showed a disposition more ready to listen to the opinion of others, but he remained the strong determined man of action to the last.

In some respects he was like Napoleon. His word was law; he was an autocrat. What he said, he said. The Pope of Rome could not have gainsaid his action. Something of this temper was acquired, and served his diplomacy well, but the source of it lay in that inborn force of character which carried him from the merchant's office in Dublin to the seat of authority over thousands of lives, and the infinite details of an undertaking which no man before him had essayed. Autocracy does not commend itself to many, but when it is backed by extraordinary genius and ability, when it emanates from a deeply affectionate and lovable nature it almost becomes a virtue, and certainly loses its poisonous sting.

The following incident is an illustration of the use of this autocratic spirit. On the occasion of one of his great entertainments some of his fellow-workers



had spent much time in arranging the table for the luncheon. When all was ready the doctor rushed in, gave a comprehensive look round, and, to the chagrin of those who had been toiling all the morning, condemned the whole arrangement. He was soon bustling round insisting on and assisting with a fresh scheme. The staff, for the moment, felt resentment at the autocracy of the incident, but all were ready, afterwards, to confess that the large company could not have been seated but for the doctor's suggestions and alterations.

He knew his own powers, and he determined to use them. His staff was but the projection of himself. He wrote to one member to the effect that he wanted men and women to carry out implicitly his ideas, not their own. He was born to rule, and knew it. Writing to another of his workers at the close of a meeting, he said, 'I am essentially what may be called a strong man, *i.e.*, I rule.' We may doubt the wisdom of such a personal declaration, but it reveals what he could not hide.

He had a wonderful memory for facts, for faces and individuals. Mr. W. Hind-Smith, who watched him closely for many years, bound by the deepest sympathy for his work, said:—

'I knew something of Barnardo as a thorough man of business, and was much impressed with his grip of detail. I once heard the following testimony borne by one of the finest business men I ever knew in the city of London, *viz.* :—If you were to ask for any paper or particulars about any one of the thousands of children who have passed through Dr. Barnardo's hands for all these years, he would be able, in less than ten minutes, to place the particulars before you.'



Notwithstanding the enormous number of different people with whom he came in contact he never forgot a face, and always remembered the previous history of any individual whom he had once seen. The value, in his work, of this peculiar faculty cannot be over-estimated. Even after the children in the Homes numbered thousands, he knew the majority of them individually and by name. He carried efficiency in detail to the point of fastidiousness. The Albert Hall displays were striking evidence of his phenomenal capacity for detail, and of his shining abilities as a born organiser. An instance of his care for detail is shown in a letter to one of his workers :—

‘I think the ink you use is bad, it looks brown, half washed out, as if you had adulterated it with a little water to make it last longer. *Do* use good ink, good paper, and a decent pen, and, above all, write distinctly and clearly, if, in this busy age, you want people to give attention to you. I assure you, it took me five-and-twenty minutes to make a clear sense out of your first report. . . . It is not neat, you know, or orderly, but the very reverse, and I feel that that will affect our whole work, unless we are careful and methodical.’

A devoted friend has said that he had the greatness of mind which could devise schemes on an imperial scale, and yet keep hold on the smallest details. He not only gave general orders, but he knew and arranged the minutest details in every one of his 130 houses and branches of his work. If he could not say ‘Good bye’ personally to any emigrant he would write. The following letter to a girl who left under such circumstances is interesting from this point of view and also gives the keynote of his farewell talks to his emigrants :—

‘I have been much away from Stepney for some time past, but I do not like to feel that you have left my care without a message from your old friend.



‘My dear girl, I want you to remember that you have gone out into life to *establish character for yourself*. If you begin with an honest and earnest resolve to seek God’s help and to please Him, you will be happy ; but then you must watch against those faults which too often destroy a girl’s chances of happiness. I would earnestly beg of you to see that you cultivate a habit of absolute *truthfulness*, and that you will never conceal a fault by a lie. Tell your mistress the truth, even if you have to confess a very serious fault. Then you know how important it is for a girl to be *honest*. Take care, my dear girl, never to soil your hands by touching one penny which is not your own, or any article of wearing apparel or of wood.

‘Then, I must also remind you that *if a girl loses her modesty* nobody ever respects her. And it is so easy by careless ways to lose that sense of modesty, quietness and propriety which is the greatest adornment of any girl ! God help you, my dear, to watch against *the beginning of temptations to do wrong*. If you are asking Him night and morning, and beseeching Him to keep you from temptation, you will be made strong to resist evil. Nothing will so assure your own happiness and usefulness as the habit of constant daily prayer.

‘I want you, too, to become a *total abstainer*, to pledge yourself solemnly and earnestly not to taste or touch any kind of intoxicating drink. Drink is bad for anybody, unless ordered as a medicine by a medical man ; but for a girl it is sure poison !

‘I have already sent you my Bible and also a Pledge Card. If I had seen you I would have asked you to promise me that you would *keep my Bible always*, and never give it away or lose it or lend it, but regard it as *my last gift to you*, and I would wish you to promise me also that you will *read at least six verses every day*. Now if you can write and promise me these two things, and that, by God’s help, you will lay what I have written to you to heart, you will make me very happy indeed.

‘I shall enclose you two stamped envelopes so that you may write to me whenever you like. Each envelope is marked “Private,” so that none will open it but myself ; if you have any little secrets to tell me, they will meet my eye only.

‘I hope, my dear girl, that I shall hear that you are pleasing your mistress, and that you are not saucy or bad tempered or lazy, but obliging, polite, respectful and hardworking, that you get up early in the morning, and endeavour throughout the day to please your mistress as much as you can.



'Goodbye, my dear girl, God bless you and keep you, is the constant prayer of your sincere friend.'

If tradesmen thought inferior goods were good enough for a charitable institution, they quickly found their mistake. The best was what he demanded, and nothing less. Everything must be done well. Perhaps the secret of these enviable powers lay in that abounding sympathy which enabled him to display infinite patience to reach the desired end, and to draw the best from those who served him, and who spared not themselves to better their previous records under his spell. He was rarely satisfied; perfection was always something better. The most obstinate loyally yielded to him. Was he not giving himself unreservedly to the work? It was no commercial enterprise, and commercial term could not rule where love reigned. His workers entered the service of the children. They were chosen by him because they sympathised with his object. Many were as enthusiastic and as devoted to the cause as himself, but all felt the call to serve the children through the children's friend.

A great trait in Dr. Barnardo's character was his deep affection. On the nearest and dearest of his home circle he lavished a wealth of love. His friends and co-workers all recognised and valued the note of warm personal affection which characterised their intercourse with their chief. His devotion to his wife was shown at Nauheim, the day after his terrible attack of angina. Dr. Groedel had ordered him home. On Saturday morning before leaving he made Nurse Jung take him in a carriage, and drive to a silversmith's. He insisted on being helped out of the carriage into the shop. He had seen an antique silver



curio, and had made up his mind to get it for Mrs. Barnardo. He was in intense agony and scarcely able to speak, but he selected the curio, paid for it, and took it home. He never visited a place without bringing back to his wife some keepsake. This is but one of many incidents which could be related, and which all go to prove that from this deep well of affection he drew indomitable pluck, even over the most acute physical pain. This devotion to his wife and family, the strong link of family affection, and love and confidence which bound them all together is really remarkable when one considers how much he was immersed in public work.

He had five sons and two daughters, of whom three sons are dead.<sup>1</sup> Thomas was the first to go hence. 'Dear Baby Tom,' the only child called after his father, did not live long. Herbert the second was a gentle, dear lad, dreamy and fond of music. Diphtheria claimed him as a victim, and the same disease claimed the fourth child a little later. Kennie was a noble and fearless boy; daring, clever, and fond of all outdoor games. He seemed to have inherited his father's disposition more than any of the others, and had he lived would most likely have reflected his father's life and character. Dr. Barnardo saw this more than any one, and he reeled under the loss.

Away in Winnipeg, five years later, his dreams are disturbed by the cruel blow:—

'I heard our Kennie's voice last night as plain as ever I heard

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<sup>1</sup> William Stuart Elmslie Barnardo.  
Herbert Barnardo.  
Gwendoline Maud Syrie Barnardo.  
Kenward A. E. Barnardo.  
Thomas Barnardo.  
Cyril Gordon Barnardo.  
Marjorie Elaine Barnardo.

it: "Where is my father? Why doesn't he come to me?" My poor darling, how his engaging ways come to my mind! I try to feel resigned, but there are times when I cannot keep down the passionate regrets and longings for my boy, but they will rise to my heart and lip.'

Speaking of it to a faithful worker and friend, he said:—

'When Kennie died I found it very hard to be submissive or to understand why God had taken him, but the answer came to me when we were staying away and the others had gone to church on Sunday evening, but I felt I could not go, and I wandered about the churchyard till presently I saw, on a child's grave, the very message I wanted—"Taken from the evil to come,"—and from that moment I never had a murmuring thought. I knew why God had done it.'

In *Night and Day*, in reply to many letters of sympathy, he wrote about the death of Herbert:—

'I have been called, in the Providence of God, to experience a severe family bereavement in the loss of a dear son, nine years of age, a child of much promise, around whom many fond hopes gathered. I mention the sad fact here chiefly in order to thank very many whose letters of sympathy were a great comfort to us in an hour of inexpressible sorrow.

'As may be imagined, this loss has only intensified my desire to continue, with what earnestness I can, that work of child-rescue committed to my care. As my dear boy lay gasping in my arms, and I gazed into the little pinched face, growing cold in death, hundreds of other child-faces appealed to me through his, while other wistful eyes looked out at me by the waning light of his dear eyes. I could but resolve afresh, as I then did, that, by God's grace, I would consecrate myself anew to the blessed task of rescuing helpless little ones from the miseries of a neglected and sinful life. *Now I know the vows of God are on me.* I dare not turn aside from this work. By His help I will not. The little ones are His; yes, assuredly *the children* belong to Jesus Christ. Let it be my task through life to fold and shepherd them for Him.'

A touching incident is recalled by one who was



present at Kennie's funeral. Quite a crowd followed the little coffin covered with flowers to its resting-place in Bow Cemetery. As they neared the grave, another coffin of a poor child met them with not a wreath upon it. Dr. Barnardo instantly took some of his own child's blossoms and laid them tenderly upon the flowerless bier. That act is an index to his heart.

Amidst great responsibilities and duties, he watched his own children at school with jealous eye. Writing to one of his own boys, he says :—

'Some fellows are very enthusiastic over football and cricket and bicycling, but have no interest in their lessons, and so never put their heart into them, and never really get on. Now, I hope *you won't be like that*, but will just work hard and fairly, at your lessons as well as at your sports. Above all, dear boy, "NEVER DO A MEAN THING."

IT *IS* mean to lie.

IT *IS* mean to allow another boy to be blamed for your fault.

IT *IS* mean to take advantage of a fellow who does not know about things as well as you do.

IT *IS* awfully mean to take anything that is not yours, even if only a foreign stamp, or a pencil, or a button.

KEEP *HONEST*, dear —, and always quite *straight* in little things.

ALWAYS speak the truth and only the truth, at all times.

KEEP your mind and thoughts *pure* and *clean*. Never listen to a boy saying dirty, rude things. Never look at another fellow doing rude things. Never soil your dear lips that Mother has kissed, by talking about rude, nasty things.

REMEMBER you are *my* boy. Dr. Barnardo's own boy, and keep from everything wrong and dishonourable for my sake and Mother's.

DON'T forget to pray *every day*. If we ask GOD to keep us and mean it, *HE will*. And then when we are tempted we will be strong to resist the devil.

DON'T TEAR UP THIS LETTER, but keep it carefully.'

Upon Marjorie, his younger and delicate daughter, he lavished his affections. Again and again, in letters to friends, he speaks of her :—

‘Marjorie is sweet,—she is just pulling my chair with a “Daddy, darling, whur goes my book?” Which means, what have I done with her Sunday picture-book. I devour her with kisses. I cannot tell you how I love these little bairns, not merely my own, but all others, wheresoever and whomsoever they are. So does Marjorie. She is like me in that,—she adores children.’

At midnight in June 1903 his sore heart received much consolation and his wide affections a new awakening. He writes to Miss Stent the same hour as the good news reaches him: ‘Congratulate me and revere me! I have just become a grandfather to a lovely boy, and the darling daughter out of *much* suffering is tasting the sweets of motherhood.’ So God compensates, and through great family tribulations He brought him to peace; a peace, as we have seen in the close of his life, deepened by the homecoming of Queenie, the mother of his grandboy.

The lower animals had a share of his sympathy. Miss Chalmers tells how, when she was staying with Dr. Barnardo,

‘He had a sudden illness the very day I arrived, and next day there was to be a great gathering of the West End at the Stepney Homes—the first venture of the kind—the occasion was the opening of the new Swimming Bath. Dr. Barnardo was down at breakfast, attending to every one. Queenie asked leave to wash her little white dog, so that I might see it to the greatest advantage. As she left the room, her father jumped up to follow her. Mrs. Barnardo begged him to save himself for the great fatigue of the afternoon; but he said, “In the interest of the poor little dog I think I ought to help her,” and he went.’

Of home life, however, he could see but little. Often



he resolved to change his methods of work so as to reach home for evening dinner. Now and then he invited friends to dine, thus compelling himself to leave betimes. He worked at home before starting his daily work at Stepney; but this did not mean more time at home, but actually more of Stepney at Surbiton. Writing to his daughter he says:—

‘I fear I have not succeeded in doing one thing which I had intended to do when I returned home, viz. TO GET HOME EARLY EVERY NIGHT. You see, my dear, it is more difficult to accomplish than I first thought. I tried it for a night or two, and I will tell you what it meant. It meant that to get home to dinner, even if dinner were at eight o’clock, I had to leave my office at six; just the time when our business was beginning most actively. I have so many visitors in the day, and so many appointments to make, that I can only settle steadily down to correspondence after six o’clock, when the front office is closed. Then I can get through a splendid stretch of work between that and eleven, and gradually it has come back to my leaving the office as I used to do at a quarter past eleven, by which I am able to catch the 11.50 train at Waterloo, and get into the house by 12.40. If only I could arrange this in a better fashion I would feel exceedingly virtuous; but that is the penalty I pay for living at Surbiton. I have to spend an hour and a half each way in the train or on the journey. Still I would not like to leave Surbiton. The river and its surroundings are exceedingly pleasant for C——, and now for S——, and your mother enjoys this place more than she has done any place we have ever lived in, so that I would be slow to change.’

The key to his life was in his heart. It is true as a friend wrote of him:—

‘His head<sup>1</sup> and his physique were as nothing to the heart of

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<sup>1</sup> There was much truth in the playful letter Barnardo sent with the present of a set of lace-pins to one of his wards:—‘I am sending you a little case of pins. . . . I hope you will sometimes use the pins, and when you do, think a little of the giver whom they are not unlike, for is it not true that he is sometimes prickly and too pointed in his comments? Secondly, is not he occasionally useful in holding things together? Thirdly, have not his critics said that his head is the best part of him?—which comments are an allegory.’



DR. BARNARDO'S FAMILY

HERBERT BARNARDO

K. A. E. BARNARDO

MRS. WELLCOME (QUEENIE) AND HER LITTLE BOY

C. G. BARNARDO

W. S. E. BARNARDO





the man. A working man declared it to be as large as 'Ide Park. But he underrated it at that estimate. He comes nearer to Bunyan's Great-Heart, the Escort of Pilgrims, than any it has been my lot to meet. What a depth of sympathy! And it went out most to the oppressed. I have often driven with him in his cab, and his solicitude for the children of the congested streets by which we made short-cuts to the office was most tender. It led him to take just those helpless and hopeless ones whom no one either would or could take. I have seen him with the most hopeless of cripples. How gently he handled them, devising every kind of plan or contrivance, and sparing no expense to alleviate their sufferings or to brighten their lives! And how he loved them! I can see him now with one of these blighted ones sitting on his knee, quite recently, the wasted arms thrown round his neck, listening to the quiet talk of the confiding child which would send him back refreshed to his labours for all such.'

No man ever had more devoted friends than Dr. Barnardo, and yet in his later life we find him constantly expressing regret that he had no bosom friends outside his family circle. The meaning of the word friends differs with the individuals who use the term. To a man of Dr. Barnardo's great heart and fathomless love it had a very full meaning, but in his ceaseless work for his Master there was no time for such complete friendship as his affectionate disposition would desire. Hence there are very few letters of a personal character. He dictated almost everything, even letters to his own family. Time, it is true, often allowed him no other choice, but he grew out of the habit of using his pen, and when he did write he says, 'My hand is numbed and I cannot go on.' Two family letters remain, which were only completed after several breaks. He acquired a certain facility in dictating, but his letters lost the personal impress. There is no gossip, and his soul reveals no secrets. However confident his helpers (and he was and had



cause to be grateful for such faithful help), he seldom wrote with careless freedom. To his brother-in-law Mr. H. Forbes Elmslie, who with his wife, on the death of their only child, gave up his business in the United States to take up the children's work, he wrote every Christmas.

These letters show the affectionate regard and deep sense of gratitude he had for his staff.

‘I don't want this season to come and go without sending you a few earnest and very hearty words of thanks for the splendid service you have rendered our work during another year. I am becoming more and more sensible of your great ability, and more and more thankful that I have secured so loyal and so indefatigable a colleague. God bless you, my dear fellow, and may we long work side by side. This little cheque which I want you to accept as my Christmas-box is a beastly thing to offer you,—but, to tell the truth, I did not know what to buy and left it to you; you would get something you really need, and which would remind you of your old pal.

‘All Christmas blessings be yours and Vere's!’

And in sending Sister Eva a Christmas gift he says—

‘I am sending you a little gift, which I beg you to accept with assurance of my warm appreciation of all your kind and tender services towards my dear boys and girls under your care. I am afraid it is very wicked of me to send to so saintly a person as you are such a modern invention of the devil as a puff-powder box. Still, I suppose there are times when even the most exalted souls remember they have bodies; and there are seasons when the most demure faces get chapped with severe winds and the large use of alkaline soaps, and on such occasions it may be necessary to alleviate the condition by an application of some medicated remedy, such as boracic powder or the like. Far be it from me to hint that you would use any other kind of powder, so that I can, with a good assurance, ask your acceptance of the enclosed small box, from a perfectly professional standpoint, and no doubt you will accept it in the same spirit. Let me now wish you a



very happy Christmas, not only for yourself but for all under your charge, for every member of your staff, and for all my dear boys and girls who are at present resident at H.M.H. I may perhaps look in to-morrow. I do not know—I shall see. Perhaps, if you have anything very nice going, I may be tempted. In any case, I trust you and yours will greatly enjoy yourselves. May I give you, in closing, a little bit of sage advice, quite in your private ear? Don't eat too many mince-pies! I assure you that advice is worth at least a guinea. Good-bye, good-bye.'

Such letters are rarely found in his later days. Not only were his letters almost invariably dictated, but their subject is mainly business; he wrote for his work and his last letter was about it.

Dr. Barnardo was always a hard worker. Even during the last year of his life, when he might have been expected to work less strenuously, he habitually continued his labour far into the night. He worked not only long, but at high pressure, with every faculty of his mind alert, keen and concentrated on the particular matter in hand.

His work so absorbed him—there were so many people to see and so much to foresee—that he remained hour after hour past ordinary working time, and when the great city was in silence and its workers snug in suburban villas, the wheels at Stepney were still humming. He kept a Diary for six days during 1882, which, promising inward confessions, drops into a record of his day's work:—

'23rd Nov. 1882.—Am greatly troubled to-day by reflections as to the want of purpose, plan, and method in my life. So much is vague, diffusive, and indefinite "beating the air," the rest too hurried to be strong. Think may correct some of this by making daily entries of duties performed or neglected and work designed. By looking back occasionally may thus endeavour to "pick up dropped stitches" and "mend nets." The Lord also give me a purer life. Am too vain, idle, and self-indulgent. Strangely enough at times also too self-conscious, leading to depression—the



whole doubtless springing from vanity. Yet how little to be proud of! Sometimes my conscious inferiority as a workman of any sort is overwhelming; then upon the crest of some poor wave of temporary success forget the previous humbling lesson and imagine myself as always successful.

