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DR. BARNARDO

THE FATHER OF "NOBODY'S CHILDREN."

A SKETCH

By W. T. STEAD.

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Your in the Children's house
W. M. Cardoso.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

DR. BARNARDO: THE FATHER OF "NOBODY'S CHILDREN."

PART I.—GENESIS.

I.—JIM.



THE HEAD OFFICES IN STEPNEY CAUSEWAY.

THE world knows little of the messengers of God. The Royal Albert Hall was filled on Midsummer Day, 1896, by a brilliant and imposing audience. The Heir to the Throne of the British Empire was there, with the Princess of Wales, to do honour to the work of the Father of "Nobody's Children."

The Duke of Sutherland

was in the chair, and the Duchess, the uncrowned queen of North Britain, presented the prizes. The picked flower of English society, philanthropic and imperial, crowded the splendid hall. Everything that rank and beauty, art and music, discipline and enthusiasm could effect was done, and done admirably, to ensure the success of an appeal made for one of the worthiest causes ever submitted to the British public. It was a magnificent tribute to a magnificent work, one of the most distinctive of the glories of modern England.

And yet in the whole of that brilliant assemblage, of all those cheering thousands, was there more than one who, in the moment of assured triumph, remembered the humble messenger of God by whom the seed of the Word was brought, as the fertilising pollen is brought by the insect to the flower, and from which the imposing congeries of benevolent institutions associated with the name of Dr. Barnardo have sprung? Dr. Barnardo, no doubt, remembered him well. But to the multitude he was as if he had never been. The very fact of his existence has perished from the memory of man. But the work, in the foundation of which he played so momentous a part, looms ever larger and larger before the eyes of all.

But who was he, this messenger of the Lord? His

name was Jim—James Jervis he said it was, but he was only known as Jim. He was born when all England rang with the fool frenzy of the Crimean war, but he did not emerge into the light of history until nearly ten years later, just after the roar of the cannon in the war with Denmark announced the opening of the great world-drama of the unification of Germany.

No one knows where he was born, nor exactly when; nor has any one been able to trace his family belongings. He never knew his father. His mother was a Roman Catholic, who was always sick, and who died in a workhouse infirmary, Jim looking on with wonder at the black-coated priest, whose apparition at the death-bed of his mother was the immediate precursor of her disappearance from the world. When about five years old, Jim, being alone in the world and not liking the restraint of the workhouse school, made a bolt for liberty, and, succeeding, began independent existence as a free Arab of the Streets. From that point, his history is pretty clear, and may be read in an autobiographical interview, which is not without a certain historic interest. For Jim, little Jim, may yet be found to have played a more important part in the history of our epoch than nine-tenths of the personages who figure in "Debrett," or even than most of the chosen few who are selected for immortality by Leslie Stephen and the Editors of "The Dictionary of National Biography." Here, then, is his life-story from five to ten, as told to an interviewer thirty years ago after coffee had loosened his tongue and kindly words had won his confidence:—

"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; an' while I wor there I got on werry well. She wor werry 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 treated me werry bad—knocked me about frightful. He used to thrash me for nothin', an' I didn't sometimes have anything to eat; an' sometimes he'd go away for days, an' leave me alone with the boat."

"Why did you not run away, then, and leave him?" he asked.

"So I would, sir, but Dick—that's his name, they called him 'Swearin' Dick'—one day arter he thrashed me awful, swore if ever I dogged away, he'd catch me, an' take my life; an' he'd got a run 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 of fun,' as he called it; an' look 'ere, sir, that's what he did wunst." And the poor little fellow pulled aside some of his rags, and showed me the scarred marks, as of teeth, right down his leg. "Well, sir, I stopped a long while with Dick. I dunno how long it wor; I'd have runned away often, but I wor afear'd, till one day a man came aboard, 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 minit?' 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 now-

THE FATHER OF "NOBODY'S CHILDREN" AT VARIOUS PERIODS OF LIFE.



AT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.



AT TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.
(Year Work Began.)



AT TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.
(Year of Marriage.)



AT THIRTY-SIX YEARS OF AGE.

specially as most people took pity on me, an' gev' me a penny now an' then; an' one ole lady, as kep' a tripe and trotter stall, gev' me a bit now an' then, when I 'elped her at night to put her things on the barrer, an' gev' it a shove 'ome. The big chaps on the streets wouldn't let me go with 'em, so I took up by myself. But lor, sir, they 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 lodging-houses o' summer nights. What with the bitin' and the scratchin', I couldn't get no sleep; so in summer I mostly slep' out on the wharf or anywheres. Twice I wor up before the beak for sleepin' out. When the bobbies caught me, 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 door-step, an' locked me up. Then I got six days at the workus, an' arterwards runned away; an' ever since, I've been in an' out, an' up an' down, where I could; but since the cold kem on this year it's been werry bad. I ain't 'ad no luck at all, an' it's been sleepin' out on an empty stomick most every night."

"Have you ever been to school?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. At the workus 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, have you ever heard of Jesus?"

A quick nod of assent was the response. The boy seemed quite pleased at knowing something about 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, then sinking his voice into a whisper, added, "He's THE POPE O' ROME."

II.—THE DOCTOR.

So much for Jim. At the time when this interview took place, Jim was ragged, dirty, pinched with hunger. He was one of the most disreputable imps Providence ever employed to carry its message. But he did the work, and very effectively too, as will speedily appear.

The other party to that interview was a young man who had but just attained his majority, whose name was entered in the student books of the London Hospital as Thomas John Barnardo. He was a serious young man, about as unlike the typical Bob Sawyer as it is possible to imagine. And yet perhaps not so unlike. For Bob suffered chiefly from an absurdly wasteful method of working off excess of vitality. There are French

physicians who maintain that girls at certain periods in their development display a tendency which, if it is not diverted to mysticism or religion, will find satisfaction in vice; so there is some possibility that the two students, variously known as Sawyer and Barnardo, are both object-lessons as to the excess of energy, in one case operating to the waste of tissue by intemperate excessive indulgence, in the other to the waste of nervous energy by excessive sacrifice in using every moment for the helping of others. In both cases there is relief, but there is this difference: relief *à la* Sawyer is relief by suicide, relief *à la* Barnardo is relief by salvation.

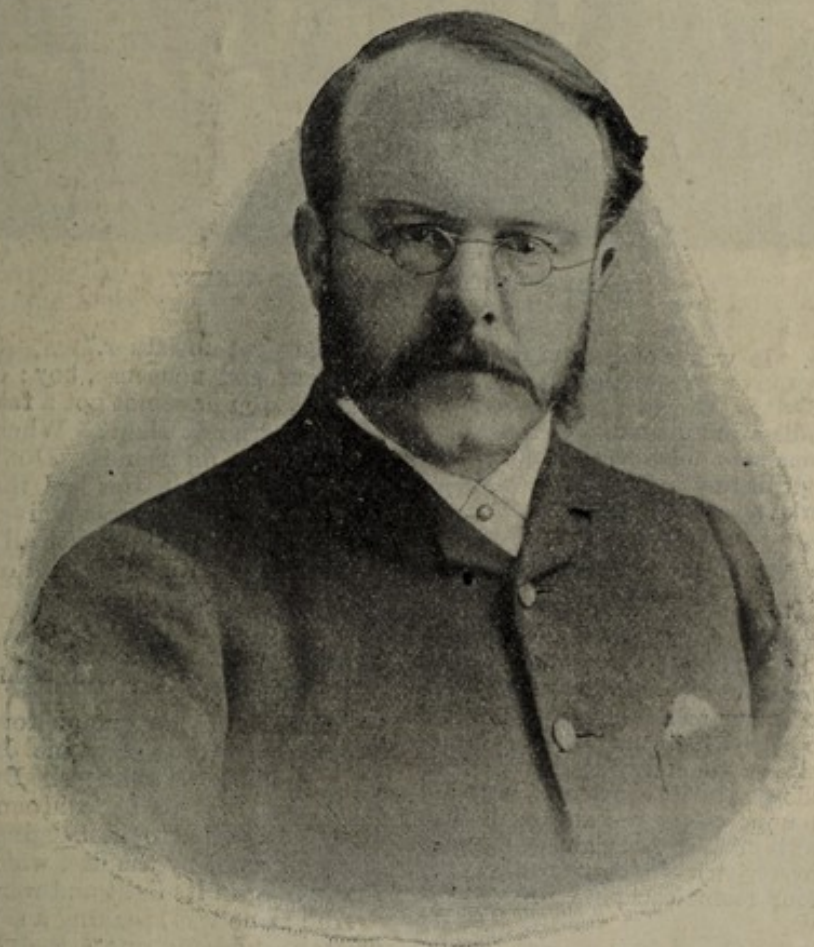
Dr. Barnardo is a singular instance of the benefits which result from a judicious cross. His father was born

in Germany, of Spanish descent. His mother was born in Ireland, of English blood. He himself is thus a curious hybrid of German, Spanish, English, and Irish. He was born in Ireland, a Protestant of the Protestants. He is not an Orangeman, but William of Ballykilbeg himself is not more valiant in the faith of the Reformation than Dr. Barnardo. Ireland may or may not be a fragment of the lost Atlantis, but it does undoubtedly possess an extraordinary faculty of intensifying human sentiment and human passion. If Dr. Barnardo had been born in England he would probably have been much more lukewarm in his hostility to Rome. He would also in all probability have been less passionate in his devotion to the children.

When quite a youth he came under deep conviction of sin, experienced the change

called conversion, and in the first ardour of his zeal he resolved to dedicate himself to the cause of Chinese missions. Desiring to attain medical knowledge as well as theological training, he came to London, and entered himself as student at the London Hospital. He had hardly commenced when the cholera broke out. A wild stampede took place, leaving ample room for volunteers. Dr. Barnardo, although then only a raw student, volunteered for cholera service. His offer was eagerly accepted, and he began the house-to-house visitation of the East-end poor which gave him so deep an insight into the conditions of their life. He did not spare himself in those days. He says:—

Devoting my days mainly to attendance at the hospital and dissecting-room, and most of my evenings to needful study, I



DR. BARNARDO AT FORTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

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.

That was how he came to be in the way with Jim — James Jervis, the messenger of the Lord.

There were other medical students associated with Barnardo in the ragged-school work. The school was held in a disused donkey stable. It was worse even than the "small chamber" where,

friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor unlearned young man.
The place was dark, unfurnished and mean,
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

Barnardo's ragged-school was worse than Garrison's printing-office :—

Boards had been placed over the rough earth. The rafters had been whitened, and so had the walls; but much use of gas, together with 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?—by no means an unnecessary precaution in that quarter! And, above all, was it not situated right in the very heart of an over-crowded, poverty-stricken district, filled with little one-storey houses of four rooms each, every room containing its family?

To this place one night in 1866 came Jim, not, it must be admitted, with the slightest suspicion of the importance of the message with which he was charged. Neither had he come from any desire to be taught, as he frankly admitted. Another lad had told him of the school, or as Jim put it, "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." It was a raw winter night, and a keen east wind was shivering through the dimly lit streets, when, all the scholars having left the room, little Jim still lingered, casting a longing look at the fire. He had neither shirt, shoes nor stockings. Small sharp eyes, restless and bright as a rat's, gleamed out of the careworn features of an old man which surmounted the spare stunted frame of a child of ten. It was the child, not so much of the slum, which is the foetid lair of the Savage of Civilization, as of the street—the desert of the City Arab.

The young student, having finished his teaching, and



"BABIES' CASTLE," HAWKHURST, KENT.

weary enough with the nervous exhaustion of keeping the attention of a pack of young rowdies, somewhat peremptorily ordered the boy home.

Then Jim pleaded piteously to stay. "Please, sir, let me stop. I won't do no 'arm."

Stop in the schoolroom! — the idea seemed absurd to Barnardo.

"What would your mother think?"

"Ain't got no mother."

"But your father?"

"Ain't got no father."

"Stuff and nonsense, boy; don't tell me such stories! You say you have not got a father or a mother. Where are your friends, then? Where do you live?"

"Ain't got no friends. DON'T LIVE NOWHERE!"

And when little Jim had thus delivered his message, the man to whom it was delivered was sure he was lying. For the young medico, with all his experience of Stepney, had at that time never heard of the great Bedouin tribe of the Don't-Live-Nowheres.

III.—WHERE THE DONT-LIVE-NOWHERES SLEEP.

Assuming his most inquisitorial air, the youthful medico proceeded to cross-examine Jim in order to convict him of scandalous falsehoods. But Jim was a witness of truth, and not to be confounded. He told his simple story and stuck to it, begging lustily to be allowed to sleep all night by the fire, which seemed—no wonder—so fascinating in its light and warmth.

And as he was speaking a sense of the meaning of his message suddenly smote the young student to the heart. For the first time in his life there rushed upon him 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?"

Is it possible? He must promptly put it to the proof.

"Tell me, my lad, are there other poor boys like you in London without a home or friends?"

He replied promptly: "Oh! yes, sir, lots—'eaps on 'em; mor'n I could count."