'To-day and yesterday with the — at Westridge, Isle of Wight. Spoke last evening for the Y.M.C.A. on Homes; far below my estimate of good speaking, but seemed to give general pleasure. To-day rose at 7.45, breakfast 8.30; took prayers for Mr. —. Visited —. Long conversation with Miss — on errant nephews. I suspect whom she wants me to assist in some way. Offered to see him on Friday at Stepney. Early dinner at four after good drive (in which I acted as coachman to pair of horses, greatly to my delight). Stopped to examine remains recently discovered of Roman villa at Brading; then home. In the evening to Ryde to address, with five others, young women of Miss Hadfield's class. Meeting lasted three hours. Speakers unconscionably wearisome—I also. Home at 9.30, very tired; tea; worship; reading till 2 A.M. Bed.

'— very restless; has bought estate, but cannot use till March. Wants work. Offered him and Mrs. — the organising and opening arrangements of — House. They to live in the neighbourhood. Think they will accept. This will give them experience much needed. A radical Churchman—but, I trust, true-hearted, spite of grave defects of character and training.

'24th.—Breakfast, 8.30. Left by 10 train and boat for London. To printers' on arrival. They very tiresome; delay my work so; office till 10.30. General — and son called to-day, instead of an appointment for to-morrow. The latter, a young scamp, now at a sailors' boarding-house in Shadwell. Offered to get him apprenticed on board good ship for Australia. Will see owners to-morrow. Home, very tired; supper; read till 2 A.M. Bed.

'25th.—Breakfast in bed, where read office letters; then dictate replies to secretary till 11 o'clock. Off to see K. W. E., and owners of vessels *re* —. Arranged office. Met — and father; lad left in my care till he goes on board. Saw two applicants for deaconesses. Corrected proofs O. D. Correspondence till 7.30. Off to Bible-reading at E. C. Full room; Nehemiah; very attentive, and, I hope, helpful. M'Carthy and Campbell returned. C. I. M. from China present. Home, 10.30. Heard Donovan seriously ill and unattended to; off with Syrie to see him; called



on Milne to accompany. Syrie turned back. Home, 1.30. Supper. Reading till 3.30. Bed.

'26th.—Breakfast in bed, where read letters. With secretary in study till 1 o'clock; then to Labour House. Arranged many affairs. — lost temper; wishes to leave. His wife sadly incompetent. Then to office till 5 o'clock. Home; tea. Afterwards to E. Castle; large meeting for prayer and testimony. Needham and many spoke. Home again, 10 P.M.; reading till 2. Bed.

'27th.—Breakfast, quarter before eight. To E. C. Needham preached to overflowing company; "I am the door." Attended Lord's Supper; very happy, although much I don't like. Am less and less impressed by propriety of "open" Table. Am sure *not* God's order; but congregation not prepared for any change. Afternoon, Mrs. Needham; two-thirds full. On Naaman; clear and impressive. Evening, Needham, to very full and packed congregation; large numbers remained. Remarkable evening; *many* from L. House seemed deeply moved. Lord keep them.

'28th.—Very tired; could not rise till 9.30. Breakfast in bed. Afterwards letters and secretary till 12.30. Willis' Rooms to meet electrical engineer; how slow and inert these people are. Nisbet's *re* Smith's action. Burt's; No. N and D. posted. Office till 6.30; at correction; then to E. C. Saw candidates for church membership till 8 o'clock. Presided then over temperance. Needham, Groves, and H. Guinness, junr., spoke—the latter very well; most refreshingly, and wonderfully like his father; made a great impression. Numbers took pledge and blue-ribbon. Home, 10.30; tired. Supper. Read till 2.30. Bed.

'29th.—Breakfast, 7.45. Worship; Mark vi. 1-5. Study till 11 A.M.'

Here the Diary ends.

His religious opinions are not quite private, since his personality was merged in his work. Undoubtedly the dominant tone and practice of his life, from his conversion in 1862 to 1893, was evangelical and nonconforming to the standards of any Church. The children for Christ, Church or no Church, was his creed. He made no secret of his aim, which was the conversion of his children.



‘On one occasion he was told that the patronage of a great and wealthy lady philanthropist could be secured if he could put something into her hands which omitted from its statements the spiritual basis. He nobly refused to sacrifice Christ’s glory for golden patronage, and was assured that it was useless to proceed further in that direction. A High Church sympathiser, after a survey of the Homes, regretted that he failed to find throughout them a single “sign of our redemption.” He was taken by the Doctor into the boys’ chapel, and pointed to the Bible which lay open on the reading desk. It was true no cross hung anywhere, but everywhere was an open Bible, and as that had been the guide of his own life and the food of his soul, so he prayed it might be the guide and sustenance of every child in his family.’<sup>1</sup>

It is of comparatively small moment to which church on earth he belonged; references to his religious opinions have been made in former chapters. Of his personal religious convictions it will be enough to say that he was intensely and actively interested in all religious questions, he tried to keep to himself what was not essential to be known, for his work’s sake, and in the later years of his life he revived his interest in, and came into closer communion with, the church of his baptism and youth—the Established Church of England.

Dr. Barnardo was intensely human. It is his intense human personality which lives in the thoughts of all who had the privilege to be his associates or friends. His long contact with the seamy side of life never turned him into a ‘charity machine’ or dulled his sense of sympathy. He would return home after a long day in the East End, and as he related to his wife some sad scene he had witnessed, tears would stream from his eyes at the mere remembrance of the pity of such suffering. On the other hand, his sense

<sup>1</sup> Rev. W. H. Finney.



of humour was largely developed. He seldom, if ever, joked in public, but the breakfast-table at home was merry with his jokes and quips, and only those who knew him best could see how strongly he was often moved by a well-concealed sense of the ludicrous side of many otherwise serious matters. In a letter to a friend he says :—

‘It is still a standing joke with us at home that my wife is to go down to open a bazaar in my place and to give an eloquent address! She turns very red in the face when I remind her of the eloquent words she uttered on a certain occasion in Leicester. After that the whole incident ends in a peal of laughter, in which the poor creature has to join as heartily as I do. So you may guess, however many my infirmities, the sense of humour is not yet quite dead in me.’

His deafness, which increased with years, dulled the point of many a joke. In one case which came before the Court of Appeal, he wanted to have set before the Court his whole principles of action. — told him that counsel would be stopped by the Court, but that if he conducted his case himself he could probably say what he liked. He resolved to take this line. — supplied him with law books and the line of legal argument. He argued his appeal before the Court, of which the late Lord Esher, Master of the Rolls, was President. Lord Esher was much given to somewhat jocular, somewhat personal remarks to any one arguing a case before him. Dr. Barnardo had Mr. Daw in front of him to tell him what the Court might say. When Lord Esher let fly one of his remarks, the Doctor said, in a stage whisper, ‘What does he say?’ Mr. Daw repeated his lordship’s joke. ‘What?’ said the Doctor. The joke was again repeated, while all the Court laughed. ‘What?’ again said the Doctor. Mr. Daw repeated



it again, and added, 'It is only a joke.' 'Oh!' he ejaculated, and went on with his argument. After this had happened two or three times, Lord Esher thought that his jokes lost some of their flavour when repeated, and he became quite silent and listened to the Doctor without interrupting—a very rare thing with him.

He found time, amidst absorbing interests, to appreciate literature. Reading was his recreation. In some tender letters to his elder daughter, who was the jewel of his heart, which are too personal for publication, he refers now and then to the books he has been reading :—

'I wonder have you read or seen Hall Caine's *Eternal City*? It has met a varying fate at the hands of the critics. Stead, in his *Review of Reviews*, says that it is an ambitious failure, and lays down therein as the grounds of his criticism certain canons which, if generally adopted, would, in my judgment, altogether metamorphose fiction, so that it would become, instead of fiction, history to be judged by ordinary rules of historical criticism. I think such a position is not to be maintained for an hour, and personally my view is that the book is the greatest triumph Hall Caine has as yet achieved. You must not think because of that that I agree with the opinions he expresses, or that I admire the morality which at times comes to the front; but of its deep human interest, of its marvellous dramatic power, of the infinite variety of striking episodes, and above all of the exhibition, in however crooked a frame, of portraits of human life, pulsating with true nobility and grandeur, there can, I think, be no doubt. True, the pope he creates is such a pope as never lived and never will, and the socialism is of a type such is but seldom met with; but the grandeur of the conception, and the felicity with which all the incidents are, without straining, brought into beautiful harmony with the main plot of the story, make an impression upon the mind that is almost indelible.'

Again :—

'A very remarkable book has been brought out recently. You



ought to read it, and read it with diligent care, *Five Years in Ireland*, by Michael M'Carthy. . . . Michael M'Carthy is a strong and loyal Roman Catholic. He is a patriot. His father, who was a follower of Parnell, was imprisoned by Gladstone as a member of the Land League. This makes his son's book all the more remarkable. I also would like to send you Hall Caine's *Eternal City*, and Rudyard Kipling's *Kim*. All three are well worth careful study. The latter is unalloyed delight. It is redeemed from the worst features of Kipling's earlier books, but contains all those marks of a versatile genius, and all that marvellous command of nervous English, which have distinguished Kipling above all living British authors. Yes, I quite think *Kim* is the best thing Rudyard Kipling has yet given us.'

He had strong feelings. For the children of cruelty and neglect it burned white-hot. He once desired to be a Justice of Peace; had he sat on the Bench, he would have found it difficult to judge dispassionately the man or woman who ill-treated a child. In defending the children in his Homes he showed little mercy to those who were responsible for their sad plight. Towards his little ones, even when they had done wrong, he was infinitely tender. Even his rules as to punishment for misdeeds show his strong paternal feelings.

'I am desirous that no sort of doubt or uncertainty shall exist in the mind of any of the employees of the Institution upon the subject of the punishment of the inmates. No Master, whatever be his position, except only Schoolmaster, Resident Master, and Governor, has any power or authority to administer any form of punishment whatsoever. The Schoolmaster's punishment is to be limited to two strokes on the hand—one on each hand. All cases of misconduct are to be reported to the Governor, who will himself order such punishment as is thought proper, and a record of the same will be kept in the proper books. In the Governor's absence, the Resident Master has authority to punish a boy if urgent necessity has arisen, and it be obviously important that the punishment should not be kept over until the Governor returns, but such punishment by the Resident Master should be



in the presence of at least two other witnesses, and must be reported immediately afterwards to the Governor. Any Master, be he who he may, who raises his hand or foot to any boy in the house, who is found guilty of having struck a boy with his hand, with a stick, with his foot, or treated him with violence, even though the boy be not struck, will be peremptorily dismissed. All the Masters are entreated to remember that the law of kindness must govern the house, and that when breaches of discipline and grave misconduct render punishment necessary, it can only be administered by the constituted authorities.'

He revelled in relating stories of his dear children; how he found them, and what they became. He remembered for long years the smallest details of their lives. These tales from real life made known his work far and wide. In addition to opening the purse of charity, they now and then burst the budding activity of a worker, who felt the call to go and do likewise. Leonard K. Shaw of Manchester, who died a few years before our hero, is an example.

'From first to last,' says a devoted friend of Dr. Barnardo's work, who relates the story, 'Leonard K. Shaw and Dr. Barnardo were the closest and best of friends and allies. Their common work only served to knit these two noble souls together, where meaner minds might have found a ground of jealousy. The last time they met on earth was on the landing-stage at Liverpool. Mr. Shaw seemed as if his strength was failing, and taking his arm, Dr. Barnardo walked with him, after their parties of emigrants had gone, and besought him to rest. "My rest is amongst the children," said Mr. Shaw. And then he added what, I believe, was not before known to the Doctor, that it was his little book, in which the story is told of the piteous death of the little "Carrots," which had been God's clarion-call to Mr. Shaw to devote his life to the childhood of Manchester. It was like Leonard Shaw's humble spirit to acknowledge the medium of his inspiration, as well as to avail himself of the counsel and help which his London friend was ever ready to give.'

Another instance of the practical influence of his example comes from Bengal. The Homes for Orphan



Children, founded in that Province by the Rev. J. A. Graham, were fashioned from Dr. Barnardo's model. And Mr. Graham is proud of the parentage.

'Dr. Barnardo,' he writes to us, 'may in a real sense be considered the Founder of our Homes, for it was no doubt the example of his work and faith that led me to consider it feasible to begin in India. His Cottage Settlement at Ilford was our model, and one of the first House Mothers, who has been a great help to us, Miss Hunter, had her training at Ilford. I wrote to Dr. Barnardo for advice as to colonisation, . . . and it was practically arranged that he should take charge of our children in South Africa.'

Dr. Grattan Guinness, writing from Australia says :—

'Beloved Dr. Barnardo, with his beaming face, cheery voice, broad brow, big brain, glowing heart, indomitable courage, tender sympathy, intense philanthropy, unwearied activity, and marvellous practical ability,—when shall we see his like again? The noble and blessed work he accomplished is his witness and memorial, a living monument to his character and worth.

'My late wife, who laboured so abundantly in the founding and supporting of our missionary work at home and abroad, loved dear Dr. Barnardo, and greatly appreciated his philanthropic undertakings, while I not unfrequently addressed large assemblies in his well-known mission hall, the Edinburgh Castle. We thus frequently met, and the memory of our friendship is sweet and fragrant now, a friendship never overshadowed by even a passing cloud. My only regret is that I did not see more of him in later years, but our absorbing occupations stood in the way of this. Now that he is gone, I feel that I have lost a dear, personal friend, and a precious link with the past which nothing can replace. And the world is poorer for his absence; a beautiful life is ended, a fair and shining light has been extinguished, and I mingle my tears with those of the children, the thousands of rescued children, who have lost by his removal a father and a friend. Earth is poorer, heaven is richer! What he is there, and what he will be for ever in the more exalted service to which his abundant labours on earth will prove but the introduction and prelude, who can conceive? If they that "turn many to righteousness shall shine



as the stars for ever and ever," it will surely be his to shine like Sirius or Canopus in the eternal firmament, a star of the first magnitude, by the grace of God, and to His glory. I sometimes wonder what the meeting will be like when the hundreds of missionaries and the thousands of children in which we were mutually interested shall gather and mingle before the throne of God in heaven? Surely that meeting will yet take place, and the hearts of all who have loved our brother Barnardo, and lost his presence for a while, will be satisfied then, and will rejoice in the issues of God's wondrous providence. Meanwhile, may the example of our beloved brother lead us to abound the more in the work of the Lord, knowing with a blessed assurance that our labour "is not in vain in the Lord."

His work set him on high, broadened his sympathies, and to him many who were not destitute children turned in time of trouble. Young men of the universities and others, some even of noble birth, who were in the hands of Philistines and worse, opened their inmost souls to him in a way they probably would not have done even to their parents. This confidence touched him deeply. He was guardian to children not in his Homes; many wards were entrusted to him under pathetic circumstances; and his vast correspondence with them shows with what faithfulness, often abused, he discharged his sacred trust. He acquired an exceptional wisdom in guiding young lives not under his immediate care, and were it opportune to tell this side of the story of his life, the extent of the work he did and the confidence reposed in him would be greatly enlarged. The following is a form of letter he used for these cases:—

'Dr. Barnardo has, in the course of his long and varied work among Orphan Children of the "Waif and Stray" Class, been frequently and urgently solicited by parents and guardians of young people in the middle and upper classes, to give advice and



assistance in difficult cases. Sometimes boys and girls addicted to dishonest habits, whose parents or guardians occupy a good position in society, have been brought to him ; at other times he has been asked to aid in saving young people who, tainted by the bad example of servants, have fallen into vicious ways, or who, from want of proper management and control when young, have become uncontrollable and defiant towards all who were responsible for their conduct. Other cases have been brought to him for assistance, where children, gently born, whose relatives were all dead, so that they were consequently as really destitute of friends or means as the very poorest of the waif children under his charge, and it became a very serious question for his consideration as to how he should act towards these various applicants, all of whom were manifestly of a totally different class to those contemplated by his public work.

‘ Gradually Dr. Barnardo began to assist one and then another according to his opportunities, sometimes by advice only, in other cases by taking over the entire charge of the individual child. Where the parents or guardians possessed means, they, of course, were called upon to defray the whole expense involved in these particular cases ; but after a while Dr. Barnardo saw clearly that he must not accept any responsibility for the training and control of these children, even in cases where the whole expenditure was met by relatives, unless he had a perfectly free hand. In other words, he refused to interfere at all unless he was made, by the signature of a deed prepared by his solicitors, the Legal Guardian of the child in question until he or she became twenty-one, and thus obtained an opportunity of exercising a wisely-planned system of continuous discipline and control until the individual child no longer needed such restraint and aid.

‘ In a few cases where the parents were dead, and where the surviving relatives were so absolutely poor that nothing could be contributed by them towards the child’s maintenance, Dr. Barnardo succeeded in getting promises of special aid on behalf of these children from benevolent people who were disposed to co-operate with him in so good a work ; with the result that at present eighty-seven boys and girls, some of whom are now almost young men and women, are under his charge as wards, whose sole Legal Guardian he is, and the greater part of whom have already exhibited the benefit of the training through which they have passed. These young people are not congregated together in any one insti-



tution, but are all of them isolated one from the other at different schools, collegiate establishments, and places of training throughout England, Scotland and abroad. In some cases his wards are at German Conservatoria or at good schools in Switzerland and France. In two instances young men who had been under his care for several years have been able to go forward to the universities. Several of the girls are now teachers or artists, and in at least two remarkable cases the young ladies have given themselves and been accepted for Foreign Missionary labour.

‘Unable to reply personally to all who have written to inquire, Dr. Barnardo has had this little paper printed for private circulation only, so as to save him the trouble, which an enormous correspondence involves, of writing full explanations to those who consult him on the subject; but as the whole of this work is apart and distinct from his public labours among waif and stray children, he will be very much obliged if the person in whose hands this paper falls will regard it as a private and confidential communication, and return the same to him as soon as it has been perused and considered, for the diffusion or circulation of this paper would bring to him such a multitude of candidates for aid as would be overwhelming.

‘Meanwhile, Dr. Barnardo wishes it to be distinctly understood that in no instance can he promise his interference unless it appears to him to be a case of pressing urgency, and unless he sees in it a clear prospect of being really useful. Moreover, this is not a business venture undertaken to make money, and therefore NO OFFER OF HIGH TERMS WILL INFLUENCE THE DECISION HE MAY COME TO IN ANY CASE. Each application for advice and aid will always be determined purely on its merits, and the friends of a penniless child will have as much chance of success as those who possess means and are able to guarantee the payment of the annual charge involved by the child’s maintenance. But for these very reasons it is of the utmost importance that the schedule of questions sent with this should be very carefully, conscientiously, and fully replied to by those who desire to obtain Dr. Barnardo’s assistance or advice in any case of a similar character.’

He was a sagacious reformer. Others gave themselves to uplift the masses, and, in the main, they began with the adult. Barnardo began at the bottom—with the outcast child. Mrs. Bramwell Booth has



said that to commence with the adult is to start at the wrong end ; and she is right. To redeem society we must save the children. If success is measured by percentages, work amongst adults is often a failure, but amongst children an inspiring success. Transplanted from slumdom at a sufficiently early age, they often outgrow hereditary tendencies and become, in fifty cases out of a hundred, healthy, law-abiding citizens. If all the neglected children of one generation could be gathered into such a Home as Barnardo founded, and their parents segregated, the question of adult pauperism would almost vanish. He, more than any social reformer of his time, built upon a solid foundation. With children hourly knocking at his door for admission and thousands within to feed, he had no time and no inclination to adopt the attitude of a cold spectator ; and the shining example he leaves of what one man can do who puts his shoulder to the wheel whilst others babble, should shame many into actual work for the good of their fellows and especially the children. A few Barnardos well supported could do much to save England.

His life is a notable example of splendid audacity of faith : ' No destitute child ever refused admission ' was, as the reader has seen, no mere motto. It is the measure of his faith in God<sup>1</sup> and man and his reading of the obligations of the nation for its children. He liberally interpreted the word ' destitute,' but even in so doing refused thousands, many of whom

<sup>1</sup> ' I dare not, because of either lack of funds or the fear of debt, cease for one hour that work of God to which I have been called—I *must* go on. I dare not, and I will not, falter or hesitate, God helping me, while life shall last. I purpose by His help *never to refuse a single destitute child*, though there should not be one shilling in my purse or a loaf in the larder.'—DR. BARNARDO.



would undoubtedly have grown into better citizens under his roof.

The Right Hon. the late A. J. Mundella, M.P., says :—

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

‘I can only say, without in the least flattering Dr. Barnardo, that, at the conclusion of our inquiry, I came to the opinion, which was shared, I think, by all my colleagues, that we could wish that in the Local Government Board there was a Department for the Poor Law children of this country, or what are called the Children of the State, and that we had a Dr. Barnardo to place at the head of it.’

His achievements were not confined to the Homes which, since his death and by the unanimous resolution of the Association, now officially bear his name, making them, as the Queen, their Patron, happily stated in her telegram of sympathy to his widow, ‘an everlasting tribute to his memory.’ He helped to reform the old poor-house system, imparting to it more humane and sagacious methods. Boards of Guardians, the country over, slow to initiate charitable efforts which send up the rates, have been impelled to bring their system of child-relief nearer to the standard set up by Barnardo at Stepney, and his Cottage Homes at Ilford. And other charitable institutions have learned much from him, especially in the matter of child-emigration; whilst the State in a small measure, compared with what might have been done, has profited by his enterprise at home and over-seas. In showing what voluntary effort, of



18-26 STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, E.  
HEADQUARTERS OF THE INSTITUTIONS AND BOYS' HOME





which he was the champion, can accomplish, he has aroused State officials, whilst emphasising their failures and limitations, to make more use of their peculiar powers as guardians and treasurers of the people's blood and money. He helped during his lifetime, more or less permanently, a quarter of a million children, nearly sixty thousand of whom he maintained, educated, and started in life under his own roof. Of the latter Canada has taken twenty thousand—the flower of his flock. Could the account be made up, that fertile colony would show a splendid profit accruing from the work and prosperity of Barnardo children. Years ago, a not unnatural prejudice existed against the children of the 'old country slums'—not that he ever sent such direct from the slums to take their chance unprotected in Canadian lands. Here, as we have seen, he carefully safeguarded the colony in safeguarding his Homes by the character of emigrated children and their subsequent supervision. In the years to come, and they may not be many, Canada, coming to herself and realising all this man has done for her, and through her for the empire and the race, will vie with England in raising a worthy statue to his memory.

He lived for his work. Through strenuous years, amidst conflicting claims—personal, home, social—satisfying one or the other as well as he could, he kept steadfastly before him the claims of the children whose lives in the main honour him, and through whom, though his name be forgotten, his influence will extend to generations unborn.

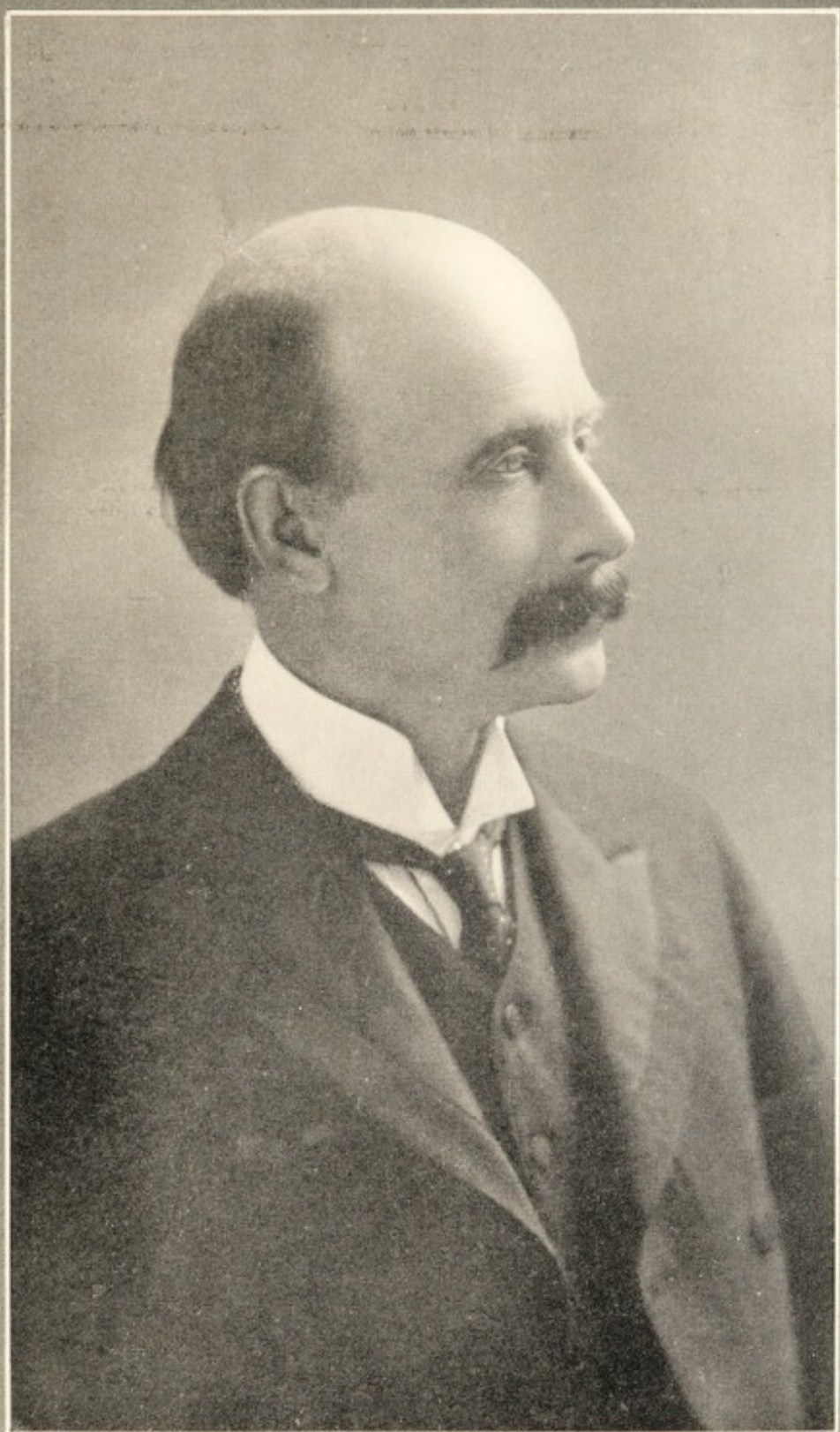
One reference to the work done during the last year of his life is appropriate. The contrast between his first report and his last shows the enormous



progress of his work and what can be pressed into the short space of one human life. The reader has been taken through the former, and will suffer only the briefest account of the latter. The number of children dealt with by the Homes during 1905 was larger than in any previous twelve months. They reached the enormous total of 19,950, and of these 11,277 had been, first and last, resident in the Homes during the year or some part of it. The admissions in 1905 were 3422 temporary, and 2412 permanent. Relief operations in the form of free meals and free lodgings, and gifts of garments, boots, blankets, hospital letters, etc., were extensive—190,104 meals, 28,484 lodgings, and 69,739 gifts of clothing, etc., 1314 boys and girls were emigrated to Canada and 2367 were placed out in situations at home. The number of children boarded out rose to 4160. There were 1040 babies under his care, and 550 children afflicted or incurable. Of these boys and girls 900 were under careful technical instruction. Sir John Gorst said, after a visit to Stepney, ‘I have never seen any schools which, for qualifying boys to take their place in the world and to lead useful and happy lives, are superior to Dr. Barnardo’s.’ The total number of young people rescued by the Homes at the end of 1905 was 59,384.

Concerning the income, the year 1905 touched high-water mark; it amounted to £196,286, 11s. 0d., an advance of £8777, 15s. 11d. over 1904.

The ages and condition of the children admitted in 1906 also show how his principles worked in practice, and the present urgent need there is for the work of the Homes to-day. This Table is a living thing:—



MR. HOWARD WILLIAMS  
TREASURER OF THE HOMES





## AGES ON ADMISSION : 1906.

283	were infants of 2 years old and under.
189	„ between 2 and 5 years of age.
641	„ „ 5 „ 10 „
523	„ „ 10 „ 14 „
287	„ „ 14 „ 16 „
168	„ over 16 years of age.

Total 2091 permanent admissions.

## PARENTAGE OF ADMISSIONS : 1906.

Class I.—	344	(or over 16 per cent.)	were entirely orphans.
„ II.—	1113	(or „ 53 „ )	had only mothers living.
„ III.—	259	(or „ 12 „ )	had only fathers living.
„ IV.—	375	(or nearly 18 „ )	had both parents living.

Total 2091 permanent admissions.

Again, of these children 477, or nearly 23 per cent., were rescued from grave moral danger, and 1614, or 71 per cent., from utter destitution.

The health of the Homes sheltering this great family was surprising to the highest degree. During his last year 67 deaths occurred amongst a gross number of 11,277 and an average number of 7692 children in residence. This works out at 5·94 per thousand on the gross, and 8·71 on the average. These figures are smaller than for 1904, and it will be admitted that they are wonderfully satisfactory. The children came to him *independently of health conditions*, and were drawn from a class whose physique was often poor and enfeebled by privation. Some were admitted only to die.

What foresight, efficiency, patience, indomitable courage, and well-won success these figures reveal !

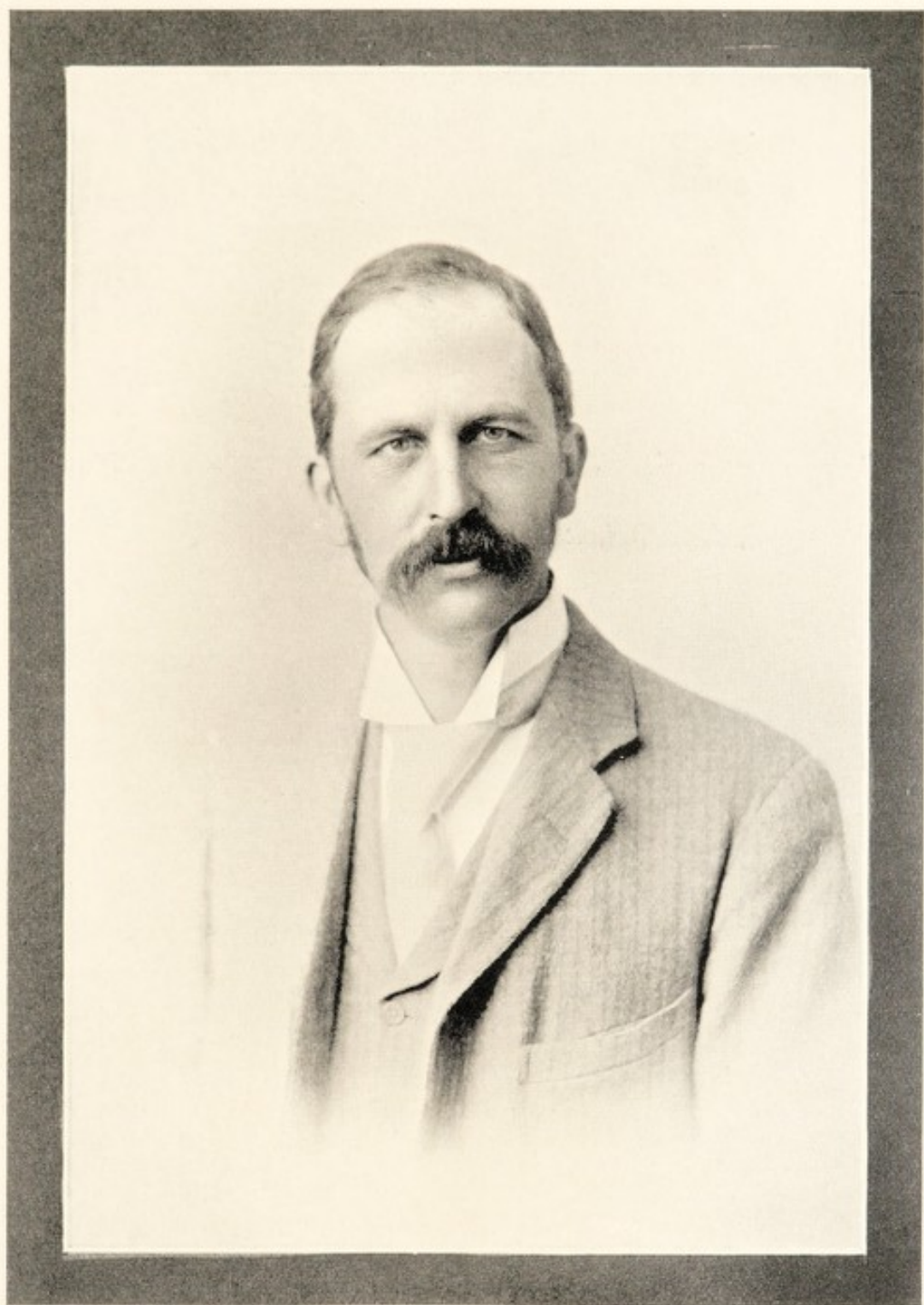


## THE FUTURE OF THE HOMES

WM. BAKER, MA., LL.B. (Dr. Barnardo's Successor)

WHEN Dr. Barnardo passed away from the work to which his life had been given, and in which the working of his master-mind was ever the most potent factor, not a few felt it impossible to avoid a feeling of apprehension as to the future of the Institution which the Founder and Director had brought to such a pitch of excellence. Would the work fall with him, 'unwilling to outlive the good that did it,' or had he been able, amidst the pressing calls of his daily engagements to establish it on such a foundation that it would continue its God-sent labours, even when the wonderful personality so long at its head had been removed?

But when the first shock was over, though the pangs of a great sorrow were everywhere apparent, yet the Institution, with all its varied machinery, proceeded on its work in the good old way, almost without a hitch. Then it was that the great wisdom of the Founder became apparent. Not only had the Institution been incorporated, so as to have an entity of its own, and not only was there a Council of leading business men and philanthropists directing its affairs, but, still further, in every department of the work there were loyal hearts and true whom Dr. Barnardo had in a long period of years gathered



MR. WILLIAM McCALL  
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE HOMES





round him, and not merely trained in the business methods required for the several developments of the work which he had established, but enthused with a real love and zeal for the children of the Homes and for the rescue of those still outside.

On the Council were to be found such long-time lovers of the work as Sir Robert Anderson, who joined the first Committee in 1877; Mr. Hind-Smith, for upwards of thirty years a warm friend of Dr. Barnardo, and Mr. Howard Williams, the Treasurer, who both joined the Committee in November 1887; Colonel Edward Dru Drury, one of the first Trustees of the Homes, together with many others who for years had worked with their beloved Founder and Director in times of trial as well as in times of success and prosperity.

Amongst the Staff it is difficult to make a selection, but mention should be made of Mr. Lintott, the Accountant, whose firm of Carter, Clay, and Co. had from the first supervised the Doctor's accounts; Mr. Fowler, Chief of Staff, who for about thirty years had been working in various capacities of first importance; Mr. Dawbarn, the Cashier, who for nearly twenty years had never missed a single day's attendance except during the time of his holidays; Mr. Notman, the revered master of the bootmakers' shop, whose period of service dates back almost to the formation of the Boys' Home; Mr. Owen, Superintendent of the Canadian work; Mr. and Mrs. H. Forbes Elmslie, ruling in the Steward's department. Time and space would fail to enumerate all the other worthies, true soldiers of the Cross, and valiant workers in the cause of the children, who not only loved their work, but were prepared, in their several



departments, to go on in the way in which they felt sure that their late and much-loved Founder and Director would have wished them to do.

With such a preparation made by Dr. Barnardo for the carrying on of his work, can there be any wonder that continuity was not only easy but a necessary feature in the management of the Institution.

The death of Dr. Barnardo stirred up many to come to the help of the destitute children, while old friends rallied round the Institution, not only in prayer for God's peace and blessing, but also, in the practical answering of their own prayers, by sending in donations to the General Fund and to the Memorial Fund. The result has been that, notwithstanding a substantial reduction in the course of advertisements and in the numbers of special appeals, the funds have in each year since Dr. Barnardo's death shown an advance, while the number of children in the Homes has also increased.

So long as the management continues on the good old lines, now rendered almost compulsory by the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Incorporated Institution, and so long as God is acknowledged and honoured in every part of the work, there can be no fear for the future.

The destitute child is still to be found, and none but those whose duty it is to study and decide day by day on the reports of the cases applying for admission can have the smallest idea of the extent and the horrors of the sufferings endured in the child-life of this twentieth century, and as long as God puts it into the hearts of His servants to support Dr. Barnardo's Homes, so long shall the

'Ever Open Doors' remain ready to receive, to welcome and to train for the service of God and man the poor child otherwise doomed to unspeakable misery.

'*No destitute child ever refused admission*' is still seen in enormous gilt letters over the doors of the Head Office at Stepney Causeway, and it still continues, and will continue, the principle on which the management of Dr. Barnardo's Homes is executing, and will execute, the God-sent trust bequeathed by the great Founder, now released from the burdens which broke down even his phenomenal powers. Education, technical training, emigration, and, above all, religious instruction will still continue on the old lines except so far as modern improvements in machinery and methods may render addition or alteration necessary to keep the preparation of the children for their future life abreast of the times. The prayerful solicitude of Christians of all denominations for the future guidance of the work is earnestly desired.



## APPENDIX A

### CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

#### OF THE CHIEF EVENTS OF DR. BARNARDO'S LIFE

1845, July 4.	Born in Dublin.
	Confirmed by the Archbishop of Dublin.
1862, August 26.	His conversion.
„ October 19.	His baptism at the Abbey Street Baptist Chapel, Dublin.
1866.	First meeting with the Rev. Hudson Taylor at Dr. Grattan Guinness's house in Dublin.
	His decision to go to China as a missionary.
„ April.	Leaves Dublin and goes to London with the purpose of studying for this work.
„ October 1.	He enters the London Hospital as a student.
„	Becomes Superintendent of Ernest Street Ragged School, and resigns a few months later.
„	Starts, together with a few fellow-students, a Ragged School in a disused stable in Stepney.
„ November.	Meets his first Arab, Jim Jarvis, and provides a home for him.
1867, March.	Assists at the Bible Stand at the Exposition Universelle, Paris.
„ July 25.	Writes an appeal in <i>The Revival</i> asking for monetary help to assist the rough lads and boys, also girls and young women of Stepney.
„ September 21.	Passes the preliminary medical examination for Durham University.

- 1867, October. Registers as a student at the London Hospital.
- „ Assists during the cholera outbreak in East London.
- „ Tells the story of how he found homeless waifs at a Missionary Conference at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and receives his first public subscription of 6½d.
- „ He dines with Lord Shaftesbury, repeats his story, and shows him destitute boys sleeping under roofs in the East End.
- „ November 5. Gives a free tea-meeting to 2347 rough lads, young men, girls, young women, and children, to inaugurate his mission-work among them, in the Assembly Rooms of the King's Arms, at the corner of Beaumont Square.
- „ December. He falls seriously ill, which stops his work for a period of two months.
- 1868, March 2. He starts afresh in two cottages in Hope Place, Stepney, under the title of the East End Juvenile Mission.
- „ Wood-chopping and Shoeblack Brigades added to the mission-work.
- „ He offers himself as a candidate for the China Inland Mission, but is advised to pursue his medical studies further before going.
- 1870, September. He opens a Home for Working and Destitute Boys at 18 and 20 Stepney Causeway, London, E.
- „ A City Messenger Brigade is added.
- „ Shoemakers' and Brushmakers' shops opened.
1871. Ragged Schools opened in Salmon's Lane, London, E.
- „ Tract and Pure Literature Depot opened in North Street, Limehouse, E.
- 1872, August. Evangelistic and temperance work carried on in a big tent opposite the Edinburgh Castle public-house, with Joshua and Mary Poole as the evangelists.
- „ October. Purchase of the Edinburgh Castle public-house.