Now the young Barnardo did not like to be hoaxed. So being of a practical turn of mind, he bribed Jim with a place to sleep in, and as much hot coffee as he could drink, if he would take him there and then—or at least after the coffee had been drunk—to where the Don't-Live-Nowheres sleep. His incredulity was natural. How often I remember that marvellous tales of what could be seen here and there dissipated into thin air when I

asked to be taken to see them! Jim, however, knew his facts, and could produce his vouchers.

After drinking as much coffee as he could swallow, he imparted to his teacher—who was now the taught, learning a far greater lesson than he had ever given—the reasons why he was sure that Jesus Christ was in very deed the Pope of Rome, for hadn't his mother crossed herself when she named the Pope, and the black dressed man who came when she died crossed himself when he said Jesus, and was that not enough proof to satisfy any one? Now, although from his youth up, the Pope of Rome has been Antichrist in Barnardo's eyes, at that moment it was absolutely nothing to him whether the boy was a Roman Catholic, or a Jew, or a Mohammedan. He was moved by one fact only—the poor little chap's utter friendlessness. His touching confidence in the strange teacher when he found he was likely to be his friend fairly took Barnardo's heart captive. So let the Don't-Live-Nowheres sleep where they might, Jim must at once without losing a moment be rescued from that heathen darkness. So he turned to and told little Jim as graphically as he knew how the story of the Passion of our Lord. The lad was interested, for the tale was new, and to him it might have been the story of a poor bloke in the next alley. But when it came to the crucifixion, little Jim fairly broke down, and said, amid his tears, "Oh, sir, that wor wuss nor Swearing Dick sarved me!"

At last, half-an-hour after midnight, they sallied forth on their quest for the sleeping quarters of the Don't-Live-Nowheres. Jim trotted along leading his new-made friend to Houndsditch, and then diving down the shed-like alley of the 'Change that leads by many passages from Petticoat Lane. Here they were at last, but where were the Don't-Live-Nowheres? Barnardo thought that he had caught Jim out. There was not a soul to be seen. He struck matches and peered about under barrows and into dark corners, but never a boy could he discover. "They durstn't lay about 'ere," said Jim in excuse, "'cos the p'licemen keep such a werry sharp look-out all along on these 'ere shops. But we're there now, sir. You'll see lots on 'em if we don't wake 'em up."

But Barnardo could see nothing. A high dead wall stood in front, and never a lad was to be seen.

"Where are the boys, Jim?" he asked, much puzzled. "Up there, sir," replied Jim, pointing to the iron roof of the shed of which the wall was the boundary.

How to get up was the next question, but Jim made light work of this. His sharp eyes detected the well-worn marks by which the lads ascended and descended—little interstices between the bricks, whence the mortar had fallen or had been picked away. Jim rapidly climbed up first, and then by the aid of a stick which he held down for me, I too made my ascent, and at length stood upon the stone coping or parapet which ran along the side.

There, exposed upon the dome-shaped roof, with their heads upon the higher part, and their feet somewhat in the gutter, but in a great variety of postures—some coiled up, as one may have seen dogs before a fire; some huddled two or three together, others more apart—lay eleven boys out on the open roof. 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. I have already said it was a bitterly cold, dry night, and, as the pale light of the moon fell upon the upturned faces of those poor boys, and as I, standing there, realised, for one awful moment, the terrible fact that they were all absolutely homeless and destitute, and were perhaps but samples of numbers of 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. Add to this that a passionate sense of the unfairness of things flooded my heart and mind as I stood that night upon the roof top. Why should these eleven have nothing, and I and countless others have all we needed? It all seemed so unfair, so wrong; the problem was so mixed. I was fairly dazed at the thought of it, and only found relief when I gave up trying to solve it and thought I must do just the one duty that lay so manifestly at my door—save this one poor lad, whatever might come of it.

Jim looked at the whole thing from a very matter-of-fact point of view.

"Shall I wake 'em, sir?" he asked.

"Hush," said I, "don't let us attempt to disturb them," and as one of them moved uneasily I hurried away.

Reaching the street, Jim, blithely unconscious of any reason for special emotion on the subject, said: "Shall we go to another lay, sir? There's lots more!"



A GROUP IN THE DAY NURSERY AT BABIES' CASTLE.

But Barnardo had seen enough to know that the Don't-Live-Nowheres existed, and to realise how they existed and where they slept.

IV.—THE FIRST HOME.



WILLIE AND ALICE : QUITE BLIND !

But what could be done, and how could he do it? It seemed indeed a forlorn enough task. But the seed had been sown, and the Sower who could employ Jim Jervis as His messenger could provide for the rest. Speaking of this long afterwards, Dr. Barnardo said :—

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, and whose open hand supplies the young lions when they roar, heard the prayer of my heart, and gradually the way opened to accomplish the work I had set before me. I asked Him, if it was His holy will, to permit me to provide a shelter for such poor children, and to give me the wisdom needed to seek them out during the hours of darkness, and to bring them in to learn of God, of Christ, of heaven.

The answer was not long in coming. Some weeks afterwards, Barnardo was at dinner at a great man's house, and,

HE sight of these up-turned piteous faces on the iron roof of that shed, glimmering wan through their dirt in the wintry moonlight, haunted Barnardo. Silently and before God he vowed to dedicate himself henceforth, while life lasted, to save the Arabs of the Streets. The Chinese must seek other missions; his work lay nearer home.

opportunity occurring, he spoke warmly of what he had seen and knew. For he had then seen other "lays," and he knew of what he spoke. His host and his fellow-guests were incredulous. "Do you mean to tell us that this very night," they said, "raw and cold and wretched as it is, there are children sleeping out in the open air in London?" "I do," said Barnardo. "Can you show us them?" he was asked. Albeit somewhat shrinking lest the "lay" might that night be drawn blank, he stoutly declared that he could and he would. So cabs were summoned, and a score of gentlemen in evening dress fared forth towards Slumdom piloted by Barnardo. Through the city they drove on and on and on, until they reached a space by Billingsgate Market, where he knew the lads slept by the score.

A strange sight it was, that of these West-end revellers straying to Billingsgate seeking outcasts—and finding none. For there was not a boy to be seen! For a moment Barnardo's heart sank within him; but a policeman standing by told him it was all right. "They'll come out," he said, "if you give them a copper."

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

After thus having proved his case, Dr. Barnardo was not long in getting to his life-work. He says :—

As may well be imagined, I began in a very small way. A little house in a mean street was first opened for some twenty-five boys. We did the repairs ourselves. Many a happy hour was spent in white-washing the walls and ceilings, scrubbing the floors, and otherwise putting what seemed to me at that time a veritable mansion for capaciousness into suitable condition for the reception of my first

family. Then I spent two whole nights upon the streets of London, and casting my net upon the "right side of the ship," brought to shore twenty-five homeless lads, all willing and eager to accept such help as I could give them.

Thus had Jim's message from the Lord borne the fruit whereto it was appointed. Dr. Barnardo had found his vocation. The Homes were born. The little



THE PLAYGROUND, BABIES' CASTLE.



IN THE HALL
AT STEPNEY.

GIRL WAIFS—
SEEKING
ADMISSION.

one has now become a thousand, and in place of twenty-five homeless boys he has now 5,000 boys and girls in his Homes. But although Dr. Barnardo has been the cultivator of the crop from which this great harvest has been reaped, the message from the Lord came by little Jim—little Jim Jervis, the first of a procession of over 34,000 of the Don't-Live-Nowheres who, thanks to his message, have since been homed and saved.

PART II.—FROM TRIALS TO TRIUMPH.

I.—THE MESSENGER FROM SATAN.

Now I must make a leap of thirty-two years, and come down to the present day to meet the thought of many who on reading the foregoing pages will ask themselves, "But is there not something wrong about Barnardo? We have got an idea that Labby has his knife into him somewhere." So, discarding all chronological order, and leaping at once to the point, I will say a few words in passing on this question.

Mr. Labouchere and his indefatigable lieutenant, Mr. Horace Voules, used to tomahawk General Booth and the Salvation Army. Now there is not a more useful backer of the Salvationists in all London than the editor of *Truth*!

It is not so many years ago since they scalped Benjamin Waugh. But to-day the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has no firmer friends than Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Voules. And knowing all three men as I do, I have not the slightest hesitation in predicting that before long *Truth* will discover Dr. Barnardo to be what he is, and recognise his work to be one of the best things achieved in our time.

To effect this transformation what is necessary? Only one thing. That the good gentlemen who in their shady retreats at Twickenham and at Brighton prepare or sanction smashing articles intended to roast Barnardo, should spend one hot July day seeing the actual work that Dr. Barnardo is doing for the destitute children.

Mr. Labouchere expends on his daughter, Mr. Voules on his son, the wealth of loving fatherhood which is quite enough to enable them to sympathise and understand the paternal love which enables Dr. Barnardo to care for five thousand of nobody's children whom he has saved from the gutter. The work is there. It speaks for itself. Every one of these five thousand small children is an epistle that can be known and read of all men. And one day among them all would change the whole tone of *Truth's* references to Dr. Barnardo.

"Ignorance, blank ignorance"—Dr. Johnson's excuse for making a mistake in defining *pastern* in his dictionary—is no doubt the excuse they would make after the first hour's actual contact with the real work that is going on at Stepney and Ilford. And as they pictured to themselves their own bairns, sweltering and hungry, maltreated and homeless as these other bairns were, and would have been but for Dr. Barnardo, they would change front with the thoroughness and courage which distinguish them.



A LITTLE STREET VENDOR—HOMELESS AND FRIENDLESS.

It is odd but true that the same virus which wrecked the Education Bill lies latent in our contemporary's criticisms. But while it is natural for Lord Salisbury to fall a prey to the bigots of denominationalism, it is odd to find Mr. Labouchere ensnared by the priests. Dr. Barnardo has, perhaps, a bee in his bonnet about the Pope, and the Papists repay him by keeping a whole hive of bees in their heads which, when he is mentioned, buzz and sting until all chance of reason and argument is quite impossible. If the subject-matter be regarded from the serene altitude of Laboucherian philosophy, nothing can be more ludicrous, if it were not so pathetic, than the spectacle of these Protestants and

Dr. Barnardo in the course of thirty years has rescued over 34,000 destitute children from a life of misery, vice, and crime. Out of these 34,000 it is alleged that he has in three or possibly four cases at the outside brought up as a Protestant a little child born of Catholic parents, who, if he had not interfered, would have gone to the devil by the broad road of drink, beggary, and vice. Now I am quite willing to admit for the sake of argument that Dr. Barnardo was utterly wrong in all these four cases, and that he ought to have allowed the little Catholic waif and stray to go to the devil its own road. Let us admit that it was utterly abominable of him to try to save a Catholic's child which, so far as



EVENING PRAYER AT BABIES' CASTLE, HAWKHURST, KENT.

Papists wasting time and money in vain disputes over a unit, while a thousand perish with no one caring for their souls or their bodies. But narrow-minded people must act according to their lights, and broad-minded men should make the necessary allowance for their weaknesses and limitations.

For my part I have no more sympathy with Dr. Barnardo's prejudice against the Pope than I have with the frantic panic into which many Papists fall when Dr. Barnardo is mentioned. But both of the bigoted combatants are more to be admired than the humanitarian secularist who allows his sympathies with suffering children to be altogether dulled or annulled by his indignation at the pother that the rival sectarians are making about one or two stray children.

he was concerned, ought to have been left to suffer cold, privation, nakedness, and misery. All that I would urge in mitigation of his offence is that the mere writing out in plain English of the rule which a regard for his own interest would prompt him to pursue, creates a shudder which, if I feel it who have no anti-papal prejudices, must be felt much more keenly by Dr. Barnardo.