- 1873, February 14. The Edinburgh Castle opened as a Mission Church and Coffee Palace. The 'Coffee Palace' was the first institution of the kind to adopt the name.
- „ June 17. His marriage with Miss Syrie Louise Elmslie at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.
- „ October. The Home for Destitute Girls started at Mossford Lodge, Barkingside, Essex, which had been given by Mr. John Sands for a term of fifteen years for that purpose.
1874. He purchases and becomes editor of the *Children's Treasury*.
- „ Receiving House for Girls opened at Church House, Bow Road, E.
- „ December 7. First public meeting held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle.
- „ The Dublin Castle public-house purchased.
1875. He visits Ireland and Scotland to see the work done there for children.
- „ Burdett Hall opened for mission-work.
- „ Union Jack Shoeblack Brigade affiliated with the Homes.
- „ Free Day and Sunday Schools transferred from Hope Place to Copperfield Road, E.
- 1876, February 5. Dublin Castle Coffee Palace opened.
- „ Infirmary for Sick Children founded at 19 Stepney Causeway.
- „ March 31. He becomes a Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.
- „ He registers as a medical practitioner in London.
- „ July 9. The first thirteen cottages declared open at the Girl's Village Home, Barkingside.
- „ October. He starts the first Cabmen's Shelter in East London.
- 1877, January. The *Night and Day Magazine* started—the organ of the Institutions.
- „ The Deaconesses' House opened at Oliver Terrace, Bow Road, E.
- „ The authorship of the 'Clerical Junius' letters submitted to arbitration.
- „ September 19. The issue of the Award.

1877. The formation of a Committee to deal with the financial part of the work, with the late Earl Cairns as first President.
- 1878, May. Pays a visit to Paris during the time of the Paris Exhibition.
- „ July 10. The opening of eleven new cottages at the Girls' Village Home.
- „ Opening of the Medical Mission in Ratcliffe Highway.
- „ November 7. Death of Mr. John Sands, a generous donor and friend of the work.
- 1879, April 16. Is elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.
- „ June 18. H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck opens and lays the foundation-stones of further cottages at the Girls' Village Home.
- „ July. The gift of 'Teighmore,' Gorey, Jersey, which was opened as a Home for Little Boys.
1880. Epidemic of scarlet fever at the Girls' Village Home, during which no death occurred.
1881. Opening of the Youths' Labour House, Commercial Road, E.
- „ Opening of the Young Workmen's Hotel, Burdett Road, E.
- 1882, August 20. First organised party of boys leave for Canada in the *Parisian*.
- 1883, January. Leopold House, Commercial Road, E., opened as a Home for Little Boys.
- „ July 4. First party of girls leave for Canada in the *Sardinia*.
- „ November. Hazelbrae, Peterborough, Ontario, opened as a Distributing Home for Girls.
- 1884, January 28. The opening of the 'Edinburgh Castle' Mission Hall after rebuilding.
- „ March. The gift of 'Hillside,' Hawkhurst, Kent, by Mr. Moillet, and opened as a Home for Babies and called 'Babies' Castle.'
- „ July 17. He leaves England on the *Parisian* on his first visit to Canada.
- „ Sturge House, Bow Road, E., opened as a Home for Older Girls.



- 1885, April 2. The death of Earl Cairns, the first President of the Homes.
- „ May. Opening of a Home in the Mile End Road for babies, and called 'Tinies' House.'
- „ May 31. He is presented with a Medal of Honour by the Société Nationale d'Encouragement au Bien.
- „ He is taken ill, and on recovery rests for three weeks in the south of France.
1886. The Convalescent Home at Chelsea Villas Felixstowe, opened.
- „ October. Boarding-out adopted as a distinct branch of the work of the Homes.
1887. Proposal to erect a Hospital on the site of Nos. 13, 15, and 17 Stepney Causeway, at a cost of £7800, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee.
- „ August 6. Nineteen new cottages opened in the Girls' Village Home.
- „ „ 12. Dr. Barnardo again leaves for Canada, principally to arrange for the Industrial Farm at Manitoba.
- „ October. Opening of the Chief Canadian Office and Distributing Home for Boys at 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.
- „ Opening of the Industrial Farm at Russell, Manitoba.
- „ Shipping Agencies started for placing lads on merchant vessels at Yarmouth and Cardiff.
1888. Blacksmith and Wheelwright Shops added to the Boys' Home, Stepney Causeway.
- „ The Children's Fold, Grove Road, E., opened for crippled boys.
- „ Two Children's Lodging Houses opened, one in Leman Street and the other in Flower and Dean Street.
- „ The appointment of Deputation Secretaries to advocate the work in the provinces.
- „ The Alfred Street Shelter opened as a temporary shelter for older destitute girls.
- 1889, January. Opening of Her Majesty's Hospital, Stepney Causeway.

1889. The 'Beehive,' 273 Mare Street, Hackney, opened as an Industrial Home for Older Girls.
- " A model of the Girls' Village Home exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, for which a Certificate of Merit was awarded.
- " Commencement of Roman Catholic litigation.
- 1890, January 12. Death of his son Kennie.
- " July 3. Dr. Barnardo pays his third visit to Canada, going also to British Columbia and California.
- 1891, March 26. The passing of the Custody of Children Bill, generally known as the 'Barnardo' Bill.
- " The Earl Cairns Mission Hall opened, in memory of the late Earl Cairns, in Salmon's Lane, E.
- " December. The formation of the Young Helpers' League.
- 1892, January. *The Young Helpers' League Magazine* started.
- " February. The opening of the first seven receiving houses in the provinces — Liverpool, Leeds, Newcastle, Plymouth, Bath, Cardiff, and Edinburgh—to be known as 'Ever-Open Doors.'
- 1893, July 19. Dr. Barnardo receives a licence from the Bishop of St. Albans to act as Lay Reader in his diocese.
- " August. He receives an official invitation to visit the World's Columbian Exhibition at Chicago, which he accepts, and is presented with a medal to commemorate the same.
- " Leaves England on his fourth visit to Canada, at the same time visiting the United States.
- 1894, April. The dedication of the Children's Church at the Girls' Village Home, Barkingside.
- " The freehold of Mossford Lodge purchased with its twenty-six acres of ground and added to the freehold property of the Homes.
- " August 4-12. The inauguration of Self-Denial Week to be held annually.
- " " 11. The inauguration of an Annual Street Collection for the benefit of the Homes.
- " " 21. The opening of an Ever-Open Door at Bristol.



- 1894, August. 'Bubbles' Magazine started, for children interested in the Homes.
- „ September 14. The gift of 16 Trafalgar Road, Birkdale, which was opened as a Home for Crippled and Incurable Children.
- „ October 5. The opening of a Home for Girl Waifs of Devonshire birth at Exeter.
- 1895, May. Dr. Barnardo has a serious attack of Angina Pectoris, which lays him aside for some months.
- „ July 4. He is presented by members of the staff with a handsome grandfather's clock on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday.
- „ The opening of an Ever-Open Door at Birmingham.
- „ 'Ups and Downs' Magazine started as a record of the Canadian work of the Homes.
- 1896, June 24. The Prince and Princess of Wales present at the annual meeting held in the Albert Hall.
- „ August 4. The opening of an Ever-Open Door and Lodging-House for Girls at Notting Hill.
- „ September. The new schools at the Girls' Village Home opened.
- „ Miss Mittendorff's Home for Girls at Epsom transferred to the Homes and used as a change-house for boys.
- „ Opening of a Distributing Home for Younger Boys at 115 Pacific Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
1897. The opening of a Home for Older Girls at Rock End, Histon Road, Cambridge.
- 1898, July 9. The first systematic celebration of Founder's Day.
- „ October. A Home for Incurable Children opened at 2 Parkfield Road, Manningham, Bradford.
- „ November. An Ever-Open Door at Portsmouth opened.
- 1899, April 20. The incorporation by Act of Parliament of Dr. Barnardo's Homes under the title of 'The National Incorporated Association for the Reclamation of Destitute Waif Children, otherwise known as "Dr. Barnardo's Homes."'

1899. The Marie Hilton Crèche in Stepney Causeway transferred to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.
- „ The Ever-Open Door at Belfast opened.
- „ The Ever-Open Door at Brighton opened.
- „ The Home for Girls at Stockton-on-Tees opened.
- „ The 'Beehive,' 273 Mare Street, Hackney, enlarged.
- „ The Industrial Home for Girls at Rock End, Histon Road, Cambridge, enlarged.
1900. Dr. Barnardo pays a further visit to Canada.
- „ The Home for Deaf and Dumb Girls, 51 Mare Street, Hackney, opened.
1901. Gift of the Norfolk County School by Mr. E. H. Watts, to be used as a Naval Training School.
- „ March 9. He stands for Essex County Council, and is defeated by a majority of one after recount.
- „ April. Dr. Barnardo has a second severe attack of Angina Pectoris.
- „ May. Goes to Bad-Nauheim, in Germany, for heart treatment.
- „ June. Marriage of his daughter Gwendoline Maud Syrie (Queenie), at Christ Church, Surbiton, to Mr. H. S. Wellcome.
- „ August. Again visits Nauheim for heart treatment.  
The gift of two villas for a Girls' Orphanage at Devonshire Place, Brighton.
- 1902, July 30. He pays a third visit to Nauheim for heart treatment.
- „ August 11. An Ever-Open Door at Southampton opened.
- „ „ The Industrial Home for Girls at Shirley, Southampton, taken over.
- „ „ 25. The Ever-Open Door at Hull opened.
- „ September. The Carter Boys' Home, Clapham, transferred to Dr. Barnardo's Home.
- „ October. Girls' Orphanage at Northampton opened.  
A Home for Little Boys opened at South Norwood.
- „ The Home for Incurables at Trafalgar Road, Birkdale, enlarged.



- 1902, December 18. A Home for Incurable Children opened at Tunbridge Wells.
- 1903, July 2. A Home for Little Boys opened at Swansea.
- „ „ 11. The opening of Queen Victoria House as a quarantine house at the Girls' Village Home, and five new cottages.
- „ „ 15. Dr. Barnardo was travelling in the train that was wrecked at Waterloo, a station half-way between Liverpool and Birkdale, escaping with severe bruises and shock.
- „ September 16. A Home for Delicate Girls opened at Llandudno.
- „ October. Ever-Open Door at Bristol opened.
- „ Purchase of the Industrial Home for Girls, Fakenham.
- „ No. 30 Stepney Causeway acquired as an isolation house.
- „ Nos. 3, 4, 5, 7, and 8 Pleasant Row, behind Her Majesty's Hospital, acquired for needful extensions.
- 1904, February. Dr. Barnardo has another serious heart attack, and is compelled to take a prolonged rest.
- „ April. He pays a fourth visit to Nauheim for heart treatment.
- „ July 16. H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg present on Founder's Day at the Girls' Village Home. The opening of nine new cottages and the Watts Sanatorium there.
- „ An Ever-Open Door at Sheffield opened.
- 1905, January. He is taken ill after the Young Helpers' League Fête at the Albert Hall.
- „ March 6. Is present, and speaks at the Mansion House Meeting, convened to discuss Mrs. Close's Emigration Scheme.
- „ July 15. Three new cottages opened at the Girls' Village Home on Founder's Day.
- „ August 31. Leaves London for Nauheim in order to consult his doctor there.
- „ September 3. Is taken ill at Cologne, and on arrival at Nauheim has a serious attack of Angina Pectoris.
- „ September 13. Arrives at St. Leonard's Lodge, Surbiton, having travelled by easy stages.

- 1905, September 19. Passes peacefully away at six o'clock in the evening at St. Leonard's Lodge.
- „ „ 23-27. The coffin rested at 'The People's Mission Church,' Edinburgh Castle.
- „ „ 27. Funeral procession through East London to Liverpool Street Station, thence by train to Barkingside, where the funeral service was held in a large marquee at the Girls' Village Home.
- „ „ „ The coffin rested in the Children's Church at the Girls' Village Home.
- „ October 4. The interment on a spot in front of Cairns House at the Girls' Village Home.



## APPENDIX B

### (1) MY FIRST ARAB

BY THOS. J. BARNARDO, F.R.C.S.ED.

‘I DON’T LIVE NOWHERE!’

‘Now, my lad, it is quite useless your trying to deceive me. Come over here, and tell me the truth. What do you mean? Where do you come from? Where are your friends? Where did you sleep last night?’

With this bunch of inquiries I felt that I could penetrate the toughest shield of falsehood and deceit behind which the boy whose reply had so startled me might seek to hide. And certainly, in calling this child to my side that I might question him more closely, I never supposed that his was a true account of himself.

For two or three years I had, so far as my medical studies left me time, been conducting a voluntary night-school among rough boys and girls, the children of the poorer labouring class. I thus had necessarily revealed to me much of the privation and suffering which so often fall at an early age to the lot of the children of the very poor. I had encountered many ragged, hungry, and even cruelly ill-used little ones; but never as yet had a GENUINE ARAB BOY, utterly homeless and friendless, crossed my path. Indeed, I had thought in my ignorance that the race existed only on paper, and that the stories about their condition and sufferings in London and other large cities, which had occasionally attracted my attention, were mainly due to the fertile imaginations of certain writers, whose love for the sensational had, I feared, overcome their strict regard for truth. I had, too, a vague notion that homeless children, if such really existed anywhere, were for

the most part orphans, who were eventually taken due care of by the parish or workhouse authorities.

I have, therefore, to admit that at that time I knew really nothing of that hapless class of young children who, in the fierce struggle for existence, suffer more keenly than any other, chiefly because, being children, they are less able to resist the pressure of cold, hunger, nakedness, friendlessness, and fierce temptation.

It is very many years since this little lad told me that 'he lived nowhere.' It would not perhaps have been at all wonderful if an event which occurred so long ago had entirely faded from my memory. But I *never* can erase from my mind and heart the impressions then created for the first time; indeed they really changed for me the whole purpose, character, and motives of my life.

My days were devoted mainly to attendance at the dissecting-room or the hospital, and most of my evenings to study. I nevertheless reserved two nights a week, which I called my free nights, and which, as well as the whole of Sunday, were given up to the conduct of a ragged school situated in a room in the heart of squalid Stepney.

How well I remember that poor little room! It had originally been, I think, a stable—not such a stable as Belgravia knows, but simply a shed where donkeys had been kept. Boards had been placed over the rough earth. The rafters had been whitened, and so had the walls; but the accumulated dirt deposits of three or four years had changed the colour to a dingier hue. Yet I and my student friends who helped me thought it an admirable room, for was it not water-tight and wind-tight? Had we not good bars to the windows, almost capable of resisting a siege? And in those days and in that quarter those bars constituted a by no means unnecessary precaution! Above all, was it not situated right in the very heart of an overcrowded, poverty-stricken district, filled with little one-story houses of four rooms each, every room containing its family? And did not these families supply the tumultuous horde of youngsters who crowded eagerly round our doors, called each one of us 'Teacher,' listened, with varying degrees of attention, to what we had to say, or yelled in chorus some tuneful melody?

Such was the cradle of my work—a poor donkey-shed in an



East-End street! And here it was that, on one ever-memorable evening, after the general body of my young scholars had gone home, I noticed, standing on the hearth near the large fire kept burning at one end of the room, a little ragged lad, who I observed had listened quietly throughout the evening. He showed no signs of leaving, and yet it was time to put the lights out. So I said:

‘Come, my lad, it’s time to go home now.’

To this no reply was at first given.

‘Come, I say, you had better go home at once.’ Then I added, somewhat doubtfully: ‘If you don’t, your mother will be asking for you.’

‘Please, sir,’ slowly drawled the lad, ‘let me stop.’

‘Stop!’ said I; ‘what for? Indeed I cannot. I am going to turn the lights out and lock the door. It’s quite time for a little boy like you to go home and get to bed. What do you want to stop for?’

‘Please, sir,’ he repeated, ‘*do* let me stop; I won’t do no ‘arm.’

‘I cannot let you stop, my boy. Why do you want to stop? You ought to go home at once. Your mother will know the other boys have gone, and will wonder what keeps you so late.’

‘I ain’t got no mother.’

‘But—your father? Where is he?’

‘I ain’t got no father.’

‘Stuff and nonsense, my boy!’ I said, somewhat brusquely. ‘Don’t tell me such stories! You say you have not got either a father or a mother. Where are your friends, then? Where do you live?’

‘Ain’t got no friends. DON’T LIVE NOWHERE!’

I was startled, as I have said, by such a reply. But I did not believe it, although I could not help feeling that there was something behind it which needed inquiring into. So I called the boy to me in the words with which this little story opened.

It was with slow and heavy steps that the boy came nearer. He moved each foot as though it were weighted, and some seconds elapsed before he was close enough to let me look at him narrowly. But at last he stood directly in front of me, either a lying young scamp who deserved a good whipping, or one of the saddest little urchins I had ever seen. Which was it?

I looked searchingly at the child—for he was little more than a child—and to this hour, as I close my eyes, the face and figure of the boy stand out sharp and clear before my mental vision. He had a small, spare, stunted frame, and he was clad in miserable rags—loathsome from their dirt—without either shirt, shoes, or stockings. Sure enough I could see that here was a phase of poverty far beneath anything with which the noisy, wayward children of my ragged school had familiarised me.

‘How old are you, my boy?’ I said at last.

‘Ten, sir,’ he replied slowly. He looked older; but his poor little body seemed fitter for a boy of seven or eight. His face was not that of a child. It had a careworn, old-mannish look, only relieved by the bright, keen glances of his small, sharp eyes. This sadly overwise face of his, together with the sound of his querulous, high-pitched tones, as he responded glibly to my questions, conveyed to my mind—I knew not why—an acute sense of pain.

Now the ice was broken, I closely cross-examined him, but I am bound to say that there was a ring of truth and reality in his voice, and an unconscious air of sincerity about him, which soon convinced me, ere my inquiries had proceeded far, that I was on the threshold of a revelation.

‘Do you mean to say, my boy,’ I at length asked for the second or third time, ‘that you really have no home at all, and that you have no father or mother or friends?’

‘That’s the truth, sir. I ain’t tellin’ you no lies.’

‘Where did you sleep last night?’ I added.

‘Down in Whitechapel, along o’ the ’aymarket, in one o’ them carts filled with ’ay.’

‘How was it you came to the school?’

‘’Cos, sir, I met a chap as I know’d, and he tell’d me to come up ’ere to the school, to get a warm; an’ he sed p’raps you’d let me lie nigh the fire all night.’

‘But,’ I said, ‘we don’t keep open all night.’

‘I won’t do no ’arm, sir,’ he repeated, ‘if only you’ll let me stop. Please do, sir.’

It was a raw winter night, and the sharp and bitter east wind seemed to pierce to the very bone, no matter how snugly one was wrapped up. I looked at the little lad whom I now know the



Lord had sent me, and could not but see how ill-prepared he was to resist the inclement weather. My heart sank as I reflected, 'If all that this poor boy says is true, how much he must have suffered!'

Then, too, for the first time in my life, there rushed upon me with overwhelming force this thought: '*Is it possible that in this great city there are others also homeless and destitute, who are as young as this boy, as helpless, and as ill-prepared as he to withstand the trials of cold, hunger, and exposure?*' Surely it cannot be possible, I thought, that to-night there are MANY SUCH in this great London of ours, this city of wealth, of open Bibles, of Gospel preaching, and of Ragged Schools? I turned to the poor little fellow who stood anxiously awaiting my decision.

'Tell me, my lad,' I asked at length, 'are there other poor boys like you in London without home or friends?'

A grim smile of something like wonder at my ignorance lighted up his face as he promptly replied:

'Oh! yes, sir; lots—'eaps on 'em; more 'n I could count.'