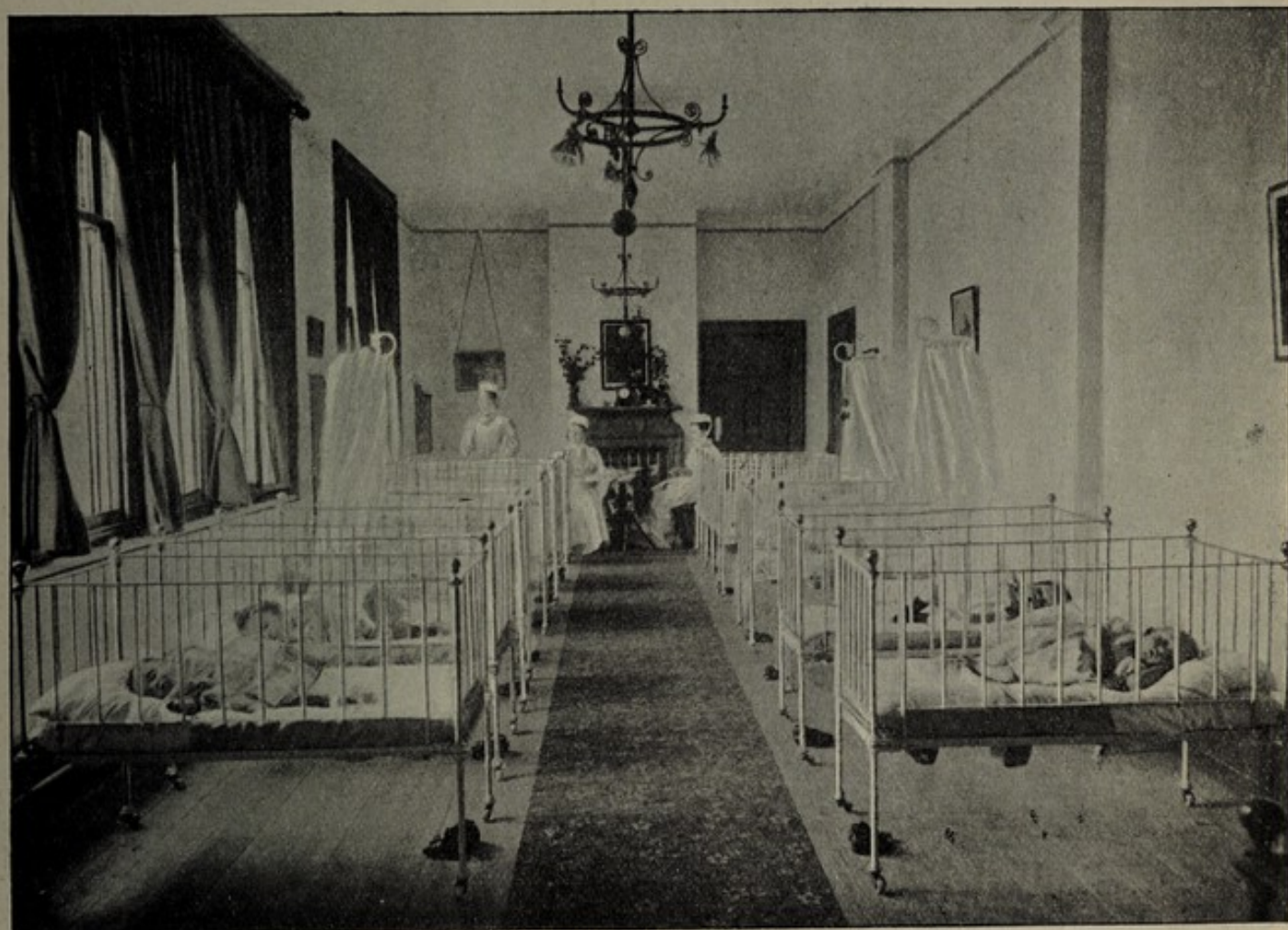
Still even if we admit it all at its worst, what are three or four among over thirty-four thousand? Is it not difficult to conceive any sane, sensible, secular-minded men allowing a wrangle about three to blind them to the service rendered in saving 34,000 about whom there is no dispute? What should be recognised by all of us surely is that men like Dr. Barnardo have the faults of their qualities, the vices of

their virtues. Archangels do not exist even in the office of *Truth*. What we have to do is to strike a balance. Granted that Dr Barnardo is perhaps hipped about the Catholics. Granted that he must have his knuckles rapped whenever he does any good to any child of Catholic birth; still, after all that is said and done, there remains an overwhelming surplus of good works which in duty and in honour bound as friends of little children the proprietor and editor of *Truth* will yet come to recognise.

But meantime Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Voules fulfil their appointed mission. For as the Apostle Paul was plagued with a sore trouble from which he could not free

I shall best observe the laws of historical perspective by saying nothing. For even if I grant that it is possible that in every single case in which disputes have arisen Dr. Barnardo was in the wrong, as the cases of dispute are to the cases not in dispute as 34,000 to six, the rule of three is good enough for me to settle the question as to where our sympathies ought to lie.

Dr. Barnardo has dealt in thirty-two years with 34,000 children, or, to put it roughly, an average of 1,000 per annum. He has been assailed in eighty-eight of these cases, chiefly on account of the protection he has afforded to the children of Roman Catholics. None of these children had been admitted until after



AFTERNOON SIESTA IN BABIES' CASTLE.

himself, so Dr. Barnardo has *Truth* as a thorn in the flesh. The old Scripture text applies not inaptly, "And lest I should be exalted above measure there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the Messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted beyond measure." For this thing also, no doubt, Dr. Barnardo besought the Lord, not only three, but many times, that it might depart from him. Hitherto that prayer has not been answered. But for the sake of my friends of *Truth* I wish they would tire of the somewhat unworthy rôle in which they have persisted so long.

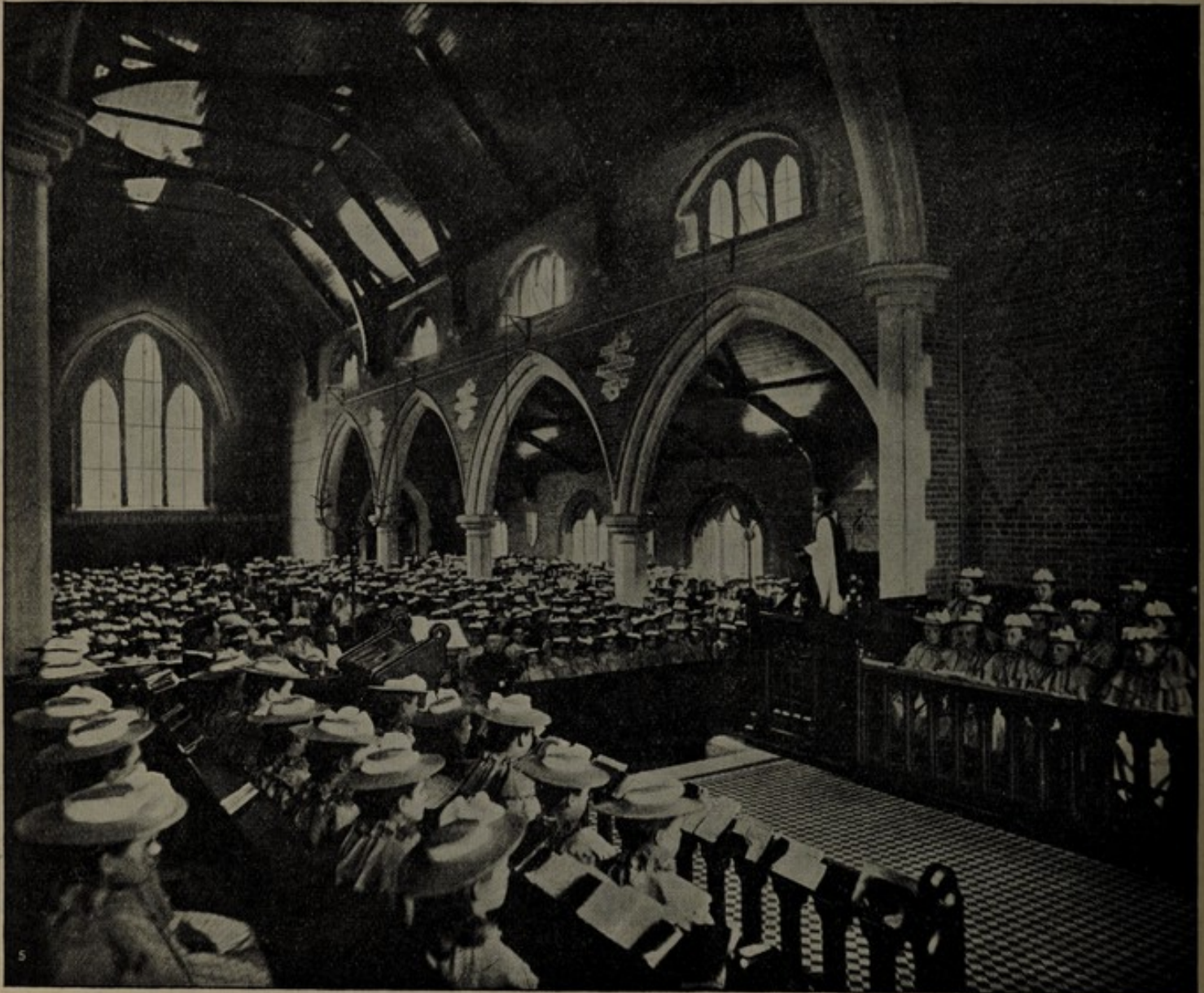
II.—TO THE LAW AND THE TESTIMONY.

As to the infinitely trivial quarrels between the Papists and anti-Papists over building sites or individual infants,

the Catholic priests concerned had refused to do anything for the little ones. In seventy-six of the eighty-eight cases the proceedings were stopped in their initial stage by the discovery that the action of Dr. Barnardo was fully covered by the provisions of the Custody of Children's Act, a measure which was passed by Parliament largely owing to the evidence furnished by Dr. Barnardo as to the iniquitous condition of the law as it formerly stood. Under the old law, which the judges themselves condemned when they administered it, there were twelve cases brought into court. Of these the majority were decided in Dr. Barnardo's favour. Only in three cases did the judges give judgment against him, and in those cases the conduct of Dr. Barnardo was admitted to be morally right, although judicially it had

to be pronounced legally wrong. He practised what he described as philanthropic abduction in one case only. A little girl, whose step-father was said to have twice assaulted her, was declared by the Court to have no option but to return again to the brute who was her legal guardian. To save that child from the worst outrage, which on the third attempt would probably have been completed, Dr. Barnardo, at the child's urgent entreaty, sent her abroad, thereby placing her outside

when those persons were admittedly the mere cat's-paws of the priests. Dr. Barnardo is an Irish Protestant who sees the Pope through lurid spectacles, and in one or two cases he made what seemed to me a quite unnecessary fuss about returning the child to Catholic custody. Fortunately saner counsels now prevail on both sides. The policy adopted by Cardinal Vaughan on this question deserves honourable mention, as the one solitary instance in which he has shown himself wiser



SUNDAY MORNING IN THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH AT THE GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME, ILFORD, ESSEX.

the jurisdiction. This was, of course, extra legal conduct, for which he was held to have committed contempt of court, but many people still think he did nothing more than his obvious duty. Such action as he attempted in this case and in the celebrated Gossage case, can, Dr. Barnardo says, never again be necessary, the law, which has since been altered, being now efficient to safe-guard the welfare of any child or young person in jeopardy through evil-disposed relatives.

The worst that can be charged against Dr. Barnardo has been an excessive reluctance to give up children whom he has rescued from the slums to the hands of those from whom they had been delivered, especially

than his predecessor. There is now peace between the Cardinal and Dr. Barnardo, although, of course, neither has abated one jot or one tittle of his deep conviction as to the essentially heretical religious beliefs of the other.

This is not a biography. But in passing it would be unpardonable to ignore the extent to which the good man has triumphed over the assaults of his enemies. When he began his missioning in East London nothing was more common than for him to be mobbed by a horde of loafers and corner boys. "There was much more intolerance in those days," Dr. Barnardo said to me—"much. Nowadays, if the worst rough will not listen

attentively to anything and anybody, he will at least never assume that he ought to throw a brick at the speaker whose doctrines strike him as novel and his appearance uncalled for. The man in the slum, like the man in the drawing-room, has been wakened up to a dim but real sense of the possibility that there may be 'something in it,' and that it is wiser to listen to what is being said than to silence speech by violence. The increase of tolerance, which you do not appreciate, is to me one of the most marked features and the most hopeful of our times. Why, I have been time and again hunted like a mad dog down streets in East London where now any man can preach and teach

seems to be a certain fatality which impels good men to consider they cannot do God better service than by roasting Catholics. It was, of course, quite within the rules of the game that the Catholics should assail the fervent and enthusiastic Protestant; and no one can blame the gin-sodden savage of the slums if he occasionally cheived the earnest and aggressive advocate of temperance and civilisation. But no one, except the devil himself—the ingenious and indefatigable father of all evil—can explain why, twenty-one years ago, the most bitter and deadly attack on Dr. Barnardo should have emanated from certain earnest Evangelicals of his own particular way of thinking. It is an old story now; but it is



THE GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME AT ILFORD, SHOWING THE CHURCH AND CAIRNS HOUSE.

anything he pleases without any dread of molestation." "Catholics?" I asked. "Not at all," he said; "the people who mobbed me would just as soon have mobbed a priest. They did not want me down there talking, and so they ran me out. Although I escaped with my life, it was not without many a bruise, and occasionally, a broken bone. Now and then the attack would be varied, and I would be overwhelmed in the midst of an open-air address by an avalanche of slops emptied from an upstairs window over my head. But there is none of that now. Believe me, the East of London is a different place from what it was."

It would seem that now, as of old, it is through much tribulation that men must enter the Kingdom. But Dr. Barnardo had worse enemies than the roughs. There

worth remembering as a reminder that "A man's foes shall be they of his own household" is the statement of a law that appears to be universal. Dr. Barnardo, being rudely challenged as a thief and an impostor, and for having cruelly ill-used some of his waifs, appealed to the Courts for the vindication of his character. But under the persuasion of Lord Radstock, Mr. Thomas Stone, and men of that ilk, he consented to an arbitration. The arbitration lasted forty days, and cost Dr. Barnardo £8,000. The result, however, was a triumphant vindication of his character. How triumphant may be inferred from the fact that as soon as the arbitration was over, Earl Cairns, then Lord Chancellor, wrote a letter stating that he had read every word of the proceedings before the arbitrators, and that he had been so thoroughly

satisfied with the way in which every accusation had been repelled, and with the information furnished as to the management of the Homes, that he would gladly accept the post of President of any Committee that might be formed if Dr. Barnardo should desire his help. Thus does good come out of evil, and so signally does the accuser of the brethren succeed in establishing the reputation of those against whom he rages.

III.—THE SWEET USES OF ADVERSITY.

One of the sayings of Henry Ward Beecher most worthy to be had in continual remembrance is this, "Always thank God for your enemies. At the end of your life you will find they have done a great deal more for you than your friends." Dr. Barnardo has indeed good reason to put up special prayers of grateful recognition for the services rendered him by his ancient enemy the Pope. But for the worrying prosecutions which his anti-papal prejudices brought about him, he would never have secured the public certificate of approval that resulted from his appearances in Court. Before the British public will believe anything, it needs to have every one concerned either in the dock or in the witness-box. That is the way in which men and institutions are put under the microscope. Nothing that is destined seriously to affect the life of the nation ever escapes the ordeal of the dock.

Dr. Barnardo has in days gone by found himself repeatedly before Her Majesty's justices. Sometimes they have condemned him, sometimes they have acquitted him. But even when their legal condemnation was the severest their moral approval has been the greatest. A proof of this may be mentioned in the fact that the late Chief Justice Coleridge, immediately after registering judgment against Dr. Barnardo in one of the cases brought up by

the Romanists, sent a subscription to the culprit and continued to subscribe handsomely to the Homes till the day of his death. There is no advertisement like a law case; nothing that costs so much in money and in worry, but nothing that yields such good returns. No one faces it if he can help it, and therefore it is that philanthropists and reformers have always to be driven to accept that kind of costly advertisement as a benediction of the gods. We would all be without it if we could, yet there are none of us but are grateful for the ordeal after it is over.

In like manner, the attacks made by the press upon any institutions often serve as lightning conductors of charity to the treasury of the establishment assailed. Of this Dr. Barnardo gives an interesting illustration in one of his last published Reports. Misrepresentation and calumnious attack, he says, have been increasing, "but yet in spite of all these"—surely he might have said "because of all these"—"the course of the work has on the whole been one of steady advance":—

No one has proved more certainly than I *that even the steady opposition of powerful organs of the press is utterly unable to hinder God's work or stay its progress*, if only the workers are honestly desirous of doing His will, and are eager to press forward, spite of the gallers, in the path of duty and obedience. A remarkable instance is furnished in the story of the past year, during which I was assailed in the pages of a society journal which has often done good work by exposing shams. For several weeks the crusade against me was kept up with a vigour worthy of a better cause, while sensational headlines on the weekly posters attracted public attention. Nor was this all; extracts from these hostile articles appeared in divers journals all over the kingdom, and it is quite possible that some donors may have in consequence felt their interest lessened, and may even have withdrawn their support. But, on the whole, *chiefly good has come out of the attack*. Friends

A MODERN MIRACLE !



J. W. : AS FIRST RESCUED FROM AN ENGLISH SAVAGE.

J. W. : IN TRAINING AT THE GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME, ILFORD.

J. W. : NOW OUT IN DOMESTIC SERVICE AND DOING WELL.

were thereby raised up to help who never helped before. One reader of the journal in question perused a hostile article while sitting in the Reform Club. He had never sent me a shilling previously, but he was moved to send me there and then £500, and he was only one of many who offered sympathy and aid. As the result, the donations for the twelve months, which in 1893 had amounted to £134,000 (the largest sum ever previously contributed in one year), now rapidly rose to £150,000, being £16,000 more than in 1893.

Nor is that the only gain. It is by the attacks of the adversary that weak places are discovered and invaluable hints gained as to how to circumvent future attack.

Dr. Barnardo has been forced by very strong opposition from many quarters to prove that the religious aspect of his work is really *inter-denominational*, rather than *un-denominational*. High Anglicans who have a horror of what is called *Undenominationalism* have raised a hue and cry against his work, and this has been taken prompt advantage of by certain Societies who are only too willing

a trade never agree, and some representatives of the Waifs and Strays Society, which is the Church of England organisation, go about everywhere declaring that because Dr. Barnardo does not bring up *all* his children, irrespective of their paternity, in the Church of England, therefore he is in fact a schismatic, and hence unworthy of any help from Churchmen. Incredible though it may appear, one or two benighted Bishops have, on this ground alone, gone so far as to tell their clergy not to help or allow their people to help Barnardo's work. These good prelates are obviously in the true line of the Apostolical succession, faithfully imitating those zealous disciples who rebuked the man who was casting out devils because he followeth not us! What Jesus said on the subject they seem conveniently to have forgotten. But it is the leading case, and His ruling should settle the question with all who call themselves by His name.

The real crux of the position lies in this: that Dr. Barnardo makes no secret of the fact that he is an



AT WORK IN THE LAUNDRY: GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME, ILFORD.

to plough with Dr. Barnardo's heifer. The doctor has been recently labouring to shew that the religious system adopted in his Homes is not what his opponents aver. It has been freely alleged in some quarters that all his children are brought up either as Nonconformists or as altogether without attachment to any outward Church. This, however, seems to be exactly the reverse of the truth. The fact is, Dr. Barnardo has taken the broadest views of his responsibility as a Christian. He says that though his work is Protestant to the core, it is national in extent, and that as the nation is made up not merely of adherents of one Church, but broadly of two great parties—the Established Church and Nonconformists, so he aims to bring up every child in whichever of these two divisions its father belonged to. That is of course the child's legal birthright. Consequently it turns out that rather more than one-half of all his children are "brought up under the influence and teaching of Evangelical Churchmen, the remainder under devout Nonconformists." But this won't satisfy everybody. Two of

out-and-out Evangelical, with, perhaps, as little tolerance for Ritualists as Ritualists have for him. But his "great aim is to bring every child in the Institutions to a knowledge of Christ," and it is deplorable that any religious men should be so irreligious as to endeavour to hinder the development of so splendid a work on such paltry grounds. There are so many of Nobody's Children in the world that I should be glad if Dr. Barnardo could be all things to all men, and run, in addition to his own Homes, sister institutions, on lines denominational enough to please even Mr. Athelstan Riley or Cardinal Vaughan. It would be a great *coup* if he started a Roman Catholic Children's Fund, with a whole apparatus of Papist teachers and matrons, devised, endowed, and conducted solely for the benefit of the poor waifs who, being born of Catholic parents, must not be snatched from the devils of vice and wretchedness except by exclusively Catholic tongues. Of course Dr. Barnardo will not listen to such a proposal now. Still he is getting on. He sends all



STREET WAIFS.

Catholic children to their priests, and only in case the Catholic Church will not or cannot give them any help does he receive them. He writes of these :—

Some, however, ultimately returned, reporting that they were unable to secure the aid they needed from their own co-religionists. On their then persisting in their candidature, their cases were further investigated, and all such children as were found to be absolutely homeless and friendless were admitted, for I could not allow any question of sect or creed to close my doors in the face of a really destitute and homeless applicant. But the admission was in every case on the ground of destitution or of grave moral danger alone, and in no single instance with a view to proselytism.

Another instance of the immense service rendered by opposition is forthcoming from Canada. Those dogs in the manger, the crude and noisy spokesmen of the Labour party in the Canadian cities, raised an outcry against the immigration of Dr. Barnardo's children, who are eagerly snapped up in the country districts. Various charges were made which rendered it necessary for the Canadian Government to undertake an exhaustive investigation. This investigation into the life history of 6,128 juvenile immigrants simply confounded the assailants of the Doctor. It was proved that of his 6,128 immigrants in a period extending over twenty-seven years only fifty-two had ever been convicted even of the smallest crime, a percentage probably less than that of the members of the House of Commons in a similar period. Thus out of evil cometh good, and by the mouth of the slanderer the truth is established.

IV.—THE PRAYER TELEPHONE AND ITS RESULTS IN CASH.

When Dr. Barnardo began thirty-two years ago he had only the ordinary means at the disposal of any medical student. He was lonely, friendless, and without wealth.

Yet since he saw that apocalyptic vision of the Don't Live-Nowheres on the roof of the shed, he has spent in the noble work to which he has dedicated his life no less a sum than £1,987,674. His income to-day, money freely contributed by 85,000 subscribers scattered all over the world, is no less than £143,000 per annum, nearly equal to 3 per cent. interest on a capital sum of £5,000,000.

How has this miracle been achieved? We had better let the man who worked it give us his explanation. It is in one word—Prayer. Strange though it may seem, this man believes in God as a kind of Telephone-Exchange of the universe, who graciously allows Himself to be rung up whenever any of His creatures need anything to carry on His work. Dr. Barnardo, like George Müller of Bristol, prays, and the Divine Manager at the Central Celestial switches on Barnardo or Müller to any number of subscribers, who hear the cry as a voice from God, and send the money in accordingly. Fantastic, is it not? Quite mad? Of course; but the cash comes in and is coming in to-day. Listen to what the good Doctor says :—

My first Home was opened in defiance of all the rules of worldly prudence. It had no capital: not a penny in the bank, nor the promise of a shilling. It was simply and solely a tiny effort made by an altogether insignificant individual to follow what he then strongly felt to be the manifest leadings of the Holy Spirit. But the prayers of Christian friends were around it like an atmosphere.

I think I may claim for our Homes a high place on the list of Christian evidences, as I am sure that it is unto the *answered prayer of faith* that all their real progress is to be ascribed.

Often the last shilling was expended, but always the coffers were replenished from our Lord's own inexhaustible treasury. Thus it has been even unto this day; and now, my large family of nearly 5,000 children, saved by God's help from the direst evils, is still, as ever, dependent upon supplies sent down from heaven, as literally as if an angel brought them, in direct response to the petitions of Christian helpers, which ascend as daily incense to Our Father's footstool from every country throughout the world. The fact that our extremity has been God's opportunity is well fitted to stimulate every Christian's faith in the gracious promises and providential guidance of Our Father, and to put to rout the armies of those aliens who would deny the Lord out of His own universe.

In 1896, 85,768 separate donations were received; of these 80,252, or 93 per cent., subscribed under £5 each; 57,192 or 66.6 per cent. were of £1 and under; 6,945 anonymous donors sent £9,087. Decidedly the number of subscribers to the Divine Telephone Exchange must be numerous, and their addresses are only known at the Central! The average value of each gift has risen from 28s. 2d. in 1889 to 34s. 3d. in 1896; and the number of subscribers has increased by 10,000.

It is easy to sneer at this telephonic theory of prayer, but Dr. Barnardo has a great deal to say for himself. In fact, except upon some such hypothesis, to which, of course, the modern discovery of telepathy adds no little support, it is almost, if not quite, impossible to account for the inflow of the money and the extraordinary coincidences which Dr. Barnardo is compelled to note between the prayer and the answer. Although it costs £140 per day to find bread and meat for his immense family, he has no means for meeting the daily bill except what he can get in by this Prayer Telephone of his. Elijah with his ravens was not a circumstance to Müller of Bristol and Barnardo. Müller is a more remarkable case, because he sticks to the Telephone of Prayer, whereas Dr. Barnardo supplements his Telephone by judicious

advertisement, for which he has quite a genius. But when hard pressed it is the Telephone he relies on. He says in one of his reports :—

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

In such straits Prayer is his only resource. And explain it how we may it has never failed him yet. True, he has often been in a very tight place.

As, for instance, when in the early days a sudden incoming of bitter cold wintry weather found him with children shivering in their cots and not a penny to buy blankets with :—

Earnestly I besought the Lord for help. He who sent that bitterly icy wind could surely protect our poor wee bairns from its trying influences! So I asked the Lord to send blankets for my family. But no money came that day; and next day, unable any longer to bear the thought of the little ones being cold, I went to the house of business at which I habitually deal, and selected the kind and quantity of blankets required. They came to close upon £100; but as I had not the money, I simply selected them, and did not buy. I felt that I must not incur debt; and so again that day I spread before Him, whose work it was, the pressing needs of the case.

Next morning at breakfast the first letter he opened was from a clergyman in the South of England with a cheque for £100 "to provide additional clothing needed in consequence of the inclement weather." Who rang that clergyman up?

Here is another story of providential interference which I cull from Dr. Barnardo's records as far back as 1882. Of course since that time the Homes have grown and their expenses have grown with them, so that some of the figures here mentioned are now out of date.