This was too much of a bad thing. The boy really *must* be lying! At any rate, I resolved to put the matter to an immediate test. Surely facts would not bear the boy out! So I asked: 'Now, if I am willing to give you some hot coffee and a place to sleep in, will you take me to where some of these poor boys are, as you say, lying out in the streets, and show me their hiding-places?'

My challenge was promptly accepted.

Would he? Wouldn't he just!

I know not what visions of Elysium came into that poor boy's mind at the bare mention of the warm meal and cosy shelter; but a ravenous, almost wolfish, expression stole over his face as I spoke. He nodded his head in rapid assent, and when I said, 'Now, my boy, come along,' he obeyed with wonderfully quickened steps.

He had not much to say on the way to my dwelling, which was close by the London Hospital, but he kept very near me, his little bare feet going patter, patter, on the cold pavement, his poor rags pulled tightly across his chest, and a wretched apology for a cap drawn over head and ears. He was the very picture of misery and neglect, and I felt almost stunned by the reflection—



SUPPOSE, AFTER ALL, HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH ! At last we reached my rooms. It was not long before the promised coffee was ready, and I lost no time in getting my ragged pupil placed at the table opposite me. Poor little man ! He had at least told the truth about his hunger. How ravenously he ate and drank ! I almost feared to supply him, with such voracity did he swallow the food. But the hot, sweet coffee put new vigour into his cold little frame. I could see him visibly brightening, and the food and warmth served quickly to loosen his tongue.

He was ready with his history as we sat together, partly in reply to questions, but more often in the form of statements volunteered in the fulness of his grateful heart. I found him to be withal a quaint little vagabond, and his sharp witticisms more than once disturbed my gravity. But there was a sad undercurrent of miserable recollections which occasionally came to the surface. Jim Jarvis's story was given somewhat in the following fashion :—

'I never knowed my father, sir. Mother was always sick, an' when I wor a little kid'—(he did not look very big now !)—'she went to the 'firmary, an' they put me into the school. I wor all right there, but soon arter, mother died, an' then I runned away from the 'ouse.'

'How long ago was that ?'

'Dunno 'zactly, sir ; but it's more'n five year ago.'

'And what did you do then ?'

'I got along o' a lot of boys, sir, down near Wapping way ; an' there wor an ole lady lived there as wunst knowed mother, an' she let me lie in a shed at the back. While I wor there, I got on werry well. She wor very kind, an' gev me nice bits o' broken wittals. Arter this I did odd jobs with a lighterman, to help him aboard a barge. He used me werry bad, and knocked me about frightful. He often thrashed me for nothin', an' I didn't sometimes have anything to eat ; an' sometimes he'd go away for days an' leave me by myself with the boat.'

'Why didn't you run away, then, and leave ?' I asked.

'So I would, sir, but Dick—that's his name, they called him "Swearin' Dick"—one day he thrashed me awful, an' he swore if ever I runned away, he'd catch me, an' take my life ; an' he'd got a dog aboard as he made smell me, an' he telled me if I tried



to leave the barge the dog 'ud be arter me ; an', sir, he were *such* a big, fierce un ! Sometimes, when Dick were drunk, he'd put the dog on me, "out o' fun," he said. And look 'ere, sir, that's what he did wunst.'

And the poor little fellow thereupon pulled aside some of his rags and showed me a long, scarred, ugly mark, as of teeth, right down his leg.

'I stopped a long while with Dick,' he continued ; 'I dunno how long it wor. I'd have runned away often, but I wor afeared. One day a man came aboard when Dick wor away, and said as how Dick was gone—'listed for a soldier when he wor drunk. So I says to him, "Mister," says I, "will yer 'old that dog a minute?" So he goes down the 'atchway with him, an' I shuts down the 'atch tight on 'em both ; and I cries, "'Ooray!" an' off I jumps ashore, an' runs for my werry life, an' never stops till I gets up near the Meat Market ; an' all that day I wor afeared old Dick's dog 'ud be arter me.'

'Oh, sir,' continued the boy, his eyes now lit up with excitement, 'it wor foine, not to get no thrashing, an' not to be afeared of nobody. I thought I wor going to be 'appy all the time now, 'specially as people took pity on me, an' gev me a penny now an' then. One ole lady as kep' a tripe and trotter stall gev me a bit when I 'elped her at night to put her things on the barrer, an' gev it a shove home. But the big chaps on the streets wouldn't let me go with 'em ; so I took up by myself.'

'Well,' said I, 'what about the police ? Didn't they catch you and put you in the workhouse ?'

'Oh, sir, the perlice wor the wust ; there wor no getting no rest from 'em. They always kept a-movin' me on. Sometimes, when I 'ad a good stroke of luck, I got a thrippenny doss, but it wor awful in the lodgin'-houses. What with the bitin' and the scratchin', I couldn't get no sleep ; so in summer I mostly slep' out on the wharf. Twice I wor up afore the beak for sleepin' out. The bobbies often catched me, but sometimes they'd let me off with a kick, or a good knock on the side of the 'ead. But one night an awful cross fellow caught me on a doorstep, an' he locked me up. Then I got six days at the work'us, and the beak said if I comed there again he'd send me to gaol. Arter that I runned away. Ever since I've bin in an' out, an' up an' down where I



could ; but since the cold kem on it's been werry bad. I ain't 'ad no luck at all, an' it's been sleepin' out hungry most every night.'

'Have you ever been to school?' I asked.

'Yes, sir. At the work'us they made me go to school, an' I've been into one on a Sunday in Whitechapel. There's a kind genelman there as used to give us *toke* arterwards.'

'Now, Jim,' I said, 'would you like to go into a comfortable Home, and always have plenty to eat and drink, and have kind friends to teach you and take care of you?'

'That 'ud suit me, sir, and no mistake.'

'Well, I will see what can be done for you to-morrow. But you know there is another world, brighter and more beautiful than this, where there will be no more hunger or cold, and where little boys will never be beaten and ill-treated. Do you know what that is called?'

'Ah, that's 'eaven, sir!'

'Yes, Jim ; wouldn't you like to go there?' and I added, 'Every one who goes there must love Jesus. Have you ever heard of Him, Jim?'

There was a quick nod of assent. The boy seemed quite pleased at knowing *something* of what I was talking about.

'Yes, sir,' he added ; 'I knows about Him.'

'Well, who is He? What do you know about Him?'

'Oh, sir,' he said—and he looked sharply about the room, and with a timorous glance into the darker corners where the shadows fell—and then sinking his voice into a whisper, he added, 'HE'S THE POPE O' ROME.'

'Whatever can you mean, my lad?' I asked, in utter astonishment. 'Who told you that?'

'No one, sir ; but I knows I'm right,'—and he gave his rough little head a positive nod of assertion—'cos, sir, you see, mother, afore she died, always *did that* when she spoke of the Pope'—and the boy made what is known as the sign of the cross—'and one day, when she wor a-dyin' in the 'firmery, a gent wor in there in black clothes a-talkin' to her, an' mother wor a-cryin'. Then they begun to talk about Him, sir, and they both did the same.'

'Then because your mother made the same sign with her fingers when she spoke about the Pope and about Jesus, you thought she was speaking of the same person?'



‘Yes, sir, that’s it’; and the boy gave a nod of pleased intelligence.

I am setting down *facts*. This was literally all that the poor lad knew of Him who had left heaven that He might seek and save the lost! The greatest event in the world’s history was unknown in every aspect and sense to the poor little heathen child who sat before me with widely distended eyes and weird, careworn face, thirsting for knowledge to which he was a stranger, and needing as much as any other child of Adam the solace and comfort which the Gospel of the Divine Love alone could bring.

I gave up questioning, and drawing his chair and my own close to the bright fire, I told him slowly, and in the simplest language I could command, the wonderful story of the Babe born in Bethlehem.

After describing the goodness, compassion, and love which the Lord Jesus had shown for everybody, I went on to speak of His trial before Pilate, His cruel scourging, and His crown of thorns. The little fellow, who had been listening all the while with the most intense interest, occasionally asked questions which showed his shrewd application of these events to the only life he knew. He was moved to deep sympathy, for I found he had a tenderly sensitive little heart, despite his rough-and-tumble life. When I came to the sad story of our Lord’s crucifixion, and described to him the nails, and the spear, and the gall given to drink, little Jim fairly broke down, and said, amid his tears, ‘Oh, sir, that wor wuss nor Swearin’ Dick sarved me!’

Then we knelt down together, and I asked the Lord to bless this little Waif of the Streets. When I arose, the poor child’s eyes were suffused with tears, and I could not but hope and believe that his young heart, so long neglected, and a stranger even to human love, was being opened to the gentle voice of the Good Shepherd.

It was half an hour after midnight when at length I sallied forth upon my quest, Jim no longer following behind, but with his hand confidently placed in mine.

We passed quickly through the greater streets, and then my little guide led the way into Houndsditch. After partly traversing it, he stopped, and guided me by one or two steps into a kind of narrow court, through which we passed. Here we entered at



length what seemed to be a long, empty shed. I found afterwards that throughout the day it was an old-clothes market, called 'the 'Change.' It ended in a network of narrow passages, leading from and into the well-known noisy Petticoat Lane, the name of which has since disappeared from the London street list.

But when, that night, I passed through these narrow lanes and streets, all was still. The black and dingy shutters of the small, crib-like shops were closed by strong bolts and bars, and no sound did I hear save the echo of my own footsteps.

Once inside the shed, I looked around on every side in search of the lads whom Jim had spoken of. But certainly no one was there save our two selves.

'All right, sir,' said Jim, 'don't you look no more. We'll come on 'em soon. They dursn't lay about 'ere, cos the p'licemen are so werry sharp all along by these 'ere shops. Wunst, when I wor *green*, I stopped under a barrer down there'—pointing to a court adjoining—'but I nearly got nabbed, so I never slep' there agin.'

Meanwhile we had passed through the shed, and Jim, turning to me, with his finger on his lips, said :

'Sh! we're there now, sir. You'll see lots on 'em, if we don't wake 'em up.'

We were at the end of our journey. A high dead wall stood in front, barring our further progress; yet, looking hastily around, I could see no traces of lads.

'Where are they, Jim?' I asked, in an undertone.

'Up there, sir,' he replied, pointing to the iron roof of the shed of which this wall was the boundary.

'*There*' seemed beyond my reach. How was I to get up? Jim made light work of it. There were well-worn marks by which it was possible to ascend and descend—little interstices between the bricks, where the mortar had fallen or had been picked away. Jim rapidly climbed up first, and then, by the aid of a piece of stick which he found on the top and held down for me, I too made my ascent, not without soiled clothes and abraded hands. I found myself standing on a stone coping or parapet. But what was this I saw before me in the gloom?

There, with their heads upon the higher part, and their feet somewhat in the gutter, but in as great variety of postures as one



may have seen in dogs before a fire—some coiled up, some huddled two or three together, others more apart—lay a confused group of boys out on the open roof all asleep. I counted *eleven*. No covering of any kind was upon them. The rags that most of them wore were mere apologies for clothes, apparently quite as bad as, if not even worse than, Jim's. One big fellow who lay there seemed to be about eighteen years old; but the ages of the remainder varied, I should say, from nine to fourteen.

Just then the moon shone clearly out. As the pale light fell upon the upturned faces of those sleeping boys, and as I realised the terrible fact that they were all *absolutely homeless and destitute*, and were almost certainly but samples of many others, it seemed as though the hand of God Himself had suddenly pulled aside the curtain which concealed from my view the untold miseries of forlorn child-life upon the streets of London.

Jim took a very matter-of-fact view of the situation.

'Shall I wake 'em, sir?' he asked.

I was overcome with the pain of my own thoughts, and my heart was beating with compassion for these unhappy lads. All I could say in response was, 'Hush! don't let us disturb them.' At that moment, standing there alone in the still silence of the night, with sleeping London all around me, I felt so powerless to help these poor fellows, that I did not dare to interrupt their slumbers. It was to me a revelation and a message. I had made up my mind that, by God's help, this one lad, Jim himself, who had been my guide, should at all costs be cared for and watched over. But to awaken these other eleven boys, to hear their stories—stories doubtless of misery, of lonesomeness, of cruelty, of crime perhaps, and of sin—to find in every word an appeal for help which I could not give, was more than I could bear even to think of. So taking another hurried glance at the wretched and never-to-be-forgotten group—looking down once more at the eleven upturned faces, white with cold and hunger, a sight to be burnt into my memory, and to recur again and again for weeks and weeks, to haunt me until I could find no rest except in action on their behalf—I breathed a silent prayer of compassion and then hurried away, just as one of the sleepers moved uneasily, as if about to awake.

We reached the street again. Quite unconscious of the feelings awakened in my mind, Jim eagerly questioned me:



'Shall we go to another lay, sir? *There's lots more!*'

But I had seen enough, and I needed no fresh proof of the truth of his story or any new incentive to a life of active effort on behalf of destitute street lads.

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## (2) THE STORY OF 'CARROTS'

WHAT of the grim tragedy of John Somers, otherwise 'Carrots,' whose history, made public some time ago, unpleasantly brought to the minds of those who 'sit at home at ease' a picture of the woes of child waifs living all unnoticed in our great cities?

Poor little 'Carrots'! Only eleven brief years had passed over thy head, yet surely thou didst know in this short span a long lifetime of trouble!

Of relatives, John Somers (called 'Carrots' by his fellow street-arabs on account of his red hair) had but one living, and that one a mother—at least so she called herself, and so she may have really been; but if affectionate care for her offspring be a natural trait in a mother's character, then most certainly Mrs. Somers did *not* prove her maternal relation to the poor wee laddie.

'Carrots' never knew his father, and she whom he called 'Mother' turned him adrift to do for himself at the mature age of seven; that is, just four years before the termination of his long-short life.

The boy had been, during these four years, successively a news-boy, a shoe-black, a vendor of cigar-lights, and anything and everything that a little homeless street-boy can be to pick up a living.

Being an ill-favoured child, his appearance was against him, and by all I can gather from the boys who knew him, he seldom made enough to pay for a lodging-house shelter after satisfying the daily cravings of hunger and thirst. So it came to pass that poor 'Carrots' often 'slept out,' his favourite places of resort being Covent Garden Market and the Queen's Shades near Billingsgate Market. Sometimes his mother appeared and asserted her maternal 'rights' by fixing him upon the ground with her knees, whilst both hands rapidly searched his pockets,



and abstracted whatever coins were secreted there. If successful in her search, she left him howling over his loss, whilst she sought the nearest gin-shop; but should her search prove fruitless, an oath and a blow expressed her sense of disappointment, unless, indeed, struggling from her unwelcome embraces, the poor boy succeeded in evading her brutal chastisement.

When first I visited the 'Shades' in the early dawn, 'Carrots' was there. By the offer of a halfpenny to each I succeeded in counting out *seventy-three* destitute lads from the various shelters of old barrels, crates, and packages, in which they had been ensconced; yet I thought I had seldom seen a more unpleasant specimen of boy-life than 'Carrots' exhibited. Having out of this large number selected five of the most forlorn lads to fill an equal number of vacant beds in our Home, my memory vividly recalls the earnestness with which 'Carrots' pleaded to be taken in, and how gratefully he accepted my promise of admission for that day week.

But a few mornings later, as some of Rawlinson's men were moving a large sugar hogshead lying with its open head to the wall, they disturbed a sleeping boy, by whose side lay another, also apparently asleep. When touched, the latter moved not; when spoken to, he did not answer; and when, finally, stooping down, the kind-hearted porter took the form of the little lad in his arms, only then did he perceive that 'Carrots,' for it was he, was dead!

At the coroner's inquest, medical testimony declared that the deceased had succumbed to the combined effects of hunger and exposure, and the jurymen who viewed the little pinched-up face and fleshless body, unanimously found a verdict of 'Death from exhaustion, the result of frequent exposure and want of food.'

Thus much from the statements of the press and of the good-natured policeman who carried the little corpse to an adjoining public-house, and who added to his sad communication the sentence, that 'most of the boys as came round began to blubber as soon as they saw the body.' So even poor deserted 'Carrots' was missed, although 'Fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless, friends he had none.'

Poor forlorn little lad! I think I see him on that sad, sad evening of a bright May day, creeping supperless into the empty



cask, his heart crushed with its sense of loneliness and dire need. I wonder whether 'Carrots' cried as most children do when distressed? or had the feelings of a child been long banished from that young breast in its grim struggle for life? or did he pray to the Great Father as he nestled down for the last time beside his little mate?

'Did poor "Carrots" love Jesus?' I asked a tiny boy, who knew him well, and had formed one of the crowd of mourners who dropped a few real tears to his memory.

'Law, sir, we never hears of *Him*, nor of nuffin' good, except cussin' and swearin', down here,' was the reply.

'You, at least, shall hear something better,' I mentally resolved, as I yielded to his solicitation to be taken in. And so, homeward bound, I mused upon the Master's words, spoken so long ago beside the Galilean Sea: 'Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men'; and my heart responded, as I thought of 'Carrots': 'Yea, Lord, I would fain follow Thee into all waters, fishing for such souls as these, whilst life holds out, not mindful of anything but this, that *Thou* hast said, "Follow Me."'

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### (3) SOME QUEER CHILDREN I HAVE MET<sup>1</sup>

I AM not a *very* old fellow, in fact I don't mind telling you that I have only just attained my sixtieth birthday, and so I consider myself as still quite young and frisky! Yet forty of those years have been spent among the children, the wastrel children of the slums, not merely of London, but of all the great towns in the kingdom, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Cardiff, Leeds, Birmingham, Portsmouth, Southampton, Bristol, Bath, Brighton, Hull and Plymouth, etc. etc. In all of these places it has been my delight to set careful traps by which I might catch the wandering feet of little homeless waifs who were vagrants, or were in the custody of beggars or people of evil life who would in all likelihood have degraded and ruined them. I have caught thousands and thousands—and there are thousands more to catch! Boys and girls have always been very fond of me, and, I need not

<sup>1</sup> This is the last article ever dictated by Dr. Barnardo. It was never fully completed or revised, and is now published for the first time.



say, I have been and am very fond of them. I don't quite know what it is that makes children so attractive to me; but although I have had many who have been crippled and sadly deformed, and some who have been afflicted with very dreadful disorders, I think I may say of a truth I have never seen a really ugly child! There is always to my mind something beautiful in the little ones, however disfigured they may be with sin and suffering, something that looks out of their young eyes and half-formed features, and that pathetically appeals to one's pity and sympathy and love—something, too, that fills one with reverence for childhood. It may be as the poet Whittier sings, that the young child is 'latest from God's hand and nearest unto Him.'

So I have always got on very well with children. When I began to search for them I had, like a fisherman, to cast my line into all kinds of waters, and lure my timid prey by the most attractive bait I could devise. I had many a fishing adventure in my time! Sometimes I have spent the whole night long in slum streets with only my bull's-eye lantern, traversed horrible courts and alleys, examined tenement houses and common lodging-houses, spent hours in the market-places and down by the wharves and in the railway stations, and all this without one single catch! At other times I have found quite a shoal of little folks seeking shelter in odd corners to hide from the police: then has come my grand time, although often many of them would be alarmed, dazed, and willing to run off at the least opportunity given. It took me all my time to succeed in soothing their fears and in luring them by all sorts of promises.

Such queer little people these often were! Sometimes as wild as the proverbial March hare they were, one could hardly hope to train them, and yet kindness and love ultimately won their way into little distrustful suspicious hearts that had only experienced unkindness before, and could hardly believe that loving sympathy would ever be meted out to them.

Mary Smith and her sister Joan and her little brother Jack were gipsy children. They had been born in gipsy vans. The three children had been half-starved and very badly used. On the day I met them they each had on only one little garment and were without boots or head-covering, and were as dishevelled and as unkempt and as difficult to control as wild cats. In fact, Mary



was not unlike a cat—with her great flashing eyes, and masses of reddish hair falling all around her somewhat fierce-looking face. Mary could fight and scratch and bite—and she *did*! After I had succeeded in getting all the three into one of our Ever-Open Houses, I heard a few days afterwards that Mary was one of the most vicious and wildest little creatures that had ever been there. She would tolerate no interference! Neither Mary nor her sister nor her brother knew anything of obedience—they did what they liked! If the Matron ventured to say a word, Mary would rush at her, catch her with her long bony fingers, and opening her mouth, lay hold of her arm and bite it, holding on with her teeth until the good Matron shrieked with pain.