My readers who imagine that everything always glides smoothly at the HOMES can scarcely realise what one feels when for many days, and even weeks, the daily receipts are seldom higher than £20. During all this time the expenditure cannot be much less than at the rate of £100 per day, so that the deficit is continually increasing in extent, creating a wide and deep gulf, which can only be filled up by extraordinary gifts. The trial of faith, and the weight of the burden felt by even the least anxious, must necessarily be great when an alarming deficiency of about £1,000 stares one in the face at the very beginning of the summer season, when, judging by past years, funds will continue very low for months! This was my experience up to the first week in May, and I am free to say that it was with a heavy heart that the necessary arrangements were being made for our Annual Meeting. Of course, every day the burden was brought before the Lord, and, to some extent, rolled over upon Him. Without this, and the real relief and comfort thus realised, the work could not have been done at all. Yet each day, on reaching the office, the donations for that particular day were eagerly scanned in the hope that a stimulus had been conveyed to our funds. But up to the 3rd instant there was little to encourage and very much to depress. During this season of waiting, it became an evident duty to continue earnestly the work the Lord had given us to do and leave the results with Him.

On the afternoon of the 3rd May I was informed that "a person" wished to see me who was sitting in the lower hall,

and declined to leave until she had done so. She refused to tell her business to any one. I did not know her, she said, but if I would only see her for a minute she would be content. So she sat down among messengers, porters, several poor boys making application for admission, and a huge bale of articles which were being packed to send away. Summoned from a room at the upper part of the house, where I had tried in vain to get a few minutes' quiet for necessary writing, I came through the lower hall, where my pertinacious visitor sat, to reach another caller, who was waiting in the Sale Room. As I passed my visitor said, "You are hard to approach." I replied, "Not exactly so, but I am very, very busy, and unless those who call have some definite business to communicate, I leave them to my kind helpers, who are glad to relieve me as far as possible." "But I have some money for you," she said. "Thank you," I responded; "I am always glad to receive such help, and just now specially so. Please sit down for a moment and I shall be free." Leaving her still in the outer hall, I advanced to meet my other visitors. Quickly disposing of them, I called my pertinacious friend into an inner office; standing at the door of which she said, while tears rolled down her face, "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 £1,000.

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 workhouse badge or taint, and that you seek to bring them up in the fear of the Lord"; and then another note for £1,000 was placed in my not unwilling hand. I now



THE NURSERY OF THE SLUMS!

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 £1,000 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.

In the outer office I found two well-known servants of the Lord waiting to see me. My readers may conjecture that it was not long before we found our way to a private room, and there we three bent before our loving Father and acknowledged with adoring wonder and praise the goodness and mercy that had so marvellously supplied our wants when the extremity seemed greatest. What more shall I say, except that when *that* burden was taken away and my heart made light, there was added the natural but holy resolve, never dare I doubt His goodness again! Alas! how soon and how often one has to learn over and over again lessons of faith and hope and trust which have repeatedly been taught by our covenant-keeping God!

Still more remarkable as a case of coincidence or test was the founding of the Ilford Girls' Homes. Dr. Barnardo, like other zealous people, is continually projecting more than he can execute. As a rule he does not attempt to carry out his schemes till he sees

his way clear. But on this occasion he was so impressed with a sense of the need for the Girls' Homes that he wrote a letter to the *Christian* announcing his desire and intention to build cottages at Ilford for neglected girls. No sooner had his letter appeared than he was filled with misgiving, not to say remorse. Had he walked in advance of God's guidance, or had he not? A friend met him, and hearing of his trouble proposed to put the matter to a crucial time test. Dr. Barnardo was at that time going down to Oxford, so the two of them agreed to pray that, if it was God's will that he should go ahead, He should give them a clear sign like Gideon's fleece before he returned to town. If no sign were given the Girls' Homes would be abandoned. They prayed, and agreed to abide by the result.

The very morning after they arrived at Oxford a total stranger put his head into the room. "You are Dr. Barnardo?" "Yes." "You are proposing to found some Homes for neglected girls?" "Yes," said Dr. Barnardo. "Put me down for the first cottage," said the stranger, and departed. Dr. Barnardo hurried after him, and after praise and prayer he learnt his story. He had lost a daughter, and had resolved on reading the letter in the *Christian* to build a Girls' Home as a means of commemorating his child. He had said nothing about it to any one, intending to communicate with Dr. Barnardo on his return to London. By an unexpected chance (?) he found Dr. Barnardo's name among the new arrivals at the hotel in Oxford, and first thing next morn-



THE IRONING ROOM OF THE LAUNDRY IN THE GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME, ILFORD.

ing promised the £350 needed for the Home. Need I say that Dr. Barnardo with this dew on his fleece returned to town full of courage? Nor was his confidence misplaced. There are now forty-nine separate cottages and five larger households in that Girls' Village at Ilford providing accommodation for 1,000 girls.

old experience, Dr. Barnardo always expects to receive one-sixth of his annual income in the last month of the year. He ought therefore, according to the law of averages, to have had £22,000 in December, 1894. Calculating upon this, he had arranged to make a great number of payments on December 31st, which could only be made if £22,000 came in. But on December 27th his monthly takings were only £15,787. We may depend upon it the Prayer Telephone was used to some purpose. The "calls" on the Central were incessant. But there was no response. The 28th came and went, the 29th came and went. On the morning of the 30th he was £4,500 behind hand. This was indeed running it fine. But the Central had heard the call, and on the 31st, £4,662 was paid in at the last moment by donors who for the most part had no idea why they were moved to pay up just then.

Dr. Barnardo claims for the Prayer Telephone that it differs from the ordinary contrivance, inasmuch as the Central arranges for calls before it is rung up. In support of this theory of anticipatory telepathy, a phenomenon familiar enough to those who experiment in the obscure regions of the sub-consciousness, Dr. Barnardo is accustomed to tell a very remarkable story, quite as wonderful in its way as that of the Oxford Ilford time-test:—

Several years ago, says Dr. Barnardo, I had to raise £500 by June 24 or submit to the foreclosure of a

mortgage. The 15th of June arrived and I had no money in hand. I had two friends, wealthy men, who had told me to apply to them whenever I was in great difficulty. I 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?"



GORDON WARD IN HER MAJESTY'S HOSPITAL AT STEPNEY, E.

That kind of coincidence is constantly happening. Remittances become due, his bankers refuse to increase his overdraft, there is no time for personal appeal; off goes the Doctor to his Prayer Telephone. Here is his report as to how it worked:—

There was no time to appeal to friends; I must have the money in four days, or else very grave inconvenience and disappointment would necessarily ensue. I could only cry to God for help! Twenty-four hours before the very day when the first of the payments had to be made, the receipts, which had, as explained, fallen so low, were suddenly stimulated, and the tide turned. An unexpected legacy was paid through the kindness of the executors, before the date on which I supposed it was due. A friend wrote offering to give a sum of money at once, which she had intended bequeathing to me by will, and on the next day, the date on which my Committee's cheques had to be sent off, the receipts were marvelously increased; so much so, indeed, that all the pressing urgent payments were defrayed, and only one or two less important ones had to be kept over. Thus, in a moment, as it were, did the good hand of God lift off the heavy burden from His servant's heart and mind.

These things are happening to-day. There are two items chronicled in *Night and Day* for March, 1895. Dr. Barnardo, after mentioning the fact that he had only once in his life had enough money in hand to enable him to keep going for a month if no more subscriptions came in, says that it is very seldom he has enough in hand to pay for a week's expenses in advance. As his day is, however, so his strength shall be. But in December, 1894, he very nearly ran dry. From

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. And then, just

was wanted for the day by the Israelities of old "bred worms and stank"; and it is only day by day in such work as ours that we can lay hold upon God. Only so can the work be sustained and the victory given.

Sometimes the time of trial is prolonged. On one occasion he sent off nine lads to Manitoba without having any of the £99 in hand to pay their expenses. It was not till twelve days after they had sailed that a gentleman sent in £100 "for defraying the cost of the Manitoba emigrants." So the *bon Dieu* had added £1 as interest for the delay in providing the money! On



MINERAL WATER FACTORY : YOUTHS' LABOUR HOUSE, COMMERCIAL ROAD, E.

when I was in the greatest extremity, the mighty hand of God was thus held out in assistance to His servant.

Need I say I went at once to the office of the solicitors; not to postpone the payment, but to make it, and then I returned with a grateful heart to discharge the liabilities that had arisen within the past three weeks of short supplies. I found that when all had been done I still had in hand some £90 over and above my requirements!

I commend the philosophy of Dr. Barnardo to my readers. It does seem hard that he should be so nearly run aground for cash, but he says it is all right:—

The manna that was stored up over and above that which

another occasion a sum of £300, promised for a special purpose, had been spent, when the donor suddenly discovered she could not afford the money. What was to be done? He was at his wits' end. But the very next day a friend wrote saying they wanted to do something for the Homes—would he make a suggestion? Even when the letter suggesting the payment of the £300 was being written the friend came down to the office and at once assumed the whole liability.

Coincidences are they, or tests, or proofs, or miracles, or what? Let each reader answer it for himself. As

for me, I will only say that these things are on all fours with the most marvellous records of Bible times. If it was chance coincidence then it is chance coincidence now. If, on the other hand, the Prayer Telephone was in full circuit in Elijah's time, it seems to be still in working order to-day.

PART III.—THE OUTCOME OF JIM'S APPEAL.

I.—A FAMILY OF FIVE THOUSAND WAIFS.

It is the largest family in the world. Fathers of families of five find themselves often put to it to manage their little ones. But Dr. Barnardo keeps the whole

4. OPEN-ALL-NIGHT REFUGE FOR HOMELESS BOYS AND GIRLS, 6, 8 & 10, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

5. LABOUR HOUSE FOR DESTITUTE YOUTHS, 622, 624 and 626, Commercial Road, London, E.

6 to 54. VILLAGE HOMES FOR ORPHAN AND DESTITUTE GIRLS, Barkingside, Ilford, Essex.

55. BABIES' CASTLE, Hawkhurst, Kent.

56. HER MAJESTY'S HOSPITAL FOR WAIF CHILDREN, 13 to 19, Stepney Causeway, E.

57. SERVANTS' FREE REGISTRY AND HOME, 403, Mile End Road, E.

58. RESCUE HOME FOR YOUNG GIRLS IN SPECIAL DANGER, Private Address.

59. THE BEEHIVE (Industrial Home for Older Girls), 273, Mare Street, Hackney, N.E.



THE BLACKSMITHS' SHOP, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, E.

multifarious congeries of homes and houses and brigades and agencies in full swing from year's end to year's end. It makes the head ache to try to remember merely the names of all the institutions which have grown out of that first Home, founded as the result of Jim's message. I merely print here a list of the branches of that Tree of Life which Dr. Barnardo has tended so vigilantly all these years:—

The following branches are devoted wholly to the rescue and training of children:—

1. HOME FOR WORKING AND DESTITUTE LADS, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

2. LEOPOLD HOUSE ORPHAN HOME FOR LITTLE BOYS, 199, Burdett Road, London, E.

3. NURSERY HOME FOR VERY LITTLE BOYS, Teighmore, Gorey, Jersey.

60. CITY MESSENGER BRIGADE, Head Offices.

61. UNION JACK SHOEBLACK BRIGADE AND HOME, Three Colt Street, Limehouse, E.

62. WOOD-CHOPPING BRIGADE, 622, Commercial Road, E.

63. BURDETT DORMITORY, Burdett Road, E.

64. CONVALESCENT SEASIDE HOME, 5 and 6, Chelsea Villas, Felixstowe, Suffolk.

65. JONES MEMORIAL HOME FOR INCURABLES, 16, Trafalgar Road, Birkdale.

66. ORPHAN HOME FOR GIRL WAIFS, 3, Bradninch Place, Exeter.

67, 68 & 69. CHILDREN'S FREE LODGING HOUSES: 81, Commercial Street, Whitechapel, E. 12, Dock Street, Leman Street, Whitechapel, E. 12, St. John's Place, Notting Hill, W.

70 & 71. EMIGRATION DEPOTS AND DISTRIBUTING HOMES: For Girls: "Hazelbrae," Peterborough, Ontario. For Boys: 214, Farley Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

72. INDUSTRIAL FARM, Russell, Manitoba.
 73. BOARDING-OUT BRANCH (with about 120 local centres),
 Head Offices.
 74. BLIND AND DEAF-MUTE BRANCH, Head Offices.
 75. BRANCH FOR CRIPPLES OR DEFORMED CHILDREN, Head
 Offices.
 76. THE CHILDREN'S FOLD, 182, Grove Road, Victoria
 Park, E.
 77. CLAYTON HOUSE FOR GIRL WAIFS, EPSOM.
 78. SHIPPING AGENCY, Head Offices : with branches at
 CARDIFF and YARMOUTH.
 79 to 86. EVER-OPEN DOORS, Eight Rescue Branches in
 BATH, BIRMINGHAM, BRISTOL, CARDIFF, LEEDS, LIVERPOOL,
 NEWCASTLE and PLYMOUTH respectively.

which supplies illustrated accounts of the Homes from week to week. There are also other publications describing and illustrating special aspects of the work.

The Homes are open every afternoon, except on Saturday and Sunday, to any who choose to visit them and see for themselves the nature of the enterprise. Visitors to the Girls' Village Home are met every afternoon (except Saturday and Sunday) at Ilford Station by a conveyance, which awaits the train leaving Liverpool Street at 1.10 p.m.

As for the actual work done, I cannot do better than print here the latest figures kindly brought up to date for me by Dr. Barnardo. This is in bold statistics an out-



TINSMITHS' SHOP, BOYS' HOME, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.

Such a city of a family demands its own organs, and Dr. Barnardo, in addition to all his other cares, is editor of at least three magazines. *Night and Day*, the official organ of the Institutions, records the history and progress of the work, and abounds with interesting illustrations and incidents of the efforts carried on for the rescue and relief of Waifs and Strays. *The Young Helpers' League Magazine* is published in the interests of the Young Helpers' League, a world-wide union of young people on behalf of the sick and ailing children in the Homes. *Bubbles* (weekly number, one penny; monthly part, sixpence) is a unique coloured magazine

line of what came out of James Jervis being sent to tell of the tribe of the Don't-Live-Nowheres :—

Total number of children rescued, trained, and placed out in life by the Homes in thirty-one years, up to 31st December, 1897	33,412
Number of Waif Children dealt with in 1897	13,316
Fresh applications during the year	8,618
Children maintained, educated, etc., in the Homes in 1897	6,991
Fresh cases admitted during 1897	2,249
Children, included in the above, rescued during 1897 from circumstances of <i>grave moral danger</i>	1,250

Children rescued during the year from <i>utter destitution</i> , but of decent parentage	1,043	Free lodgings provided through the Children's Free Lodging Houses and All Night Refuge	59,018
Incurable cripples, physically disabled and blind children, or deaf-mutes admitted during 1897	53	Free rations supplied through the Children's Free Lodging Houses and All Night Refuge	41,842
Infants in arms admitted.	83	Free rations supplied through Copperfield Road Schools	74,014
Average number of children admitted every twenty-four hours during the year	7.37	Free meals supplied through the Edinburgh Castle.	5,770
Largest number of admissions in one day	18	Total rations supplied through Free Meal agencies	169,040
Children boarded out in England on 31st December, 1897	1,174	Garments given away or sold at nominal prices, and pairs of boots lent to Board School and necessitous children	5,750
Boys and girls assisted to situations at home, sent to sea, or otherwise placed out in life during the year, etc., etc.	2,363	Hospital Letters distributed	274
Boys and girls placed out in Colonies during 1897	664	Religious services held at various Mission Centres	2,066
Total number of trained boys and girls emigrated by means of the Homes to the Colonies, to 31st December, 1897	9,396	Aggregate attendances at same	431,363
Number of deaths during the year	30	Temperance, Social, Educational, and other Meetings held at various Mission Centres	591
Rate of mortality per 1,000 for the year	4.29	Aggregate attendances at same	90,860
Children educated, partly fed or clothed at Free Day Schools	1,212	Total number of all kinds of Meetings and Services during the year	2,657
Total number of children maintained in whole or in part during the year	8,203	Aggregate attendances at same	522,223
Outside children under instruction in Sunday Schools	2,450	House-to-house Visits by Deaconesses, Doctors, Missionaries, Probationers and others to the homes of the poor	10,055
Free lodgings provided through Provincial Ever-Open Doors	15,627	Publications sold, or given out from stores	843,143
Free meals provided through Provincial Ever-Open Doors	47,414	Letters and Parcels received at Head Office during 1897	169,214
		Letters and parcels dispatched from the Head Office during 1897	170,639
		The following trades are taught at Stepney:—Baker, blacksmith, brushmaker, cook, carpenter, engineer, har-	



CARPENTERS AT WORK AT STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.

ness-maker, mineral-waters, matmaker, printer, shoemaker, tailor, tinsmith, woodchopper, wheelwright.

The doors of the Home stand open night and day for all children really friendless and destitute. No one with these qualifications is ever turned away. In one year young people were admitted from 117 different districts *inside the Metropolitan area*, from 190 cities, towns, and villages in *England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales*, representing 47 different counties. There were also admissions from the Channel Islands and from the following places abroad:—Athens, Barbadoes, Brittany, Constantinople, Durban (Natal), Hamilton (Canada) Kingston (Jamaica), New York, Paris, Pietermaritzburg,

out human seedlings in the prairies of Manitoba. He is surgeon, editor, preacher, teacher, Jack-of-all-trades, and a past master in all. One day he brings 3,700 of his children from all his Homes to the heart of the West-end. It is a small army—a larger army than that with which Britain has won many of her most brilliant victories. Under his able direction they concentrate at the Albert Hall to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, bringing with them a vast paraphernalia illustrative of all their enterprises, their works and their sports. With a skill the late Sir Augustus Harris could not have excelled, he puts this gigantic troupe through a programme lasting nearly four hours, a programme that



YOUNG COBBLERS AT WORK IN THE SHOEMAKERS' SHOP, BOWER STREET, LONDON, E.

St. Lucia (West Indies), and St. Vincent (West Indies).

II.—SOME THINGS DONE DIRECTLY.

It is idle to attempt to describe all that Dr. Barnardo has done and is attempting to do. He is a centre of spiritual, social, intellectual activity, perpetually in motion. He began by caring only for the saving of the City Arab; he now finds the whole social problem on his hands. He is facing the whole vast complicated congeries of difficulties which baffle churches and Governments, and facing them also with marvellous success. Round his Homes has grown up a veritable Church Militant, the most amazing octopus of our time. Nothing that is human is alien to Dr. Barnardo. He imports cargoes of timber from the forests of Norway, and plants

goes without a hitch, that keeps every one from Prince to pressman enthralled in unflagging interest, and that fascinates and delights every one with one of the prettiest spectacles ever seen in London. And the troupe, what is it? One and all they are children, some mere babies, but all, whether old or young, perishing fragments of shipwrecked humanity, snatched one by one from the maelström of our cities. But for him these little ones would have been in the workhouse, in prison, in the grave, or worse still, in the kennel and in the slum, preparing before they were well in their teens to perpetuate their kind. And, then, after having given the world this gigantic object-lesson in organised philanthropy, the company disperses. The mammoth troupe of 3,700 silently and swiftly retrace their steps. As was the concentration, so is the distribution. In twelve hours all is over, the

Homes are again full of teeming life, and not a child has been lost or has even missed its way. Those who have attempted to convoy a party of a score, boys and girls, from the circumference to the centre of London in mid-season alone can appreciate what was involved in the march of the 3,700 to and from Albert Hall.

Yet that spectacle, so prodigious, so enthralling, only represented one section of Dr. Barnardo's work. One of the most interesting and the most hazardous of his innumerable enterprises was not represented there. This is the good doctor's Remedy for Baby Farming, which, as the case of Mrs. Dyer shows, is usually baby slaughtering. For Dr. Barnardo is himself a baby farmer! Here is his account of what he calls his system of auxiliary boarding-out—a foundling hospital on a new principle, with results which are in amazing contrast to those achieved in the magnificent institutions of Moscow and St. Petersburg. In the State foundling hospitals 50 per cent. of the children die. In Dr. Barnardo's system only two have died out of three hundred. He limits his operations to the first born illegitimate. He assumes, and rightly, that the woman who first becomes a mother without having provided her child with a lawful father has already suffered enough for her sin without being driven into hell as a collateral incident of a slip made often in ignorance and even in innocence. So this is his way of dealing with an application on behalf of the first and only child of an unmarried mother already in or about to be employed in service:—

We first take great pains to ascertain whether the mother is really penitent and desirous of living a better life, and whether the assistance we are asked to render the child will tend towards the latter result. Having satisfied ourselves as to these two pre-requisites, we then place ourselves in communication with a lady who is willing to give the girl employment, if only the burden of the child can be taken off her. After being quite satisfied with the *bona fides* of all concerned, and also satisfied that it is impossible for us to reach the father so as to compel him to maintain the child (this is with us an essential which we never overlook), we then authorise the mother to seek out some decent poor woman who will be willing to become foster-mother to the child. This done, an agreement is entered into by the mother that she will pay the foster-mother 5s. per week. We take into consideration the earnings of the mother, her state of health, and her stock of clothing, and we agree to assist the case to the extent of a sum which never exceeds 3s. 6d. per week, but which often is not more than 1s. This money is not paid to the girl herself, nor to the foster-parent, but to the lady, who is thereby charged with some responsibility for the good conduct of the mother. Before we make each month's payment we have to be satisfied afresh that the mother is still in service, pleasing her mistress, and going on respectably. We also satisfy ourselves from time to time that the foster-parent is a suitable and proper woman to have charge of the baby, and that the latter is being well cared for and looked after.

While these conditions obtain we continue to pay our promised contribution towards the child's maintenance. The remainder has to be paid by the mother herself. If she pays 2s. 6d. a week, or £6 10s. a year, this leaves her, if she is earning £14 or £15 a year, enough to clothe herself if she exercises proper economy. It does not leave her free to live a careless, extravagant, or vicious life; and moreover, we



AWAITING ADMISSION IN THE HALL OF THE CENTRAL OFFICES, STEPNEY, E.

accompany our contribution with this distinct warning, that if at any time she relapses into a vicious or immoral life, we will at once cease our payments, and she will lose all title to further consideration. Meanwhile, having some portion of the cost to bear, and having constant access to her infant, the maternal instinct is awakened and kept alive and becomes in itself a potent factor in the permanent reclamation of the mother.

So well is this worked that of the three hundred cases dealt with up to date only in a single case has the mother lapsed into immorality, and in only two have the babies died. But for Dr. Barnardo at least one hundred of these mothers would have been on the streets or bearing other bastards, and at least one hundred and fifty of the children would have died under various forms of slow torture.

I only mention this because it is the newest of his many schemes, and because it is one which ought to be imitated everywhere.

But there is another department of his work in which Dr. Barnardo set an example which has since been widely imitated, but wherein in some respects the originator still stands alone.

I refer to his work on behalf of those youths who are no longer boys, and to whom, therefore, the doors of an ordinary Boys' Home remain closed. Dr. Barnardo's attention was constantly being directed to the numbers of young fellows from 17 to 20 years of age whom he found destitute, homeless, characterless, clad in rags, and compelled by the misery of their lot to associate with the lowest and vilest in the common lodging houses. His



heart was deeply stirred within him by the misery and helplessness of this hobbledehoy class. In December, 1880, I find him writing as follows :

Hundreds of young fellows at that age when, in other ranks of life, existence is most hopeful and stands flecked with the brightest colours, and when all the future responds to the buoyant sense of life within, are to be found to-day in the common lodging houses and in the streets of London and of our other great cities like Liverpool, Newcastle, Birmingham, Leeds and Cardiff, without a home, without a calling, without a friend in all the world, without clothing worthy of the name, utterly undone and with a sad and dreadful memory of past misery, failure and misfortune enough to make them despair of ever being other than they are, outcasts, beggars, tramps or candidates for the workhouse if honest enough to keep clear of the jail.

It is of these lads that he also wrote :

They have mostly been born either in the workhouses, in the common lodging houses or in dwellings let out in tenements to the very lowest labouring class. They have never had a chance of doing well. They began their boyhood on the streets, they have reached early manhood without having had a childhood, and now if still unstained with crime, and if some promptings of the better nature within or some

filling the kitchen, crowding around me with wan faces and gaunt eager looks as I enter, following me from door to door, and each one putting the same request, "Can you help me, Sir"? Each one can only receive the same sad answer, given again and again until I am heartsick and almost unnerved for work, unfitted by what I see and hear for every effort, "No, my lad, I pity you from my heart; but I cannot help you. You are too old for our Boys' Home."

The iron had entered into the young philanthropist's soul; he was resolved to make some attempt at once to save these unhappy youths. And this is how he faces his problem.

Something must now be done at all costs, debt or no debt, money or no money! I feel I cannot, I dare not, let these young fellows perish while all the world looks on unmoved. All they want is a helping hand. Any rough kind of building will serve the purpose of giving them a brief trial of from three to six months, or perhaps in some cases, twelve months, to test character, to give them back some measure of physical strength, and then to send them forth to situations.

And, of course, something *was* done, as something always is done when an ardent soul flames irrepressibly out. A few friends guaranteed the working expenses of an experimental effort for three years.

Three large houses were taken in an East End thoroughfare, and converted into what has since been known as the Youths' Labour House. The charter of the new branch was refreshingly wide. Any young fellow finding himself destitute upon the streets of any of our large towns might apply at the Labour House and be at once received, if destitute, for a brief period of testing and training. Then would come a situation, or a ship, or emigration to the four quarters of the earth. Dr. Barnardo had for a long time the monopoly of dealing with these big fellows, half way between boy and man. The age and appearance of such closed every door against them. "You are too old for us," "There is not room," were the answers

given to the plea of such, for admission into other Institutions. Such a lad might become a thief if he would, but every door of hope was sternly shut in his face. He was not young; he was not interesting-looking; he certainly was not pretty. Sentiment refused to touch a coarse-looking fellow, who, although perhaps approaching manhood in years, was without any possible means of gaining an independent livelihood. And yet six or eight months' rough training in the Youths' Labour House will, in such a case, work wonders.