‘Not a very attractive girl,’ you will say. And yet Mary was tamed at last. Yes, tamed as any child could be, and by very simple means. It was an old doll that did the work! For the Matron was turning out a cupboard, and what child is not delighted with the odds and ends to be found in an old cupboard? Mary stood by with eager eyes seeing what looked to her like untold treasure! Among the things turned out was an old broken doll. It had some bits of clothing on it. It was greatly dilapidated. Nevertheless, Mary seized it at once. ‘Oh, the dear *live* dolly! May I keep it? May I keep it?’ ‘It is not a live dolly,’ said one of the other children, with the secret consciousness of knowing so much better. ‘It is,’ said Mary, and she hissed and spat at her. ‘It is! *it is!* a real, live dolly!’ and she stamped in rage on the floor. The Matron interfered. ‘No, my dear, dolly is not alive. What do you mean?’ With difficulty Mary pointed out that dolly had two eyes, had a nose, had a few locks of hair still left in its prematurely bald head, had a few garments that could be taken on and off. If that was not a live dolly, what could be? She had never seen the like before. ‘What—have you never had a dolly?’ ‘Yes, ma’am.’ ‘Well, what was it like?’ And Mary explained that it was a little bit of stick picked up in the hedgerow, around which would be tied a scrap of rag—and there you were! That was Mary’s only previous dolly. Oh, if she might only keep this live dolly! The Matron, with a prudent recollection of yesterday’s conflict and of her recent outburst, assented conditionally. ‘If you promise me you will be good, you may have it while you are good; but if you



behave badly and passionately like yesterday or this evening, I must take it away.' Mary was subdued.

The whole of the evening she crooned and cuddled the live dolly. All the little mother-heart in her went out to the poor fragment of that battered toy, which had doubtless long ago passed out of some other child's treasures as too broken and too poor for use. Bed-time came. It was always a difficulty to get Mary to take her bath. The conflict threatened to begin. 'Now, Mary, unless you have your bath and are a good girl, you shan't have the dolly in bed with you.' 'Oh, mother!' she gasped, and then, hugging her treasured possession in her arms, she meekly submitted to be undressed, and by and by was tucked in with Dolly sharing the pillow with her. That night Mary had her first quiet sleep in the Home in which she had hitherto been an untamed termagant.

Jack and Jill were nearly as bad; and as the two alike determined to carry out their own sweet will, it was not easy to be 'up to them.' In the middle of a hot summer's day once it occurred to Jack and Jill that they would like a bath. Do you think they went off to the bathroom? Not they. They knew of the cistern at the top of the house in which the drinking-water for the house was situated. It was in a room otherwise unoccupied. Nobody would interfere if they could only creep up. So Jack and Jill quietly slipped upstairs. No, they did not bother to undress. Why bother? It was hot up there, for the room was under the roof, and wouldn't it be just *lovely* and cool to get in? In accordingly they got—clothes, boots, and all. Certain irrepressible shrieks of laughter led to investigation by the poor Matron, and her feelings are not to be envied as she walked into her cistern room and saw these two imps enjoying their midday bath in the cistern *intended for the drinking water of the house!* They were hauled out, not by any means defeated or dismayed, and manifestly triumphant at their success.

Snooks was another of my queer children. Snooks was not naturally cruel. He did not realise that it would hurt, but one could not help thinking that Snooks had some inkling of what he was about. The previous day some one had sent a large tin roaster, and Snooks stood by while the Matron put in a joint of mutton, hung it from the jack, and then diligently basted it, while



the jack kept turning all the time, presenting various sides of the joint to the fire. Snooks thought that was delightful; and he determined to try it on his own account. So Snooks watched his opportunity, and, after some *finesse*, caught the cat, laboriously wrapped pussy up in a cabbage-net, hooked net and cat to the jack, and then thrust the roaster in front of the fire. Fortunately he did not put it so close, nor was the fire so hot, as to be more than just a little uncomfortable for his victim. What puzzled Snooks at first was that there was *no gravy*. But there was the ladle on the dresser, and after possessing himself of that he used it to pour imaginary gravy over the head of the cat. That, however, was too slow. What was to be done? Looking all around, he found a dish which had been used to wash vegetables and in which was about a quart of water. Imagine the added surprise and dismay of the poor cat when there descended upon her from the top a great ladleful of cold water! She uttered the most dolorous sounds: she mewed and screeched, swinging the while from side to side. But Snooks was undismayed, and calmly perused his feline *cuisine*. In the midst of it all in came the Matron! 'What have you got there?' 'Only the cat, mum,' said the young urchin. In an instant the screen was drawn back from the fire, the net taken down, and the poor unfortunate cat, well saturated by this time, allowed to dart out, shaking with excitement in every limb, and using language which, if it could have been understood, would, I suppose, have been called profane.

But Snooks was not really a bad sort. Of course he had to be taught and reasoned with, and things had to be explained to him. But by and by he proved that mischief is often only done through want of thought, and that he was capable of better things.

Shall I ever forget Sammy and Smut? Sammy had one conspicuous peculiarity: his face as well as the backs of his hands were covered with warts, not innocent little occasional warts such as anybody might have, but horrid lumps and bunches and constellations of warts—warts, too, that ran into one another and made you shiver as Sammy sidled up to you. It would be very difficult for the most charitable to say Sammy was a nice-looking boy. Moreover, Sammy snivelled, indeed he was always snivelling and sniffing. As a crowning glory of attraction, his hair, which was neither brown nor black nor yellow, but a kind of muddy



white, stood for ever quite straight up on end, defying brush, comb, or pomatum. Moreover, Sammy squinted. I think I need not add any more to my description for my readers to feel that by no stretch of forbearance could he be called a *nice* boy.

Now Sammy's great friend and ally was Smut. Smut was a little mongrel terrier that in a weak and foolish moment I allowed Sammy (whom I picked up one night in Covent Garden Market) to bring along with him. Smut was indescribable, except that he was the sliest, cunningest, most disreputable little beast I ever met. He had two torn ears and about an inch of tail. Nothing was too bad or too desperate or too horrible for Smut to attempt, and when guilty of some surpassing meanness, instead of looking ashamed of himself as any respectable dog ought to do, he would run off to Sammy, and cocking up one torn, ragged ear (how he lifted it, as it was in ribbons, was a mystery to me!) and letting the other hang down on the other side, he would wag his inch of disreputable tail as if he had earned a Badge of Honour, all the time making a most disagreeable noise; not barking with short barks of delight, but opening wide the most enormous cavern of a mouth you ever saw in a small dog, and emitting a sound that gave one a creepy-crawly feeling all down one's back.

To tell you of all Smut's escapades would be impossible. He was an incorrigible thief and artful to a degree. If the kitchen or larder doors were locked at night, what did it matter to Smut if he wanted to get in? Next morning every scrap of eatables would be gone, and although we could not find out how he got in or how he got out, there were unmistakable traces left behind that Smut was the thief.

There is no doubt that Smut was very intelligent, and it was equally clear that Sammy could communicate with him by signs which the little beast thoroughly understood. When he got a message like that from Sammy he generally replied by licking his chops. We always knew when we saw him licking his lips that Sammy had told him something wicked; that he was assenting and deliberating how he was to carry it out. No cat could venture near the playground, no, not by many yards, if Smut was about! A few days after his arrival, all the matrons in the several dormitories were bewailing the loss of their favourite tabbies. Smut would trot up and whine and get a kind pat on the head



from the matron, who little knew that he had just destroyed her favourite cat!

Sammy was told that he must never have Smut in bed with him, and there were good reasons for this order. Among others, it may be mentioned that Smut never would consent to be washed, and that its personal habits were the reverse of cleanly. It was therefore clearly not desirable that he should get into any one's bed. This was pointed out to Sammy, and he promised obedience. But soon afterwards we saw Smut licking his lips, and we knew that an attempt would be made to break the rule. So the word was passed to the dormitory matron and monitors, and a very keen lookout was kept that Sammy should not bring Smut up, and he didn't. Sammy came up looking perfectly innocent of all intentions of breaking any rule, and by and by conveyed himself and his warts and his white head and his squint to bed. The door was shut. By and by one of the monitors heard a peculiar noise coming from Sammy's bed, and getting up quietly, he drew near the head of the bed and stood behind the boy so that the latter could not see him, and presently he saw, slowly working his way up from the foot of the bed, underneath the clothes, the head and body of Smut, which soon emerged. Smut licked his master's face, warts and all, but at that moment, happening to look up, he saw the monitor at the head of the bed, and deliberately winking with one of his wicked eyes, he drew back and crept underneath the clothes right to Sammy's feet again. Now what did it all mean? In some way Sammy had conveyed to the dog what he wished him to do, and the cunning creature had gone upstairs an hour before bedtime, had picked out Sammy's bed out of ninety-nine others in the dormitory, had jumped up on it to the end near the pillow where the sheets were turned down, and had burrowed his way underneath the bed-clothes to the very foot, and waited there patiently until his master came up to bed and until all was quiet in the dormitory, and all the lights out except the one that remains all night.

The rest of Smut's deeds, are they not written in the books of the archives of the Home? and in the memories of masters, matrons, monitors, and the writer, who were nearly driven out of their seven senses in trying to circumvent the numberless and daily dodges of Sammy and Smut!



## APPENDIX C

A Table showing the scope of the Principal VOLUNTARY INSTITUTIONS in the United Kingdom for the reception of Destitute, Ailing, Abandoned, and Orphaned Children, from 1552 to 1906.

TABLE OF HOMES FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN IN LONDON AND DISTRICT.

Name and Address.	Date of foundation.	Object.	Estimated number of children dealt with from foundation to 31st Dec. 1906.	Number of children accommodated for.	Income for 1906.
Christ's Hospital (originally in Aldersgate St., E.C.) Boys' School, West Hors- ham. Girls' School, Hertford.	1552	Originally intended for destitute fatherless children of the City of London; now for the maintenance and education of children between the ages of 9 and 17 years.	50,000 (approx- imately)	1,100	£75,100
Foundling Hospital, Guildford Street, Lon- don, W.C.	1739	For the support of chil- dren born out of wed- lock.	23,006	402	28,961
Marine Society, Clarke's Place, London, E.C. Training Ship <i>Warspite</i> , off Greenwich.	1756	At first any destitute boy was rescued; now they must be of good character.	65,041	500	10,481
Royal Female Orphan Asylum, Beddington, Surrey.	1758	To maintain and educate orphan girls between 7 and 9 years, and train them for domestic ser- vice.	3,711	150	3,389
Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphan- age (1864), Haverstock Hill, N.W.	1758	To maintain orphan and other necessitous chil- dren up to 15 years of age.	5,750	500	13,571
Carry forward			147,508	2,652	£131,502

Name and Address.	Date of Foundation.	Object.	Estimated number of children dealt with from foundation to 31st Dec. 1906.	Number of children accommodated for.	Income for 1906.
		Brought forward	147,508	2,652	£131,502
Home for Female Orphans who have lost both parents, Grove Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.	1786	To maintain and train for domestic service orphan girls who have lost both parents.	About 1,000	82	1,912
Field Lane Ragged Schools, Homes for the Homeless and Industrial Homes, Vine St., Clerkenwell.	1841	The rescue, education, and training of destitute children, with other branches.	About 200,000	In the Industrial Home 130 Ragged Schools no limit	6,411
National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.	1843	The rescue, training, and maintenance of homeless and destitute children.	18,137	1,387 (in 1906)	24,287
Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.	1844	To deal with the poorest children of the London slums.	About 600,000	No limit	37,286
National Orphan Home for Girls, Ham Common, Surrey.	1849	To receive orphan girls of the working classes and small tradespeople.	Over 2,000	150	The only reliable income is 1,180
National Orphan School, Tangley Park, Hampton, Middlesex.	1855	To receive and train orphan girls between the ages of 3 and 12 years.	About 3,000	70	760
Children's Aid Society, Victoria House, 117 Victoria Street, S.W.	1856	To seek out and rescue destitute children.	24,358	...	4,773
The Homes for Little Boys, Farningham and Swanley.	1864	For homeless and destitute boys under 10 years of age.	3,200	500	17,551
Dr. Barnardo's Homes (National Incorporated Association), 18 - 26 Stepney Causeway, London, E.	1866	The rescue and maintenance of destitute boys and girls.	62,312	8,000 in the Homes no limit	213,417
Westminster Diocesan Education Fund (Certified Schools), Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.	1866	To provide Certified Poor Law Schools, Industrial Schools, and Orphanages for Catholic children.	28,022	2,696	2,808
		Carry forward	1,089,537	15,667	£441,887



Name and Address.	Date of foundation.	Object.	Estimated number of children dealt with from foundation to 31st Dec. 1906.	Number of children accommodated for.	Income for 1906.
Stockwell Orphanage, 185 Clapham Road, S.W.	1867	Brought forward The rescue of fatherless boys and girls between the ages of 6 and 10.	1,089,537 2,814	15,667 500	£441,887 18,504
The Children's Home and Orphanage, Bonner Road, London, N.E.	1869	To rescue and train children who are in danger of falling into crime.	About 7,100 resident	About 1,800	49,757
The Home of Industry, Bethnal Green Road, London, E.	1869	The training of boys and girls for emigration to Canada.	7,350	About 120	3,700
The Princess Mary Village Homes, Addlestone, Surrey.	1872	For the reception of girls having a parent convicted of crime.	1,273	180	6,180
Church of England Incorporated Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays.	1881	To provide homes for destitute children.	Over 12,600	4,000	79,288 general
National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Leicester Square, London, W.C.	1884	The prevention of cruelty to children.	446,454 cases, 1,194,333 children	...	67,470
		Total	2,315,007	22,267	£666,786

TABLE OF HOMES FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN IN THE  
PROVINCES, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

Name and Address.	Date of foundation.	Object.	Estimated number of children dealt with from foundation to 31st Dec. 1906.	Number of children accommodated for.	Average annual expenditure.
Protestant Dissenting Charity School, Graham Street, Birmingham.	1760	To educate and train daughters of needy parents.	1,314	50	£900
New Orphan Homes, Ashley Down, Bristol.	1836	The rescue and training of destitute orphans of both sexes.	12,357	2,050	£25,950 for last five years.
Mrs. Smyly's Mission Homes and Ragged Schools, Dublin, Ireland.	1853	To educate and provide homes for destitute boys and girls.	About 50,000	Homes 560 Schools 440	£12,000
Boys' and Girls' Refuges and Homes, Strangeways, Manchester.	1870	The rescue and training of destitute boys and girls.	63,422	530	13,000 (about).
The Orphan Homes of Scotland, Bridge-of-Weir, N.B.	1871	The rescue and training of destitute Scottish children.	14,500	1,450	19,000 (about).
Children's Emigration Homes, St. Luke's Road, Birmingham.	1872	The training of boys and girls for emigration to Canada.	4,237	130	2,760
The Cottage Home for Little Children, Tivoli Road, Kingstown, Co. Dublin.	1879	To assist the industrious poor and provide a Home for legitimate children under the age of 6.	695	50	700 (about).
Gordon Boys' Orphanage, Gordon House, Dover.	1886	To educate and train orphan and destitute boys from all parts.	949	120	2,748
Total			147,474	5,380	£77,058



TABLE OF HOMES FOR CRIPPLED, AFFLICTED, AND DEFECTIVE CHILDREN.

Name and Address.	Date of foundation.	Object.	Estimated number of children dealt with from foundation to 31st Dec. 1906.	Number of children accommodated for.	Average annual expenditure.
Royal Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb Poor, Margate, Kent.	1792	To maintain and educate the deaf and dumb children.	5,793	320	£12,000
Royal Institution for the Instruction of Deaf and Dumb Children, Edgbaston, Birmingham.	1812	Do.	Over 1,500	175	7,250
Earlswood Asylum, The National Training Home for the Feeble-minded, Redhill, Surrey.	1847	The training of the feeble-minded.	Over 4,000 cases.	650 patients	26,000 to 27,000
The Cripple Home and Industrial School for Girls, Northumberland Ho., Marylebone Road, W.	1851	To receive and train cripple girls not under 12 years for three years, and a certain number of industrial girls to do housework.	5,000	Certified for 100	1,703 (in 1906).
Eastern Counties Asylum for Idiots, Imbeciles, and Feeble-minded, Colchester.	1859	The training of the feeble-minded.	1,200 (including adults).	320	11,000
Royal Albert Asylum for the Feeble-minded, Lancaster.	1864	Do.	2,725	700	22,239 (1905).
Western Counties Asylum, Starcross, Exeter.	1864	For the care, education, and training of children of feeble intellect.	1,144	280	8,000
National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys, Woolsthorpe House, Wright's Lane, High Street, Kensington.	1865	To feed, clothe, educate, and teach trades to crippled boys from all parts of the kingdom, from 13 to 18 years of age.	1,250	100	3,899 (1906).
Midland Counties Asylum, Knowle, Nr. Birmingham.	1868	For the care, education, and training of the feeble-minded.	326	116	4,000
Total			22,938	2,761	£97,091

TABLE OF HOSPITALS FOR SICK CHILDREN IN LONDON.

Name and Address.	Date of foundation.	Object.	Estimated number of children dealt with from foundation to 31st Dec. 1906.	Number of children accommodation for.	Average annual expenditure.
Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.	1852	The medical and surgical treatment of poor sick and disabled children.	Between 800,000 and 900,000	260 beds	£17,648 (last 3 yrs.)
Victoria Hospital for Children, Tite Street, Chelsea, S.W.	1866	The care of sick children from infancy.	35,789 In-Pat. 1,410,151 Out-Pat.	104 „	10,000
Belgrave Hospital for Children, Clapham Rd., Clapham, S.W.	1866	To give surgical and medical treatment to the children of the poor.	...	40 „	4,279
East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell, E.	1868	For the reception of sick children.	39,945 In-Pat. 760,696 Out-Pat.	120 „	£11,000 (about).
Evelina Hospital for Sick Children, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.	1869	To receive and treat poor sick children.	...	76 „	...
Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.	1875	To receive sick children between 3 and 10 years.	505	50 „	2,750
Paddington Green Children's Hospital.	1883	The medical and surgical relief of the children of the poor.	10,786 In-Pat. 305,737 Out-Pat.	46 „	4,500
Total			3,363,609	696 beds	£50,177



TABLE OF COUNTRY HOLIDAY SOCIETIES.

Name and Address.	Date of foundation.	Object.	Number of children sent away from foundation to 31st Dec. 1906.	Number of children accommodation for.	Average annual expenditure.
Children's Fresh Air Mission, St. Peter's Schools, Onslow Street, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.	1882	To provide a holiday in the country for poor sickly London children.	69,194	...	£1,744 6 2
Children's Country Holiday Fund, 18 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.	1884	Do.	576,719	22,000	30,000 0 0
Pearson's Fresh - Air Fund, 23 Bride Street, London, E.C.	1892	To provide a day's outing in the country for children from London and 39 provincial cities.	2,000,000	...	8,000 0 0
		Total	2,645,913	22,000	£39,744 6 2

# APPENDIX D

## TABLE SHOWING THE GROWTH OF THE VILLAGE HOME

Cottage.	Donor.	Foundation stone laid	Opened
Myrtle, .	Erected by Æ. D. in memory of an only daughter.	By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, June 9th, 1875.	By the Rt. Hon. the Earl Cairns, July 9th, 1876.
Woodbine, .	The gift of J. S., . . . .	Do.	By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, July 9th, 1876.
Clapham, .	Built by Christians residing at Clapham.	Do.	Do.
Honeysuckle, .	The gift of J. E. W., . . .	Do.	Do.
Jessamine, .	The gift of F., . . . .	Do.	Do.
Cambridge, .	Erected by members of the University and inhabitants of the town of Cambridge.	Do.	Do.
Lily, .	The gift of D. C., . . . .	Do.	Do.
Hawthorn, .	The gift of T. W., . . . .	Do.	Do.
Daisy, .	The gift of S. M. A., . . .	Do.	By the Rt. Hon. the Earl Cairns, July 9th, 1876.
Billiter, .	Erected by M. M. A. C. B. in memory of her late husband.	Do.	Do.
Rose, .	The gift of A. J. L. L., erected in memory of my beloved wife.	Do.	Do.
Bluebell, .	...	...	Do.
Primrose, .	The gift of E. D., . . . .	By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, June 9th, 1875.	Do.
Forget-me-not	The gift of M. S., . . . .	...	Do.
Craven, .	In memory of my father, S. E.	...	By Her Grace Sydney, Dowager Duchess of Manchester, 10th July 1878.
Salem, .	To commemorate a beloved son, J. H.	...	Do.
Trefoil, .	In memory of three who have fallen asleep, given by E. S.	...	Do.
Heartsease, .	The gift of an aged saint, D. G.	...	Do.
Wild Thyme, .	The gift of M., . . . .	...	Do.
Violet, .	The gift of two sisters, . .	...	By the Countess Cairns, July 10th, 1878.
Bath, .	The gift of Christian friends at Bath.	...	Do.