Over 5,000 such young fellows have now passed through this Branch alone. It is chiefly from the Labour House that the great Farm of 10,000 acres which Dr. Barnardo has established in Manitoba has been manned and developed. If these lads give proof of possessing the three qualities of *decency, industry and honesty*, they are emigrated and placed out on the Farm under thoroughly skilled and competent supervision, and after a few months' further training they are rapidly absorbed into the agricultural populations of the great North West. Many of these are now land-owners themselves, and perhaps no greater testimony to the efficiency of the work done in them and for them can be supplied than the



HOMELESS YOUTHS AWAITING ADMISSION TO THE LABOUR HOUSE.

casual teaching implanted in their minds in days gone by, or even prudence and cowardice have done what virtue and teaching could not do—that is, kept them honest—they are at least without manliness, without independence, without hope. Life is to them already a lost game: a dire conflict out of which victory can never come without many indelible scars, and with a prospect of ending only in crime or in pauperism.

With characteristic energy Dr. Barnardo set himself to think out the problem of what was to be done with these great fellows, even at the time when he was himself much embarrassed how to find the necessary means to carry on the work which had already gathered round him. To begin a fresh enterprise meant to increase his responsibilities, and to go into debt. But in the Magazine of his Institutions he boldly discusses the pros and cons, the nature of the work to be done, and the difficulties and hindrances to be overcome. One thing, however, he seems resolved upon, that he must do something. He can no longer wait until a favourable opportunity arises. He wrote :

Who can withstand the sight of 40 or 50 unfortunate lads, such as I have described, in a single lodging house,

fact that within the past 5 years they have contributed from their own comparatively scanty earnings, (for in *money* at least Canada is a poor country), about £4,500 towards the funds of the Institution that had first of all lifted them up out of the slums and given them a helping hand!

A SILVER WEDDING MEMORIAL.

Perhaps this is the right time to refer, although I can only do so very briefly, to that development of Dr. Barnardo's whole work which took place as a memorial of its 25th year. Hitherto in London, his Institutions had maintained unswervingly their foundation principle, Never under any circumstances whatever to refuse a really destitute Waif Child. As may be imagined, applicants for such assistance as the Homes can give come from all over the Kingdom. But there was a second principle almost as important as the first, namely, To continue to seek out by the personal investigation of skilled and expert agents (even as Dr. Barnardo had done himself at the first in the case of Little Jim), the most needy candidates from the slums. Not content merely to wait at head-quarters until applications were made for admission, the Homes boldly invaded the enemy's country by night and day. And this principle it was now resolved to extend beyond the City of London, to as many great centres of population as appeared likely to yield good results. Houses called EVER OPEN DOORS were forthwith established in various cities, including Liverpool, Leeds, Newcastle, Cardiff, Birmingham, Bath, Bristol and Plymouth. These houses had doors which were never closed day or night, Night lamps bade the destitute always welcome, and there miserable little Waifs, and especially girl Waifs found instant admission. In these houses lived the expert agents who continued to diligently search the streets and lanes of the city so as to seek and save that which was lost.

Concerning their work, Dr. Barnardo writes:—

Through them I now receive some of the very worst and saddest cases of child suffering and destitution that I admit. They are small branches, indeed; yet with their daily and nightly welcome to young Waifs or Strays, and to the victims of destitution or cruel treatment, they are extremely valuable additions to the rescue agencies of the parent Homes. They are *economical* in their management, consisting as they do of a single house, in which the agent in charge can temporarily accommodate half a dozen (at the most 12 or 15) applicants, while he, on the spot, investigates their cases and communicates with the London Offices. One of their greatest advantages is, that the personal histories of the applicants are carefully looked into at *first hand*.

The records of these "Ever-Open Doors" now cover some 12,000 applications, 2,300 permanent admissions to the Homes, 85,000 free lodgings and 260,000 free meals.

A PALACE OF PAIN.

Dr. Barnardo is, as everybody knows, a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, and has always taken a keen interest in the Medical and Surgical side of his rescue work. From a very early date in its history he came to the conclusion that, other things being equal, the sick, or blind, or incurably-crippled "waif and stray" was in a more pitiable plight than his healthy brothers and sisters, and had stronger claims for relief. And so, while some doors of hope were closed against the street wastrel afflicted with, say, virulent ophthalmia, or a twisted backbone, or loss of vision, or partial paralysis, or any other of the ills of humanity that are often due to neglected childhood, his door was thrown widely open to all such; if only they were *absolutely destitute*. This last condition he insists upon in all cases

as a *sine qua non* in order to gain admission. The practical result of this beneficent rule is that Dr. Barnardo's hands are always full of the lame, the halt, and the blind. When rejected at almost every door they come to him. To-day, quite five hundred children, all afflicted with some form of malady, are under his care, and his system of dealing with certain of these is, in many respects, worthy of more notice than it receives. Take one class of little sufferers, the cripples, for example. Dr. Barnardo won't segregate them. He writes: "Unless my cripple waifs are actually needing surgical or medical care in bed, I prefer to let them live and mix daily with healthy children of their own age. The deformed or crippled youngsters are thus taught almost to forget their affliction, instead of being always shut up with it as in a cripples' home. They pursue the active, happy, industrious life of their healthier mates, and the latter develop wonderful gentleness and generosity in dealing with their crippled chums." To deal effectively and thoroughly with the vast mass of suffering childhood which appeals almost daily to Dr. Barnardo, he founded in Stepney Causeway, near the Central Home, a Hospital for Waif Children, which was rebuilt in the Queen's Jubilee year, and hence entitled "Her Majesty's Hospital," although, I believe, the Gracious Lady who rules over this realm has never even so much as heard of the beneficent and Christlike deeds which are being daily wrought under cover of her name in the children's palace of pain in Stepney. The hospital has ten wards and eighty-four beds, a splendid staff of devoted nurses, a resident physician, consultant surgeons, etc., etc., and in a single year deals with close upon seven thousand little patients. It was to lift the financial burden of the maintenance and cure of his sick children off his shoulders that in January, 1892, Dr. Barnardo founded "The Young Helpers' League," of which T.R.H. the (late) Duchess of Teck and the Duchess of York became respectively the President and Vice-President. It is very satisfactory to learn that, just as this revised edition is going to press, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales has written with her own hand to say, "I will gladly give my name as Patroness of the "Young Helpers' League," which seems to me one of the "best Institutions of the present day and deserving of the "greatest encouragement." Under such auspices the League has flourished and grown apace, 17,402 companions having paid their subscription last year and contributed the respectable sum of £8,392 to the Doctor's funds. Like the Primrose League, but with nobler aims, this league of well-to-do children has local Habitations and Lodges, each having its organisation and officers. The ambition of each Habitation is to contribute annually the £30 needed for the up-keep of a cot in one of Dr. Barnardo's three hospitals.

III.—SOME GREATER THINGS DONE INDIRECTLY.

I have referred to what Dr. Barnardo has done, directly and by his own right hand; but it is probable that the indirect result of his work is still more far-reaching. For the last twenty years there has been a great controversy between the elect and expert wisdom of the representatives of the English nation and this East-end surgeon-philanthropist-evangelist on the question of the out-cast homeless child. The State had all its prestige, all its authority, all the experience of the Local Government Board, all its inspectors, Parliament in the plenitude of its authority, and local representative boards in all their wealth of detailed knowledge. On the other hand was one man, beaten by roughs, anointed with no ointment but that of the slop-pail, calumniated by Roman Catholics, slanged by Sadducees and slandered by Pharisees.

He put his opinion before the world, however, with courage. He said that the State was entirely mistaken in its method of dealing with destitute children :—

Workhouse girls were turned out into a world of the daily routine of which they knew almost nothing; their ignorance placed them at an enormous disadvantage; people discovered that their education in household matters had been worse than neglected; their moral fibre was unequal to the strain of temptation, and when they came out from the hothouse atmosphere of the workhouse they were unable to endure the colder air of every-day life. The moral wrecks for which this vicious system of workhouse training is responsible can be counted by the hundred and by the thousand—and the workhouse was not so very long ago practically the only refuge for destitute or orphan lower-class girls who found themselves thrown upon the world.

These two parties differed *toto celo* as to how to deal with the Child of the State. Dr. Barnardo, a mere

pelled to admit that it was wrong—utterly, horribly, shamefully wrong—and that Dr. Barnardo was right, absolutely right, in his theory of the way in which the Children of the State should be treated. So now the District School is doomed, and in future the State, sitting at the feet of Dr. Barnardo, is to try to see whether by segregation instead of aggregation, by homes instead of barracks, by personal love and personal interest instead of official routine and official discipline, it may perhaps achieve with all its resources 50 per cent. of the good results of the Barnardo Homes. But what of the scores of thousands of Children of the State who have morally, socially, and often physically perished before the State could be induced to admit that it was mistaken?

Another matter in which Dr. Barnardo has been the pioneer of a great social movement, certain to acquire much greater importance in the next century, is in the



YOUTHS FROM THE LABOUR HOUSE, AFTER TRAINING, *en route* FOR MANITOBA.

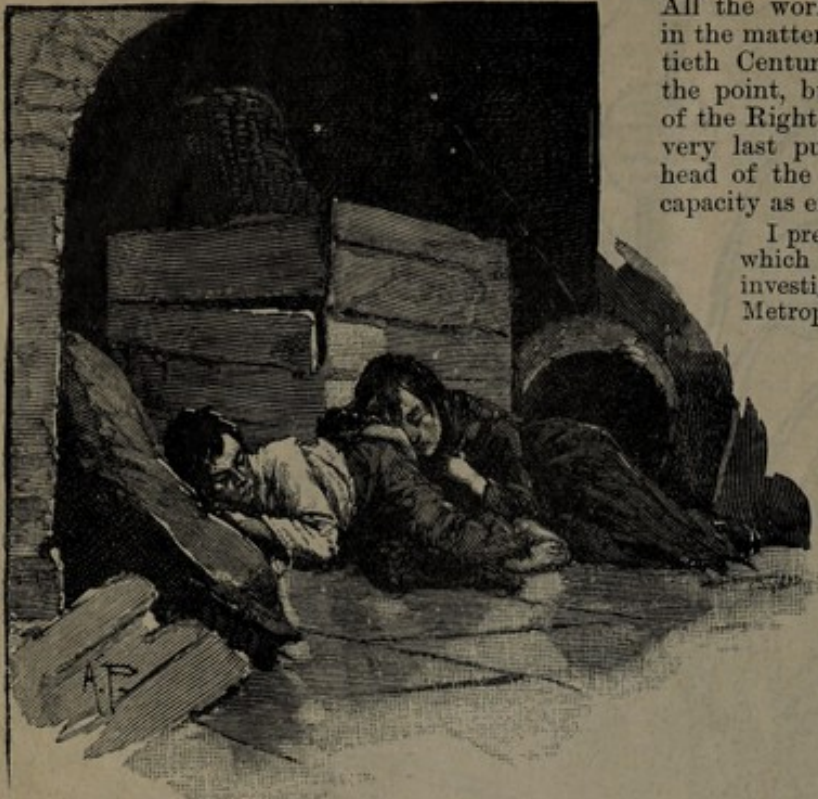
nobody, was contemptuously silenced and left severely alone to work out an experiment in his own way at his own cost in his charming Village Homes at Ilford, and in his larger boarding-out scheme, while the State, so omniscient and so omnipotent, decided that the right way of dealing with the problem was by building great barracks which it called District Schools, into which it packed the unfortunates towards whom it stood in relation of Parent. It did so, it went on doing so, and it is doing so this day. But after a time the scandals of District Schools became noised abroad.

It was said that the State was rearing its daughters for the streets and its sons for the goal. Hideous stories were whispered as to little ones blinded for life by State-caused ophthalmia. And as these rumours spread from mouth to mouth, Parliament was at last induced to enquire into these matters, and the Local Government Board appointed an official departmental committee to look into these matters. The report of that committee, recently published, settles the controversy once for all. After all these years the State is com-

work of emigration. The prejudice against emigration is dying hard. But in emigration lies the key to the solution of the social problem. And Dr. Barnardo is the only man who has tackled this subject on a large scale with conspicuous success. The results of his long experience—he has emigrated 9,396 boys and girls to the British Colonies, mostly to Canada—are embodied in the following rules :—

(a) That only the flower of my flock shall be emigrated to Canada; those young people, namely, (1) who are in robust health, physical and mental; (2) who are thoroughly upright, honest and virtuous; and (3) who, being boys, have been industrially trained in our own workshops, or, who, being girls, have had careful instruction in domestic pursuits.