Cottage.	Donor.	Foundation stone laid	Opened
Halifax, .	The gift of Christian friends of many denominations at Halifax.	...	By the Countess Cairns, July 10th, 1878.
Armitie, .	Erected by M. M. A. C. B. in memory of her late husband.	...	Do.
Babies, .	Do.	...	Do.
Hahnemann, .	Do.	...	Do.
Hyacinth, .	Erected by G. as a thank-offering for great mercies.	By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, July 10th, 1878.	By H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, June 18th, 1879.
Eton, .	'In memory of my son, A. R.'	Do.	Do.
Beehive, .	Erected by the children of Great Britain through a kind friend, L. S.	Do.	Do.
May, .	Given by E. J. H. in affectionate memory of a beloved mother and father.	By H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, June 18th, 1879.	In 1880.
Clarellan, .	The gift of sympathisers, .	Do.	Do.
Heather, .	Built through the munificence of Christian friends resident in Scotland.	By the Countess of Aberdeen, June 18th, 1879.	Do.
Burwell Park, .	...	...	In 1887.
Curling, .	...	...	Do.
Mickleham, .	...	...	Do.
Sweetbriar, .	...	...	Do.
Pink Clover, .	...	...	Do.
Ivy, .	...	...	Do.
Oxford, .	The undergraduates of Oxford.	...	Do.
St. Helena, .	Anonymous, . . . .	...	Do.
Syndal, .	Do.	...	Do.
Pussy, .	...	...	Do.
Joicey, .	...	...	Do.
Clement, .	...	...	Do.
Mayflower, .	...	...	Do.
Cyril, .	...	...	Do.
Sir James Tyler, .	...	...	Do.
Ilex, .	...	...	Do.
Hope, .	...	...	Do.
Peace, .	...	...	Do.
Dr. Truell, .	In memory of a generous friend of the work.	...	By the Duchess of Somerset, July 11, 1903.
Faith, .	Mrs. W., . . . .	...	By Georgiana, Countess of Seafield, 11th July 1903.
Ethel Bolton, .	In memory of a daughter, .	...	By Lady Hope, 11th July 1903.
Jessamine and Mignonette.	E. E. D., erected in accordance with the wishes of a deceased donor who left money by will for the purpose.	...	By Mrs. Ingleby, 11th July 1903.
John Sands, .	In memory of Mr. John Sands, who gave a lease of Mossford Lodge and land adjoining.	...	By Sir Robert Anderson, 11th July 1903.

Cottage.	Donor.	Foundation stone laid	Opened
Francis Reckitt.	Francis Reckitt, Esq., . . .	...	By H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, 16th July 1904.
Sir George Williams.	In memory of Sir George Williams, for many years a generous donor and friend of the work.	...	Do.
Crosswell, .	In memory of a lady who left the whole of her estate to the Homes.	...	Do.
John Howard Angas.	In memory of the most generous donor to the Homes. (During his lifetime he gave £44,000 and left £1000 by will.)	...	Do.
Marian, .	Anonymous, . . .	By Howard Williams, Esq., 11th July 1903.	Do.
In Memoriam Henry Mountain, 1903.	The late Mr. Mountain left £1000 to the Homes. His widow made up the balance so that a Cottage might be erected to his memory. Mrs. Mountain also furnished the Cottage.	By T. A. Denny, Esq., 11th July 1903.	Do.
Gustasp, .	In memory of an only son, whose name the Cottage bears.	By Fenwick S. Watts, Esq., 11th July 1903.	Do.
Cannizaro, .	In memory of a mother, .	By His Grace the Duke of Argyll, K.T., 11th July 1903.	Do.
Joy, . . .	Mrs. M'A., . . .	...	In 1905.
In Memoriam Benjamin Hood.	The gift of Mrs. Hood, a lady resident in the United States, in memory of her late husband whose mother, Lucy Gay, was born at Barkingside in 1805, and lived there till she married the late Mr. Benjamin Hood's father, Samuel Hood.	...	Do.
Larchfield M'Culloch.	Built in accordance with the wishes of a deceased donor who left funds for the purpose.	...	Do.
Young Helpers' League.	The Young Helpers' League.	By Dr. Barnardo, 15th July 1905.	By Lady Brassey, 30th June 1906.
James Holmes Lucking.	The Lucking Trustees, . . .	By W. W. Hind Smith, Esq.	Do.
Governor's House.	...	...	Completed 1876.
Cairns House,	Erected by the children of England in memory of Earl Cairns.	...	6th August 1887.
Mossford Lodge,	Gift of Mr. John Sands.	...	...
The Children's Church.	Anonymous gift, . . .	...	Dedicated April 1894.



Cottage.	Donor.	Foundation stone laid	Opened
The Schools, .	Mr. and Mrs. John Newberry, in memory of their son John Edgar.	By Mrs. John Newberry, 16th February 1893.	Completed 1896.
Embroidery School, .	...	...	Built in 1901.
Queen Victoria House :—			
(a) Archibald Morton Wing	Given by a kind donor of that name resident in New Zealand.	...	By his Grace the Duke of Argyll, 11th July 1903.
(b) Wilson Wing	Given by another generous donor, Mrs. Wilson.	...	...
(c) Babies' Wing.	Still unappropriated.	...	...
Edmund Hannay Watts Sanatorium.	Fenwick S. Watts, Esq., in memory of his father.	...	In 1905.
Dressmaking School, .	...	...	...
Cookery School, .	...	...	...
Laundry, .	...	...	By the Countess Cairns, 19th July 1876.

## APPENDIX E

## TABULAR STATEMENT OF THE CHILDREN BOARDED OUT BY DR. BARNARDO

	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906
January, .	306	468	714	1080	1637	2087	1770	1890	2091	2216	1654	1624	1963	2405	2421	2958	3296	3991	4231
February, .	305	476	767	1091	1634	2093	1751	1894	2106	2182	1639	1649	2010	2390	2447	3034	3295	4019	4234
March, .	334	482	789	1159	1703	2039	1836	1977	2088	2151	1637	1632	2052	2349	2451	2973	3362	3986	4296
April, .	346	483	843	1177	1746	1887	1847	1999	2145	2161	1645	1661	2099	2362	2450	2974	3394	4006	4304
May, .	353	483	841	1221	1771	1834	1800	1978	2148	2062	1647	1693	2067	2325	2520	3042	3393	3999	4295
June, .	374	486	858	1266	1861	1815	1827	1968	2164	1728	1639	1801	2171	2348	2538	3101	3424	4074	4289
July, .	386	509	861	1297	1892	1718	1840	1960	2085	1673	1589	1812	2111	2229	2582	3126	3405	3920	4074
August, .	390	518	899	1333	1937	1704	1850	1859	2116	1661	1606	1815	2152	2316	2683	3182	3651	3946	4218
September, .	410	587	945	1414	1964	1713	1875	1985	2044	1624	1600	1828	2140	2291	2674	3135	3610	3921	4184
October, .	425	648	946	1475	1969	1761	1819	1996	2093	1650	1595	1830	2198	2300	2744	3161	3698	3873	4259
November, .	449	727	1003	1588	2057	1822	1879	2000	2135	1666	1599	1893	2231	2357	2852	3217	3758	3918	4335
December, .	452	710	1044	1615	2085	1809	1907	2083	2156	1617	1587	1931	2352	2377	2926	3291	3967	4160	4357



# APPENDIX F STATISTICAL RECORD OF 'EVER-OPEN DOORS' SINCE DATES OF OPENING

	Bath and Bristol.	Belfast.	Birmingham.	Brighton.	Cardiff.	Edinburgh (now closed).	Hull.	Leeds.	Liverpool.	Newcastle.	Plymouth.	Portsmouth.	Sheffield.	Southampton.	Total.
Number of Applications.	1,997	3,316	3,741	1,433	2,710	343	644	3,734	10,795	6,147	1,871	1,805	255	1,638	40,429
Number Admitted to Branches pending inquiry.	976	2,030	2,150	467	1,946	128	340	2,232	4,124	3,025	747	702	135	192	19,194
Number Permanently Admitted to London Homes.	578	526	1,122	345	492	47	250	627	1,493	1,412	437	556	120	117	8,121
Number Restored to friends.	156	581	379	51	277	46	25	550	477	581	118	63	8	32	3,344
Number Sent to Situations, Recommended to other Homes, or supplied with Clothing.	233	975	436	133	579	19	145	738	5,387	1,471	288	128	13	686	11,231
Number Assisted from Auxiliary Boarding-out Fund.	59	88	52	34	38	...	18	17	22	3	23	25	5	14	398
Number Discharged at own request.	97	434	453	35	685	24	38	938	1,651	557	156	54	1	20	5,143
Number of Applications Declined or Fallen Through.	798	657	1,279	820	573	201	147	841	1,706	2,019	832	958	101	747	11,679
Number of Cases Personally Investigated.	1,808	2,792	3,113	955	2,027	315	681	3,013	4,912	4,456	1,448	1,775	243	1,255	28,793
Number of Free Lodgings given.	10,161	29,781	30,767	6,201	28,338	1,760	3,247	20,919	59,018	46,278	7,776	6,284	2,381	4,331	257,242
Number of Free Meals given.	32,929	89,345	99,155	18,590	86,640	5,464	9,867	63,748	181,925	138,637	22,882	19,203	7,729	13,014	789,128

APPENDIX G  
MATERIAL RELIEF SUPPLIED TO NECESSITIOUS CASES NOT ADMITTED TO  
THE HOMES: 1895-1906

	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906
Wanderers or Runaways } restored to friends. Supplied with Clothing } or other requirements } and Sent to Situations } or Recommended to } other Homes; in some } cases admission fee } being paid for them. }	197	223	226	207	236	280	253	265	261	254	219	189
Girls and Young Women } Rescued from evil lives } and Placed in Rescue } Homes and Refuges. }	636	708	729	651	588	681	790	763	1,135	1,268	1,154	1,035
Free Lodgings supplied } through Ever - Open } Doors, Free Lodging- } houses, and All-night } Refuges. }	211	235	216	162	145	149	161	140	103	73	115	206
Free Meals through the } above sources and } East-End Mission. }	52,246	62,068	74,645	57,819	78,503	50,944	50,074	42,996	41,320	31,032	28,484	33,720
Garments Given Away or } Sold at nominal prices, } and pairs of Boots } Lent to Board School } and Necessitous Chil- } dren. }	195,126	188,682	169,040	78,644	78,639	137,890	148,229	141,990	160,222	120,239	190,104	119,257
	14,922	8,040	20,351	19,726	28,199	27,340	26,450	48,086	63,065	92,533	69,739	57,579



## APPENDIX H

### RELATIONS WITH THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

DEAR MR. MARCHANT,—Pray forgive my long delay in replying to your kind request for something from me on Dr. Barnardo's relation with our Society. It is a real pleasure to me to have the opportunity to do so.

The Doctor was always an ardent friend of the object of the Society, viz. the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He was one of the first Council of the Society. On some utterances of mine in *The Child's Guardian*, which he considered gave him just grounds of complaint, he withdrew from the Society. This was followed by utterances of mine on platforms which implied attacks on his methods of work.

In order to do justice to the Doctor, it must be remembered that when the Society was started it simply meant an expedient for reducing the miseries of children. Many espoused it who, when its methods were made clear, withdrew from it. As a matter of fact, more than three-fourths of the original Council fell away. Their idea that a mental effect, to be produced in the parents of the children needing protection, and this by the existence of a new law and by its application in all cases of neglect and ill-treatment, was not believed in.

Not until some years had passed and the original Council had practically all gone, could this principle be considered as the adopted policy of the Society. The Council was by this time composed of representatives of the Branches of the Society which were actually working the plan, and observed the blessings which were the result both in the experience of the children and in the conduct of parents. They knew it of their own knowledge. Meanwhile, it was all theory unsupported by Dr. Barnardo's experience. He was firmly established in the belief in the benefit



of Homes and of Industrial Schools. He was the author of an unparalleled movement for the benefit of waifs and strays which had provided such means for their rescue, changed thousands of them from destitution and misery to comfort and happiness, from idleness and all sorts of dangers to themselves and to the community in the purlieus of London, to industry in the cornfields of Canada. It was a great thing in 1884 for the Society to include such men as Dr. Barnardo in its Council.

In 1888 an utterance of mine on the Gossage Case deeply wounded him. It occurred in *The Child's Guardian*. It was accurate but without regard to a strong man's struggle with adversity. It was, I admit, crude, and lacked the sympathy which is necessary for a statement to be the whole truth. He felt it to be cruel. The Gossage Case has passed into forgotten things, and the lesson of it as to what is due to an active, earnest, and passionately religious man still remains.

There were other things which gave him pain. In the course of my crusade, I uttered such sentences as 'Charity for destitute children puts a premium upon parental indifference.' 'We ought not to remove children from their wretched homes, but to remove the cause of their being wretched in them.' 'What is wanted is not the ever-open door of Institutions for the wretched children, but ever-open doors of prisons for those who make them wretched.' This seemed to him calculated to injure his grand work. It was absolutely and utterly foreign to their intention, and an effect I should have deeply regretted. Long before he had passed into the Great Peace he had come fully to believe this, and to rejoice in the result of my struggle.

His last letter to me expressed the tone and bearing of his spirit, on the whole and in the long run, during the twenty years of his relations with the Society.

Forgive my reflecting that those who enter a contest on behalf of a great cause should, at least, not be surprised to find that neither they nor their opponents are fighting with the air. There will be a good deal of give and take of not wholly pleasant things. But love will forgive and heal.

As regards what our Society has done for miserable children in the land, the following is a brief summary:—

Since in 1889 it obtained the present law on cruelty and



became a Society for the Nation, its Inspectors (now 200) have visited 967,941 persons (mostly parents) charged with some sort of degree of cruelty to children, and explained the wrong and the legal consequences of what they were doing. When they had given time to see the effect of this, they found all had improved save 273,501. These cases were now formally warned of proceeding. This second visit improved conduct save in 33,994, in which number final proceedings were taken, the Court sentencing them to an aggregate of 7000 years of imprisonment and £8000 in fines. These figures are for the whole nation—England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.

What leaven of thought such facts introduce into the secret working of the minds of the cruel who neglect and ill-treat children must be left to the thought of the reader.

The changes in the law effected by the Society's legislation have swept away many obstacles to work for children and made a clear way to success. For instance, they have made the feeding and clothing and reasonable treatment of children a parental duty to the State. Such things are no longer matters left to parents' will. Neglect to do them is punishable by fine and imprisonment. So is everything which causes a child 'unnecessary suffering or injury to its health.' The children of worthless parents the Court may give into the possession of suitable persons willing to take them, and orders may be given that the deprived parents should pay towards their children's maintenance. These too may be enforced.

When deemed necessary, search or removal warrants may be obtained in order to see into houses and to examine children and ascertain the facts suspected. Many places are made 'places of safety' to which such children may be removed.

The oath necessary for children has been removed from Court proceedings. Fathers and mothers may give evidence in children's cases for or against each other.

One point especially bears on the Gossage Case. Consent for the emigration of a child may be obtained from the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and with that consent the matter ends.

After the Doctor became acquainted with the practical working of the Society and its policy, his warm and candid nature rejoiced to work in hearty co-operation with us.



In protecting the young from the evils to which they are exposed, Lord Shaftesbury and Dr. Barnardo were our pioneers.

His Lordship attacked the factory and workshops ; the Doctor the dens and slums of our cities. Our work has a new sphere—the house and the parent. We have given a new meaning to cruelty, and we use new means for its abolition. The success of our efforts is found in the vast difference between the habits practised by the parents of twenty-five years ago and those being practised by the same class to-day.

Allow me to add that I feel it to have been one of the greatest privileges of my life to have known Dr. Barnardo.—Yours very truly,

(Signed) BENJAMIN WAUGH.

WEYBRIDGE, *May* 18, 1906.

ST. LEONARD'S LODGE,  
SURBITON, *25th May* 1905.

DEAR MR. WAUGH,—I have just returned myself from an enforced leave of absence in the hope of finding some measure of health and strength by a prolonged rest. Happily I have returned much improved thereby, only, however, to learn what grieves me more than I can say, that you are compelled by your infirmities to relinquish the helm of that Society which you have so ably managed, and which you have steered clear into safe and prosperous waters.

I have read this morning with deep interest your cheery and very touching farewell in *The Child's Guardian*, and I felt I must not delay sending you a few lines of sympathy and goodwill, and to say, first, how much I hope for yourself that you may find, with greater leisure and quiet, a real return of health ; and second, how earnestly and sincerely I hope that the great Society you have founded may be carried on as successfully as you have carried it on by whoever is chosen to be your successor. It is seldom that a man in your position, who has done your work, is permitted to see his successor take up the reins from his hand and assume administrative control. It may prove a great blessing to your Society that you are able to do this, for you may yet be able to guide with your counsel and with your great experience



those who, perhaps, without such aid, might fail in their first endeavours.

As I look back over the course of the past twenty years, I cannot believe or think that the differences which once obtained between us, and which we both honestly expressed according to our own standpoint, have allowed any permanent shadow to remain over the esteem and regard in which we hold each other; at any rate, I am certain it has not in my case. I may have been wrong in what I felt and thought and said at one time of your Society's action, but I will not reopen that subject now; I can only say that I honestly believed then I was right. Perhaps with a little more patience and a larger charity and a broader outlook we might both have spared each other a good deal of pain; but happily it is all past and over, and nothing remains on my mind to hinder me from doing as I have done many a time and would wish to do so still, to stretch out to you the hand of warm, brotherly admiration, esteem, and, may I add, affection, and to wish you God-speed and much of His presence and blessing in the quiet hours which may yet come to you. As for myself, I would ask an interest in your prayers. I am no longer as strong as I was; an enfeebled heart gives its own warning from time to time. Nor is my Society on the strong basis that yours is. But I do not complain; we are trying in our measure to do some good, and I hope not in vain, and to know that you sometimes think of us kindly and sympathetically, and that we are not divided in heart—you and I—who have sought, though in different ways, to cherish and protect the children of our land, is a great consolation to me.

I do not know where to address this, as I have not your private address; but I will send it to your office, and hope it may be forwarded to you.—Believe me to be, dear Mr. Waugh, fraternally and faithfully yours in the great Master's service among the children,

(Signed) THOS. J. BARNARDO.

REV. BENJAMIN WAUGH,  
N. S. P. C. C.,  
LEICESTER SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.C.