(b) That continuous supervision shall be exercised over all these emigrants after they have been placed out in Canadian homesteads; first by systematic visitation; second, by regular correspondence. Emigration without continuous supervision, particularly in the case of young children, is in my opinion presumptuous folly, and simply courts disaster. It may be added that for emigrants who retain their situations and do



A CHANCE SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT.

well for certain defined periods a system of prizes is in operation, which has hitherto worked very successfully as an incentive and encouragement.

(c) That in the case of the total failure of any emigrants the colonies shall be safeguarded by their return at our expense, whenever possible, to England.

The result has been most satisfactory. In early years my emigrants were offered twice as many places as there were children to fill them, and I had to reject one-half the applications for their services. Now it is quite usual for one of my parties to be applied for by would-be employers five or six times over. The Dominion of Canada during the last two or three years has been passing through a period of severe industrial depression, which, it might have been imagined, would have operated to diminish the number of openings for our emigrants. As a matter of fact, however, there has come in from all parts of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific sea-board, from Halifax to Vancouver, a steady and increasing demand, far beyond my power to supply unless the means at my disposal for emigration purposes are largely extended.

Compared with the work he has done, our Representative Boards have done next to nothing. But when they come to cope with the matter seriously, they will have to sit at the feet of Dr. Barnardo.

It is an interesting question whether a really intelligent and benevolent despot would not make over the whole of the Children of the State to Dr. Barnardo, allowing him the money now paid for dealing unsuccessfully with the little ones, in order that he might make a success of it. As there is no chance of the advent of such an entity, it may be well if all our Boards of Guardians were to ask themselves whether in dealing with their destitute children it would not be well to take a leaf out of Barnardo's book. They have the official responsibility. They have the command of the rates, they have the children. Why not deal with them *a la* Barnardo?

A CABINET MINISTER'S TESTIMONY.

It is well to recall that Dr. Barnardo has made

magnificent use of the great modern invention of boarding out. All the world has already come round to his way of thinking in the matter—as it will to his way of *acting* before the Twentieth Century grows out of its babyhood. I will not labour the point, but simply make space for the luminous testimony of the Right Hon. the late Mr. Mundella, who (I believe in his very last public utterance) sighed for a Dr. Barnardo at the head of the British Poor Law system! Mr. Mundella, in his capacity as expert, said:—

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

I can only say to you, 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 them. Nothing astonished me more than the magnitude of Dr. Barnardo's undertaking, and the faith, I may say the daily Christian faith, on which that undertaking seems to be resting. He has raised these Institutions till they may be regarded almost as a National Institution. We found, as our Committee went on, that Dr. Barnardo was often boarding-out in his

Boarding-out Department *more children than the whole of the Local Authorities of this kingdom*, and frequently he was emigrating more to the Colonies than all our Poor Law Boards taken together. It is a marvellous work that he has done in the Homes during the last thirty years, and its growth is entirely due to his wonderful energy, determination and character.

With respect to the magnitude of the undertaking, the secret of success is not so easy to discover. I think I may say to you, without the least reserve, that Dr. Barnardo is not only a born administrator, but he is a born master of method. When our Committee came to report, we made what has been deemed by the Local Authorities a very strong report—a report that, in their opinion and in the opinion even, I may say, of some of us, was too strong. I may say to you that most of the reforms that the Committee has recommended Dr. Barnardo has anticipated and put in practice in the administration of his Institution. We owe him much for what he has done. I think we owe him more for the example he has set us of how to do it. With respect to his boarding-out of children, sometimes he has as many as 2,000 children boarded out in the course of a year. He had the advantage, and it was an advantage due to his own good sense, to select trained ladies who had become medical practitioners of eminence to be the Inspectors of his Children's Homes and of his boarded-out children, and as the result, not only did they report that those children are comfortably tended in their homes, often most affectionately tended, but also that the sanitary condition of all the children under Dr. Barnardo's care is something that is marvellous in contrast with those under our local and our State system.

Now it is only fair to make this acknowledgment, and I do it all the more heartily because I confess that *when I started upon the inquiry I had grave doubts about Dr. Barnardo's methods*. I am here to say publicly that I would to God the same methods were introduced into the system of the administration of the whole of the Poor Law children of the country!

IV.—WANTED, THE CHILDREN'S PENCE!

This brings me to the last point. Is it right, is it wise, that Dr. Barnardo, who can do such work, should

be compelled to spend half his time in sending round the hat in order to find the wherewithal to feed and clothe his little ones? Why should there not be a division of labour? Why should not the public find the money and collect it? No small part of the difficulty of carrying on this work is that of raising the £140,000 needed to finance it. Dr. Barnardo, for the last thirty-two years, has worked till midnight building up this gigantic work. He has sacrificed his family life; for after family prayers, after breakfast in the morning, he sees neither wife nor child all day long; twelve to sixteen hours daily being spent in institutional work. And no small part of his energy and of his time is taken up in devising ways and means for raising money. That surely is not right. As the Twelve said of old time, "It is not reason that we should leave the Word of God and serve tables." No one else can do Dr. Barnardo's work for the children. But surely it ought to be possible to arrange some system of getting in the cash. Here is

WHAT THE PRINCE OF WALES SAID

on this subject at the Albert Hall on the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Homes:—

The Princess of Wales and myself experience great gratification in attending the celebration of the Thirtieth Anniversary of the National Institution for Waif Children. For many years we have both taken a deep interest in unceasing endeavours to solve the problems of poverty which must claim the attention of all thoughtful people. It is clear beyond all doubt that thousands yearly begin their early life with very remote prospects that they will be blessed with an education which will assist them in earning an honest livelihood. These Homes are, I believe, carrying out a work dear to all who wish well to their country, inasmuch as they have reclaimed thousands of children from the slums, and are still continuing their benevolent labours. We have seen something to-day of the healthy and home-like surroundings, and the excellent training which the Homes provide for the children they receive. It must be our great wish that continually increasing success may attend the operations of this beneficent and national work. I am sure we all regret that its progress should be jeopardised by the accumulation of liabilities such as those which have been described to us. The Committee and Trustees have, I think rightly, decided to make an effort, this thirtieth year of the foundation of the Homes, to remove this encumbrance. I trust they will be successful, and that the collection to-night will be sufficiently large to furnish you with the fullest encouragement to further perseverance. A substantial sum will, I am sure, be considered by Dr. Barnardo as a gratifying recognition of his great exertions in this good cause. As we all know, he has laboured indefatigably, and I am sure he deserves some mark of approval from the public for all that he has done in his important philanthropic work.

Here are 5,000 children fed and supported, and here is besides a vast auxiliary mission work carried on at a total cost of £140,000 per annum. This sum is contributed by some 80,000 persons scattered all over the world. In the United Kingdom there are nearly

40,000,000 persons. Of these, fewer than 80,000 keep the whole of Barnardo's work going. 39,920,000 do not subscribe a red cent. Could the 39,000,000 not be tapped? Dr. Barnardo is at present appealing for a special fund of £150,000 over and above the annual income for clearing off the mortgage debt on his many buildings. To raise this money he asks for—

1. Earnest united weekly prayer (each Monday afternoon or evening).
2. Special promises of an extra gift (in addition to usual donations) towards the Reserve and Foundation Fund.
3. Collecting boxes. Wanted, 20,000 holders!
4. Collecting cards. Wanted, 20,000 collectors!
5. A national bazaar held simultaneously everywhere in some one month. Wanted, offers!
6. Public meetings in aid, which I promise to attend where possible. Wanted, correspondents and organisers!

I cordially and emphatically support his appeal.

I have now passed in rapid review the most salient features of the unique work of this remarkable man. To appreciate it you need

to see it with your own eyes—to take part in it—to attempt, on however small a scale, to do some of it yourself. Not till then will you be able to understand the immensity of the labours which I have so imperfectly described.

I ought not to conclude this article without referring to the possibility that the very vigour and success with which Dr. Barnardo has fulfilled, and is fulfilling, his apostolic mission may be a snare to the soul of some reader. You may imagine that Dr. Barnardo has done the work, and you need take no further thought about "Nobody's Children." In other words, you may allow the very excellence of the way in which Dr. Barnardo has done his work to tempt you to care no longer for those of whom Christ said: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven." And this will be a temptation of the devil to rob you of a means of grace.

Who is Dr. Barnardo more than you or any one of us all? He is but a man among men, whose responsibility for "Nobody's Children" when he began work was not one whit greater than yours or mine. He cared, and is caring, for all for whom he can provide to the extent of his means.

He has shown us what one man can do! But you, what are you doing? The obligation to do and care for these little ones lies equally on your heart and mine. Woe be unto us if we imagine that because he has done so much, there is no longer any need for us to do anything! For vast multitudes of "Nobody's Children" will never have a chance of understanding the words "Our Father" unless you help to bring fatherhood and motherhood into their poor little neglected lives.

It is no use saying Dr. Barnardo has done all that needs to be done. He has not done your work, for he cannot do it. No one can do that but each of us our-



WORTH SAVING.

selves. But what he has done and does do and will keep on doing is to help you to do your work by giving you a chance of helping him to do his work.

And that is the practical conclusion of this long article.

Will you help him? He needs your help. "How can you help?"

Firstly.—By praying for him. Let no one who has just read of the marvellous miracle, the answers to prayer on which the whole work stands, dare to question the efficacy of earnest, effectual, believing prayer. Explain it by Telepathy or the Telephone or what you please, the thing works somehow. Pray, therefore, pray! Pray God to help him and pray that God may help you to help Him to fulfil your own prayer!

And by way of a small practical suggestion it might be as well to have a simple little card printed, to hang in your bedroom where you pray, bearing the inscription,

DO NOT FORGET TO PRAY
FOR
NOBODY'S CHILDREN!

Secondly.—By thinking about "Nobody's Children," and talking about them, and planning out how to help them, and how to help him who is helping them. If you think earnestly and practically as to how you would help him if you could, you may hammer out an idea which, when you have fashioned it, may, in some way you know not of, pass on to the mind of some other person who has the means to materialize it into fact. Thought transference is a great fact! A bedridden pauper in the workhouse, who keeps constantly thinking out schemes and plans to help, may do more good than a millionaire. For her scheme may suddenly be wafted on the waves of her thought to the minds of a dozen millionaires. Thought is the seed-corn of action. And a good helpful thought flies like thistle-down through the air, and may spring up and bear fruit in the lives of those of whom you have never heard, and whom you may never meet.

Thirdly.—By subscribing, and getting others to subscribe, for the support of the work. Only by giving, systematic giving, can "Nobody's Children" be fed, and clothed, and saved from destruction. To maintain one child in Dr. Barnardo's Institution entails an annual expenditure of £16. What fractional part of a "Nobody's Child" are you willing to support? He has cared for so many thousands. Are you to be left without even a decimal share in one of these Little Ones? Every day in the year, Sunday and week-day, Dr. Barnardo needs some £140 for food alone; or £384 to feed, and clothe,

and lodge, and train, and educate his vast family. £384 per day is £16 per hour, or 5s. 4d. per minute—a little over one penny a second. How many minutes will you take this financial burden on your shoulders? Every sovereign represents a little under four minutes' support.

Why should you not form one of the noble Company of Minute Men, each of whom stands pledged to bear for so many minutes in the year the responsibility of providing for Nobody's Children?

I do not know how the idea will strike you, but as there are 525,600 minutes in the year, what a simple organisation it would be, how marvellously potent in releasing the brain and head of the Father of Nobody's Children if there were behind him a great army of 525,600 minute men, women, and children, each of whom undertook to provide for one minute in the whole year for the care of Nobody's Children.

Will you be a Minute man? Will you subscribe every year enough to maintain the above Institution for so many minutes? Here is a practical way of redeeming the time. Your money, your life will not be wasted if out of the 525,600 minutes in your year you keep Dr. Barnardo going for, say ten or twenty minutes, all at your own expense.

One more suggestion, for the better-to-do of my readers. The old institution of foster-brother, which once played so great a part in Irish history, has died out. Why not revive it for the benefit of Nobody's Children? We all desire for our own children, as one of the best of God's gifts, a kindly sympathy with their less favoured brothers and sisters. How would it be easier or more natural to develop this spirit than by linking one of our children to one of Dr. Barnardo's wards? For instance, what a splendid idea it would be if we were to make a practice of taking our own children at say eight or nine years of age to see Nobody's Children, and then linking them on to a child in Dr. Barnardo's care, who would be their child, their very own, and for whose maintenance we would pay in their name! Even if we did not increase our subscription by one penny piece, we could divide it up among our own little ones, and so accustom each to feel that it had its own foster-brother or sister among Nobody's Children whom it was a privilege to support.

Nothing, it seems to me, would tend more beautifully and effectively to deepen, extend, and perpetuate the interest taken in Dr. Barnardo's work, than by instituting such a system of linked battalions.

W. T. STEAD.



"WHOSO SHALL RECEIVE ONE SUCH LITTLE CHILD IN MY NAME RECEIVETH ME."