# APPENDIX I

## TEN YEARS' DISPOSALS, 1897-1906

Year.	In Residence 1st January.	Fresh Admis- sions during year.	Number wholly maintained during year.	Number main- tained in whole or in part during year.	Number emigrated.	Sent to Situations in England or to Sea, etc.	Died during year.	In Residence 31st Decem- ber.
1897	4,698	1,102	6,991	8,432	664	1,879	30	4,374
1898	4,374	1,442	6,780	8,352	617	1,689	26	4,448
1899	4,448	1,763	7,459	8,997	647	1,979	35	4,798
1900	4,798	1,729	7,677	9,452	931	1,507	42	5,197
1901	5,197	1,630	7,887	9,965	1,013	1,337	63	5,474
1902	5,474	2,206	9,785	11,268	1,053	1,489	34	6,399
1903	6,399	2,476	10,477	11,803	1,237	2,098	64	7,078
1904	7,078	2,603	10,905	12,253	1,266	1,709	75	7,855
1905	7,855	2,412	11,277	12,843	1,314	2,367	67	7,529
1906	7,529	2,928	10,457	11,695	1,171	1,404	73	7,809



## APPENDIX J

### STATISTICAL SUMMARY OF THE WORK DONE DURING THE YEAR 1906

<b>Total number of Children rescued in 41 years, up to 31st December 1906</b>	62,312
Number of Waif Children dealt with in 1906	17,946
Fresh Applications during 1906	10,417
Number of Children wholly maintained in 1906	10,457
"      "      maintained in whole or in part in 1906	11,695
Average number in residence throughout the year	7,669
Total number in residence on 31st December 1906 [4,149 Boys + 3,660 Girls]	7,809
Fresh cases temporarily sheltered during 1906 [632 Boys + 205 Girls]	837
<b>Fresh cases permanently admitted during 1906 [1,315 Boys + 776 Girls]</b>	<b>2,091</b>
Children included in the above, rescued during 1906 from circumstances of <i>grave moral danger</i> and destitution	477
Children rescued during 1906 from <i>utter destitution</i>	1,614
Incurable Cripples, Physically Disabled and Blind Children, or Deaf Mutes, etc., admitted during 1906	102
<b>Young Children admitted (under five years of age)</b>	<b>472</b>
Average number of Children admitted every working day during the year	9.35
Largest number of admissions in one working day	39
<b>Total number of Boys and Girls boarded out in England and Canada on 31st December 1906 [2,399 Boys + 1,958 Girls]</b>	<b>4,357</b>
Total number of Children of five years of age, and under, in residence 31st December 1906	1,100
Boys and Girls sent to situations at home, or at sea, or otherwise placed out in life in 1906	1,404

<b>Boys and Girls emigrated to Colonies in 1906 [728 Boys + 443 Girls]</b>	<b>1,171</b>
Total number of Boys and Girls emigrated up to 31st December 1906, through the Homes to the Colonies	18,645
Number of deaths during the year [45 Boys + 28 Girls]	73
Rate of Mortality per 1000 for the year	6.98
Children educated, partly fed or clothed at Free Day Schools, Copperfield Road	1,238
Free Meals provided through Provincial 'Ever-Open Doors'	48,782
Free Meals supplied through the Children's Free Lodging Houses and All-Night Refuge	24,497
Free Meals supplied through Copperfield Road Free Schools	29,779
Free Meals supplied through the Edinburgh Castle	6,199
<b>Total Free Meals supplied through Free Meal Agencies during the year</b>	<b>119,257</b>
Free Lodgings provided through Provincial 'Ever-Open Doors'	15,578
Free Lodgings provided through the Children's Free Lodging-Houses and All-Night Refuge	18,142
<b>Total Free Lodgings provided during the year</b>	<b>33,720</b>
Girls and Young Women rescued in 1906 from evil lives and placed in other Rescue Homes and Refuges	206
Garments given away or sold at nominal prices, Blankets lent, and pairs of Boots supplied to Board School and necessitous Children	57,579
Visits paid by Deaconesses during the year	2,631
Religious Services held at various Mission Centres	1,698
Aggregate attendances at same	429,141
Temperance, Social, Educational, and other meetings held at various Mission Centres	870
Aggregate attendances at same	133,743
<b>Total number of all kinds of Meetings and Services held during the year</b>	<b>2,568</b>
<b>Aggregate attendances at same</b>	<b>562,884</b>
Hospitals, Dispensary, and Convalescent Home Letters distributed	468
Number of Articles washed at the Girls' Village Homes Laundry during 1906	940,031
Publications sold, or given out from Stores	1,094,589
Letters and Parcels received at Head Office during 1906	207,654
Letters and Parcels sent out from Head Office during 1906	366,794



## APPENDIX K

## RECEIPTS FROM 1866 TO 1906

15th July	1866 to 15th July 1868	.	.	.	£214 15 0
16th July	1868 to 31st December 1869	.	.	.	818 2 4
1st January	1870 to 31st March 1871	.	.	.	2,429 10 4
1st April	1871 to	"	1872	.	7,010 14 4
"	1872	"	1873	.	15,297 17 3
"	1873	"	1874	.	12,441 15 10
"	1874	"	1875	.	23,312 6 8
"	1875	"	1876	.	25,549 13 1
"	1876	"	1877	.	34,900 11 0
"	1877	"	1878	.	32,124 7 8
"	1878	"	1879	.	29,394 18 10
"	1879	"	1880	.	35,754 10 0
"	1880	"	1881	.	38,693 8 11
"	1881	"	1882	.	41,367 18 9
"	1882	"	1883	.	45,136 8 6
"	1883	"	1884	.	55,714 1 6
"	1884	"	1885	.	60,416 12 9
"	1885	"	1886	.	68,466 5 11
"	1886	"	1887	.	76,986 17 7
"	1887	"	1888	.	98,708 17 1
"	1888 to 31st December 1888*	.	.	.	84,729 8 3
1st January	1889	"	1889	.	106,723 12 0
"	1890	"	1890	.	110,478 7 3
"	1891	"	1891	.	131,376 4 6
"	1892	"	1892	.	132,880 0 5
"	1893	"	1893	.	134,053 19 1
"	1894	"	1894	.	150,291 12 9
"	1895	"	1895	.	142,024 5 6
"	1896	"	1896	.	147,042 15 2
"	1897	"	1897	.	144,008 17 6
"	1898	"	1898	.	143,848 19 10
"	1899	"	1899	.	147,094 5 9
"	1900	"	1900	.	148,614 19 9
"	1901	"	1901	.	145,757 8 8
"	1902	"	1902	.	178,732 13 8
"	1903	"	1903	.	179,740 3 11
"	1904	"	1904	.	187,508 15 1
"	1905	"	1905	.	196,286 11 0
"	1906	"	1906	.	197,892 13 9
Gross Total					£3,513,825 7 2

\* Prior to 1888 the Institutional year for accountancy purposes was taken as from 1st April to 31st March following. In 1888, however, a change was made. Hence the income given here for 1888 is for *nine months* only.

## ANALYSIS OF GIFTS, AS TO NUMBER AND AMOUNT: 1894-1906

	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906
Total number of Gifts .	77,171	83,084	85,768	84,772	99,007	94,530	90,675	87,538	94,332	88,576	94,611	94,591	86,497
Gifts under £1, . . .	50,188	55,719	57,192	55,591	71,813	68,240	64,247	60,440	64,617	55,565	63,731	62,054	54,278
Gifts of £1 and under £5 .	21,375	22,127	23,060	23,457	22,104	20,644	20,746	21,412	23,353	22,030	24,430	25,235	24,950
" £5 " £10 .	3,408	2,985	3,189	3,118	3,165	3,082	3,044	2,998	3,485	3,100	3,441	3,826	3,822
" £10 " £100 .	2,050	2,147	2,206	2,488	2,295	2,433	2,494	2,544	2,715	2,713	2,834	3,252	3,227
" £100 " £200 .	93	65	73	77	86	85	91	97	99	98	108	141	135
" £200 " £300 .	13	14	17	16	18	15	18	14	19	21	17	37	27
" £300 " £400 .	5	..	10	7	7	5	3	10	7	7	9	9	9
" £400 " £500 .	1	8	1	1	3	6	4	4	7	5	4	7	5
" £500 and over .	38	19	20	17	16	20	28	19	30	37	37	30	44
Average value of each Gift .	£ s. d. 1 18 11	£ s. d. 1 14 2	£ s. d. 1 14 3	£ s. d. 1 13 11	£ s. d. 1 9 1	£ s. d. 1 11 1	£ s. d. 1 12 9	£ s. d. 1 13 4	£ s. d. 1 17 11	£ s. d. 2 3 0	£ s. d. 1 19 7	£ s. d. 2 1 6	£ s. d. 2 5 9
TOTAL INCOME .	£150,991	£142,024	£147,043	£144,009	£143,849	£147,094	£148,615	£145,757	£178,782	£179,740	£187,508	£196,286	£197,892 13 9



## APPENDIX L

### COMPLETE LIST OF HOMES AND BRANCHES IN CONNECTION WITH DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Names of Homes and Branches.	Situation.	Date acquired.	Object.
Ragged Schools, . . .	Hope Place, Limehouse, E.	Mar. 1867,	For the education of the poor children of the district and mission-work.
Shoeblack Brigade; . .	Branch of the Limehouse Shoeblack Brigade.	1868,	To educate and give employment to destitute lads.
Woodchopping Brigade,	Rhodeswell Wharf, E.	1868,	To give employment to destitute lads.
Boys' Home, . . . .	18 Stepney Causeway, E.	Dec. 1870,	To provide a home for destitute lads.
City Messengers' Brigade,	Do., . . . .	1870,	For the employment of destitute lads.
Salmon's Lane Ragged Schools.	Salmon's Lane, E., .	1870,	For the education of the children of the poor.
Tract and Pure Literature Depot.	2 North Street, Limehouse.	1871,	For the distribution of pure literature.
Edinburgh Castle Church,	Rhodeswell Road, Limehouse, E.	1872,	Mission Church.
Edinburgh Castle Coffee Palace.	Do., . . . .	1872,	To provide good, wholesome, cheap food with attractive surroundings.
Home for Destitute Girls, given on lease by Mr. John Sands.	Mossford Lodge, Barkingside, Ilford.	1874,	To provide a home for destitute girls.
Open-All-Night Shelter,	10 Stepney Causeway, E.	1874,	For the first reception of destitute children at any hour of the night.
Receiving House, . . .	Church House, Bow Road, E.	1874,	Receiving House for destitute girls.
Burdett Hall, . . . .	Burdett Road, E., .	1875,	For mission work.
Free Day and Sunday Schools.	Copperfield Road, E.	1875,	To educate and train the children of the poor.

Names of Homes and Branches.	Situation.	Date acquired.	Object.
'Union Jack' Shoeblack Brigade.	Mitre Court, Limehouse, E.	Affiliated 1875.	To provide employment for destitute lads.
Dublin Castle Coffee Palace and Mission Hall.	Mile End Road, E.,	1875,	Evangelical services and meetings and refreshment temperance house.
Edinburgh Castle Cabmen's Shelter.	Corner of Burdett and Bow Roads.	1876,	To provide a shelter for cabmen.
Girls' Village Home,	Barkingside, Essex,	1876,	To provide small homes on the family principle for destitute girls.
Factory Girls' Club and Institute.	St. Thomas Street, E.	1876,	To provide healthy amusement and spiritual help to factory girls.
Deaconess House, .	Oliver Terrace, Bow Road.	1877,	To train ladies to visit and minister to the poor and sick.
Infirmery, . . .	19 Stepney Causeway, E.	1877,	For the treatment of sick children.
Convalescent Home. (The gift of a lady at Tunbridge Wells.)	Crowborough, near Tunbridge Wells.	1877,	For sick children recovering from illness.
Medical Mission, . .	Ratcliffe Highway, E.	1878,	For the relief of the suffering and the giving of spiritual advice.
Home for Little Boys. (The gift of Mr. McNeill.)	'Teighmore,' near Gorey, Jersey.	1879,	For destitute little boys, particularly of delicate health.
Gloucester Place Mission Hall.	Salmon's Lane, E.,	1880,	For Gospel services, etc.
Young Workmen's Hotel and Institute.	212 Burdett Road, E.	1882,	To provide a lodging for young workmen.
Labour House, . . .	626 Commercial Road.	1882,	To provide a home and work for young men with a view to emigration.
St. Ann's Gospel Hall, .	Edinburgh Castle, Limehouse, E.	1883,	In connection with the Edinburgh Castle Church for overflow meetings, Sunday Schools, etc.
Distributing Home for Girls. (Loaned by Mr. and Mrs. George Cox.)	'Hazelbrae, Peterboro', Ontario, Canada.	1883,	Resident Home and Distributing Centre for girl emigrants.



Names of Homes and Branches.	Situation.	Date acquired.	Object.
Training Home and Free Registry for Servants. (Sturge House was the part gift of Mr. George Sturge.)	Sturge House, Bow Road, E. (now 212 Burdett Road, E.).	1883,	Training home for young servants.
Buckenhill Farm Home. (Maintained by Mr. Richard Phipps.)	Broomyard, Worcester.	1883,	To train boys in farm-work before emigrating to Canada.
Leopold House, . . .	Burdett Road, E., .	1883,	For orphan boys under thirteen years of age.
Babies' Castle. (The gift of Mr. Moillet.)	Hawkhurst, Kent, .	1884,	For the reception of babies and children under 6 years.
Industrial Farm, . . .	Russell, Manitoba, Canada.	1884,	Farm home for youths drafted from the Labour House.
Rag-Collecting Brigade,	...	Affiliated 1886.	To provide young men with work.
Tinies' House, . . .	Mile End Road, E.,	1886,	A home for babies.
Convalescent Home, . .	5 & 6 Chelsea Villas, Felixstowe.	1886,	Convalescent home for boys and girls.
Rescue Home, . . .	(Private address), .	1886,	For girls in moral danger.
Canadian Immigration Department.	214 Farley Avenue, Toronto, Canada.	1887,	Headquarters in Canada and home for boy immigrants.
Dorcas House, . . .	Carr Street, E., .	1887,	Hall for services and mothers' meetings.
The Children's Fold (or Sheppard House).	182 Grove Road, E.,	1887,	Originally intended for cripples, now used for little boys.
Shipping Agency, . . .	Yarmouth, . . .	1887,	A centre from which to place lads at sea.
Do., . . .	51 Partridge Road, Cardiff.	1887,	Do.
Edinburgh Castle Tract Depot.	Rhodeswell Road, E.,	1887,	The diffusion of instructive and religious literature at cheap rates.
Free Lodging House, . .	Flower and Dean Street, Spitalfields, E.	1888,	To provide lodging to homeless boys and girls.
Do., . . .	Dock Street, Leman Street (now 81 Commercial Road), E.	1888,	Do.

Names of Homes and Branches.	Situation.	Date acquired.	Object.
Her Majesty's Hospital,	13, 15, 17, and 19 Stepney Causeway, E.	1888,	Hospital for sick children.
Alfred Street Shelter, .	Bow Road, E., .	1888,	Quarantine house for the temporary reception of destitute girls.
Burdett Dormitory, .	Burdett Road, E., .	1888,	Used as a relief house to avoid overcrowding.
'The Beehive,' . . .	273 Mare Street, Hackney.	1889,	Rescue and training home for older girls.
Change House for Boys,	1 Bower Street, E.,	...	Relief home.
Cairns Mission Hall, .	Salmon's Lane, Limehouse, E.	1891,	For mission services, etc.
Ever-Open Door, . . .	4 Castle Terrace, Edinburgh (now closed).	1892,	Provincial receiving home for destitute children.
Do., . . .	171A Islington, Liverpool.	1892,	Do.
Do., . . .	24 Kirkgate, Leeds,	1892,	Do.
Do., . . .	13 Buckland Terrace, Plymouth.	1892,	Do.
Do., . . .	55 New King Street, Bath (now closed).	1892,	Do.
Do., . . .	10 Pembroke Terrace, Cardiff.	1892,	Do.
Do., . . .	24 Shieldfield Green, Newcastle.	1892,	Do.
The Children's Church. (An anonymous gift.)	The Girls' Village Home, Barking-side.	Dedicated 1894.	For the service of God at the Girls' Village Home.
Jones Memorial Home. (The gift of F. H. & J. W. Jones, in memory of E. H. Jones.)	16/18 Trafalgar Road, Birkdale, Lancs.	1894,	A home for incurable children.
Home for Girl Waifs, .	13 Clifton Hill, Exeter.	1894,	A home for girls of Devonshire birth.
Ever-Open Door, . . .	34 Park Row, Bristol,	1894,	Provincial receiving home for destitute boys and girls.
Do., . . .	23 Digbeth, Birmingham.	1895,	Do.



Names of Homes and Branches.	Situation.	Date acquired.	Object.
Ever-Open Door, . .	St. John's Place, Notting Hill.	1896,	Receiving home for destitute children and free lodging-house for young women and children.
Mittendorff House, .	High Road, Epsom,	1896,	Home for little boys.
Home for Younger Boys,	115 Pacific Avenue, Winnipeg.	1896,	Distributing home for small boy immigrants.
Home for Girls, . .	Rock End, Histon Road, Cambridge.	1897,	Industrial home for older girls.
Home for Incurables, .	3 Parkfield Road, Bradford.	1898,	Home for incurably afflicted children.
Ever-Open Door, . .	293 Commercial Road, Portsmouth.	1898,	Provincial receiving home for destitute children.
Do., . . . .	110 Great Victoria Street, Belfast .	1899,	Do.
Home for Girls, . .	30½ Skinner Street, Stockton-on-Tees.	1899,	Home for girls.
Marie Hilton Crèche, .	12, 14, and 16 Stepney Causeway, E.	1899,	Daily nursery for babies and young children while their mothers are at work.
Ever-Open Door and Girls Training Home, . .	29 Devonshire Place, Brighton.	1899,	Receiving home for destitute children and training home for girls.
Home for Deaf and Dumb,	51 Mare Street, Hackney, N.E.	1900,	The training of deaf and dumb boys and girls.
Queen Victoria House, .	Girls' Village Home, Barkingside.	1901,	Quarantine house for girls and young children.
Ever-Open Door, . .	128 Above Bar, Southampton.	1901,	Receiving home for destitute children.
Watts Naval Training School. (The gift of E. H. Watts, Esq., and furnished by his son, Fenwick S. Watts, Esq.)	North Elmham, Norfolk.	1902,	Training home for boys for the Navy and Merchant Service.
Castilian Orphanage, .	Castilian House, Northampton.	1902,	Home for little girls.
Ever-Open Door, . .	39 Beverley Road, Hull.	1902,	Provincial receiving home for destitute children.
Home for Girls, . .	Shirley, Southampton.	1902,	A home for twenty-five local girls.

Names of Homes and Branches.	Situation.	Date acquired.	Object.
Clapham Home, . . .	49 High Street, Clapham.	1902,	A home for small boys.
Home for Little Boys, .	143 and 145 Portland Road, South Norwood.	1902,	For the training of destitute little boys.
Change House, . . .	63 and 65 Salmon's Lane, E.	1902,	Isolation house for suspected infectious cases.
Home for Little Boys, .	Shaftesbury House, Swansea.	1902,	For the training of destitute little boys.
Girls' Orphanage, . . .	Roden Villa, Trinity Square, Llandudno.	1902,	A home for delicate little girls.
Home for Incurables, .	19 Park Road, Tunbridge Wells.	1903,	A home for young cripples.
Ever-Open Door, . . .	81 and 83 William Street, Sheffield.	1903,	Provincial receiving house for destitute children.
Industrial Home, . . .	Fakenham, Norfolk,	1903,	Training home for older girls.
Isolation House, . . .	30 Stepney Causeway, E.	1903,	For suspected infectious cases.
Girls' Home, . . . .	Lincoln Villa, Middlesborough.	1903,	Home for young girls.
Edmund Hanny Watts Sanatorium. (The gift of Fenwick S. Watts.)	Girls' Village Home, Barkingside.	1904,	For the care of little consumptives.
Girls' Home, . . . .	9 Victoria Terrace, Weymouth.	1905,	Home for girls in delicate health.
Walrond Institute and George L. Munro Training Ship.	South Gates Road, Yarmouth.	1906,	For the temporary accommodation of the Watts Naval School boys when on cruising trips.



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